

## DiapOut: Chapter 8

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\*SLAM!\*

Slapping his hand on the side of the pudding-covered slide, Rupert hooked his hand onto the lip of the small divot in its center. After a couple of attempts at running up the slide, he'd finally managed to hang on. Pulling himself up a bit, he reached inside the slide's booty hole and found the diaper pin that was hiding inside. "Sorry friend, I need this more than you do," he joked, making a big show of yanking out his arm and gliding down the slide for the last time.

"Alright, Rupert! You got it! Now get your lazy ass over here so we can win this thing!" cheered Zeke, clapping his hands together in an attempt to hurry up his teammate.

Scrambling to stand up amongst the plethora of pudding puddles, Rupert stumbled a few times before gaining a steady footing and scurrying over to Zeke. "You better beat her," he said, practically hyperventilating as he handed off the two diaper pins. While Rupert was by no means fat, he was definitely the chubbiest of the group. In hindsight, it probably would've been better to swap Cade and Rupert's positions but there was nothing that could be done about that now.

With the items in hand, Zeke rushed to the foot of the staircase. Unlike the previous two sections, there was no partition to separate contestants, meaning as he approached the stairs, he was close enough to bump elbows with Ayaya, who was still fighting to make up one step. Clearly, this challenge was designed to force them to knock into each other, something Zeke would be happy to avoid by hopping out into first place.

Waving her arms frantically to find balance with both feet planted on the first step, Ayaya was hating every second of this. "What freak designed this?!" she shouted, slowly raising her foot to the second slippery step. She cringed as she felt globs of creamy lotions seep between her toes anytime she planted a foot down.

"As you can see, speed and efficiency have given way to patience and stamina for this portion of the challenge," remarked CassiRole as she watched along with the rest of the rowdy audience. Despite this being the slowest segment of the obstacle course, it was also the most intense to watch. One wrong move could send either or both contestants all the way back to the start. To call this section punishing would be an understatement.

For Ayaya, the staircase was made even harder by the fact that she wasn't present to see the test runner demonstrate the best way to move up the stairs during the safety walk. Zeke, on the other hand, was already putting the tactics he was taught to good use. Getting low and widening his stance, he placed the bobby pins in his mouth and began his ascent.

He set his hands down three steps ahead of him and began to crabwalk up the steps, moving one limb at a time to ensure his body stayed as stable as possible.

By the time Zeke had climbed nearly a third of the stairs, Ayaya had taken notice of his strategy. Leaning forward, she went to place her hands on the steps as well. Unfortunately, this

was ill-advised when not standing on the bottom-most step. She instantly slipped forward, quickly descending the two paltry steps she'd managed to climb. In a fit of frustration, she lunged as far as she could, making sure to knock her arm into one of Zeke's legs in the process.

"WoOOOAH!" shouted Zeke as all four of his limbs slid along the lotion-coated steps before sliding off entirely, sending him back to the start with Ayaya. He wasn't going to waste any time getting mad, though, instead pushing forward once more undeterred.

Ayaya was looking to follow his lead now that they could start at the same time. However, a familiar voice called to her from off to the side of the obstacle course and captured her attention first. "Hey! Watch yourself! Players aren't allowed to intentionally go for each other's legs!" yelled Keelee through a bullhorn. She knew whatever she said would be edited out in post anyway, so she wasn't afraid to speak up if she had to.

"Sorry, I slipped," shrugged Ayaya, flashing a smirking expression Keelee's way before returning her focus to the challenge at hand. Keelee's interruption had already given Zeke a one-step lead and she wasn't about to let him get away from her that easily.

Side by side, Ayaya and Zeke crawled up the staircase one step at a time with Ayaya now copying Zeke's movement as closely as she could. In total, there were only twelve steps to climb up, so it wasn't long before they had maneuvered themselves halfway up after getting the hang of things. However, adding difficulty to the challenge was that the staircase narrowed as you moved upward, pushing Ayaya and Zeke closer together.

"Ugh! Watch where you're going?" yelled Ayaya as she felt Zeke's arm brush against her thigh. While she knew it wasn't likely he meant to, there was no reason not to use it to her advantage. Besides, Zeke bumping her on the thigh told her exactly what she wanted to hear. She was in the lead.

