

Ten!

Nine!

Eight!

After a strong hold by the defense, the Barkdale Badgers were on the attack again for the final play of regulation. A goal would send it into overtime, with the potential for the home team to cap off their run with the biggest comeback of the season. The previously silent crowd erupted almost immediately, stomping their feet, waving their pennants and cheering their boys loud enough to rattle the stands.

“Comin’ to you, Brooks!” The successful block ended with the ball in Jackson’s stick, and he took a few steps before launching it down the field to the scrambling wolf. Brooks had to leave his feet to catch it, but an uncharacteristically graceful landing in-bounds kept the play alive. With defenders converging on him from both sides, Brooks scanned the field for another friendly orange jersey before alighting upon the blue otter booking it for the goal.

“Island, heads up!” Brooks yelled out as loud as he could to get the otter’s attention, and Island moved into position, stick at the ready to receive the pass. He had a clear shot at the net, and even at a distance, it was easy to see that the goaltender was nothing but a bundle of nerves by this point.

It should have been the easiest point of the day.





As the heavy ball left Brooks' stick, though, Island was suddenly distracted by trickling down the inside of his thigh, and then a flood spreading across the front of his shorts. His heart immediately dropped into his stomach, and his insides froze over as the feeling spread, soaking his uniform, wetness dripping from the cuffs of his shorts as his over-burdened training pants became the latest casualty over the excitement.

Island stood in shock, dropping his stick and holding the hem of his shirt as the ball sailed over his head, retrieved by the defenders and covered up as time on the clock expired. But the otter was completely oblivious to anything but the feel of wetting his pants like an overgrown toddler in front of his teammates.

Try as he might to stem the flow, the floodgates had busted; there was no stopping it. His pull-ups were ruined before long, hanging off his hips and bulging visibly against his uniform, and his shorts were soaked, clinging to his thighs and growing clammy by the second. All Island could do was blush ferociously, mouth open and tears in his eyes as the crowd mumbled in confusion, and his disgruntled teammates tried to piece together what had happened at the other end of the field.

The otter found himself mostly alone in the locker room after the rest of the team had departed. Fortunately, when it became obvious what happened, the coach had ushered him in through the gym, rather than forcing him to shake hands and congratulate the winning team after a crushing loss. He had yet to get cleaned up. Instead, he was sitting on a towel with his head in his hands and trying not to cry, both humiliated and disappointed.

“Hey bud.” A hand came down on his shoulder, and the otter looked up with watery eyes to see a couple of his teammates on either side of him. Brooks was grinning down at him, helmet off and shirtless, but still with greasepaint under his eyes. “Just wanted to let’cha know that you played great today. Sucks about the end, but it happens.”

“N-No way...” Island averted his eyes, shuddering as tears welled up again, but he managed to blink them away. “I totally fucked that up, I shoulda called time-out or something, but I didn’t even real—”



“Yeah man, accidents totally happen.” Jackson chimed in from the other side when his teammate trailed off, clapping his free hand on the otter’s back. Island could almost hear the smile on the cougar’s face. “We’re still in the playoffs too, so don’t even worry about it.”





“C’mon, get dressed. You can’t stay in here all night.”

“Oh damn, he’s still soaked.”

“No shit, Brooks.” Jackson rolled his eyes, giving the wolf a nudge with his elbow before moving down to coax the otter to his feet. A quick tug dropped his sodden shorts down to his cleats, and the cougar flushed a bit at the sight of the ruined pull-ups desperately clinging to his teammate’s hips. “Whoa, dude. No wonder you sprung a leak.”

“Yeah bro, you definitely ain’t ready for those ye-“

“Don’t be an ass.” Jackson elbowed the snickering wolf, and Island’s blush got a little hotter. It was obvious that Brooks, of all people, didn’t mean any harm, but he’d argued vehemently to be put in pull-ups only to have it backfire at the worst possible opportunity. “Grab one of your diapers, let’s help him get cleaned up.”

“Alright, alright. Bossy ass cat...”

As Brooks moved to his own locker, Jackson, a practiced hand by this point, tore open the sides of Island’s pull-ups and winced away as it splatted to the floor between his legs.





“M-My bad. Guess I shoulda caught that.” Jackson grinned sheepishly. As Brooks returned with a fresh diaper and baby wipes, the two worked in tandem to get Island’s shorts completely off and the otter laying down on his back atop the massage table kept in the back of the locker room. “Shower’s still busted, so we’re gonna have to use wipes. You good?”



Island was covering his eyes by this point, laying on his back with his legs spread, but he nodded, too embarrassed by the prospect of his teammates diapering him to speak up. The two boys cooperated, Jackson manning the head of the makeshift changing table, and Brooks assisting, to get the bashful otter nice and clean again.

“Lift his legs up for me, Brooks, almost done.” Island grunted as the grinning wolf hefted his legs up in the air, raising his butt for the cougar to wipe before proclaiming the job as done. “Alright, you’re lookin’ presentable again. Brooks doesn’t have any pull-ups, cuz he’s a big, stupid baby, so I hope a diaper is okay til you get home.”

