

# RIVERDALE & MORDRED

by Karis and Brandon  
illustrated by Marci



Published by Karis' Playground  
<http://www.karisplayground.com>

## Riverdale and Mordred

I was twenty years old when Mother and Father both died., so every birthday for these past few centuries has been my twenty first. I try to fool myself into believing that it has only been a year since the Shining Time of Father, Merlin, Vivian, and the Knights of the Round Table. They are all gone, even Cerennos has become lost to folklore. Only Prince Mordred, the little bastard of the Greatest King and Most Powerful Sorceress, remained unchanged.

Most people think that I'm just a madman, so I remain silent on my origin. I wanted Camelot forever, and I was left with just that. One small fragment of a stone which once held a sword and immortality due to Fae blood. How the Great Queen Mab must find me amusing. Instead of ruling a court, I feed hamsters in a cage. Instead of being served by hundreds of eager wenches, I heat up my dinners in the microwave oven.

Diabolic Prince Mordred. Legend's greatest villain. Pawn and rook and even knight. Diabolic Prince Mordred. All alone by his twenty-first birthday.

One of the things that the lore left out was that I wore nappies under my armor, because Mother, Merlin, and the Fae were too busy honing my brawn and my magick to worry about something as trivial as how not to mess myself. I suppose I could have tried to train myself, but I could never bring myself to use one of those infernal flushing contraptions.

Grab hold of yourself, Prince. Mother would never have let loneliness get the better of you. You are attractive, strong, and even have a dry nappy on. Go for a walk at least, boy.

I was halfway down the street when I heard the voice. "You're not human, are you?"

I looked up and a Gargoyle of all beasties stared down at me.

"I suppose I am not."

It hopped down and gave me a smile that revealed tusks of stone. It was completely naked and well muscled, the skin of marble. Unlike most of his kin, he had long, red hair. "I am Riverdale."

I tried not to focus on his chiseled manhood. What kind of hedonist had fashioned such a creature? Not that I was complaining.

"Just a man."

The gargoyle sniffed the air around me, then brought his nose to my neck. Without warning, he licked up my neck until he reached my ear. Riverdale shook his head, but he never lost his smile. "You smell like old magic?" He leaned back on his haunches and scratched the underside of his chin. "A wyvern? Some kind of dragon kin at least."

"Close. The only dragon I have in me is Pendragon, however."

"King Arthur?!" Riverdale stared at me in shock.

"His son, actually."

Riverdale looked puzzled. "The only son of Arthur I've heard of is that awful--"

"In the flesh."

The gargoyle's face twisted with embarrassment. "Forgive me."

"Nothing to forgive. I do not have a good reputation. Let me assure you that my days of conquering are over."

Riverdale smiled. . .then his nose twitched. "You smell."

I casually put my hand in my pockets. My diapers had indeed gone soggy and wet. It was hard to believe that I was dry when I left the house. I searched my mind for a thousand excuses, but I never got the chance to say them. "You need a change?" he asked casually.

"Excuse me?"

"Do you need a diaper change?"

I nodded, feeling about three years old.

"I'll take care of that for you." Before I could protest, he picked me up in his immense arms. "I don't mind getting my hands a little wet." He put his huge face against mine. "Just wet, right?"

I nodded.

"It's the least I can do."

"Then I'll diaper you in return."

The gargoyle's mouth dropped open. "Diaper. . .me?"

"You can't just walk around tackle out."

"Diaper me, huh?"

I gave him a quick swat. "Don't think that you're too grown up!"

More puzzlement. "That. . .that actually hurt. . ."

"I'm part Fae. I was trained in the mystic arts by Morgan Le Fey. Don't you think that I can do something as simple as give a gargoyle a swat he'd recognize."

Riverdale stared at something like he was far away. "It's like I remember being a little boy. . .but that's impossible. . .I was never a child."

For a few moments, I thought about reading the gargoyle's mind and seeing if I could solve his puzzle.

His smile interrupted me. "Well, I'd better get you changed. You don't need a rash. I would hate to think how cranky thousand year old warrior-mages get with diaper rash." He ran his fingers through my long red hair. "Besides, I think it would be fun to play Little Rivvie."

The poor thing never knew what he was getting into.

#### END OF PART ONE

### Mordred's Revenge

I was carried home by a beautiful winged being, the stuff one only hears about in fantasy novels. Naked, his indigo skin seeming to be a part of the night sky, his wide bat-like wings filling the air as we glided to my pent-house apartment. It was almost...romantic.

Truthfully, I was intrigued. The Gargoyle race were usually created by powerful magicians to safeguard their secrets; in this modern day and age, they were all but extinct. And yet here one stood, placing me firmly on my feet, tail lashing a bit in expectation.

I put on the lamps in the apartment and gave his eyes time to adjust; time I used to study him more closely.

Ahh, yes—whoever had fashioned him had an eye for the aesthetic, that much was certain. His body was sculpted like a Greek statue, perfectly defined pectorals, abdominals, triceps, biceps... all without the garish, veiny musclebound comic-book physique so twisted by the popular culture of today. Classic.

His horns were like a gazelle's, only perhaps half as long, with delicate spirals in them. They were indigo blue, like the rest of his skin. He had a tail, which brushed the floor; it was as long as he was tall, making an effective "rudder" for a flying creature. His wings, now folded into a kind of "cloak" around his body, were at full stretch

about five feet on either side. Again, classic—aerodynamically speaking.

