

CHAPTER FIVE

While he was collecting changing supplies for his boyfriend, Jackson had to pause for a couple of seconds to settle his thoughts down. His heart was racing, beating through his hoodie, and his nerves were alight with the prospect of sharing this moment of intimacy with the wolf. His hands were shaking a little as he reached into a drawer to retrieve one of Brooks' diapers from the opened package, as well as baby wipes, and a bottle of powder.

No doubt he had discreetly watched Brooks be changed by his dad enough times to know what the process required.

“C’mon, Cinderella, I’m about to turn into a pumpkin over here.” Just like that, though, the cougar found himself rolling his eyes again, heaving his shoulders with a sigh as he tried to shrug off his nerves. Brooks was doing a good job of keeping it casual, like usual; he’d had his diapers changed by enough people that it was a fairly routine occurrence for him.



When Jackson turned around, though, he had to stop and suck in a breath as all the heat returned to his face. In the process of getting into position for his diaper change, Brooks had turned onto all-fours, and he was grinning back over his shoulder at the cougar. With his tail up, and his knees slightly bent, the wolf's well-diapered rump pointed directly at Jackson, as if presented to him for unwrapping.

“Hellooo-.” Brooks snorted, putting his elbow down on the table and reaching back with his other hand to cup the seat of his diaper. Curling his toes in his socks, no doubt a little worked up as well, the wolf hefted the weight of the squishy bulk, then gave himself a firm slap on the seat. “This thing ain’t gonna hold all night, princess.”

Feeling like his shoes were suddenly full of cement, Jackson swallowed hard and moved over to the table, putting the diaper, wipes and powder down on either side of the wolf's knees before running a hand over the exposed seat of his boyfriend's wet diaper. He squeezed the soft plastic, and the crinkle and shift of the swollen padding under Brooks' tail had him curling his toes inside his shoes. The cougar bit helplessly down on his lower lip, his cheeks hot, his heart thumping, achingly conscious of the eager, excited strain inside of his own diaper.

With a grunt, Jackson clenched his jaw and gripped his boyfriend by the base of his tail. He gave him a tug backwards, briefly savoring the view of Brooks' diapered rump pointing straight up, then shifted his hands to the lupe's wiggling hips to turn him fully onto his back.





“I-I guess I’m a little nervous…” Jackson admitted with a sheepish grin. Close enough now, and without Brooks’ diapered butt distracting him, he could see that the wolf was blushing too, albeit considerably less. He ran his hands down Brooks’ legs, to his knees, and back up the inner parts of his thighs to where his bloated diaper hugged him. “Never thought I’d be doin’ this for real.”

“I know. Just chill. We can take it slow.” As the wolf spoke, he reached down to grip the cougar’s hands in his own, giving him a subtle, reassuring squeeze. It was a rare moment of tenderness from the snarky canine, one that Jackson appreciated. The affection slowed his somewhat frantic heart-rate, and he laced his fingers with Brooks for a moment before releasing his hold. “You know how to handle this part?”

“Yeah, this is the easy part…” Jackson chuckled uneasily, watching as the grinning wolf laid back on his changing table, crossing his arms behind his head and getting comfortable. With Brooks laying prone on his back, knees bent and thighs spread, the cougar was presented with just a bloated, heavy diaper to change, the swollen padding drooping between his boyfriend’s legs.

“Well, get to it, whiskers.”

