

## CHAPTER TWO

The early evening air carried a chill that Brooks wasn't expecting, and he squeezed the cougar's hand a little tighter in his own. Suppressing a shiver, the young wolf couldn't help but grin to himself; it had taken some bargaining to get his overbearing dad to loosen the reins and let him walk home from school alone, but the quiet of the neighborhood before dark and the warm feelings of companionship with his best friend were enough for him to know that the extra chores ('responsibility,' as Dave so grandly put it) were worth it.

"And man, she wouldn't even grade it, because my 'margins' or whatever were wrong." Jackson was saying, rolling his eyes, irritated by his latest run-in with his American history professor and tugging down on the hem of his jacket again. Apparently being caught with his diaper showing one time was enough to make him paranoid about it happening again. "What the hell do margins have to do with the Chickamunga War anyway?"



"Yeah man, she rides me too. I think she's got it in for us cuz we're too handsome, or something." Brooks smiled a little wider, his ears taking a devious tilt as he slowed about half a step and had a look over his shoulder to make sure no one lingered behind them in the otherwise quiet neighborhood. "Then again..."

Before the cougar could even question what was going on, Brooks had him by the waist of his basketball shorts again. This time, a quick tug brought them all the way down to his ankles, leaving the hapless cougar standing in just a baby-print diaper taped tightly to his hips, and a hoodie that did very little to cover even the waistband.



“Maybe she don’t want big babies in her class.”

“Brooks!” Undoubtedly mortified, Jackson panicked and bent down to pull his shorts back up into place, his ears red all over again and any complaints about the nagging Ms. Finklebottom pushed to the furthest parts of his mind. He reached to grab the wolf as he ran past, but Brooks was already across the road and halfway up the playground slide by the time he shouted. “You’re such an ASS!”



“Not my fault you’re slow, whis-OOF!” Brooks called back, interrupted by his feet slipping out from under him and falling face-first onto the hard plastic of the slide. Jackson rolled his eyes, though he felt his eyes drawn to the wolf’s lower back, where his shirt had pulled up enough to reveal his own soft, plastic waistband. It was a sight he found himself admiring more and more often, and the thought of just how much time he spent thinking about his boyfriend’s diapered butt was enough to get him blushing again.

“And you’re callin’ me a big baby...” Jackson muttered as he stepped out onto the rubber mulch of the playground to have a look around. He could see Brooks’ house a little further down the street, the driveway empty. Undeterred, the wolf powered his way up the rest of the slide and posed like Napoleon at the top of the landing. “Good job, hero. Now what?”



“The heck do you mean, ‘now what’? I own this playground.” Brooks snorted, making his careful way across the chain bridge and onto the monkey bars. Swinging up to sit on top of the metal bars, the young lupe hooked his legs around them and leaned all the way back to dangle upside-down, grinning happily at the unamused cougar. “We used to come here all the time, remember?”

“Yeah...” Jackson agreed and allowed himself a small smile, amused by both the view and the memories. He moved a little closer to Brooks, sliding a hand over his exposed belly and onto the exposed plastic of his diaper. Swallowing hard, the cougar leaned in, bumping noses with his upside-down

best friend before tilting his muzzle to the side to kiss him on the mouth. “I don’t think your dad’s home.”

“He’s workin’ late tonight.” The wolf squirmed a little and leaned in, pursuing the retreating Jackson with a sheepish grin and red cheeks. They kissed again, both wolf and cougar closing their eyes, bristling with the electricity of the moment. Jackson didn’t pull away when the kiss broke this time; he lingered close, enjoying the intimacy, the feel of Brooks’ warm breath on his muzzle and the soft crinkle of the wolf’s diaper as he touched the front.





“T-That’s good...” Jackson mumbled, feeling his cheeks getting redder, and a crooked smile tugging on his lips. “Because I’m pretty sure you need your diaper changed.”

“And, uh...I-I think I wanna try changing you myself this time.”