His full, bright red hair fell in waves down to his middle back. His eyes, yellow pupils with no iris, were luminously beautiful. Gargoyles were uniformly crafted out of stone and then enchanted to life; whoever had carved this one had certainly had an eye for beauty.

My gaze fell slightly lower—and a small grin crossed my lips as I surveyed the monstrous appendage that bespoke his maleness. There could be no doubt as to what this Gargoyle's original purpose was intended to be. Guardian, of course—and pleasure-slave on his off-hours, no doubt.

Riverdale was the name he had given me when we had met on the street. Named for a quaint, quiet neighborhood where the trees were old and the river ran quiet under the moon. A sweet name, innocent; but how could a being so newly brought to life be anything but?

He approached me. Full lips and a sweet little smile. Very innocent, indeed.

"Shall we see to you? You must be uncomfortable," he offered. Gently, he put his hand on my backside.

I had disclosed to him a secret fact of my existence—more than one; that I was Mordred, son of Arthur and Morgan Le Fey; and also that although I was legendary in how quickly I had grown to manhood, there was one area of growth I had seriously lacked—and still did:

I had never learned how to control myself, and to this day centuries later I still soiled myself like a child. In fact, I was still in diapers because of it.

Earlier when we met I had wet myself and he had noticed the smell of my wet diapers and had offered to assist me. Doubtless part of his Guardian protocols, the instinct to protect that was instilled in all of his kind.

I nodded to him. "Perhaps a bit. My bedroom is this way."

I let him to my chamber: I must admit that living for centuries does give one a taste for the finer things, and my private room was no exception. Sumptuous furnishings that are both elegant and comfortable are my preference, without being too ostentatious. I'm not a character from a bad gothic romance, after all.

I lay down on the bed as he took my coat and very thoughtfully hung it up. Whoever made him, he was a good servant. Then he came to me, and slowly—with some direction—removed my pants to reveal my rather wet diaper.

He smiled rather softly; I imagine my helpless predicament must have softened his heart. Instinct, again.

"How do I...?" He asked. I motioned to a special chest of drawers I kept, with all my supplies. Although I told him where the diapers were kept, I didn't bother to point out the drawers where my other things rested: My bottles, pacifiers, sleepers, and onesies.

Yes, I had baby clothes custom-made to fit me. From time to time, I enjoyed dressing as a baby and playing the role of toddler or infant; perhaps I was trying to compensate for not having a childhood, who knows?

But Riverdale, all unknowing, fetched the sweet, powdery-smelling disposable from the drawer and brought it to me. I'm usually old-fashioned and prefer pin-on cloth diapers, but sometimes the exigencies of modern life make it easier to just wear disposables. They do have a certain scent to them which is very enticing, at least.

I showed him how to clean me with the baby wipes I had him fetch, and he lifted my legs as though I weighed no more than a child myself (testament to Gargoyle strength!) and powdered me. Finally, his taloned fingers delicately smoothed the tapes into place. I had been changed like a baby, by a creature certainly no older than one.

While being changed, I noticed something new about him, too. A certain... eagerness to explore, to experience. His hands roamed all over my body, smoothing, touching, patting... and as I watched, his thickly crafted manhood began to swell, finally rising lazily to attention. He was not the least bit self-conscious of it, either. In fact, when he noticed, he smiled and grasped himself as though having just discovered the source of his pleasure.

"I see you enjoyed changing me." I said. I wriggled a bit in my new diaper, testing; it was a perfect fit.

He smiled, one hand still grasping himself. "It gave me a very good feeling to help you. Do you have someone who changes you, or do you do it yourself?"

I spoke quietly. "I'm a solitary person by nature."

His face softened in that "protective" look I was beginning to understand. "That's too bad—you should have someone to take care of you. It's very nice—I'll do it for you if you like."

To be honest, his words awoke a stirring in my own loins. I did sometimes regret the necessarily solitary nature of an immortal lifestyle—never being able to be close to anyone, for they were mortal and must therefore pass from the world while I lived on.

Too, my incontinence shamed me. Although I told myself I simply chose not to educate myself in the realm of toilet training, this was not the truth. I had found, to my horror, that I was incapable of achieving continence. It seems that the magics my mother used to accelerate my growth had a price: Only that which I had been raised to learn was within my purview. Martial arts, tactics, magic, occult lore and the like. She and Merlin had apparently not deemed toilet training to be of any relevance.

I felt a momentary pang of bitterness, which Riverdale must have registered, for he sat next to me on the bed and put his arms around me. "It's all right," he said.

For a moment I considered giving in. For just one moment, I thought how good it would be to collapse in his arms and quietly cry for something lost, in fact, something never had. But no; Mordred son of Arthur was not the type to fold up over a little heartache.

I placed one hand on his. "Perhaps now is a good time to find you something to wear," I said. His smooth face creased in a smile.

-----

I had wanted to diaper Riverdale, show him what it was like; but first I thought I would indulge myself a bit. He was too handsome not to want to experiment with, at least a little, so I began to dress him.

Shirts were not possible because of his wings, which needed to be free. Pants were difficult because of his tail, but also his birdlike leg construction; below the knee his feet were talon-like and enlarged, preventing any ability to put his legs into all but the shortest pants.

I had seen Gargoyles in the services of Mages before, centuries ago in Scotland—and they had been given either loincloths or small kilts of the mage's clan to wear.