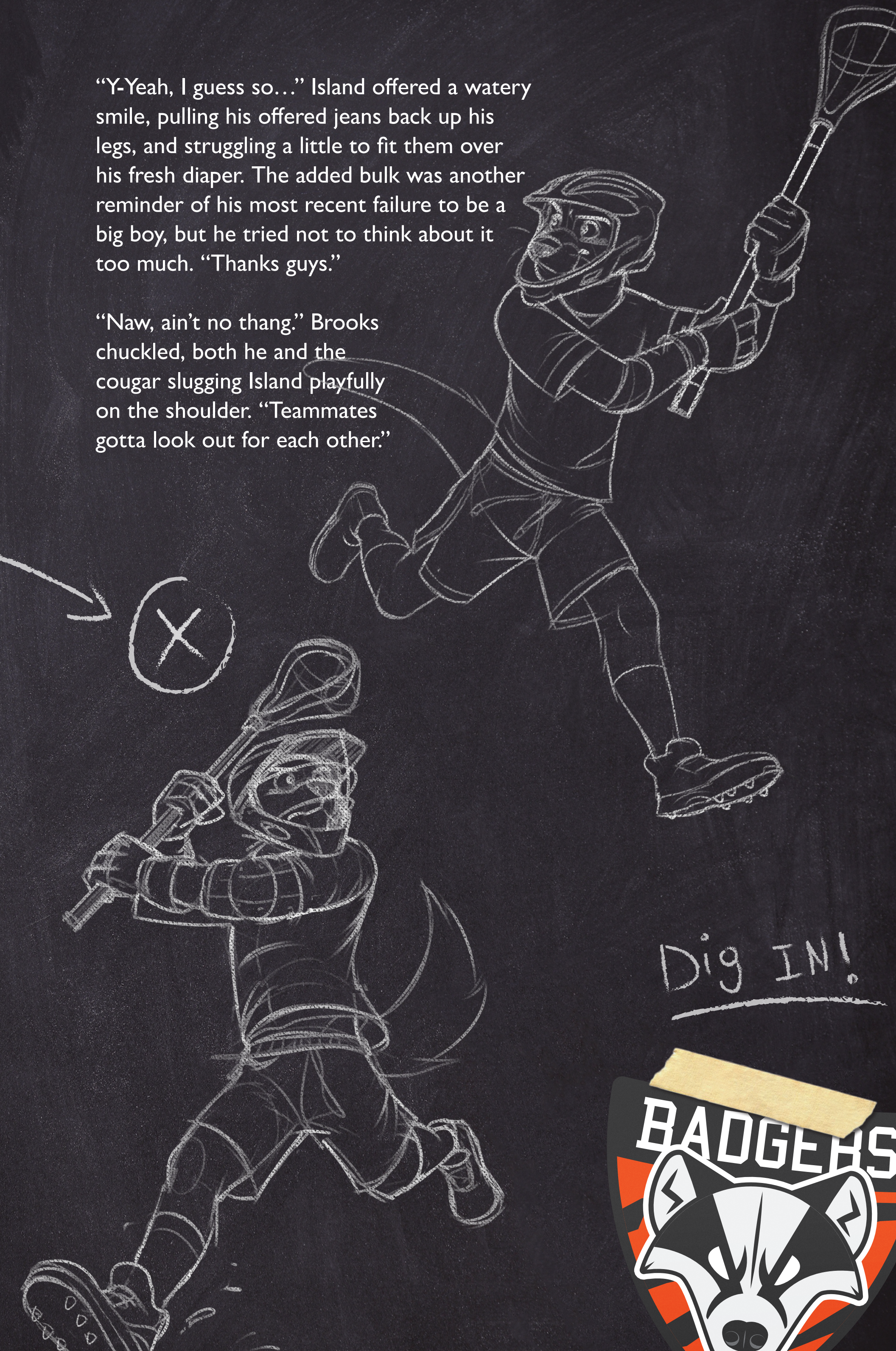
The otter opened his mouth to say something, then immediately thought better of it as he felt the soft puffiness of a fresh diaper tucked under his hips. It crinkled noisily, as loud as Brooks when he walked, and he squirmed a little, legs still in the air, as his tail was pulled through the hole in the wide, padded seat.

“Alright, bring him down.” Like a winch, Brooks lowered his butt into the seat of the diaper, and Jackson made short work of bundling him up in fresh padding and taping him up, nice and snug. The two boys bumped fists, grinning to each other before helping Island back to his feet. “There ya go, bud. You feeling alright now?”



“Y-Yeah, I guess so...” Island offered a watery smile, pulling his offered jeans back up his legs, and struggling a little to fit them over his fresh diaper. The added bulk was another reminder of his most recent failure to be a big boy, but he tried not to think about it too much. “Thanks guys.”

“Naw, ain’t no thang.” Brooks chuckled, both he and the cougar slugging Island playfully on the shoulder. “Teammates gotta look out for each other.”



Dig IN!

BADGERS

