

It took me a couple of tries to send the message through. I deleted it more than once, re-typed it in a few different ways, but eventually I was able to close my eyes, hold my breath, and send my most honest answer in response to the innocuous question.

My CO would be so proud.

After consoling myself multiple times over my inability to delete messages that had already been sent, and briefly considering axing my profile altogether, I left the computer alone for a while. The big mug of coffee had made me hungry, in spite of my persistent hangover; and the siren song of the meatball sub in my fridge was becoming impossible to ignore.

Unwrapping the sandwich and taking a bite a gator would have been proud of, I stood with my shoulder against the living room wall and stared out through the slitted blinds at my little slice of paradise. Weather in the Breaks was either stifling or bone-chilling, miserable in either direction, and I remember the way that it used to make my heart hurt inside my chest.

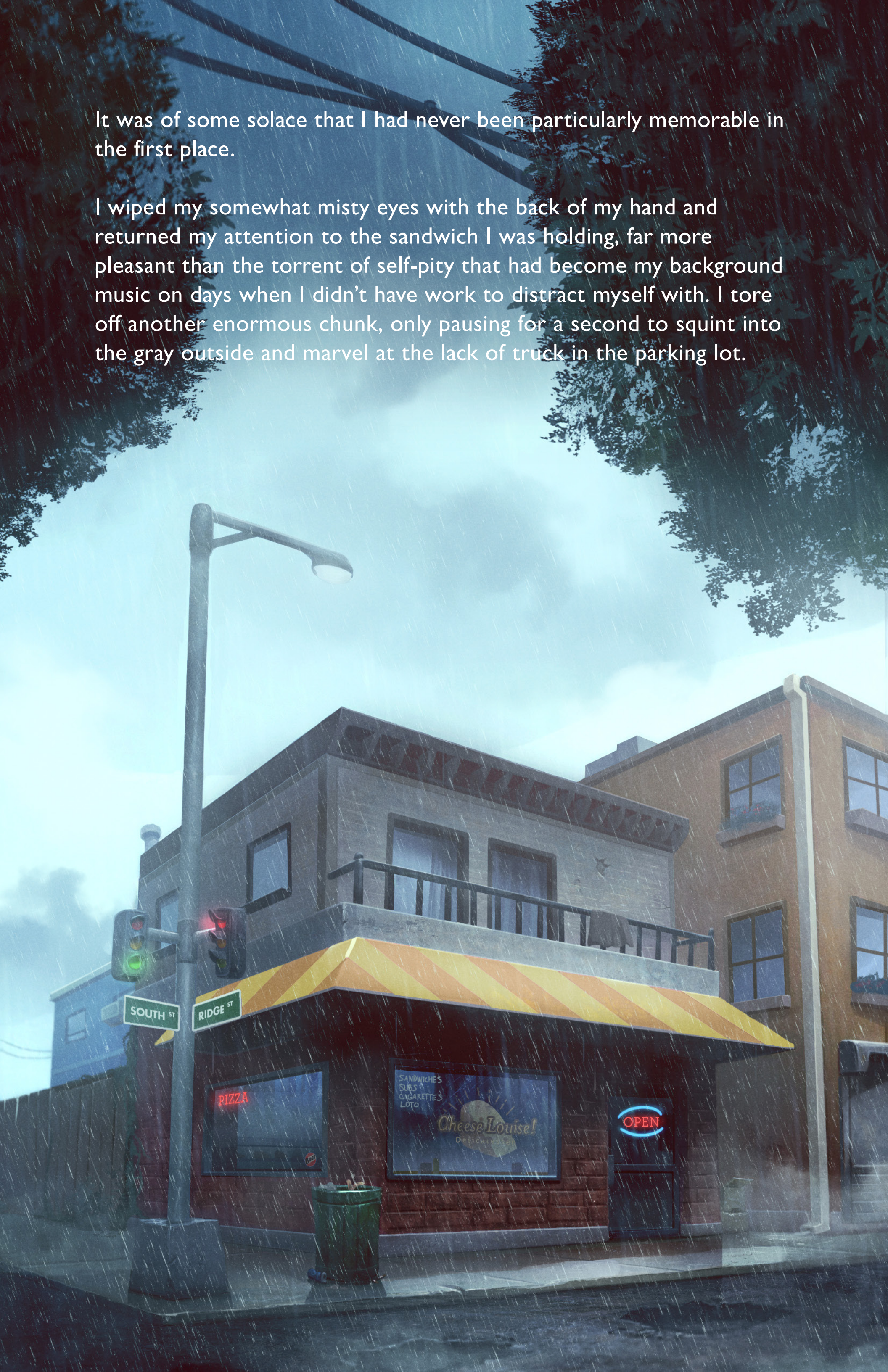
It was different than the deserts I'd been deployed to. Something was missing.