However, his enhanced masculine attributes made this problematic as well—until, with a sly grin, I chose a slim pair of lycra "Speedo" briefs—a swimsuit, actually—in the same shade as his fiery hair. It managed to encase his maleness and had enough elastic give to accommodate his arousal, as well. A simple matter to reinforce a tailhole for him and there he was.

I must admit to a somewhat prurient interest in this costume, as well—it drew attention to and accented



the bulging basket created by his thick cock; and oh! His perfect, statuesque ass—

I found that I was hard. Riverdale, clothed in this saucy almost-nothing pair of shiny red briefs, was very alluring. I decided to take a chance that his creator had made him while thinking along the same lines as I was now—and I reached out and cupped him.

He smiled bemusedly, not at all shy.

I asked him: "Would you like to pleasure yourself with me?"

He seemed a trifle confused. "But I just did!" He said. "And it was wonderful to tend you. I have tingles."

Oh, I thought, this is too marvelous. He was practically a blank slate, perfectly innocent. Which meant I could have my way with him. I became fully aroused, and drew him back to the bed with me.

"I'll show you tingles," I said.

I decided to tease myself with him. I took my time teaching him the fine art of oral pleasure, after having him undo my diapers and wipe me down with a warm cloth, I instructed him to take me in his mouth.

Gingerly he did, although the rough abrasions from his fangs were exciting. I gripped his horns, lest he stab me with them, as he bent to please me, his long tongue teasing my hard prick, flicking out to lick my balls occasionally, settling into the pumping, bobbing rhythm of sucking cock like a good boy.

I leaned back, surrendering to the moment; there are very few pleasures in the world so total as to take full advantage of someone who is programmed to obey. And all he wanted to do was please me! Such a sincere, charming little Gargoyle. Still, there was the matter of the Mage who crafted him; it would not do well to—ah. AHH!

I bucked on the bed, unable to control myself. How had he brought me off so QUICKLY? I moaned as, helplessly, I shot my load of hot, sticky cum into his Gargoyle mouth. "Yes, take it, swallow it down," I ordered.

Riverdale obliged instinctively. And when he was finished, he licked me—all up and down the length of my cock, tasting me, cleaning my sensitive balls as well. And then he soothed my brow and re-diapered me, leaving me satiated, warm, flushed and diapered in his arms.

Once again the pangs overtook me. Surely I could let my guard down for just a few moments, be as a babe again in his arms, rock gently against him...? No. NO. He was a simulacrum, fashioned out of stone and programmed to protect and obey. There were no feelings here, only crude physical satisfaction.

Still, he had aroused me, and though he had satisfied my physical lust, my curiosity still begged indulgence. I pushed him back on the bed, and began to kiss down his naked chest. "Do you like this?" I asked.

"Ohhh.. yes, very much," came the reply. He was bent at the knee, and flexed supine over on his back, arching his groin into the air. His cock bulged his red Speedos as I lowered the material over his indigo member, hooking the waistband below his giant balls.

His skin was warm to the touch and fleshy, not at all stonelike. Marvelous and perfect. With a will I bent to take his ramrod cock into my mouth. Hot and salty like manflesh, I wet it with my tongue and began to bob up and down.

He yowled and bucked, unaccustomed to such direct stimulus. I pinned his hips down with my hands and he grasped the bedsheets; he bit his lip to try and keep steady as I licked, slurped and sucked.

Cocksucking is, for me at any rate, a relaxing and comforting act which puts me in mind of nursing. My infantile tendencies again, I suppose, coming to the fore as I nursed greedily on this virgin cock, returning the pleasure so recently given. Oh yes, but he was responsive. I knew it would not be long.

"I...I...don't understand," he gasped out before his balls let go, and he began to cum. I say "began" because unlike most men, he was not mortal, or even human. His seed spilled into my mouth, salty and sweet all at

once, and I swallowed greedily, pretending in my mind that I was nursing my baby bottle, and in order to be a "good boy" I had to drink all my "milk."

The pleasure of bringing a novice such as he to the brink was its own reward, and lost in it I failed to notice that I was helplessly wetting my diaper again. Lord, I was SOAKING myself and barely even aware of it. Not that I would have cared.

Over and over he jetted warm semen into my mouth, and again and again I swallowed. Yes, give it ALL to me, I thought.

When he finally subsided, I felt bloated and a little distended. I sat back, panting. Looking down I saw how badly I had wet myself. Curiously, I felt very satisfied by this. Something was bothering me, however... the taste of Riverdale had awakened some of my more otherworldly senses, as sometimes happened during heights of ecstasy. As he came and we were momentarily joined, I had sensed something... something strange.

I sat puzzling, rubbing Riverdale's chest as I thought. His heartbeat pulsed beneath my hand, hammering but gradually slowing, as he panted for breath.

My eyes widened and then it hit: Heartbeat. Semen. Riverdale was ALIVE.

I looked at him again, this time with my second sight in full array. The mystic aura of his body should have been a uniform blue; objects—non-organic objects—imbued with magic glowed with this predictable aura.

Riverdale was a rainbow of shifting colors, a kaleidoscope of the full human spectrum but with the touch of the Otherworld about him as well. He was himself magical, but he was not, as I had first surmised, a simulacrum meant to imitate life. He was living, breathing.

