

CHAPTER SIX



The occasional car driving by outside was always enough to signal the alarm bells to go off in Jackson's head, no doubt paranoid that Dave would be home early enough to tromp blithely upstairs and ruin his chance at changing his boyfriend's diaper. He couldn't help but grin a little at the thought, though, that the overprotective wolf might even be thankful for a little bit of help with his rambunctious, 20 year-old cub.

"You waitin' on a date or something?" Brooks scoffed from his diaper changing table, arms behind his head and a lazy smirk on his face as he watched the cougar come back from the window. Nothing the healthy blush still on Jackson's cheeks, the wolf reached down to squeeze the front of his diaper again, the impression of a firm shaft now impossible to mistake under the swollen, discolored plastic.



"Just makin' sure your dad isn't home..." The cougar mumbled, transfixed for a moment by the wolf casually 'checking' his own diaper. He moved back into position at the base of the table, briefly running his hands over Brooks' hips, right where his diapers wrapped tightest, and savoring the ever-present crinkle of soft plastic. He positioned his hands on the tapes of his boyfriend's diaper, tugging experimentally at each side. "You ready?"

It was always an effort for Brooks to forego the sass, particularly when dealing with the much more bashful feline, but his typical smirk slowly morphed into an excited grin as Jackson slid his palm down the front of his diaper, pinning his burgeoning erection between the soft padding and the short fur of his lower belly.

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“Yeah, let’s do it…”

Taking a deep breath to steady his nerves, still with heat in his ears, the cougar clenched his jaw, both hands on his wolf boyfriend’s hips. He hesitated for just a moment before peeling back the tapes holding Brooks’ wet diaper together; the tell-tale rip, and then POP of a disposable diaper being untaped was enough to make the cat’s toes curl in his socks.

“Nothin’ to it, huh Jax?” Brooks squirmed a little on the changing table, wiggling his hips, as the weight of his wet diaper slumped between his thighs. Grinning, he bents his knees in a little closer, watching his shy boyfriend through the window between his somewhat lifted legs. “You’ll be a pro in no time.”



“So far so good...” The cougar agreed. With the wolf’s diaper unfastened, he watched as Brooks’ stiff shaft pushed upward against the printed front of his padding. He had to hold his breath for a moment, not against the scent of wet diaper, but to keep himself steady as he used both hands to lift and unfold the front of his boyfriend’s Pampers. “M-Man, you weren’t kidding about being soaked.”

“Hnnnn...” Brooks winced his eyes shut and arched his back a little, gritting his teeth as the cougar handled his most intimate of operations. The light touches drove him wild, sending sparks of electricity through his body, and by the time Jackson unfolded his diaper, his erection was at full-mast, throbbing needily against his stomach. “Y-Yeah, I told you.”

It was Jackson’s turn to grin a little, watching the wolf squirm on his back with his wet diaper open and laid out on the changing table under him. Steeling his nerves, he placed a hand on Brooks’ inner thigh to give it a squeeze, and he used his palm to press down on his boyfriend’s shaft, pinning it down against his belly.

“I-I dunno how I’m supposed to get a new diaper over this.” As he spoke, Jackson curled his fingers around Brooks’ dick and gave it a squeeze, prompting the wolf to arch his back again, thrusting helplessly upward and groaning in arousal. “Think we might have to take care of something before we tape you up again.”

