

Superstore

by MadeOfSpaces

Percy has a new job - but Jack has a better offer.

The Costume Box

2026

Chapter 1

Superstore

By 11:30pm, the relentless white lights of the OmegaMart baby aisle were starting to make Percy's eyes water. Dressed in his freshly-minted aquamarine polo complete with the crisp yellow '™ symbol stitched on the breast and the sensible grey slacks Mom had resurrected from his old Sunday school getup, the boy certainly looked the part. The money was good, too - or at least good enough. Still, there were definitely better ways to spend homecoming weekend. He was a Sophomore now, afterall. Wasn't it about time he started making some friends? Mr. Angelopoulos clearly didn't think so. Percy supposed he should have been thankful for the opportunity, but did he really have to schedule his first shift on a Friday night?

At the very least, Percy was grateful he didn't have to talk to any customers. Sure, he was wearing a uniform, but that only got you so far. At fifteen, Percy still barely stood level with the fourth shelf from the ground - even in his highest-heeled smart black loafers. Mom said it was just a Greek thing, but while it was true that the deflated prune-faced 90-year-olds at St Constantine's were hardly giants, it wasn't a level playing field. Percy didn't have a hunchback, and he hadn't grown up surviving on boiled nettles in the old country. The truth was that he had a baby face. Just that evening while he'd been training on the registers, some weirdo buying like 9 cans of chunky soup had told him flippantly that he looked about five

years old. There was no way he was going to spend a whole shift dealing with people like that. Stacking shelves suited Percy just fine - so long as they were the ones low to the ground.

“The baby aisle, huh?” A self-assured baritone slurred, accompanied by the clip-clop of heavy boots on the polished resin floors. “Well, I guess you gotta make a living somehow - right Pee-Pee Percy?”

The shadow of Jack’s tall muscular frame blotted out the harsh LEDs. Percy squinted up suspiciously, spying the six-pack of beer gripped between his fingers. “Seriously?” the smaller boy sighed. “That shits like...elementary grade.”

Jack shrugged. Six foot three, square-jawed, and movie-star handsome, Jack was everything Percy wasn’t. While Percy could hardly hit a plastic ball twenty feet from a tee, Jack was already playing varsity level baseball; while Percy would struggle to fill a Chuck E. Cheese table on his birthday with three months notice, Jack could hold a blow-out houseparty any day of the week at the drop of a hat; while Percy sat squarely at the bottom of the school social ladder, Jack was cool. Even better, Jack was rich. As much as Percy liked to dream about saving up a little money each month to eventually buy a Nintendo Switch, his family - him and his Mom - really did need this job. Meanwhile, Jack had probably pulled in Percy’s entire weekly salary in pocket money at four years old. The smaller boy couldn’t help but seethe.

“Sorry.” Jack eventually tittered - smirking out his half-hearted apology while smoothing back his neat golden hair, staring off down the aisle as if posing for an invisible paparazzo. “You know I’m just joshing you, right?”

Percy blushed back a bashful self-loathing smile of his own as butterflies erupted in his tummy again, forcing a grimace instead. Worst of all, Jack made him feel like that. Somehow, despite all the posing, and the bragging, and the childish nicknames, Percy couldn’t deny he had a crush. A crush! On that jerk of all people. It was enough to make him want to scream.

“Whatever.” Percy dismissed, kneeling down on the shiny floor and starting to stack a fresh palette of Pampers onto the lowest shelf. “It’s just...you should get some better material.”

“Not my fault you’re not potty trained.” Jack continued to needle him, putting down his beer and crouching down beside Percy and the Pampers packages. He loomed threateningly over the smaller boy, like a poised Football player.

“Get over it already.” Percy spat, trying to look unbothered even as his cheeks steadily reddened to a flustered fluorescent pink. “You’re talking about crap that happened in like... Kindergarten.”

“Naw, I’m pretty sure it was 5th Grade.” Jack teased. “Besides, I’ve seen your tighty-whities in gym. You don’t get yellow stains like that without a little leakage.”

“Leave me alone.” The boy aggressively grabbed the final

pack off the palette and shoved it forcefully onto the tight space on the shelf. As he did so however, the tear-away seal atop the plastic packaging ruptured clean-open, revealing a neat stack of tightly-packed crinkle-textured diapers. “Fuck!”