I watched his breathing slow, shock giving way to a beatific smile on his face. "That was wooooonderful," he said, stretching and luxuriating in the sensation. "What do you call it?"

I leaned down and kissed his lips. "A blow job," I said impishly, feeling naughty and crude. Riverdale smiled back at me, golden eyes softly glowing.

-----

We lay in bed together, cuddling. Riverdale was pressed up against me, his Speedo-clad cock nestled in the cleft of my backside, my diaper crinkling slightly as he moved in his sleep. So innocent and trusting, he spooned and cuddled me lovingly.

My heart ached. I had never before received this kind of blind adoration, this loving treatment. He knew who I was, had heard the tales—and hadn't run from me, had even changed my diapers for me and gone down on me.

And he was no automaton, no mystic servant who was programmed to obey; he had a soul! He had free will, and choice; and he had enjoyed being with me. And, in a moment of quiet honesty, I had to admit I had enjoyed being with him as well.

My mind was in turmoil; this was not the way things usually went. People who learned that Mordred son of Morgan still walked the earth either sought power, or ran in fear, or tried to have me put to death. No one...cuddled me. Changed me like a baby and cuddled me! That couldn't happen. Couldn't!



His gargoyle seed still warm (and strangely satisfying) in my belly, I realized that this must be a trick. He had

been sent by an enemy; perhaps a Mage seeking retribution for some perceived slight, or a demon lord who craved my power...

Well, let them try. Mordred was not one to be fooled or won over. Something in me broke even as something else hardened to iron, and a sob escaped my lips as I realized I was wetting myself.

Angry tears running down my face, I thought of a perfect spiteful revenge for the demon with the demeanor of an angel who slept next to me. A special kind of curse; I had done it before to those who attempted to seduce me in this way, appealing to my childishness.

"If it appeals to you so much..." I whispered, hatefully.

I pulled down Riverdale's Speedos again. Turning him onto his back, I pressed my lips to his cock again. Oh, sweet salty taste of betrayal, how he would pay for making me feel weak... how everyone would pay!

He awoke as I suckled at him, moaning with happiness. "Again...?" He whimpered. "Oh, yes, please!" Damn his innocent façade. Lies! I will not tolerate lies!

He gripped the pillows, but THIS time when he came, I was ready. I drew from him, mystic threads reaching him at his most vulnerable, coursing through him, drawing out from his majestic cock something more than mere seed; and as I swallowed it, so too did I swallow his strength, leaving a pit of weakness in his otherwise perfect self. Yes, he would soon feel it. Vindictively I drew more, my lips refusing to release him until, overcome, he passed out, and I took all strength from his inner being, enacting my curse on his hateful beauty.

Sated, I lay back to watch. This "meal" did not sit as well in my gut as well as did the earlier, more pleasurable one, flavored as it was with betrayal. Damn it! I would not feel remorse! I had gotten to him before he had gotten to me, that's all there was to it. And soon, I would feel the warm glow of vengeance.

I had pulled his Speedos back up, watching the rise and fall of his chiseled stomach in the moonlight from the window. Sheets pulled back, he was perfectly illuminated: every curve, every muscle, including the smooth, giant pouch of his swimsuit.

As I watched, a spot appeared on the otherwise clean material. Right at the tip of his thick, meaty cock. I licked my lips. It was working! The spot spread; a soft whispering wetness began to spread in Riverdale's swimsuit as hot urine flowed freely from him.

Unaware, he blissfully slept on, while I continued to watch my revenge take shape. For when I had sucked him the second time, I had also mystically swallowed his ability to control himself, taking into myself all that he possessed of his bladder control. Pity I could not actually transfer it to my own being, but at the very least he would never have it again.

Bile rose in my throat at my own vindictiveness; I forced it back down. Riverdale—and whoever he worked for—deserved to be humiliated as I had been, and I would not let any remaining sympathetic feelings get in my way.

My cock grew hard as I watched him piss himself. I did not know how many nights he had known on this earth, but I knew he would never again have a dry one. Lord, how he wet himself! It gratified me to see that apparently his bodily functions were the same all across the board; he came like a horse and pissed like one, too.

He hosed himself down until his Speedos and his entire side of the bed were soaked—what did I care? I had to have a rubber sheet on the mattress regardless—and still he slept.

There, I thought moodily. Now you've gone and pissed the bed like you deserve, you wretched creature. Perversely, I lay down on the now-soaked sheets and embraced him. We would see how he moaned come morning.

-----

If I was expecting anguish or other tortured epithets, I was denied them. Riverdale awoke looking into my eyes, for I had awoken early to watch his reaction upon discovering his shameful weakness.



"Good Morning," he said, and kissed me. KISSED me! The wretch had not yet noticed. I drew back the sheets, revealing the utterly sodden state of the bed.

"Whoo, cold," he shivered.

I gawped at him like a fish. Regaining my composure, I tried again: "It's because you peed the bed," I said, deliberately using the childish vernacular to humiliate him.

It failed. "I did?" He blinked, querulously.

"Yes. Your entire side of the bed is wet. You pissed all over yourself in your sleep."

He looked down at his cock – that magnificent cock! – and the wet Speedos. "I guess I really did!" he agreed. He looked at my groin. "Your diaper isn't that wet, so it must have been me. Did I make you uncomfortable? I'm sorry. I've never wet the bed before."

