

## The Jocks - Part 2

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Brock held the cougar's arm in place, his large muzzle wandering into the armpit in front of him, exploring every sweaty pore Cody had, his thick nose pressing against the sweat-covered fur as he inhaled. Breathing in the musk, the bison knew this was of a man who took exercising seriously. It was a man that went hard on his workout, who left drenched in sweat; one who enjoyed his scent enough to lay basking in the feel and smell of a tough workout for a few hours. The bison's nose found the perfect spot, inhaling deeply and licking at it softly, a slightly salty taste completing his exploration of the cougar. He moaned under his breath and laid his head down, resting his cheek against the armpit as he turned his head back to see what Cody was watching.

On the screen a sweaty tiger wearing a tight jock began to cum through its thin fabric, his cum slowly pushed through as he tried to hold back, a soft groan escaping his muzzle, but soon enough a massive wad of his cum began pushing through, beginning to pour out onto the ground below him. Cody's own jock was throbbing, a bead of pre-cum escaping through the cougar's jock as he watched the porn. His paw idly rested underneath his bulge, giving it more definition as it strained harder. Brock felt his own dick twitch inside his underwear as he watched, his eyes focused more on his friend laying next to him than the porn. Techno music began to pump out of the speakers, moving the bull's attention to the video once again. An ad began to play, anthros with fake orgasm faces filled the screen as annoying, fake moans filled the room.

"Oh come on! All I wanna do is see some hot workouts." Skipping the ad, the cougar growled as a second one popped up. Annoyed and sighing, he waited for the timer skip button, his finger sitting over the button. The new ad now showed a sexy buff tiger in workout gear, not unsimilar to the last video they had watched. Distracted, the cougar's finger dropped, letting the ad play. He didn't know what they were trying to sell but it definitely felt more sincere; at least a bit more real than the last ad. It also didn't help that the guy was really sexy. The two watched in silence as the video circled the tiger slowly showing off his buff form. As quick as it started, the video instantly cut, replaced with a video of a jock with the same tiger face on it. Confused, though a bit intrigued by what was going on, the cougar kept watching.

The video cut once again, the image changing to a small mouse as he grabbed hold of the jock. Picking it up he looked it over, staring at the faceprint. A voice over echoed on the video. "Oh god, yes. Wear me! Let me surround your crotch, support your musky, manly balls. Make me yours!" The mouse squeezed the fabric to his balls, a squealing but realistic moan erupting from the speaker as it absorbed the mouse's sweat and musk, the small mouse dominating the tiger-jock with the scent.

The bison felt his dick pulse as he imagined being in the tiger's place, side eyeing his friend's throbbing crotch and straining underwear. He imagined the cougar pressing him to his sweaty balls, making the bull cup his post workout groin with his entire body.

The mouse slid his feet through the leg holes in the tiger-jock, sliding it up slowly and sensually, making sure to emphasize that the tiger was getting stretched around his body until it was completely around his crotch- surprisingly form-fitting for the small mouse. Squeezing, the

mouse rubbed his dick and balls inside the tiger-print undies. A bead of pre-cum, similar to Cody's a few moments ago, soaked through the fabric- through the nose of the tiger print. The mouse turned, walking away from the camera, the tight straps of the jock holding his butt in place. The words 'FlexForm Trans-fitwear. Coming soon.' popped up on screen before the entire commercial faded out.

The two turned to look at each other, ignoring the porn video now playing on the screen, their minds reeling at what they just saw. Trying to read each other's thoughts, the two stared into each other's eyes trying to see what they each thought about it, not wanting to give away how hot they thought it was until the other said something. The cougar's bulge twitched in his underwear, the fabric unable to contain the pre pouring out of him. Brock knew instantly that his friend felt the same way as he did, giving him a sly, horny smile.

In that smile Cody knew that the bison was turned on as much as he was. His brain went into overdrive with thoughts of what he just saw, tensing up and groaning. He'd been close for a bit but with being introduced to a new, very hot fetish so many fresh thoughts started flowing through his head. Not only that, knowing his friend also liked the idea, the cougar couldn't hold himself back anymore. Within moments cum began to pour out into the jock, filling it with his seed and shooting out through it.

Brock couldn't help but stare. In that moment the idea of being the cat's jock entangled his mind. It didn't matter that he was usually the top, he wanted to be the underwear around his friend's musky crotch. He wanted to be completely filled with that white, sticky liquid. He wanted to be surrounded by the cougar's musk. He couldn't hold back, his own orgasm taking over, cumming paw-free as he thought about being that jock-strap.