“Wow, little dude. Chill.” Jack said calmly, holding up the two meaty calloused slabs he had for hands.

“I’m not gonna fucking chill! It’s my first day, and I just fucking ruined the merchandise - all because you wouldn’t leave me alone!”

“Cool it with the profanity, Percy-Wursy.” Jack said in a low cooing voice, gently prying the open Pampers package from Percy’s grip. “See? We’ll just put it at the back of the shelf. No one’ll know it was you.”

Percy managed a few deep breaths, managing to get a loose grip on the confusing dogfight of emotions scratching and biting in the pit of his tummy. “Aren’t there like...cameras?” He asked, his voice a high-pitched ragged whistle.

“Naw. Not on this aisle.” Jack re-assured, pointing around and immediately indicating all three visible security cameras with experienced certainty. “They’re all turned the other way, see? Honestly, I dunno why it had to be the baby aisle...” he mused.

“Right...” Percy sighed. The immediate crisis averted, he instead furrowed his caramel-coloured eyebrows at the interloping popular kid. “Can you just go already?” He whined. “Just leave and buy your beer or whatever? My day

already sucks without you picking on me.”

“I wasn’t trying to pick on you.” Jack insisted. “Promise.”

“Yeah. Right.” Percy tutted.

“I’m serious.” Jack continued with an easy smile, reaching out and boldly ruffling the smaller boy’s mess of milk-chocolate curls. “It’s not like I call you that stuff at school right?”

“I guess not...”

“Right.” Jack continued. “I’m just teasing. I actually think it’s kinda like...cute. Y’know, how you never really grew up.”

Percy pouted. He didn’t know how to feel. On one hand, there was no way Jack actually meant all this stuff. He was just finding another way to mess with him. On the other, he was being kinda nice. If only a little. He wondered briefly if this was Jack’s strange way of trying to make friends. And if they were friends, well then that wasn’t quite so far off the next step...

“What do you want?” The boy eventually groaned - sick of having to think so hard. With any luck, Jack would just leave so he could get back to thinking about nothing at all. Then, before he knew it, it would be midnight - and his shift would be over.

“Why do you even take this job?” Jack interrupted, ignoring him.

“What? For money, duh.”

“How about I pay you instead?” Jack offered abruptly.

“Don’t be dumb.”

“I’m serious! I’ll do double whatever they’re paying you now. And...I dunno, minimum fifteen hours per week. Cash up front.”

Percy scoffed. He would have got up right then and gone and told his manager some kid from his high school wouldn’t stop bothering him - if Jack hadn’t opened his wallet. It was stuffed to the brim with crisp green bills. “And you want me to do...what exactly?”

“It’s a freelance gig.” Jack said vaguely. “Whatever I need each week. Tonight, well...I guess it’s something like babysitting.”

“Something like babysitting?” Percy repeated, wondering who on earth needed babysitting at quarter to midnight. “You want me to watch some kid?”

“Look, do you want the cash or not?” Jack insisted, taking out a fat wad of notes. “I only need you for ten minutes. We’ll call it...I dunno, a rush fee. You can have err...one, two, three...five of these.”

“Seriously?” Percy asked in awe. “Are those hundred dollar bills?”

“Yeah, dude! Just say yes already!”

Percy bit his upper lip, making a cute nervous glower that his Mom said made him look like a pouting puppy. It’s not like

anyone would miss him for ten minutes. That could easily be a bathroom break. Besides, five hundred bucks was crazy money - how could he really say no? “Well...I guess then... yes.” Percy finally peeped.

Almost at once, the OmegaMart polo was up and off over his head - discarded uncaringly on the ground beside the open Pampers package. Percy had never noticed before how closely the colour of the store’s uniform matched the classic baby brand. He was so busy gawking that it was no effort at all for Jack to lock a muscular arm around his smooth baby-fat-bare tummy, holding him still while he wrestled the boy’s sensible slip-on loafers off his feet to reveal a faded set of grey race-car themed socks.

“Cute socks.” Jack observed calmly, taking the loafers one at a time and throwing them in an athletic arc over the top of the aisle. “I’ve always wondered - do you never wear shoes with laces, or does your Mommy help you?”

