Seventh Inning Shame

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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"We're here!" Dad said in sing-song. In truth, they had been at the ballpark for at least fifteen minutes while Dad found a parking spot, but now the car was stopped. Jayden tried to unbuckle his car seat, but the release was behind him, which meant he was stuck until Dad came over.

"Aaron, can you" Aaron snorted and got out of the car.

"Let Dad do it." The bratty nine year old said, punching his mitt with his hand.

"Alright, slugger." Dad said, opening the door. "Ready to get out?"

"Yeah." Maybe he had forgotten, Jayden thought, until Dad pulled the diaper out from behind his carseat. "Dad! No!"

"Jayden, we talked about this." Dad said. "You didn't like the potty rules last time, so-" the potty rules had been Jayden was not allowed to go by himself. He had to be accompanied by either Dad or Aaron, which had led to a near-accident and Dad carrying a squirming Jayden up the stairs to the nearest bathroom. "Your diaper will let you enjoy the game." More like it'll let you enjoy it, Jayden thought grumpily. "Tell you what. Be a big boy and let me put your diaper on you and I promise we'll get ice cream in the helmet, kay?" Jayden begrudgingly gave in.

"Dad, isn't the game gonna-" Aaron turned bright red as he

saw Jayden on the floor of the car. You think you're embarrassed? Jayden thought. You're not the one naked from the waist down.

"Nearly done, bud." Dad said, taping the diaper securely around Jayden's waist.

"I can still use the potty, right?" Jayden asked.

"Might be easier in your diaper, bud." Dad said, pulling his shorts over the crinkly diaper before tossing his now unneeded briefs onto the car seat. "Let's play ball!" He said with a laugh, picking Jayden up.

"Let me down!" Jayden whined, watching Aaron half-skip in front of them all the way to the stadium. Two and a half years younger and he didn't have to wear a diaper. He didn't have to be carried.

"Why do you even have that?" Jayden asked as Dad finally set him down for them to go through security. He handed the bag in question to the gruff-looking security guard, who unzipped it enough to see the diapers. His eyes glanced over Aaron before landing on Jayden. He chuckled and zipped it up. "Got something special for you, buddy."

"Me?" The guard chuckled again and, kneeling down, stuck a sticker to Jayden's t-shirt.

"It says Lil Slugger." He said.

"I can read." Jayden mumbled.

"Make sure you cheer nice and loud!" He said. Jayden was so

embarrassed, he could hardly move, but Dad took his hand and led him along.

Sated by ice cream and their seats right at the edge of the deck, as well as the realization that at least he didn't have to hold his little brother's hand, Jayden started to have fun. When his favorite player hit a home run, Jayden even jumped up and down with Aaron until he realized his diaper was showing.

"Middle of the fourth. I'm gonna go pee." Aaron declared. "Do you- oh, right." He smirked at Jayden, but thankfully was out of earshot when Dad turned to him.

"How's your diaper, kiddo?"

"Still dry." Jayden said as softly as he could. Dad must not have heard, because he reached over and tugged out the front of Jayden's shorts.

"You drinking enough?" He asked, handing Jayden a bottle of water. "I don't want you getting dehydrated just to avoid peeing."

"Not so loud!" He took two big swigs to try to disprove any thoughts that he might be trying to keep from peeing.

Their team took a commanding lead and Jayden began to wonder, maybe even hope, that they might leave early so he could avoid using the diaper. Dad seemed content to stay right where he was as the fourth inning turned to the fifth. The game was only just over halfway over and Jayden knew he would not be making it.

"How's your diaper?" Aaron whispered to him, smirking.

"Boys, no fighting." Dad said. "Look, try to guess today's attendance." The jumbotron showed four numbers.

"It's not thirty five thousand." Jayden said, looking around. "There aren't even that many seats."

"I think it's twenty-four thousand, five hundred and ninety-three." Aaron said.

"That's too low." Dad replied. "It's C. Twenty-nine thousand, three hundred, ninety-eight." Sure enough, he was right. "That's a lot of people, isn't it?" He said, grabbing Jayden. A still dry diaper meant three more swigs of water. Jayden sat down beside Dad, hoping sitting might help.