Cody held his paw on the diaper front, a slight embarrassment coming over him as his afterglow faded. Even with the hormones pumping through him, his brain couldn't help but think about the weirdness of everything that had happened. Brock on the other hand, continued to moan inside the cougar's head. While he was mentally relieved by their fun, his body physically could not give him relief; he was insatiable, begging for more. The cougar petted the diaper softly, giving his poor, needy friend some soft rubs.

Standing up, he grabbed his shorts. Thankful no one came into the locker room when he was unable to control himself, the feline opened the waistband and lifted his leg. A loud crinkle tickled his ear, the diaper's plastic noisily rustling as he moved, triggering a small blush. He felt a bit guilty that his friend was going to be trapped under his pants, alone, as an object he didn't want to be. He put his paw to the diaper front, the bison's thoughts instantly reentering his mind; the intense begging for the cat to go exercise filled his brain. Cody couldn't help but chuckle to himself, Brock was still Brock even as the babyish object- he wanted the cougar's scent covering him. Letting go of the diaper, the feline grabbed the shorts' waistband and pulled them up, their tightness leaving nothing to the imagination as it squeezed the thick object down against his crotch.

The bison felt his body shift, his outer shell bulging out and pushing his face print forward as it did, his inner fluff rearranging as the muscular thighs pressed into it. Brock was extremely sensitive to each and every little thing that touched him, rubbed him, pressed against him. His entire body felt delicate, almost as if he were really plastic. Well, he was: the sound his

diaper form let off reminded him with each movement the cougar made. He was nothing more than a diaper, his horny brain kept telling him that as his body squished down to his wearer, his cougar, becoming shrouded in darkness.

Another wave of embarrassment passed over the cougar as he realised how noticeable the entire thing was under the tight shorts. Maybe he should just take it easy, go home and let this entire thing wear off. A beep responded, echoing through the room. As fresh testosterone flowed through his body, Cody's brain instantly reignited with desire to give his friend what he wanted. He couldn't deny that the diaper felt nice being so snug to him too, almost as if it was like a thicker jock holding his balls tightly in place. He didn't want to waste his friend's time either; if Brock wanted the cougar to wear him as a diaper, then he might as well give him his wish. Cody gave his front a squeeze through the tight spandex shorts, squeezing his dick against his friend, smushing his remaining unabsorbed cum around in the diaper, letting it move to drier parts, the bison-diaper forced to soak in more of the cougar's cum. He felt his dick start pressing into the diaper, his libido growing again.

The shorts compressed the cougar's bulge right back into his thick padding, the feline's dick and the bison's body so tight together that Brock could feel every twitch and taste every molecule of him. As a beep echoed through his diaper-body, the bison felt more horny than ever. He felt the dick, still hard and covered in his cum, throb in response as well. The bison couldn't help but moan loudly. He was lucky his friend wasn't connected mentally right then or he would have been embarrassed. Always a top, he never wanted anything inside him but this was something else, it was as if the cougar was deep inside him reaching his furthest recesses; he felt completely full and it drove him wild. His cloth-like insides surrounded the hard dick, gently cupping it before it sank back into the sheath. The cougar's cum felt as if it was covering him completely. Not only that but as the cum sank into him, his body soaking up the sticky liquid as it slowly dried, he felt as if he was continuously filled with it.

There was one other thing Brock noticed, something that drove him mad with desire. It was the thing he was hoping to be surrounded with all along: the manly scent that intertwined with the feline's orgasm. He could taste and smell it right under the cougar's balls, his padded body supporting those glorious orbs as they twitched a little. He felt as if each little twitch was him groping at them. He knew it was his imagination. Even if he wanted to, the bison could not move- he just existed in this predicament. Yet, with the scent of the cum and the scent of the balls, he was happy to exist in this moment. Despite being blocked from any knowledge of the outside world and only able to think about the cat's dick, balls and smell, he was definitely not having a bad time. In fact, he really enjoyed the feeling of everything soaking inside his body. Unlike the jock that he originally wanted to be, every scent and taste let out by the cougar remained inside him. He could taste it with every "breath," releasing the musky scent into the air surrounding the cougar as he walked, the diaper "breathing" in and out with each of the steps.