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?” Percy screeched, just as Jack swiped up the discarded polo shirt from the floor and threw that over the aisle as well.

“Shhhh, inside voice! There’s no cameras, but people can still hear you whining.” Jack tutted. Percy’s outrage didn’t perturb him one bit, the bigger boy going ahead and looping his fingers under the waistband of his pants - pulling down both his slacks and the fluorescent green Minecraft creeper themed boxers that lay below in one firm irresistible yank. “I didn’t know you liked Minecraft...”

Percy opened his mouth to scream another high-pitched horrified scream, but the protest caught in his throat. It had all happened so fast, but somehow he had found himself stark naked in the OmegaMart baby aisle. This was hardly the time to be drawing a crowd. A tennis-ball sized lump formed in his throat as he shyly hovered his hands in front of him, wondering if his watery turquoise eyes also matched the Pampers branding.

“Okay buddy, step out.” Jack instructed impatiently, laying down a heavy boot atop the pool of fabric to ensure he couldn’t pull them up again. “Step out or I’ll have to pick you up.”

Percy flinched as Jack seemed to move to do just that, stepping out backwards away from his pants just as the bigger boy’s calloused hands brushed against his side. “W-why are you doing this?” He sobbed in a betrayed warbling whisper.

“Seriously dude, I can’t deal with you crying right now.” Jack dismissed, gathering up the pants and underwear and disposing of them too.

“I’m not crying.” Percy insisted stubbornly. He wasn’t. He couldn’t. Not on top of everything else. He quickly wiped at his eyes when Jack was turned away, hurriedly returning his hands to their protective position in front of his crotch and balling one up into a vindictive fist. He marched up, whacking uselessly into Jack’s iron-cast side. “Give me back my clothes!” he demanded through gritted teeth.

“You’ll get something to wear.” Jack explained vaguely. He

gave a frustrated tut at the sight of the boy's angry red face, putting his hands on his hips. "Jeez, do you give this kind of attitude to Mr. Angelopoulos? Do you want the 500 dollars or not?"

"This...is for the job?" Percy blinked. Honestly, he'd forgotten about the five hundred bucks the moment his shirt had come off - assuming it had simply been a trick. But now the thought of that much money seemed to make even standing naked in the middle of the town's biggest 24 hour superstore fade into the background.

"Yeah, Einstein. Did you think I was just screwing with you?" Jack laughed. " I guess you're more like a little Einstein. Y'know from the show? We're going on a trip in our favourite rocket ship..."

"Shut up." Percy snapped, eyes focussed in keenly on the bulging wallet stowed in Jack's jacket pocket. "You said I'd get clothes."

"Right." Jack confirmed. "First things first, lie down."

"On the floor?"

"Duh."

Percy blinked. "But it's dirty...and cold. And people-"

"Oh my God!" Jack interrupted in exasperation. Without saying another word, he removed the fleece-lined brown leather jacket he was wearing and laid it out flat on the floor - taking Percy by the shoulders and forcibly sitting him down

squarely in the middle of the yellowed comfy soft lining.
“There, better?”

The smaller boy couldn't muster much of a response, overwhelmed by the pace of events. He sat gawking as Jack proceeded to push him back fully supine on top of the jacket and gently pried his arms away - pushing them down so that they flopped placidly on either side, surrendering in exhausted mirror 'L' shapes. He knew at the back of his mind that he should have been dreadfully embarrassed. After all, he was completely exposed now - totally naked in front of the most popular boy in school.

In that moment though, all he could think about was the cuddly texture of the jacket-lining tickling his butt; the comforting feeling of the other boy's residual body-heat soaking into his own; and most of all the overwhelming smell of Jack. The jacket was doused with it, a strange enthralling musk that was somehow earthy and clean at the same time. Percy had never smelled anything quite so perfect before, but he was certain it wasn't a perfume or an aftershave. It was Jack's natural smell - the same he'd occasionally catch just the hint of after gym or running to class. This time though, it was turned up to the maximum. He turned his head and buried his nose in a fold of the material, taking a long indulgent long sniff as he imagined he was a cozy bear-cub snuggled deep in the safety of a cozy winter den.