That was before I got used to it, though. I reckon it was before I started blending into the background, and before I became as much a fixture in the Breaks as the potholes on Centre Street. Just another in a long line of names that the world had forgotten.



It was of some solace that I had never been particularly memorable in the first place.

I wiped my somewhat misty eyes with the back of my hand and returned my attention to the sandwich I was holding, far more pleasant than the torrent of self-pity that had become my background music on days when I didn't have work to distract myself with. I tore off another enormous chunk, only pausing for a second to squint into the gray outside and marvel at the lack of truck in the parking lot.



Fragmented memories of the previous night slowly drifted back to me, of drowning my boredom and misery in the nearby bar, and stumbling home in the dark.

“You’re a god damn idiot, but at least you ain’t a criminal.”

I did my best not to wallow any longer as I finished my sandwich, which tasted much better than it had any right to, considering the dingy little shop it’d been prepared in. One of just a couple of bright spots in the otherwise dead-end section of town.

As I ate, though, my mind drifted back to the raccoon on the computer, and even though it had only been about half an hour, I wondered if he had time to answer me yet. Some of the younger, more tech-inclined folks had the service hooked up to their phones, but I personally couldn’t imagine anything more terrifying than the entire Internet following me everywhere I went.

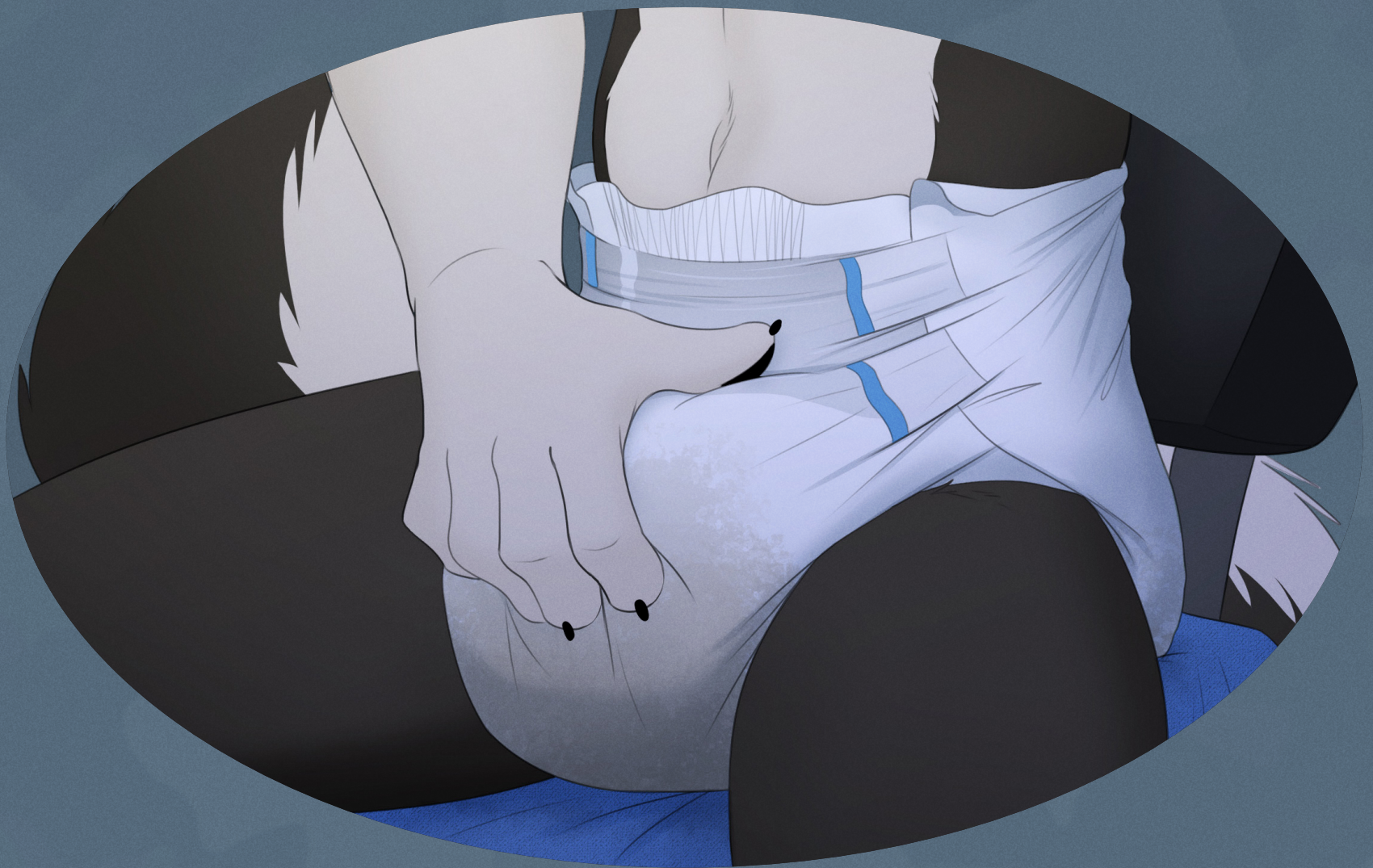
Sometimes modernization is lost on an old soul, and mine had been feeling worn out and ancient for damn near a decade.