Cody stared at himself in the mirror and while he could obviously still see the diaper bulge and some waistband peeking out above the shorts, easily telling anyone looking hard enough that he was in a diaper, his hormone-ridden brain was convinced that he looked good. Not only good but great. Somehow, the diaper was enhancing his features. His butt thickly filled the shorts. It also contrasted his toned body. He checked the timer. Still over 23 hours left. A whole day like this. He smiled and shrugged, he had no choice but to go with it. Grabbing a sports drink, the cougar left the locker room heading to the stair stepper to continue his workout.

routine, his friend still around his waist. While it wasn't what the two wanted, it could definitely be worse.

"Holy shit, dude!" Brock quickly cut the cougar's exit off as Cody stepped out of the gym shower, drying himself off with a towel. "You'll never guess what I found last night!" The bison's tight workout shorts bulged out in the front, clearly showing his excitement.

"What? Your viagra?!" The cougar teased the bison as the bull's dick strained in his underwear, the dick pointing outwards towards the cat.

"Pfff, like I need that! I just look at your mom and I'm ready to go!" Brock chuckled deeply, their teasing had become a way the two flirted with each other in more public places, especially in high testosterone places like the gym. He wasn't afraid to show affection to his cougar bud, it was just another piece from their past that they had continued long after they began making out and sucking each other off.

"Oh, so you brought me a pic of my mom! What a creep!" The cougar stuck his tongue out and walked past him into the locker room, drying his hair.

"Nonono! Like dude, look!" The bison wrapped his arms around the cat's body from behind as he passed by, reaching around and shoving his phone in front of Cody's face, forcing him to watch. As he hit play on the video, a soft moan pulsed through the speakers. He was quickly treated to an image of a buck wearing a beeping collar. As the cougar watched, he felt the bison's dick press against him, pre-cum soaking into the freshly washed fur.

Cody tried to turn around, annoyed. He couldn't move, still stuck in place with the bison's grip as he was enchanted by the video. Turning his head he looked up at Brock. "Oh come on, you horny fuck! I just cleaned mys-"

The bison pressed his dick against him harder, shushing him. "Just watch!"

The cougar sighed, it was too late anyway, his fur was absorbing the thick, heavy-scented pre-cum. He faced the phone and watched what the bison was so into that it couldn't wait til later. Within seconds, Cody found out, the buck grunting and moaning loudly as his entire body began slowly changing. His chest and stomach pressed out as his head slid down, his entire body changing form in front of their very eyes. It would almost be horrifying to watch if he didn't hear the moans coming from the buck on screen or the soft groans coming from the bison behind him. The more the buck changed, the more he felt Brock's dick throb and beg. As the buck finished his transformation into the underwear, the video cut to a close up of someone wearing him, their dick throbbing inside his fabric body. Brock moaned and lowered his head into the cat's nape, growling and beginning to hump against the cougar's back.

"Damn man, you're really into this, huh?" The bison could only respond with a nod against the neck. He laughed and grabbed hold, pulling Brock back towards the shower. "C'mon then, you jockstrap, show me just how horny that makes you!"

The bison grunted, his dick twitching in response as he was called a jockstrap. He was going to cum in his cougar hard.

Cody grunted, the stair-stepper was much more difficult than usual, his gait incredibly different as his friend sat thickly between his legs. Panting, the feline pushed himself through the

workout, his mind focusing on trying to give the poor bison-garment as much joy as possible. If he had to be stuck like this then at least the cat may as well give him what he wanted. As he continued, he realized just how much the jockstrap helped with swamp ass. These things weren't breathable. He felt the temperature around his groin grow, his sweating unavoidable as he continued his normal workout despite what he wore.

As he finished, he rested his paw down at his waist, trying to nonchalantly touch the diaper waistband to check on his friend. The only thing he heard was moaning and begging for more. Shaking his head and laughing, the cougar gave the horny diaper a pat over his shorts despite being in public. He smiled, placing his paw back on the waistband. *Don't worry, I'll give you more, sweat-bag. You're going to soak up so much of my sweat you'll be like one of those sagging diapers!* The only response back was a needy moan.

Grabbing another drink, the cougar downed it. He felt a bit thirstier than usual but he figured the plastic backing was making him sweat more. In any case it was better to drink more than usual than to be sorry later.

He decided to make his way over to his favorite, the treadmill. He knew this would be a challenge but after the last exercise the thick crinkly underwear seemed to break-in a little, giving him a bit more flexibility. He could make it work.