As the bottom of the fifth arrived, Jayden knew it was inevitable. He watched the batter and waited, trying to time it for a loud moment. As the ball cracked off the bat and the crowd began to cheer, Jayden screwed his face up and peed. It felt so wrong to be peeing out in the open like this and it was weird how easy it was. Then again, he had really had to pee.

"Everything okay, Jay?" Dad asked. He nodded, shifting slightly and hoping the bulge of his diaper wasn't as obvious as it looked to him.

The flow of the game resumed and Jayden relaxed again. Now that he had wet, he felt better, at least until he realized this probably meant he'd be diapered next time too. Maybe Dad wouldn't check or notice and he'd be able to hide it once they got home?

Jayden was so distracted by increasingly harebrained plots to hide what he had done that the sixth inning came to an end.

"Gonna go pee now." Dad said. He looked at Jayden and smiled. "Behave, you two."

"How's your diaper?" Aaron asked mockingly. Jayden ignored him. That was all you could do, after all. Nine year olds didn't come much more annoying than Aaron. "Did you poop it? Are you poopy?"

"Naw, I think that smell is you." Jayden retorted.

"Hey!" Aaron grabbed at Jayden's shorts.

"Hey! Quit!" They ran back and forth in front of their seats, but the fans to either side of them kept them penned in.

"Boys!" Dad exclaimed as he came down the stairs. Jayden, ever obedient, stopped in his tracks. Aaron ran into him and tugged his shorts down.

"Hey!" Jayden bent over to try to grab his falling shorts. Aaron stuck his foot over them, and Dad descended on them.

"Enough!" He said. "Aaron, get off." Aaron tried to pull his foot free. Riiip!

"Oops." Jayden felt the shorts around his ankles loosen as they ripped in half.

"Alright." Dad's face was red now, though a darker red than Aaron's had been at the car. "Aaron, butt in that seat." Aaron immediately obeyed. "Jayden." He sighed and looked down

at his son, who was trying to pull his shirt down over his soggy diaper. "What are we gonna do with you?"

The question seemed to hang in the air as the seventh inning got under way. Jayden's hope of leaving early evaporated as a few errors led to the game turning into a nailbiter. He sat on the other side of his dad, still trying to no avail to cover his diaper. Dad sighed.

"Aaron."

"What?"

"Can... here, I'll give you some cash. Can you go buy your brother some shorts?" He looked Aaron right in the eye. "No funny business. Shorts. If you come back with something silly, you'll wear it and Jayden'll get your shorts."

"Ok, dad."

"For now," Dad said. "Let's try to hide you." Jayden felt like he was plenty hidden in the blue seat, but Dad pulled him into his lap.

Jayden had vague memories of his very first baseball game, but he never thought that, ten years later, he'd be back on his dad's lap, diapered and watching baseball.

"Aaron'll be back soon." Dad said. "And look, that's three outs already. You know what time it is!"

"Everyone, please join us for the time-honored tradition of the Seventh Inning Stretch." Dad set Jayden down on the floor and stood up. "And now, it's time for that other beloved

tradition! Everyone, sing along!"

"Take me out to the ball game," the entire stadium, including Jayden and his dad, began to sing along as the words appeared on the jumbotron, along with shots of the crowd singing. Jayden looked up and saw some teenagers with letters painted on their chests, but they were in the wrong order. "Take me out to the crowd!" The camera changed a split second after a few of them flipped off the crowd to a woman whose entire outfit was rainbow. She waved enthusiastically. "Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks!" Jayden felt like ice water washed over him as he saw himself up on the Jumbotron, diaper and all. Oh, no, he thought even as he kept singing along. The camera would move on. The camera would move on! "I don't care if I ever get back!" Why wasn't it moving on!?

"For it's root, root, root for the home team!" Jayden looked to Dad, but he had his phone out, recording every minute of his son's appearance on the enormous screen, all thirty thousand people watching as Jayden had no choice but to just ride it out. Maybe he could flip off the camera too? "For it's one!" He raised his pointer finger, knowing Dad would never accept him doing it. "Two! Three strikes you're out at the old ball game!" Jayden fought to keep from crying as he waved up at himself on the Jumbotron, noticing Aaron standing in the background, smirking with shorts in his hand.