Damn him! Turning his shame against me, pointing out that my diapers were wet--! Cold fury stabbed at my heart. Fine. He could pretend to blithely ignore peeing himself in his sleep—I could wait. A few more nights and he would be tearing his hair out, wondering why it wouldn't stop.

And when he began to pee himself like a little baby during the day...well, then he might sing a different tune, as well.

But now...now I was going to really give him the treatment. A weak bladder didn't seem to deter him, so I was going to curse him to the eternal bedevilment I myself suffered.

I ordered him into the shower—into which he went with nary a peep – and set about making breakfast.

Yes, a nice big breakfast and he would learn what it meant to attempt to deceive Mordred.

He came to the table in his now-clean Speedos and I fed him, a delightful buffet of breakfast foods from which he sampled many; apparently "breakfast" as such was new to him, as well. I was growing tired of his "innocent" act.

My heart twinged as I



watched him; he was so beautiful, so polite, and gentle; quite often during the meal he reached over to caress my hand, damn him.

"Mordred?" He finally spoke.

"Yes, Riverdale," I answered. Somewhat sardonically, I admit.

"Do you remember last night when we met and you.. er... spanked me?"

What was this? Some new ruse? "Yes, what of it?"

"Could you... would you maybe... do it again? I really liked it."

My eyes widened. He WANTED a spanking? This was the perfect opportunity.

I dragged him back into the bedroom and sat down on the wet bed. My night diaper had not yet been changed, what did I care? I bent him over my knee. He was saying something about not having ever been a child, but being spanked like one had awoken feelings in him that he didn't know he had, or some such drivel. I barely listened, so intent was I...

WHAP! He cried out as my hand met his lycra-clad backside. God, it was inviting. WHAP! He moaned, sniveling, across my lap. WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

I was lost in the exultation of humiliating him, enjoying his cries when I felt warmth on my lap, farther down than usual. Intrigued, I stood the young Gargoyle up:

He was wetting himself. He stood there rubbing his backside, sniveling, while fresh hot piss stained his swimsuit and coursed down both legs, puddling on the floor. He had lost control, all right.

"Pantswetter," I said, pointing.

He was already staring at himself. "I...I can't believe it..." he choked.

Here it comes! I thought. Perhaps he'll cry and run away to his Master, unable to comprehend his humiliation... I grinned.

"This feels so GOOD," he said, and broke into a grin.

My jaw dropped.

"You SPANKED me like a child, and now I'm wetting myself—just like a child! I can't seem to control myself at all! I feel... this must be just how a little boy feels! Oh Mordred, thank you! You knew just what to do!"

No. This was not possible. Was he an idiot? But no...he had been saying something about wanting to experience childhood...

I stared. His massive cock was becoming erect again, having finished peeing all over itself. His hand came down to stroke his wet Speedos. "oh..." he moaned. His cock started to throb.

"Come here," I said.

I bent him over the bed and pulled his wet briefs down. Lord, he was so beautiful...! I wanted nothing more than to ruin him FOREVER in that moment.

"Another spanking?" He inquired. Damn him, he sounded almost hopeful.

"Better," I rasped.

I pulled a canister of scented nursery jelly from the nearby drawer. I slathered it between the cheeks of his ass, and lightly inserted a finger into the warm recess I found there. He let out a gasp. "oh!"

I ripped off my sodden night diaper and coated my rock-hard cock with the jelly. Discarding the canister, I fit the length of my shaft into the cleft of his backside, eliciting another gasp and began to thrust my cock up and down between his cheeks, kicking his knees apart until he arched his back, ready for me.

I fit my cock into that tight, warm hole, and plunged myself in. He cried out, gripping the bed. Lord, he was so tight! So ready to receive what I had to give—and so willing to give what I was about to take away.

His tightness enveloped my shaft, causing me to moan with pleasure as I slid all the way in and then slightly out of him. He tossed his head like a fine stallion as I began to thrust, pumping him in rhythm, taking him with great pleasure at the act and at the thought of what I was about to do.

"Oh, yes! More, please, MORE," he called out. How little did he know he would soon have so much less.

Whereas before I had sucked him, vampirically drawing out his strength, now I thrust my curse into him—pumping for all I was worth, slapping his backside in feverish discipline as he moaned and begged and whimpered. At last I came, the hot volcanic rush of my orgasm a tidal wave that swept away his power, his innermost self, his fundamental control.

He would know shame, and weakness, and never again be as perfect as he was. Thus by my power was his fate, and a grim satisfaction took me. I was still Mordred. I had not fallen under his sway.

He fell face down on the bed, unconscious again from the power that had torn through his insides. While he had felt pleasure in its onslaught, its departure had once again left him drained. I pulled up his sodden Speedos and left him, to go bathe and change myself.

Once out of the shower and dressed, I was in much better spirits. I had clarity once again. The pleasures of the night before had been just that—mere pleasures. I was not taken in, no not for a moment—Riverdale had attempted to play me, but Mordred plays for keeps.

I was pouring myself a cup of coffee (my favorite modern beverage!) in the kitchen when he walked in, yawning.

"I'm sorry, I must have fallen asleep," he purred, nuzzling me. "You were wonderful to me."