After 10 minutes of a fast run, the cougar finally slowed himself down. He was surprised. From the first little bit of awkward exercise with the stair stepper, the diaper was worked in. It didn't bother him in the slightest as he ran. Except now he could feel how soaked with sweat his crotch was becoming. The thick insides definitely worked to wick the sweat away and keep it from sitting on his fur but he wasn't sure if he was sweating more due to wearing it or if he never noticed how wet his jocks got. Either way, he was sure the scent-pervert bison was in heaven.

The cat grabbed another sports drink and started to chug it down. He was really thirsty today. He couldn't have sweated that much though. As he gulped down the liquid he noticed something, a twinge down below. One he knew and recognized, one he rarely got while working out due to sweating- he had to pee. A beep pulsed out of the wristband he wore that connected the two, signaling a new release of hormones. As his horny thoughts began to take over again, part of his brain told him to go ahead and pee. He was wearing his bathroom after all, a thick diaper between his legs. He shook his head trying to clear that thought. He wasn't going to piss inside his friend! Yet the thought persisted as his need rose. A voice in the back of his mind worked on convincing him. *Why not? He is a diaper! Shouldn't you just use him fully?*

The cat hurried over to the bathroom, trying to ignore the intrusive thoughts. He quickly found himself a stall and pulled off his tight shorts, getting a look at the sweat soaked diaper. It was barely sagging at all. A beep echoed through the stall announcing yet another injection. His body filled with hormones again, trying to force the issue. His need intensified as more intrusive thoughts flowed through his head. *He'd look much better sagging more!* The cougar shook his head, trying to keep control. He grabbed hold of the waistband and readied to pull the diaper down so he could piss into the toilet.

Brock couldn't help himself, finding that video earlier meant that the equipment was real- it existed. It meant that he could be just like the tiger and the buck from the videos they'd seen; he could be worn by his friend, by his cougar. He could be forced to endure his scent as he

exercised, forced to soak up the sweat and be covered in it. He'd be forced to stretch to his limits as he wore the bison while watching some hot videos. Then the cougar would cum into him, forcing that cum through his thin fabric body like in those videos they had watched the other day. He slammed himself hard into Cody as he thought about all the ways he could be used as a jockstrap.

His load pushed deeper into the cougar's tailhole as he continued fucking, cum seeping down the sides of his dick. He had already cum twice and he wasn't slowing down. He needed relief badly. All those nights since they saw the ad spent jerking off hard, thinking about how hot it'd be if it was actually a real thing he could get.

As he was trying to find the ad again, he couldn't believe what he found instead- the video of the buck. His dick was hard the second he saw it, instantly hopping into bed to jerk off and watch from the beginning. He watched each and every second of the buck's change into the flimsy form over and over again but despite his dick throbbing like crazy and his balls begging for release, he couldn't get himself to cum. He knew he was missing something- he was missing his jock that would wear him. After a horny, restless night he beelined his way to the gym where he knew Cody would be. He had to watch it with him.

Cody groaned beneath him as the long bison dick slammed into him over and over again. He held himself against the wall as the gym shower poured over them, masking the sounds and scents of their extended rutting session. He couldn't believe just how much the bison loved the idea. It was a super hot thought though, thinking about wearing him around, covering him in his scent. He had to admit he thought about it before as well, watching that ad a few more times during late night jerk off sessions after they found it. Brock's intense desire pushed the idea harder onto his own thoughts. His pre-cum pooled below, the thoughts making him throb with need. He wanted to paw off hard but as the bison pounded into him wildly, he didn't want to let go of the wall.

The bison felt a tightness in his bladder. Ignoring it, he continued to fuck the cougar more. It didn't matter if he needed to piss, he wanted to cum again. His balls needed to let out yet another load. He bent himself over the cat, wrapping his arms around the cougar as he thrust, his dick slurping and squelching as he fucked the wet, used hole.

Cody could tell the bison was close as his breathing slowed, heavy. He pushed back into the slower, longer humps, making sure Brock got the full brunt of each thrust. "That's it, fill me! Just like I'm gonna fill you when I wear you, you fucking jockstrap!"

Instantly, the bison felt his balls tense, his third load pumping out into the feline's very full hole as he was called the name of his dreams. He grunted and groaned, unable to do more than ride out his orgasm. His body was overwhelmed, exhausted by his overzealousness as he emptied his balls fully, finally content for the moment. He sighed and collapsed against the wall, leaving the cougar stuck in between the wall and the bison, Cody's own dick throbbing and begging for his release.