True enough, now that both had started at the same time, Zeke was slowly falling behind with Ayaya currently half a step ahead of him. "S-Sorry," he muttered, trying to get as much distance between himself and Ayaya as possible. Sadly, the room to pass her was limited and the amount of time he had to do so was ticking away.

Reaching the tenth step, Ayaya could practically taste victory with how close she was. She looked up at the cloth diaper dangling up ahead of her, seemingly close enough to grab. With her feet both planted, she leaned forward and flicked the fluffy fabric with her pointer finger.

\*SLIP!\*

Suddenly, one of Ayaya's feet slid back just far enough to slip off of the edge of the step. Panicked, she instantly tried to grab onto the step by her hands, but the lotion made it nearly impossible to get a hold of. Thankfully, in her valiant efforts, she managed to stop herself from falling after dropping back only a step and a half, causing a myriad of gasps and cheers to erupt from the audience.

"Ayaya hangs on for dear life! It's neck and neck folks...or should I say, diaper to diaper!" said Cassi, her pun getting a mix of chuckles and groans. While she'd have preferred

hardcore laughter more, she couldn't help but giggle at their reactions, "Oh shush, my diapee puns are amazing."

Due to Ayaya's misstep, Zeke reclaimed the lead after some masterful dodging on his part. He quickly approached the same height that Ayaya was and surpassed it, learning from her mistake to wait for the right opportunity to snag the cloth diaper. Now only one step away from the end, Zeke got as stable as he could and began stretching himself straight upward, extending his arm slowly in an effort to grab the cloth diaper without tumbling down to the starting line.

Wrapping his fingers around the edge of the diaper, Zeke cracked a smile as he was practically beaming with confidence. Other than Ayaya's attack that sent him back to the start, he hadn't fallen once and now he was only one step from clearing this stage and handing off the duty of winning to Kyoko.

Unfortunately, Zeke wasn't the only one aware of how close he was to the finish. Picking up the pace a little, Ayaya was determined to overtake Zeke just before the end and give Lelaya at least the smallest fraction of a lead. She placed a hand on Zeke's back as she attempted to push over him, using his body as a means of stabilization.

This greatly unbalanced Zeke, whose feet began to slide back and forth as he held onto the cloth diaper. Lunging for a better grip, he grabbed onto the cord that was holding up the cloth diaper, pinching the metallic wire between his fingers for dear life.

Ayaya, meanwhile, was also looking for something to help her stay upright. Zeke's erratic movements had caused her to start slipping as well to the point where half of her right foot was off the edge of the step. It was only a matter of time before....

\*SLIP!!\*

Once again, Ayaya's foot made a quick plummet down to the step behind it, sending her backward at the worst possible moment. In an act of desperation, she pressed her hand to Zeke's back as she fell, clawing her fingers around the waistband of his diaper.

"WOOOOOAH!" shouted Zeke as the weight he was holding up suddenly doubled. Craning his neck back, he caught sight of Ayaya, who was doing the splits while clinging to his diaper, much in the same way as he clung to the wire, only much more embarrassing for him. He blushed hard at the female "OOOOHs" that came from the audience as he exposed his bare bottom for them all to see.

Behind Zeke's behind, Ayaya found herself in a terrible position. She immediately tried to pull herself forward, but all this ended up doing was separating her feet more, lowering her into a deep split. "Just climb, dude!" she screamed, hoping that Zeke's forward progress would pull her up with him.

"I-I can't! Lemme go!" responded Zeke as he wiggled his butt back and forth in an attempt to dislodge her. As much as he would love to fulfill Ayaya's wishes, neither of them were going anywhere with her weighing him down like an anchor. Feeling his fingers begging to slip from the wire, he knew what he needed to do, but he wasn't sure if he lacked the shame to do it.

Nervously, he placed his free hand on the front of his diaper and prepared himself to shrug off any pride he had left. In one fluid motion, he pulled forward, ripping the tapes off of his diaper.

In an instant, Ayaya flew backward with Zeke's diaper in hand. Landing flat on her stomach, she slid down the entire staircase all the way to the bottom. Frustrated and exhausted beyond belief, she let out a chilling scream, her sore loser side rearing its ugly head.

TO BE CONTINUED...