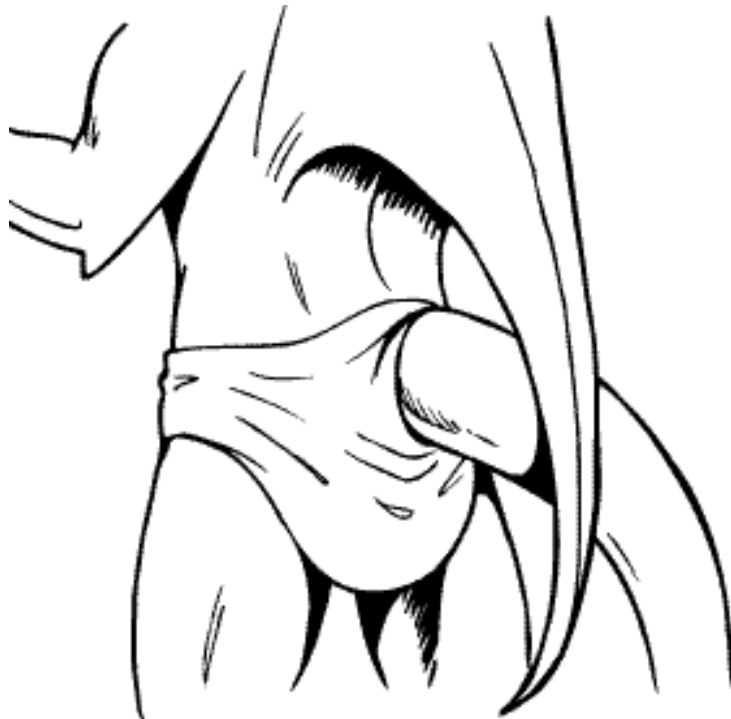
I felt a slight twinge at his guileless voice. No! I must not give in. Besides, when he realized the extent of what had happened to him, he'd leave quickly enough.

As if on cue, his stomach rumbled. He put his hands to it and frowned, looking down. "I feel... most peculiar," he said, curiously.

"Is that so?" I asked. "Come out here into the light where I can see you better." After all, I didn't want to miss this utter humiliation.

Once I'd gotten him out onto the balcony, it happened: His knees bent, and his back arched; he looked at me with his I-don't-understand look and suddenly his eyes went wide.

My gaze fastened onto the tight red spandex cupping his bottom, still slightly wet from his accident over my knee. I heard Riverdale gasp in astonishment as the shiny material suddenly expanded, stretching, and began



rapidly thereafter to FILL as the Gargoyle's bowels emptied themselves into his Speedos.

I almost laughed in pleasure as he continued to mess—to my joy, his strange metabolism ensured that my curse would not only leave him incontinent, but unable to hide it—I imagined even the baggiest pants would not hide the shameful load which now bulged his stretchy briefs.

I moved towards him. How I wanted to touch the seat of his full, sagging briefs; to let him know that it was I who had done this to him...

Our eyes met. He couldn't believe what had happened. And now he would run, fly, try to escape this moment of humiliation, never to return...

He tentatively smiled. "I think... did I just...?"

"You messed yourself." I said smugly. "Like a toddler. Right here in broad daylight, fully awake. You couldn't control yourself at ALL, could you?"

He broke into a grin. "Really? I messed myself? Like babies do? Oh Mordred..." He reached around and pressed his own mess against his backside. "It feels wonderful!"

Cold fury broke in me. He LIKED it? He was ENJOYING it? When I thought of the shame I'd suffered for centuries...I grabbed his shoulders and backed him up to a stone bench that sat against the railing.

"See how you like it NOW," I said, and forced him down, knees buckling, to sit—wetly, and heavily—in his own mess.

At first I thought he'd begun to cry. But no, the moan that escaped him was not anguish but ecstasy.

I couldn't understand it. WHY had he not broken? WHY had he not wailed and begged me to do something, to make it stop? Or simply run away? WHY?

His cock was hard again, tenting out his speedos as he shamelessly sat in squishy warmth. I was so upset, so incensed, that I almost screamed in rage as I felt the familiar sagging in the seat of my own breeches as I messed myself.

I watched in fascination as he brought both hands to grasp himself through his shorts, stroking, caressing, rubbing...I was hypnotized as he began, or so I thought, to wet himself again. But no; the fluid that stained his bulging basket a dark crimson was clear; clear and slick as it began to course down his heavy shaft over his balls, finally dribbling into a puddle between his feet.

The Gargoyle was excited, and this was merely the precursor to his orgasm. As with everything else, it was so much at once--! I realized that my curse had also made him incontinent in his excitement, that he would dribble great quantities of this slick fluid all over himself from now on, whenever he got aroused.

I was aroused now. This incredible being was sitting in his own mess, apparently overjoyed at his lack of self-control, and was even now pleasuring himself about it!

"Ohhhh...ah!" he gasped as his speedos erupted, volcano-like, with a heavy white, sticky fluid that at first splashed his chest then ran down his beautiful stomach and finally down both legs, much the same as his previous "accident," to make a puddle at his feet.

I got to my knees and licked his thighs. I couldn't help myself. To see a creature so in the thrall of pleasure, surrendering to it so completely... it made me hunger for him.

"You need to be changed like a baby," I hissed at him when I'd sated myself.

Riverdale gazed up at me in supplication. "Please, Mordred... would it be all right if I just wore them a little while longer?" He gazed down at his sticky, soiled briefs.

I couldn't contain myself. "Only if you suck me, now," I ordered.

He seemed only too pleased to do so, and I lowered the front of my diaper and bade him nurse; his hot wet mouth nursed me until I came explosively in it, and he swallowed hungrily.