Without much thought, I curled my toes and closed my eyes, and before long, I felt the warmth spread across the front of my diaper in a way that wasn’t totally unpleasant. The padding between my legs bloated and sagged a little heavier, but I hadn’t popped a leak yet, and the weight on my hips felt kind of nice, so I left it alone for the time being.

Idly, I wondered what the raccoon might have looked like wearing a diaper, maybe even one as wet as the one I was currently sporting, and I felt my ears go a little red at the idea. I didn’t pursue the line of thought any further, mostly because it was embarrassing, but partially because it was giving me a funny feeling between my legs. Instead, I finished my sandwich and used my forearm like a barbarian to wipe away any excess crumbs that might have accumulated in my whiskers.

There was a brief moment where I considered a diaper change, or maybe even putting on a pair of underwear like a grown-ass man – but I told myself that it could wait until after I checked my messages again. My eagerness in wanting the raccoon to respond to me was something of a surprise, but I chalked it up to curiosity and simple lonesomeness.





It'd been a long time since someone real showed any kind of interest in me.

I carefully sat back down on the swivel chair in front of my desk, ears red and eyes squeezed close again as I savored the feel of my warm, wet diaper squishing against my backside.

It took me a minute to collect myself again, but when I turned the monitor back on, I was greeted with little animated dots at the bottom of the message screen, and three words that made my heartbeat quicken inside my chest.

4-Stroke is typing...

I had no idea why I got so nervous, but I couldn't shake it. This stranger, with a shared interest in my darkest secret, was currently typing back at me, and rather than waiting calmly like a normal person, my fight or flight instinct had kicked in to the point that I wanted to rip the monitor out of the wall and throw it out the window to escape the sudden anxiety of the situation.

I didn't, though. Instead, I slumped back in my chair, as if distance from the screen would keep me safe, plucked idly at the tapes of my soaked diaper, and chewed a fingernail on my left hand; a nervous habit that my doc was trying to break.



It couldn't have been more than a minute, but it felt like it took damn near all afternoon for the raccoon to send his next message. A picture slowly loaded, and my heart nearly seized and collapsed when the blurry pixels cleared and I realized what it was.

It was a picture of him again, his hat sideways on his head and a tank top pulled up in the back. His jeans sagged lower too, but instead of his bare ass, this time he was wearing a thick diaper, wrapped expertly around his hips and puffing out his rear-end in a way that made it look damn near impossible for him to fit his pants over it.

if u into this kinna thing click here and i'll give u a show ;)



I've never clicked on anything so quickly in my entire life.