As Brock began to feel his dick soften he once again felt the twinge of his bladder, this time more urgently. He realized that he really needed to piss. Trying for a moment to stand up, the bison found his body was too exhausted for the moment to move. Well, they were in the shower anyway. He concentrated for a moment, biting his lip until he felt himself release- slowly at first, the stream beginning to grow every second.

The cougar tensed, unsure what was happening until the stream began to flow hard into him. The second he realized his eyes went wide. He struggled underneath his larger friend, trying to free himself. He wanted to scream out "what the fuck?!" but as the pressure began to increase inside him, he felt his dick throb. It wasn't stopping. He felt the pressure grow and grow, the stream still flowing hard inside him. He grunted. He couldn't... he... his dick twitched again and again. He heard the sigh of the bison as he used him and his dick couldn't hold back any more, cum pooling onto the floor below him as he had his own orgasm.

He felt the heat on his face as he came, blushing deeply. Brock responded with a chuckle, finally pulling himself out of the cat's freshly used hole, the piss instantly pouring out and washing Cody's indiscretion down the drain. Panting, the cougar stood up, letting the water fully wash over him as he stared at the bison. "You fuck! I'm gonna get you back for that!"

Standing in the stall, the cougar stared down at the plastic shelled diaper-friend he was wearing. Thoughts ran through his mind as he held onto that waistband. He wasn't sure if it was really his thoughts or the thoughts of both of them intertwined but most of the thoughts focused on the bison pissing in him a few days back. It was as if Cody wanted to get back at him with the revenge he swore he'd give but there was also a part inside of him, a little budding thought, that said it felt good- that he should return the favor to his friend. There was a third thought that began small but grew. He realized it was a thought Brock was trying to suppress, one that he was afraid to let the cougar know. He liked piss-play. He wanted the cat to piss on him someday and while the other day was mostly an accident, he couldn't help but also think of it as a first test of doing the fetish with the cougar. The idea of being pissed inside, his entire being soaked and forced to take all the cougars piss, was really driving him mad.

The cougar's face went red, yet his friend's face print bulged once more, the dick hidden inside growing again. He wasn't into piss but with the hormones surging through his body and the fact that his close friend was into it as much as his thoughts screamed he was, he wasn't sure he could say no. What harm would it be, besides potential embarrassment if someone saw the soaked diaper as he continued his exercise. It would be the same embarrassment if they saw the bison-diaper as it was right now, his reputation ruined no matter if it was wet or dry.

Letting go of the waistband, the bison's thoughts left his head once again. A small voice in the background begging and wishing for the cat to do it dropped out of his mind. He never even noticed it until he stopped holding on, it was a subtle white noise aimed directly at trying to convince him to do it. He didn't think it was even on purpose, it was probably just the bison's own hopeful thoughts. The poor, perverted diaper wanting the cougar's piss. His dick throbbed inside. If that was really what he wanted, he might as well give it to him.

Cody placed his paw on the front of the diaper. He could hear the bison's thoughts more clearly now, he could hear the begging and could feel the pure desire inside his brain for the cougar to mark his diaper form. The cat smiled, baring his teeth. He was going to make that bison-diaper the piss stained sack he wanted to be.

He let out a sigh as he concentrated. Nothing came out. This was harder than he thought, he'd never pissed himself on purpose before. He positioned himself in front of the toilet. Maybe if he readied himself as if he was pissing in the toilet it would help. He placed his paw next to his bulge as if he was holding it in place as he would normally do when he stood to piss

into a toilet. He stared at the porcelain. To his surprise it worked, a dribble escaping his semi-erect dick, seeping right against the face print of his friend.

The shock of actually letting it out stopped his flow from continuing. He could hear the bison's horny desires scream out as it soaked in. *The little diaper really, really wants it, huh?* He chuckled and only heard a moan in response. The cat closed his eyes. He knew he could do it now, all he had to do was let it out. He breathed in deep and pushed, his paw staying in place to not change anything. Slowly, his stream began, his piss hitting the diaper with a hiss. He could feel that warm liquid get enveloped, seeping into the diaper's inners before his stream was too much for that spot, flowing down and pooling into other places as it became powerful and full, he wasn't holding back any longer. The mass of sports drinks he drank this morning caused him to have a very full bladder, soaking his friend hard.