When he turned back, Jack was holding a diaper. It was Pampers - almost certainly from the same pack he'd opened by mistake - the neat white square accented with a pale

aquamarine trim and decorated with a full-cast of cartoonishly rendered Sesame Street characters.

“These are about your size, right?” Jack asked, sounding entirely genuine as he read from the package. “Toddlers - 41lbs plus. Well, I guess you’re probably more on the ‘plus’ size, but I reckon they’ll fit...”

Percy managed to come to his senses. “There’s no way you’re putting me in those.” He growled, uselessly holding up his socked feet in warning. He made a half-hearted effort to wiggle away, but Jack put a swift stop to that pressing a single firm hand against his tummy.

“Well, I guess they are one of the cheaper brands.” Jack conceded, turning a cursory glance towards the full array of diaper brands on offer on the shelf at his eye level. “Let’s see...what does your Mommy put you in?”

If he’d been quicker, Percy might have talked him out of it - or at least pleaded his way down to pull-ups. Scoffing in outrage though, he missed his chance. “I don’t...” he began helplessly. “I mean, she doesn’t put me in any-!”

“Here we are. Premium, luxury, ultra-absorbent, eco-friendly baby diapers - and they also make ‘em for big kids like you.” Jack finally selected, brazenly ripping open the package right there in the aisle. “Awww, they’ve even got little puppies on them! Hey, that’s a good name for you. Little Puppy Percy. Puppy boy. Percy Pup!”

Puppies or not, these diapers were at least three times as thick

as the Pampers. By contrast, those had been almost paper-thin. These looked like a full cushion had been sewed into the lining! A crinkling, papery, disposable cushion designed to be peed on.

“I’m not-” Percy began, hoping to re-litigate the issue, but Jack wasn’t having it. He’d barely opened his mouth when the bigger boy ran a spider-like set of fingers up his tummy, immediately reducing him to helpless cackling laughter.

“Awww, did I find your tickle button Percy-Wursy?” Jack teased, taking the opportunity to clasp his ankles together with the other hand and efficiently sliding the open pad of the diaper under his bottom - relentlessly tickling him all the while. “Where’s the button that makes you go pee-pee, hmm?”

“Sto-oh-ohp!” Percy squealed, but Jack was right. It was like he’d found some magical pressure point. So long as the tickles kept on coming, he was as helpless as a real squirmy giggly toddler, unable to do anything but screech and snort and guffaw in delight until Jack finally let off - the absurdly thick ‘premium’ diaper securely fastened around his waist.

“All done!” Jack intoned playfully, sitting Percy up on his now safely-padded bum.

Now that he was wearing it, the diaper felt even thicker. Percy could hardly press his legs together! He wondered what on earth the market could be for such a thick diaper in such a large size. Certainly, if he had to do any walking, he’d be putting the ‘toddle’ in ‘toddler’.

“It’s too thick.” He grunted, managing to get his breath back.

“Well, you’re a heavy wetter.” Jack informed him, wrapping up the smaller boy in his jacket and heaving him with some effort up onto his hip. He collected his six pack of beer from its place on the ground, along with the remainder of the pack of premium diapers - setting off down the aisle.

“This is so dumb.” Percy complained after a moment, only now getting the chance to consider the absurdity of the situation. No sooner had he recovered from the diapering ordeal had he started to panic about the possibility of his manager coming to check on him. Was 500 bucks really worth being caught wearing the diapers he was supposed to be stocking? “So...why exactly are you paying me for this?”

“Like I said, it’s kinda like babysitting. Except...I guess I’m the one babysitting you.” Jack explained, pausing for a moment and looking up thoughtfully at the cameras he’d pointed out earlier. To Percy’s relief, it looked like they were still in the dead zone. “Well, more like looking after. I guess you can’t really babysit your own kid.”

“What?”

“You didn’t work it out yet?” Jack smirked, clearly proud of his plan. “I want beer, but I lost my fake I.D. So you’re gonna act like you’re my kid. Genius, right? No one ever IDs parents.”

Percy took a moment to process the absurd proposition. “No, not really.” He spat, angry that he’d ever allowed himself to

be taken in on such a ridiculous plan.

“How come?”

“First of all, I work here doofus. The lady on the register trained me like 4 hours ago!”

