

The next morning saw me with a smile on my face, even getting up at ass-end o'clock. Waking up without a haze surrounding me sort of made me realize that it'd been so long since I had something to look forward to that the idea felt like a foreign language rattling around inside my head. It made everything feel a little brighter; the sunlight streaming in through the blinds on my window, the sizzle of bacon and grits on the stove, even the process of stripping myself out of a soaked diaper and cleaning up in the shower.

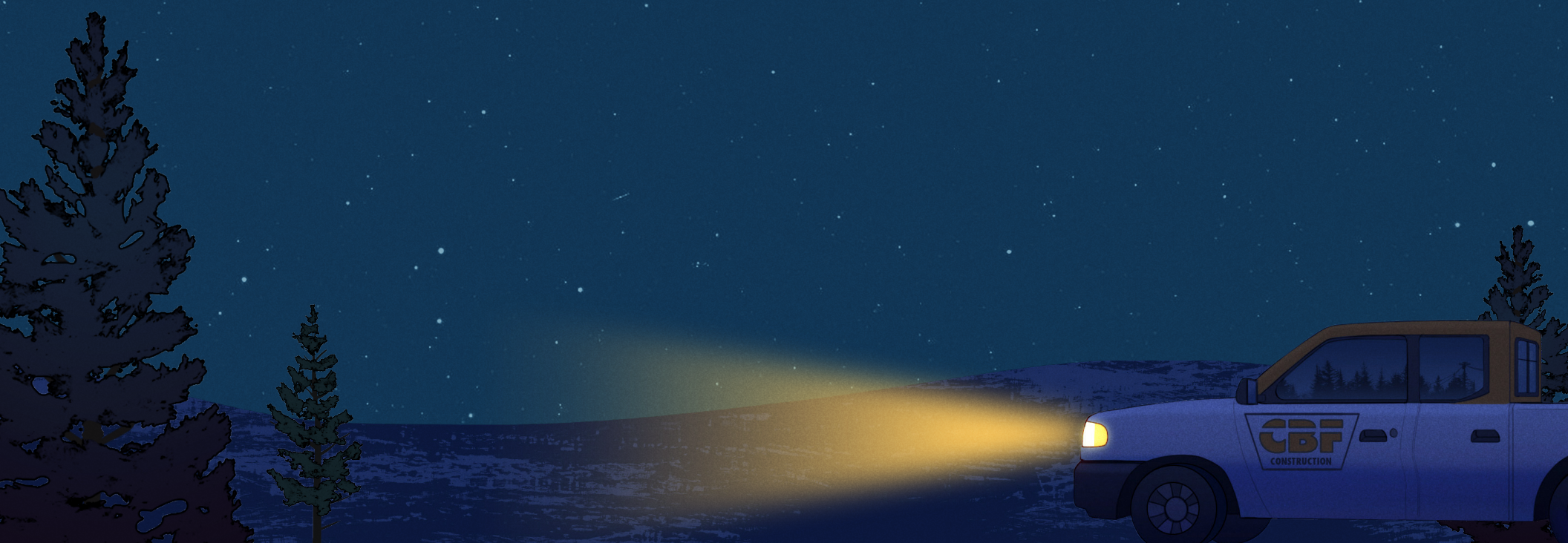
It was all pretty much in that order. I've never been in an enormous hurry to get outta my pajamas in the morning, and I reckon waking up in soggy diapers wasn't enough to break me of that habit. Something nice to be said about that warmth and weight in all the right places, the way the bulk bunches up between your thighs. Maybe it's not so surprising that Uncle Tank needs a couple extra minutes in the shower some mornings.

... So I was a little late to work, but nobody really seemed to notice. Them's the Breaks, after all; where no one asks any questions, or looks too long at your face.

"See you tomorrow, Adams."

"Yeah, take care boss."

Like an old cartoon character, I even flicked the brim of my hat before I realized what I was doing, and that made the old bear grin for the first time I'd ever seen. It kind of made me smile too, like something an actual person would do. Fearing birds might start landing on my shoulder and coercing me into a musical number, I dipped into my truck and got the hell out of Dodge. I was eager to get home.





It was with tacos in tow, though, that I pulled into my designated parking spot at the complex; never so eager for conversation that I'd skip my weekly visit to El Pinche Burro. Brushing the remnants of an exploded taco shell out of my chest fur and dog tags, I pulled my rolling chair up to the edge of the desk and dropped myself into it.

I'm proud to say that I didn't feel even a little bit silly jumping onto a chat service as soon as I was home from work, even before getting a shower. It didn't occur to me that I was kind of acting like an overgrown teenager.

Nothing can ever go perfectly, though. Turning on the monitor almost blinded me initially, and in the process of flinching away from the glare, I dripped a considerable glob of hot sauce onto the dick of my shorts.

"Yeah, that'll attract him..." I chuckled at myself, using a couple of napkins to clean myself up and grimacing at the dark red stain left behind on the khaki fabric. That'll teach me for wearing khaki cargo shorts, I guess.

Rolling my eyes, grudgingly amused with myself, I took the biggest bite imaginable of a fresh taco and savored the crunch of both the shell and the fried fish inside, using my free hand to navigate the webpage to the chat site I'd grown so attached to. I was perplexed to see that I'd received a couple of messages from other profiles, probably because I'd been connected to the service so much lately, but I ignored them for the time being.

I was only conscious of my building anticipation when I felt it ablate, and I grinned around my mouthful of taco shell and cabbage slaw at the sight of the raccoon's name on the list of connected profiles.

Using one hand, a trick I'd picked up on lonely nights since being back from overseas, I typed a quick message to the raccoon's grinning profile picture and tapped enter.





