

A vicious solar storm swirled throughout the vicinity of Earth and Mars, blocking the positive energy which came from the moon and canceling out the power of the Saiyan's who called Earth their home. Of course, each Saiyan noticed this interference in their own way. Vegeta and Goku couldn't train in their typical manner, instead opting to lift weights and train in the typical Earthling way. The younger Saiyans were the most inconvenienced by this turn of events, Goten and Trunks had taken their powers for granted for much of their lives and now had trouble flying as well as dealing with other things.

Luckily, Bulma had the answers that all the Saiyans sought and thanks to her reassurances, they all knew that the storm would dissipate in roughly a week's time.

Still, that didn't solve all of the problems for her son, Trunks. On that first night of the storm, before anyone knew what was going on in the galactic sea, he wet his bed and had awakened to his own body lying in a warm liquid that pooled around his butt before slowly soaking into his mattresses. The poor boy had panicked, he had never wet the bed before and when he tried to sprint to his mother, he found that he wasn't as fast as he normally was. The perplexed boy was very upset about this whole ordeal and, while Bulma was very nurturing about the situation, she was also a logical and practical thinker who came to the conclusion that diapers made the most sense to keep his bed dry.

Of course, Bulma wasn't like any other mother; she didn't just go to the local pharmacy and pick up a pack of diapers for her son. Instead of doing things the normal way, she had to invent disposable diapers that were both big enough and strong enough to tackle her son's Saiyan sized wettings, but as with any challenge, she had fun doing it. She basically used one of Trunks' diapers from when he was a baby and scaled up the national brand of disposable baby diapers until it's capacity increased and was large enough to fit her nine year old son.

Regardless of her good intentions, Trunks wasn't exactly excited about being demoted to wearing what was essentially an oversized pair of Pampers to bed. Bulma had to reassure him that this was only a temporary measure until the storm passed and she took great care not to bruise his ego. Much like his father, he could get worked up about trivial things like this. After all, to Bulma, it just made sense to protect her boy from the accidents which she thought were beyond his control.

The blue haired mother, on that second night, reassured her son that his disposable "protection" was only to be worn during bedtime and got her little prince padded up before bed. Trunks had initially fussed and told her that he was too big to be wearing diapers. Being a modern parent,

Bulma promised Trunks extra dessert if he would simply wear the disposable underwear for the next week and that ended the issue until Trunks started wetting during the day too.

He always had an excuse; he was too busy playing with Goten to notice that he needed to pee and it was an accident. Or her favorite; Goten had tickled him and made him wet on purpose. Bulma tolerated it, but she knew that her lavender haired son would have an unwelcome surprise come tomorrow if his daytime "accidents" continued.

Once more, Trunks awakened to a dry bed the next morning. but his pamper wasn't as fortunate. The disposable garment was absolutely soaked to the breaking point. He stood up and the tapes strained to keep the diaper secured to his hips. Trunks would never tell anyone this, but he was starting to get used to the sensation of a heavy, soggy diaper around his midsection. He sat back down and sighed as the moist padding contoured to his bottom. Looking around, Trunks started bouncing his butt around to enjoy the sponge like feeling of the damp padding cradling his crotch. To his utter embarrassment, his mother walked in and caught him with a big smile on his face while he was bouncing around.

"It seems like you're starting to enjoy your diaper a lot." Bulma started with a grin.

"Mooooom!" The boy whined as he covered his diaper. "It's not like that! This isn't fun for me!"

"It's not fun for me either, young man. That's why you're going to wear your disposable underwear all day and night until the storm has passed."

"But mom!" Trunks leapt out of his bed, wearing only his diaper.

"No buts except for yours staying in that pamper." Bulma had to suppress a slight chuckle.

"Fine." Trunks pouted.

"Catch." Bulma tossed him a new pamper.

Trunks caught the folded up, slick plastic rectangle and looked down at it, studying it. He felt the material, crinkling in his hands and looked up to see that his mother had left his room, leaving behind his freshly laundered clothing for the day. Except that she forgot his pants! He wasn't too happy with the idea of going around in just his sweater and diaper, but at least she was giving him the opportunity to put on his disposable underwear by his own hand. Typically, she'd lay him down in his bed and powdered him until he reeked of the stuff. The diapering always made him feel so babyish that he couldn't help but blush profusely during it. So, this new found freedom seemed very much welcomed and appealing to him even if he did have to wear a diaper during the daytime.

-----Around Lunch-----

The sons of the world's strongest warriors were at play in the backyard of Capsule Corp, running around, playing hide and seek before that game devolved into a game of tag. Goten had managed to pounce his friend Trunks, knocking the boy to the ground.

"Gotcha!"

"Hahaha, yeah, you sure did!" The purple haired boy could only laugh, completely oblivious to the fact that he was pissing his pamper.

"Hey, Trunks. Umm, your underwear turned yellow." Goten stated naively.

"Darn it. Now my mom is going to think I need these things."

Sure enough, the boys noticed a shadow appear over them.

"I knew that you needed to wear these during the day! Now let mommy change you!" Bulma scooped up the wriggling, protesting boy and carried him back to the residence.

"No, mom!" Trunks whined. "I, umm." He was struggling to come up with a good reason for wetting his diaper since he had used up most of his excuses yesterday when he was still

wearing regular underwear. "Please, I don't want another diaper. This one would be dry, but Goten made me wet it!"

Bulma sighed. He was full of excuses, like always, once again it was Goten's fault. Technically, it was Goten's fault, but Bulma would hear none of it. She laid the squirming boy down on the patio table out in the open. Had he regained his powers, he would have simply flew away but with his power gone, he could only struggle and kick his legs like a baby having a tantrum. A quick slap to his thigh stopped his physical protest, but it didn't silence his whining and blubbing.

"Mom! Please! Goten is watching!"

Bulma didn't care, she removed the sodden pampers and dropped it into the nearby trash can where it made an enormous "plop" sound. Bulma could only smile and say one thing to Trunks, "You obviously need your diapers."

The young warrior was wiped clean and oiled up before Bulma lifted his legs off the table. She liberally applied a fresh dusting of powder, coating his groin and bottom. Then he was lowered onto another diaper and taped into it. The change was finished and Bulma blew a loud, wet belly kiss onto Trunks' tummy.

"Mom!!!" The boy squealed.

She ceased kissing his belly and lowered him down onto his shaky legs. He was still worked up from being given such a humiliating diaper change like that; It was one of the most embarrassing experiences of his young life!

\*Slap\*

"Now go play with Goten, and if you wet your diaper again just come see me and I'll change you." Bulma smiled after slapping Trunks' padded butt. She knew that this was the only way to make her point and get him to focus on keeping his diaper dry or, at the very least, not being so careless.

The End?