I had to sit down. My head was reeling! All these new sensations, new thoughts... He hadn't spurned me, or abandoned me, or revealed himself to be anything less than honest. And I... I had sealed his fate forevermore. What could I do?

I watched him stroll gingerly around the balcony, waddling, the mess in his pants clinging to him and sagging heavily as well. Gods! He seemed to be enjoying the feel of it, the sensations. Every so often he put a hand to his backside and pressed it in. I watched a slow smile spread across his angel's face as the front of his Speedos darkened again, and he studied himself in quiet pleasure as his bladder released itself, wetting his pants and flowing down both his legs.

He grinned at me. "I really can't hold it," he said. "Not at ALL." This fact seemed to please him.

"Let's get cleaned up," I said. My mind was churning with a new plan.

-----

I showered with him. I took his Speedos carefully down and bathed him, as penance, seeking a form of absolution for what I had done. Had the centuries made me so paranoid that I could no longer recognize kindness when I saw it? What would this poor innocent's fate be, now that I had made him permanently... Gods, I couldn't think of it.

To make matters worse, he insisted on seeing to me as well while in the shower. He undressed me, noting the soiled state of my nappies, and washed me gently with his own hands, caressing me ever so gently with scented soap, nuzzling my neck. His wings, folded around him now, made a delicious sliding sensation where they wetly brushed my skin.

He was so careful with me! As if I might break, he rinsed me and towelled me, only submitting to my efforts to dry him at my insistence.

"This is about you, now," I remonstrated. "Let me care for you."

"But Mordred, what about you? Surely you need help, too."

It was like hot coals on my head, his altruistic sense of fair play. And after I had played him so falsely! If indeed he ever had been planning to destroy me, he could not have picked a surer method.

I laid him down on the bed. I selected a pair of thick disposable diapers, measured them to fit around his waist, and with a simple spell, created a hole for his tail. After all, there were no "custom gargoyle" diapers that I knew of...I decided to alter a whole package of them; judging by this morning's performance, he'd need them.

He cooed happily as I powdered him. "Is this where I get to play Little Rivvie?" He giggled.

I soothed powder into his indigo skin. "Anything you want, little one," I gently said. His monstrous, beautiful cock stirred. I pulled the crinkling diaper up between his legs, and deftly taped it tightly to his slim hips. The legs I also taped, tightly around his thighs for maximum comfort. He wriggled experimentally, making the plastic of his diaper crinkle delightfully.

He laughed! It was like the sound of silver moonlight. "I'm in diapers!" He crowed. "Just like a baby!" He was, in a word, adorable.

He rolled off the bed onto the floor, and began to crawl around on all fours. "Is this how you do it?" He asked.

I stroked his hair. "Yes, little angel." He looked up at me. "Now you!" And he tackled me to the bed. Relenting, I let him diaper me, this time surrendering totally to his touch. Within moments he had powdered me, oiled me, and slipped the sweet-smelling diaper up between my legs. Ahh, bliss. Was there anything that felt better than a fresh diaper?

I got down on the floor with him. What a sweetheart he was! He rolled over to accept my tickles on his tummy, and let me pat his bottom. I simply couldn't stand it any more; he had to know about me.

I stood and touched a panel on the mantelpiece. The adjacent wall slid back, revealing a secret room—until now, known only to me.

Riverdale looked up from his crawling position. "What's that?" He asked.

"That," I said, "Is my real bedroom, little one."

It was, though I was ashamed to admit it, where I spent most of my time, more than any other room in the pent-house. My secret room contained a changing table, a palette of soft color on the walls, and a giant crib. My stuffed toys which kept me company on lonely nights were nestled here, as well as my toys, my favorite bottles, and pacifiers. There was even a little fridge in which I kept my baby food, and extra juice and milk for my bottles. In the corner was one of the near-mystic microwave ovens, which I adored for their speedy heating of my nighttime formula.

Riverdale was awed. "Is this-?"

"My nursery," I said, cheeks flaming red. "Yes."

Riverdale immediately stood and hugged me. "You poor man. You're really just a lonely little boy, aren't you? I knew you needed taking care of. We Gargoyles are very sensitive, you know."

I blushed harder; I should have known that the innate instinct to protect that his race possessed also brought with it certain almost mystical abilities, like the ability to see inside a person who needed protecting. Well, now he knew about me. My shame was evident, and for the first time in a long time, I began to cry.

"Oh, shhh, there there," he said. He took me to the crib, lowered the bars, and nestled me into it. He selected my stuffed bear, who I had named Rufus, and pressed him into my arms. "This little fellow looks well-loved," he observed.

In fact, Rufus was my favorite. Gargoyle perception, again.

Riverdale climbed into bed with me, crinkling pleasantly, and pulled the crib bars up after him. We were now cuddled together in my giant baby's crib, in diapers, just like two toddlers who'd been put down for a nap.

He gathered me in his big beautiful arms and cuddled me; his diaper pressed against mine comfortingly. We were together in this. My guilt and shame racked me with sobs; I had to tell him the whole truth! But I couldn't bring myself to speak through my tears and I fell asleep in his arms, Rufus cuddled tightly in mine.

-----

When I awoke, Riverdale was standing before the microwave, listening to it hum. His diaper was quite yellowed in the rear, a sure sign that he had wet himself while lying down. Had he now discerned the depths of his plight? Would he hate me once he discovered that his wetting was permanent?