“Naw.” Jack dismissed. “That’s the genius of the diaper. It’s like...an invisibility potion! Y’know, from Minecraft. As far as she’s concerned, you’re just a cute itsy-bitsy two-year-old. Besides, her glasses are like coke bottles. She won’t recognize you.”

“Dude, no one’s gonna think I’m two.”

“They might. You’re wearing a diaper.”

“I don’t look two!”

“Jeez, fine. You can be...I dunno, five? I’d say you look five.”

Percy gave a perturbed groan, but he could hardly argue with that. The chunky soup guy had said the very same thing earlier that night. “Why would a five-year-old be wearing nothing but a diaper?” he argued, just to be difficult.

“You’re not very good at doing what you’re told.” Jack complained. “But whatever. You want clothes? We’ll find you some clothes.” He crossed the aisle, locating a half-empty cart that seemed to have been abandoned mid-shop and plopping Percy down in the toddler seat. The smaller boy cringed, his bare skin tickling against the cold metal bar on either side of the leg holes. “If you wanna be five though, you’re gonna have to put on a hell of a good performance.”

Jack warned.

“What are you talking about? This was your dumb idea.” Percy sulked, praying to God they wouldn’t run into Mr Angelopoulos - or at least that the diaper worked as good as Jack seemed to think it would.

“And you’re getting paid!” Jack reminded him, turning off into an aisle marked ‘BOYS UNDER SIX’.

“I guess...”

“Alright then, Puddle-Pants. Can you say...Daddy?”

“What?”

“Daddy. You’re gonna have to call me ‘Daddy’ when we get to the check-outs.”

“Can’t I just not say anything?”

“It might come up.” Jack insisted, prodding him annoyingly on the tummy.

“Fine...Daddy.” Percy spat, rolling his eyes in a typical teenage way.

“You can do better than that!” Jack insisted. Stuck in the toddler-seat of the cart, Percy was totally exposed - unable to do anything but wriggle his padded butt hopelessly against the plastic seat as Jack pounced, once again tickling his fingers mercilessly up and down Percy’s bare tummy. “I can press your tickle button all day!”

Percy scrunched up his face like he’d bitten into a sour

lemon, barely containing wave after wave of helpless screeching toddler-esque giggle fits. “Stop, Daddy! No, Daddy!” He eventually cooed out in a flawless saccharine soprano.

“Attaboy!” Jack praised, finally letting up. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you just toddled right out of daycare. You sure you can’t pull off two?”

“Shuttup.” Percy sulked, cheeks burning.

“Don’t pout, you earned yourself a shirt.” Jack informed him, picking off a vintage-style cream t-shirt populated by various Sesame Street characters - including Elmo, Big Bird, Cookie Monster, Bert & Ernie, and Oscar the Grouch.

Percy didn’t get a chance to review the alternatives, Jack swiftly pulling it down over his head to finally cover up his tummy. Percy could hardly believe they’d make a shirt so babyish in big kid sizes, but somehow it was still oversized on him - giving the brand new shirt the appearance of a hastily selected hand-me-down. The label was still attached, the scratchy string tied into the back label itching uncomfortably against Percy’s neck. He clutched at the excess fabric possessively, pulling it down to barely cover the papery top of his diaper tickling against his belly-button.

“Right, let’s find the check-out.” Jack announced.

“No, wait!” Percy insisted, going so far as to snatch on desperately to a sign advertising \$5 off overalls as the cart whizzed past. “You gotta buy me pants too.”

“Weren’t you listening?” Jack tutted. “The diaper’s part of your disguise. What’s the point if she can’t see it?”

“I need pants.” Percy repeated stubbornly.

Jack seemed to hesitate for a moment before shaking his head in frustration, grabbing a pair of beige cargo shorts from a nearby display. “Fine, but you’re gonna have to sell it.” He informed the smaller kid, standing him up and steadying him on the seat so he could help him into the tiny elastic-waisted shorts. “Let’s hear you say ‘Daddy, I went potty!’”

He bit his lip in concentration, taking a moment to find the right register. “Daddy, I gone potty!” he sang out in a sweet un-announced babble.

“Awesome, dude! Loved the improvising.” Jack praised, hardly able to contain his own amusement. Finishing pulling up the shorts, he patted the smaller boy affectionately on the bottom - forcing him back down into the toddler seat. “It’s like you were born for this.”