You're on here a lot...

Especially for such a handsome guy, was the unspoken subtext, but like hell was I typing all of that out with just one hand. Hopelessly tangled around the raccoon's finger, I just stared at the message, chewing slowly, until I saw the line of dots at the bottom of the window that meant he was typing something back to me.

yo just about to get cleaned up n head out.. u wanna see the dmg??

Well, so much for conversation.

It was either from an unexpected bite of a stray jalapeno or the racy implications of the raccoon's message that I felt my cheeks getting red. Double concerning, though, was that a bumpkin like me knew what he was talking about almost right away. Typing the next message was a little more difficult, because my fingers were shaking, and my attention was otherwise divided between messy tex-mex, and the preemptive stirring behind my zipper.

Like a fat bass in open water, I was hooked.

If you dont mind an audience

That one took a minute for me to type, for obvious reasons, and I was suddenly aware of how silly I looked trying to wrangle both a fried fish taco and an erection. One of them needed to be put on the backburner for the time being, and considering the way my relationship with 4 Stroke had been to that point, my decision probably wasn't too surprising.

I put the taco down, greasy paper and all, and wiped my mouth with my forearm just in time to respond immediately to the video chat request that popped up on my screen.



When the screen focused, the raccoon was grinning into the lens for a second, gold caps glittering, before he leaned back, exposing his tattooed abs and what was obviously a soaked disposable diaper, swollen and sagging between his thighs. He reached down between his legs to squeeze the front, and I heard the familiar soggy squish through my old speakers. The way he hefted the bulk, compressing it against his manhood, then let it slump back down onto the changing pad he was sitting on had me curling my toes.

“Now I know you kinda private or shy, or whatever, Tapout...” The raccoon spoke to me as he idly toyed with the front of his diaper, running his finger along the waistband, or tugging out one of his legbands so I could see the innermost part of his powdered thighs. He leaned down to grin at me again. “But everything is better with an audience.”

I swallowed hard, drumming my fingers nervously on the surface of the desk and reaching down to adjust what was very quickly running out of room in the front of my shorts.

“I know the stream prolly stressed you out before, but it’s just you and me this time, Tapout.” His grin widened subtly, and he leaned back again, crinkling his diaper and the mat underneath, to peel back his drooping tapes. I flinched a little when they popped free of the plastic shell, and his diaper slumped heavily between his legs. “Too bad I only got a few minutes, or maybe I’d show you some of my new toys.”

My breath caught in my throat as I watched him immodestly unfold the front of his diaper, exposing himself to me for the first time. It was the first time I’d seen between another man’s legs since my days in the service, and to say that was under slightly different circumstances would not be overstating it.

“This probably the worst part of wearin’ these things, having to do this shit myself...” He sounded pouty, but I could tell he was exaggerating it for the ‘audience’; I found myself maybe wishing that I was the one untaping his diaper, opening it up between his strong legs. He pulled his semi-erect shaft up a little, and casually ran a baby wipe underneath it, cleaning himself up. His thighs clenched from the chill, and I was painfully conscious of how closely I was watching him.



“You always goin’ quiet... you jackin off again?” The fact that he knew what I’d been doing the other time we talked, even if he was just guessing, made me move my hand away from the front of my shorts, but it didn’t stop my blush from damn near doubling in intensity. It felt like the worst sunburn I’d ever had.

No sorry... Just not used to this

I typed that out in a hurry, like it would somehow prove I wasn’t just rubbing myself through the taco sauce-stained fly of my shorts. At least I wasn’t lying, but I was roughly three seconds away from doing exactly what the raccoon was accusing me of.

“It’s cool. We gon’ learn about you together, right Tapout?” Another baby wipe, this one passing under his balls and down the curve of his thigh as he casually cleaned himself up on camera. I watched, entranced, as wipe after wipe came, the raccoon lifting his shifting his hips and wiggling on the changing mat, before getting up to casually push the soaking wet diaper into a trash can.

The boy was stacked, I can definitely say that much.





“Things go well, I’ll have your big ass changin’ my diapers for me...” I could hear the smile in his voice, even as he turned to the side and propped up his tail to pull baby a baby wipe up the curve of his bare rumpcheeks. The thought made me shiver, as did the way his cheeks bounced when he slapped himself on the ass once he was cleaned up.

I’ve never done that before...

My shrink had mentioned repeatedly that being honest in these kinds of encounters was very important. Lord knows I wasn’t about to lie about my diaper changing expertise anyway.

“Yeah, I figured...” Baby powder dusted across the palm of his hand, then rubbed around his bobbing manhood, inside his thighs and under his balls before he turned around to leave a powdery handprint across his ample butt. With his ass facing me, he slipped the bulk of a diaper between his legs and pulled it up, spreading the seat out to cover his rump and hug the back of his thighs closely enough that I was nearly chewing a hole in my knuckles at the sight. “I’ll walk you through it, big guy.”

The diaper pulled tight around his hips, crinkling through the speakers, and cupped his butt snugly, legbands just below the swell of his buns as he secured the tapes into place on the front panel. He reached back to heft his ass through the bulk of the diaper, gave himself another spank, then looked back over his shoulder at me to wink and clack his shiny teeth together.

“See you soon, Tapout.”

The video cut out, leaving me damn near breathless, and the raccoon disconnected after sending me a couple of heart emojis.

I just stared at the screen for about a minute, jaw slack, comically erect, and surrounded by an array of Mexican food, before my mind caught up with what just happened and I tried to resume life as usual.

I couldn’t tell if the raccoon was making my nights or completely ruining them, but I damn sure wanted more of it. ❤️