Brock squealed in pleasure. The cougar could tell through their intertwined thoughts that the bison was having another mental orgasm, the diaper getting exactly what he had wanted. To the bison's credit, the warmth of the piss was doing something to Cody as well. There was something to it, some feeling he couldn't place. It could be the forced hormones pulsating through his body or it could be the feeling of a warm diaper but he was actually turned on. He couldn't tell but it didn't matter to his dick; the cougar's member grew full as the stream steadily decreased to nothing. He looked down, seeing his piss soaked diaper, his friend, tented by a throbbing hard-on once again.

He did look better than before, like he was supposed to be soaked and tented. He rubbed the front of his diaper around the tent, hearing the bison's moans in response. His dick twitched.

Cody's dick throbbed, pre-cum dripping down his length. Stupid bison, putting stupid ideas into his head. As soon as the cougar got home he pulled up video after video of the FlexForm Trans-fitwear. He watched more transformations, though that wasn't the part that got him going- it was the people that wore them after. A lot of them were critters smaller than the one who had transformed. It spoke to him. It was a way of being dominant without having to really be dominant. He would never admit it but he had never really felt the need to be dominant, in any relationship with girls or guys. Besides, the guys would always make him bottom without asking. All except Brock. He would always ask if Cody wanted to be filled which made the cougar want to bottom for him even more. Not that they were in a relationship. They were just good, horny bros. His dick betrayed that thought, another bead of pre-cum flowing down the cougar's length.

Sitting up, the cougar scrolled through more videos as he softly pawed himself. It would be fun to dominate him for once, without actually dominating. He would finally have a way to pay the bison back for all the fun he had given him without actually having to top. The bison seemed to love the idea too, his ass wouldn't let him forget that after the full force fucking he gave him today.

As he typed the web page in, the cougar's dick seemed to get harder and harder. There was one product on the page, staring back at him. The only thing they sold. He saw the price tag but it didn't bother him. It was a stupid idea in general but he was thinking with his dick. Adding it to his cart he felt his balls tense a bit. He thought about how the bison would react and



what things they would do together as he finally dominated that muscular-beef of a bovine. Putting in his information he inhaled before pressing the purchase button. Instantly his stomach, chest, desk, and keyboard were covered in cum. Maybe he really wanted it as bad as the bison did.

The cougar sat on the toilet, his paw rubbing against the tented length. He could feel his soaked diaper-friend envelop his throbbing dick, the soaked insides feeling like an amazing lubricant as he jerked himself inside the diaper. It felt so much better than last time despite not hearing the hormone injection warning beep lately. His own internal testosterone filled in the gaps, his need blossoming into a full-on desire for that soaked padded underwear. He felt his balls tense up. He stopped, edging himself.

Crying out in his head, Brock begged for the cougar to finish, begging for his cum again. He wanted to soak in Cody's seed. Instead the cougar just teased, letting the dick throb and drip pre-cum all over him. The bison whined and whimpered like a little sub who was close but not allowed to cum. Brock couldn't but be turned on by the scenario, it was exactly as he dreamed about since he saw the ad- just with a diaper instead of a jock and a mixture of liquid filling him instead of only sweat and cum.

Panting, the cougar humped against his paw. His balls continued to tense as he played with edging inside the babyish garment. If he was honest with himself, the diaper wasn't too bad. This soft, warm, squishy feeling was well worth the strangeness of wearing one. *Maybe he'll have to try them again in the future!* His brain cleared for a moment. *No. That was too far. This was a one time thing!* Despite his assertiveness against it, his dick throbbed at the thought. He shook his head. *It was only because of the hormones.*

Despite his needs and his hormone ridden mind, the feline wasn't ready to cum just yet. He wanted to make sure the bison continued to beg as he went back to working out. He wanted to drive his diaper to a more intense orgasm. The cougar stood up despite his tent and patted the front of his diaper, pulling the tight shorts over top the thick padded and soaked garment. The diaper was even thicker than before, his shorts hiding the padding even worse than before. People could easily tell that he was in a diaper but it didn't matter to him right now, his clouded, horny brain was enjoying it too much. It was time to get back to exercising, to give the bison more sweat to mix in with that piss.

Grabbing a new sports drink, the cougar headed out. His diaper squished as he made his way to more of the exercise machines, his mind only focused on making the next bit of the day the most amazing for his friend. His diaper. It was going to be a long horny hour for the bison and he couldn't wait to hear his thoughts when he was finished.

– End of Part 2 –