The microwave beeped and he pulled out two bottles full of milk; to these he attached nipples and turned to see me gazing at him. He smiled.

"I made us bottles of warm milk, see?" He said, proud of himself. His diaper was soaked, sagging, and bulging in the front. Suddenly I wanted a bottle very much.

He insisted on feeding me first, laying down beside me and propping my head on his chest while he fed me my bottle. Let me say that there is nothing more relaxing than being held and fed a bottle by another person! I felt warm wetness spread across my groin as I wet my diapers; I didn't care. For just a moment, I was in paradise.

Then he eased me, still suckling, down onto my pillow and began to suckle at his own bottle. The "mmm" of pleasure that issued forth from his sealed lips was the only indication of the joy he felt at this new experience.

In silence, we suckled on our bottles until we were finished. I almost fell asleep again but he pulled me to a sitting position and patted my back—he was burping me! I gave in, let me do it til I let go a small belch of satisfaction, then laid me back down.

He too, burped and then smiled. "Warm, full tummy," he murmured as he lay down again.

I bit my lip. I couldn't let this go on until I had relieved my soul of its burden.

"Riverdale... sweet boy," I said, caressing his chest, "There's something I must tell you."

"Mmm?" He mumbled, eyes dreamy, half-lidded.

"I...your wetting...the accidents you're having. I caused them," I stammered.

Riverdale smiled. "I thought so," he said. "I may not know a lot of things but I've never wet myself before, so I guessed you wanted to give me the experience. It was nice, thank you."

I winced. This was going to be difficult. "I... I have a confession." I felt like I might cry again. To have gained a friend and then so quickly betrayed him...

He watched me patiently, one talon stroking my hair.

"When you came here, I – I noticed you were different from other Gargoyles," I began. "You were living, not just animated stone. You were a person. And I... I got scared. I thought you had been sent to kill me."

Riverdale's mouth opened. "What?" he gasped.

I closed my eyes, then opened them again. I resumed: "Because of that, I...put a curse on you. I wanted to shame you, humiliate you, and send you back to your master as proof that I could not be fooled. I made you wet and mess your pants, but I did it by taking away your ability to control yourself..."

I hesitated.

"Permanently. Forever, Riverdale, I made you incontinent like me, for always."

I shut my eyes. He was either going to leave or kill me, and if he did the former I'd rather he just did the latter.

"Mordred," he said. His voice was hurt. I felt as if it were my own agony.

"How could you?" he asked.

I sobbed, nose running, like a snivelling brat.

His arms grabbed me, no doubt preparing to break my back and leave me for dead.

Instead, he gathered me close and hugged me! "How could you ever think that I would hurt you, a sweet little diaper boy like you?"

My eyes flew open and I stared into his, swirling gentle yellow lights. "I don't care what the legends say about you," he said. "When we met and I discovered your wet diapers, I realized you were a little boy who'd been abandoned by his Mommy and Daddy and needed my protection. I just wanted to take care of you, sweetheart."

I burst into tears. It was as though I had lost all control of my emotions; penance no doubt for robbing this noble Gargoyle of his control.

He looked down at himself. At the sagging, bulging diaper that hung heavily on his hips. "As for these..." he kissed my forehead. "You've given me quite a gift! I never was a baby, so being one now is very nice. I'll finally know what it's like to be a helpless infant," he giggled.

My mind was reeling. He had not asked if the spell could be reversed, if there was anything I could do; in fact, he was not trying to get out of it at all! What kind of person could possibly be that forgiving?

Then I realized: One that knew only love. One that had never before experienced betrayal.

"Oh, angel..." I sighed into him.

There was a rumbling noise inside him and I felt the seat of his diapers, upon which my hand rested, suddenly expand. With a small yip of surprise, Riv spread his legs to accommodate the mess as it filled his baby pants. He began to laugh.

I blushed for him. "I guess I should change you," I said, tentatively.

He grasped my wrists and held me down. "Don't you dare," he smiled.

I saw his maleness assert itself, bulging the front of his diaper, and understood. We were going to take a long time to get to know each other; which, considering our long lifespans, would be something of an adventure indeed. I let him lay himself on top of me and our lips met.

And I thought: *I'm in love.*

He finally did allow me to change him and we made love throughout the night, and I began to tell him more of the years I spent alone, wandering the world. He was fascinated—and insatiable; everything seemed to excite him.

Finally, he had to go—if only to check on some other things, see to his protectorate. A patrol, I guess he called it. He did promise to return, but seeing my sad face, grinned impishly.

"I know how to reassure you that I'll be back," he winked. He donned the tight red Speedos that I had originally put him in. I gaped.

"See, this way when I have an accident it will be very embarrassing for me," he explained, although I seriously doubted that could ever be the case; "and so I'll have no choice but to come running back to you for comfort. You see? Of course, there might just be the tiniest bit of a desire to show off at work here."

I laughed. This fearless Gargoyle was willing to subject himself to public humiliation just to reassure me. I squeezed his backside. "Go, then," I said, "But be home for supper."

"Yes, Daddy," he simpered, arching an eyebrow to let me know he was teasing me.

I smiled and watched him go, knowing now that he would be back. And I would be waiting, with a nice meal, and an all new array of infant wear for my "Little Rivvie."

Oh yes—for once in history, Mordred got what he wanted.

## THE BEGINNING