Percy blushed. He hadn’t meant to sound so...enthusiastic. But if this was what it took to escape the store without appearing in diapers on the store security tape, then so be it.

Rolling up to the registers, Percy felt like he was going to throw-up. As Jack loaded the beer and open diaper package onto the conveyer belt however, Mrs Samaras the cashier didn’t shout, or curse, or even look the least bit surprised. Instead, her lips simply curled into a half amused, half chiding smirk.

“Uh-oh. What’s happened here?” She asked Jack, looking over the bizarrely dressed little boy sat in the shopping cart without even a hint of recognition.

“Sorry about this.” Jack sighed, doing his best to speak with all the world-weariness of a long-suffering young father. “Puppy-boy here had a little accident on our way to the potty. We had to improvise.”

“Well, that’s quite alright.” Ms Samaras sympathised. She brandished her hand-held barcode scanner like a magic wand, ushering for Jack to push the cart closer so she could scan the dangling label hanging from his t-shirt. “How old is he?” she asked affectionately.

“Five!” Percy piped up at once, and held up five proud fingers. He was surprised at how genuine he sounded, but he supposed he was just eager to get the more plausible story on the record before Jack could intervene. There was no way Ms Samaras would buy that he was two, after all. Who did Jack think he was kidding?

“You’re a big boy then!” Ms Samaras praised, continuing to scan the pack of beer.

“He sure is.” Jack intervened. “Had him right when I turned 18. Which means I’m twenty three now...” he interjected awkwardly.

“Oh, wow. That must have been...difficult?”

“Um...yeah. Kinda, kinda. My parents err...helped a lot. And his Mom’s family! Them too.”

Ms Samaras nodded somberly. “Family is so important.” She mused, her scanner making its way to the open package of diapers. “I suppose you must be thinking about Kindergarten already, then?”

Jack seemed a little taken off guard. Clearly, he hadn’t expected the conversation to get this deep. He stared intently at the diapers as Ms Samaras picked them up and conveyed them to the other side of her register, a single bead of sweat forming over his brow. “Errr...yeah. We were. I mean uh... thinking about Kindergarten...for him...” He confirmed hesitantly. “But ummm. We decided to put it off for a year. Do another year of pre-school first.”

Percy snapped his head, shooting a suspicious warning glare Jack’s way. Pre-school? Why was he still talking? He was messing it all up!

“Oh?” Ms Samaras asked curiously, gesturing towards Percy. “I’m gonna need you to stand him up over here. The labels for those shorts are sewn on the inside.”

“Sure.” Jack agreed at once, lifting Percy up out of his seat and plopping him down bare-socked on the conveyer belt. The smaller boy let out a little yip of protest, but there wasn’t anything he could do - Jack going right ahead and pulling the shorts down to his ankles, revealing the full bulk of the puppy-dog themed diaper. “It’s the potty training, really.” He continued his explanation, seeming to regain some of his prior confidence. “Kindergarten won’t take him until he’s out of diapers and he’s just...well, I guess he’s not quite ready.”

“Ah.” Ms Samaras intoned, clearly trying quite hard not to sound too judgmental. She flashed around the red light of her scanner blindly in the pool of fabric around Percy’s ankles, searching for the barcode. “You’re lucky you’re cute, mister.” She informed him. “A big boy like you should really know better by now, and I’m sure Daddy’s sick of changing your stinky diapers”

Percy gulped nervously and fidgeted from side to side, feeling a strange need to defend himself. “Well, um...”

“It’s not really his fault.” Jack quickly intervened, wrapping a protective arm around the boy’s arms and torso to stop him from wiggling. “He’s got this err...condition. Doctor says he’s got the bladder of a two-year-old.”

“Oh...right. I see.” Ms Samaras continued, finally seeming to locate the bar-code as her register let out a curt beep. “My daughter trained at two, but I guess boys are always a little harder.”

“You can say that again.” Jack agreed, giving a nervous chuckle as he reached up to muss up Percy’s curly brown hair. “This one’s a real pee-pee machine, isn’t that right Percy pup?”

Percy gave a growl of assent, once again glaring up in horror as Jack’s crazy plan unfolded. Why on earth would he use his real name?

