

CHAPTER THREE



By the time Brooks had fumbled the key into the lock of the front door, the cougar's hands were all over him. Grinning hugely, red in the ears and looking more like his dad than he'd willingly admit, the wolf found himself squirming in his boyfriend's arms, leaning back into a hug. Saying nothing, he turned his head to the side just enough to bump his nose against the widest, handsomest part of Jackson's jawline. Brooks felt charged, the fur on the back of his neck standing up, and he couldn't help but snicker at the tickly feeling of Jackson's whiskers against the shorter fur of his cheeks and muzzle.

"Door ain't gonna unlock itself, diaper boy..." Jackson teased, biting back feelings of awkwardness, the low rumble of his whisper immediately rewarded by an almost imperceptible shiver from the wolf in his arms. Spurred on by growing confidence, he slid his hands down Brooks' stomach until his palms rested comfortably on the visible waistband of his boyfriend's diaper, the resulting shift of plastic sending another shudder up the wolf's spine. "I mean, I guess I could change my boyfriend's diaper out here on the bench..."

"Think you'd get embarrassed before I would, Jacky-baby." Brooks' hand was unsteady as he twisted the key to unlock the door, almost as if he was enjoying the brief bout of exhibitionism on the front porch, sharing affection with his best friend in a way that might be seen by nosy neighbors or passing cars. The wolf puffed himself up a little, shifting his hips from side to side in a way that had Jackson's hands sliding smoothly across the surface of his diaper. "You forget I been do-

"AGGH!!!"





Brooks' self-aggrandizing sermon was interrupted by a surprised bark, his fur standing on end and his eyes wide. Jackson had slipped his hands under the fabric of the wolf's undershirt, and he suddenly found that he was wrestling desperately to try and free himself from his boyfriend's icy-pawed embrace.

"Your hands are FREEZING!" The young canine shouted shrilly, jerking himself free and falling in through the open door. He was on his padded butt quickly enough, scooting back into the foyer in a clumsy, giggling retreat as Jackson advanced on him with threatening paws and an equally menacing grin. "Truce, truce! If I wet this thing again, the dam's gonna break!"

"You're such a baby..." Jackson relented, rolling his eyes, but unable to conceal a smile as he dropped his hands from attack mode to assist mode. He helped Brooks back to his feet and bumped the door closed behind him, standing with his hands

on his boyfriend's hips. His devious grin never quite left his face, though, as he unbuttoned the wolf's pants and let them drop in a heap around his ankles. "I guess that's why you're still in diapers."

"You're one to talk..." Brooks made no move to grab his pants as they pooled at his feet, his swollen diaper, wet up the seat and tapes strained downward, now on total display. It was hard for him not to feel a little sheepish; the wolf was no stranger to having his diapers showing, being handled by other grown-ups, but he was still getting used to being so blatant in front of Jackson. Swallowing hard, he reached down to squeeze and heft the front of his bulky diaper, making a show of gauging how wet he'd gotten. "Ain't been changed since this afternoon, I guess."

“I can tell...” Jackson stepped forward, sliding a hand down over Brooks’ hip, right where his diaper wrapped tightest, and down to cup his very well-padded bottom. Leaning in to kiss the wolf on the mouth again, a little more aggressively this time, the cougar continued with a firm pop on the seat of his boyfriend’s soaked diaper.

“Come on, Brooks. Time to get you in a dry diaper.”

