

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was all Brooks could do to keep from erupting when Jackson pulled his diaper back up between his legs. The feeling of wet warmth against his package and the soft, squishy bulk hugging his inner thighs only compounded the intense sensations of being jerked off by his boyfriend for the first time. His breathless whispering had since become needy whines and distinctly canine growls, both signs of the most intense pleasure the young wolf had yet felt.



“There ain’t a lot that can get you to be quiet…” Jackson rumbled, blushing, feeling a little overheated himself, with his mouth pressed against the wolf’s cheek. He watched Brooks squirm on the changing table, slowing down for a moment when his boyfriend got too aggressive before redoubling his efforts. Licking his lips, the cougar squeezed the swollen padding tighter, wrapping the heavy diaper around Brooks’ dick and giving it a firm twist. “I’ll have to remember this one.”

“S-Shut up…” Brooks managed to huff, reeling his tongue back in just long enough to form the words before he resumed panting and whining. Although a little more experienced than his boyfriend, it was difficult for him to hold back; his eagerness was starting to overwhelm him, despite his efforts to savor the moment for as long as possible.

Although he was pretty caught up in the moment himself, Jackson could tell what Brooks was doing, and he slowed his motions accordingly. Nearly laying on the table with the wolf now, feeling the waterproof cover crackle underneath him, he pressed his cheek against the wolf’s neck and slid his free arm around his shoulders. The cougar purred into Brooks’ fur and nuzzled under his jawline, holding his wiggling boyfriend close.



“Slow down, Jacks...” Brooks struggled for a moment, opening his eyes just enough to look down between his legs and watch as his diaper was pulled up the length of his shaft, covering the leaky head of his dick for a moment before it popped free of the soaked padding once again. The wolf clenched his eyes shut and arched his back, every nerve in his body alight. Even the feeling of Jackson’s breath on his neck and the ever-present crinkle and squish of his wet diaper threatened to push him over the edge.

Especially because Jackson wasn’t slowing down.

“N-Nah. Time for you to finish up, diaper boy...” Jackson purred into Brooks’ fur, squeezing him a little tighter to keep him as close as possible. Looking down the length of the wolf’s trim torso, he squeezed the diaper tightly around his dick, pulling it up to snuggle the warm padding against his balls, the open wings brushing across his hips and the waistband tickling through the short fur covering his belly.

The poor wolf never had a chance.

With Jackson’s renewed efforts, it didn’t take much longer before Brooks was arching his back, briefly clenching his teeth and jaw before opening his mouth in a quiet, needy gasp. His entire body went rigid, silent for a long second, before he exploded into a deeper, more powerful climax than any he could remember.



Gripping the changing table with both hands, Brooks thrust his hips into the warm diaper and came in a rush. The cougar could feel his shaft surging through the squishy bulk of padding, and he bit down on his lower lip and watched as his boyfriend's chest and belly were spattered with shot after shot of translucent spunk. Jackson grinned to himself through the wolf's release, squeezing the diaper around the base of his shaft and tugging in time with his thrusts, making sure Brooks emptied himself completely out.

It was a long, messy climax before the wolf finally collapsed on his back again, mouth open and tongue out, a big, stupid smile stretched across his face. Deeply satisfied, happy as could be, he tucked his legs in a little and cuddled in against Jackson's chest, savoring the warmth of afterglow and the feeling of the cougar's arm wrapped tightly around his shoulders.



“You big baby...” The cougar harmlessly accused, hugging Brooks tighter and giving him another kiss on the cheek. Little tugs and pulls on his dick as it slowly softened coaxed the last bit of relief out of the wolf, and Jackson settled down to relax for a moment, overheated, and still hard as a rock himself, but happy to cuddle up and let the wolf enjoy the satisfaction of a well-executed, if a little clumsy, handjob.

“It’s a good thing you did that...” Brooks muttered, his quietness never long-lasting. He opened one eye just enough to smirk at the cougar, still a little pink in the cheeks and ears, both from exertion and a little bit of residual embarrassment. “No way you were gettin’ another diaper on over that monst—”

“Shut up, you dumb ass.” Jackson silenced the bragging wolf with another kiss on the mouth, squeezing him in one more hug before untangling his arm from underneath his boyfriend and pushing himself back to a wobbly-legged stand. “Gotta get you cleaned up before your dad gets home.”