Ms Samaras didn’t seem to notice anything suspicious however. She just chuckled, punching a few final buttons on

her register. "I just need to see some I.D." She continued. "Sorry. I wouldn't usually ask, but it's policy if you look under 25."

Jack's face darkened for just a split second, instantly re-summoning a sunny uncaring disposition. "Oh...of course. No problem." He mumbled, keeping one arm firmly wrapped around Percy standing pants-down on the register while he fumbled around in his pocket for his wallet. "I'm sure it's here somewhere...You haven't been playing with my cards again, have you bud?" He narrated, pressing down firmly on Percy's tummy.

All of a sudden, as if by magic, the smaller boy suddenly felt a desperate urge to pee. He didn't know why. Just moments before he'd felt totally fine. But now, with Jack pressing down hard on his tummy and only a thick pad of disposable material between him and the open air, he felt like he was fixing to burst!

"No worries. All the time in the world." Ms Samaras assured, but Percy certainly didn't have all the time in the world. He didn't think he even had 10 seconds!

"Daddy..." He forced himself to choke out, face flushing red with shame. Somehow, the infantile word seemed to make him feel even more desperate, as if he really was only two years old again - with a bladder to match.

"Not know, puddle-pants. Daddy's gotta concentrate."

"Daddy, I gone potty!" He finally blurted. And just like that

he was peeing. He was actually peeing! Right there, standing on the OmegaMart registers, dressed in nothing but a Sesame Street shirt and a thick luxury premium diaper.

It didn't take long for Ms Samaras to notice. "Oh..." she observed. "I think your little boy..."

"Oh!" Jack repeated, quickly slamming his wallet shut. He tried to resist the urge to smile in triumph, limiting himself to a smirk at the sight of Percy's diaper. He hurriedly pulled up the kid's shorts, but it had swelled up so much that they only barely got all the way up, the papery top of the diaper poking out as clear as day over the the crumpled up elastic waistband of the shorts. "I'm so sorry...like I said, he's a little pee-pee machine!"

"It's completely fine - I understand!" Ms Samaras re-assured, averting her eyes and distracting herself by punching yet more buttons into her machine. "Your total is thirty dollars and eight five cents." She informed Jack hurriedly, seeming to forget all about his I.D.

"There. Keep the change!" Jack quickly assented, taking out two crumpled up \$20 dollar notes and discarding them uncaringly on the counter. "Come on you, let's get you changed..." he announced loudly as he bungled Percy back into the cart, quickly setting off out towards the big automatic doors.

Outside, Jack finally allowed himself to celebrate. "Dude! That was awesome." He praised exuberantly, lifting the smaller kid out of the cart and squeezing him tight in an

overwhelming bear hug. Percy peeped in surprise, taken off guard by Jack's intoxicating scent invading his nostrils once again. It smelled so good he almost forgot about the horrible damp mass of the soiled diaper strapped between his legs. Almost.

"I don't wanna talk about it..." Percy sulked. He couldn't believe he had peed himself. How had that happened. Why had that happened?

"We don't have to. You just need to get paid." Jack laughed, pulling out his wallet again as he put Percy down on the ground. "You went the distance in there. Let's say...an extra two hundred for getting me out of the jam with the I.D?"

"Uh...sure." Percy nodded, hardly believing the feeling of the crisp wad of hundred dollar bills in his hand. Did Jack think he'd done that deliberately? Maybe he had - on some weird deep subconscious level.

"We will definitely be working together again in the future." Jack laughed, pulling one of his beers out of the plastic rings and cracking it open. "See you on the flip, Pee-Pee Percy."

The smaller boy gave a confused tired nod. "Uh yeah, sure...I should probably go punch out of my shift..."

"Whatever dude." Jack shrugged, sipping his beer as he started to walk out into the gloomy flood-light lit car-park. "Hey, just don't let anyone else push your pee-pee button when I'm not around - kay?"

Percy just stared, putting a cautionary hand underneath his

Sesame Street shirt to feel his smooth bare tummy just above the crinkly, slightly damp material of the used diaper - wondering if Jack really had made him pee on command. He furrowed his brow in consternation, wondering if that kind of information was worth a measly seven hundred bucks.