

CHAPTER SEVEN





“You s-hnngh...” Brooks curled his toes in his socks at the feel of his boyfriend’s hand wrapped comfortably around the base of his shaft, feeling Jackson’s knuckles against the lowest part of his belly. It was enough that he felt his erection surge, and he looked down the length of his body just long enough to see a dribble of wetness from the head of his shaft. The young wolf couldn’t help but redden, feeling uncharacteristically sheepish and exposed. “...y-you sure about this, whiskers?”

Not to be outdone, Jackson felt his heart beating nearly hard enough to rattle his ribcage as he handled the panting wolf, watching Brooks squirm helplessly on his open diaper. The soggy bulk crinkled and squished under the wiggling lupe, and Jackson felt his breath catch in his throat. The wings of the diaper framed his boyfriend’s hips, legbands still tucked against the back of his thighs, and the reality of the situation was enough to make him shiver reflexively.

“... Yeah. J-Just lay back, diaper boy. I’ll take care of you.”

Jackson grinned, somewhat sheepish himself, and curled his toes inside of his socks as he squeezed Brooks’ dick a little tighter. The cougar was encouraged by the way Brooks arched his back and thrusted upward, and he felt burgeoning confidence as he rubbed his thumb over the head of his boyfriend’s erection, sliding his palm smoothly up and down the underside.





“Uugh, damn Jax...” It was a rare moment that found Brooks at a loss for words; he sounded breathless and slightly overwhelmed. Spreading his thighs, feet off the table, the wolf arched his back again, feeling his dick surge in his boyfriend’s hand in waves that traveled throughout his entire body. More wetness leaked from his head down the cougar’s knuckles to drip onto the short fur of his own lower belly. “S-Still can’t believe this sometimes...”





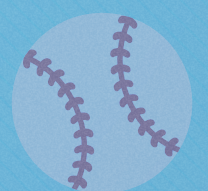
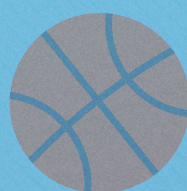
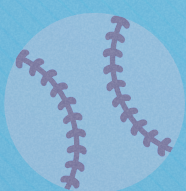
“I can’t either.” Jackson curled his fist and twisted it around the base of Brooks’ shaft, pumping it smoothly up and down, casually masturbating his boyfriend on his changing table. The cougar smirked to himself, satisfied by the wolf’s rare speechlessness, and slid his other hand over Brooks’ bare hip, the wings of his diaper crinkling over his soft fur. “Can’t believe I’m boyfriends with such a big baby.”

“Bet you ain’t so dry either...” The wolf growled around a clenched grin, and his blush became a little more prevalent through his blissful expression. Diaper changes could be a bit of a hassle with his dad, only occasionally embarrassing, but having Jackson take care of such a personal matter for him was a completely different experience for the young wolf. A particularly good squeeze nearly made him climax on the spot, a squirt of precum spattering his chest, and the wolf gasped, helplessly thrusting his hips into Jackson’s grip.

“Way dryer than you.” Jackson grinned, slowing down for a moment and shifting his grip. Moving to the side of the table, he leaned down and Brooks shivered at the feel of his boyfriend’s warm breath. As he slowly pulled and tugged on the wolf’s erection, Jackson leaned down to nuzzle his chin and jawline, closing his eyes and kissing the corner of his boyfriend’s mouth. “But that’s why I’m changin’ your diaper, right?”

“R-Right...” Brooks groaned. Electricity surged through his body, and he wrapped both of his arms around Jackson’s shoulders to give him a tight squeeze. The wolf found Jackson’s mouth and kissed him aggressively enough to take the puma off-guard. Growling, needy, Brooks pushed his tongue deep into his boyfriend’s mouth, and Jackson felt his heart start to hammer in his chest again. The cougar was vaguely aware of his own shaft pressed achingly against the front of his diaper, hidden away under the bulk of his padding and the shorts covering them.

When Brooks arched his back again, popping free of the kiss, Jackson expected the climax; he could tell that the wolf was close and making an effort to savor the moment for as long as he could. Brooks shivered again, neckfur bristled up, and opened his eyes enough to give the cougar a lazy smile, their foreheads almost touching.





Curling his fingers in Jackson's for a moment, Brooks squeezed the cougar's hand and kissed his knuckles before starting to pull it downward. Fingers trailed over the fabric of his undershirt, past the hem and down between his legs. He didn't stop at his shaft, or even his balls, though; instead, he curled Jackson's hand around the front of his own open diaper and pulled it back up between his legs.

Jackson couldn't help but be a little curious, looking down to watch as Brooks coached him through lifting the bloated diaper up between his thighs. It wasn't long before the cougar got the idea, though, and he grinned as he pressed the warm, heavy padding against the underside of the wolf's shaft, pinning it against his belly and wrapping his fingers around the impression of his cock to squeeze the diaper tightly around Brooks' erection.

"D-Do it like this..." The wolf panted. "It feels amazing."

