

The transit car was hot. Very hot. So much hotter than Ralph would have liked. Which wasn't really *that* hot, but for a rabbit of his tremendous size (and lush, thick fur) it was a bit uncomfortable. Ralph could feel the sweat bead at his forehead, and slide tortuously down his back. He avoided leaning back against his seat, but it barely helped. His eyes darted nervously back and forth, ever watchful in case someone started to lose their footing, and brush against his crotch.

The rabbit was as well-dressed as he always was. Cute yellow tennis shoes, a yellow baseball cap and tank top, and a pair of shorts that were somewhere between orange and red. It all accented his curvaceous form quite pleasantly. Gerrark, the hyena next to him, had a much starker, angular look. Black pants, black t-shirt, and black shoes, all of which really made the gold on their snout and the white mane running along their back really pop. They lounged comfortably against the rabbit's squishy side, never bothering to look up from their phone. They looked bored, a queer juxtaposition to Ralph's overt nervousness.

Oh right, there was one more detail that I forgot to mention. A pretty important one too, since it explained why Ralph was acting so strange. The rabbit's crotch was large, but not in the way you might think. Where there was usually a clear outline of cock against fabric, there was only a smooth dome. Where there were typically two huge asscheeks, there was another squishy, smooth half-sphere, devoid of any split down the middle. And though you would expect to see a pair of titanic nuts peaking out some pant legs, there was none today. Only shiny white plastic, that crinkled loudly whenever the rabbit so much as shifted. There was no hiding what was going on, which explained all the sidelong glances and dumbfounded staring. Ralph was wearing a diaper. And based on the way it shifted as he looked around, he was enjoying it too.

Gerrark was acting quite nonchalant, considering they were constantly elbowing Ralph's big crinkly crotch. As if it wasn't obvious they were doing everything they could to make the poor rabbit squirm. Even with the thick padding shielding Ralph's erection, the rabbit could feel every slide, every jab. He had to resist the urge to hump (which didn't go well (or quietly)) as the hyena smushed their arm down on top of his diap. The yeen's own boner was dreadfully obvious in their tight black pants.

After pecking at their phone screen with their thumb a few more times, Gerrark let out an exasperated groan. They looked around the car, pocketed it, and stood up, drawing all eyes in their direction. Gerrark ignored this, and instead turned to face the rabbit, who instinctively pulled back.

"Ten minutes is too long to wait," the hyena declared, their frown turning up into a wicked grin. Ralph looked mortified, and the big bulgy crotch between Gerry and himself shifted. Gerrark's big paws sank into Ralph's shorts.

"Gerry, please..." Ralph started, his voice hardly audible.

“No, it’s time to have some fun Ralph. Let’s give everyone a show.” Ralph turned scarlet, heat radiating off of his face with the intensity of a tanning light.

The entire car got quiet, save for the sound of Ralph’s padding being moved around against his crotch by a mischievous hyena. The sound seemed to be magnified by a hundred times--Everyone in the transit car heard every crunch, every shift, every crinkle of the plastic cradling that giant rabbit ass and crotch, as Gerry started to have their fun. Those paws pressed and prodded and groped for a few minutes, testing every inch while Ralph tried not to die of embarrassment. Even with his snout buried in his paws, Ralph could swear he felt every eye in that train car upon him. Good thing he was too ashamed to pull his snout out, or he’d learn how right he was. Instead he just pressed his snout harder into said paws as Gerry continued to push, and rub, and even hump, shamelessly as possible.

Ralph had to look up at what happened next though, and the look that accompanied it was one of abject shame. Gerrark’s paws dug deep into Ralph’s shorts, but rather than smush like they did a moment ago, Gerrark yanked themselves up. If Ralph thought the rude yeen was embarrassing him before, he couldn’t be prepared for the mutt growling and huffing as they climbed up the hill that was Ralph’s squishy lap. It felt like it dragged on forever, and the hyena’s occasional stop to hump or readjust their grip wasn’t helping that. Eventually Gerrark got themselves on top of Ralph’s big squishy shorts, their snout almost at level with the rabbit’s blushing muzzle.

“Gerryyyyyyyyyyyyy...” Ralph began, his voice barely above a whisper. To his credit, the fact that he could say even that much was impressive, considering how much his body was seizing up from humiliation. But that was all he managed, in the end. The yeen had a plan, and the moment Ralph began to speak it commenced. Gerrark leaned forward, booping their nose against Ralph’s, and staring deep into his eyes. Ralph must have known what was coming, but couldn’t turn away fast enough (Or at least, that’s what he’d tell himself later.).

“Relaaaaax for me Ralph.”

Gerrark’s eyes blossomed into dazzling rings of color. Orange, yellow, red, all so warm, all so inviting, beckoned to the rabbit. They moved slow, but also fast, never able to be pinned down. Never predictable; always daring one more look, one more set of pretty rings to stare at. Ralph’s paws fell away from his face and he leaned forward, trying to find the source of the pretty bands deeper in Gerrark’s stare.

Warmth washed over Ralph immediately. It started at his head, sliding down his body slowly, carefully. It felt a little bit like Ralph was being dipped into a warm bath headfirst, but without the difficulty breathing. The warmth that poured from Gerry’s gaze pushed through and across every inch of the rabbit’s body, leaving nothing but heavy muscles and sagging fat in its wake. Ralph’s shoulders slumped and his paws fell open. His breathing became slow and steady, his gut somehow pushing out even farther. His

shoes, planted firmly on the ground a moment ago, hung loosely beneath him. The warmth stole the strength from every inch of his body, replacing it with nothing but outrageous pleasure.

Well, every place but one. Gerrark's throne was a lot stiffer by the time the rest of Ralph wasn't. Which, the hyena took in stride, grinding mercilessly against the thick shorts and the padded prison beneath them.

"Who's a good bunnyyyyyy," Gerrark cooed, moving their head a bit, just to watch the big rabbit's snout follow.

"Muh, muh," Ralph began, the colors encroaching upon his vision. The heat, the colors, the pleasure, they were all dragging him down, but the embarrassment still had its hold. Not for long.

"**You're** my good rabbit," Gerrark said, pressing his snout hard against Ralph's. They gave the rabbit a deep, sloppy kiss, making sure to keep their eyes open the entire time.

You could almost hear the "Ping!" as the switch in Ralph's brain flipped over. The embarrassment and shame of getting toyed with in a railcar full of people didn't disappear, but was recontextualized. Ralph's cheeks still had their rosy glow, but rather than dissuading the rabbit, it encouraged him further. Crowds were no reason to stop; if anything, they were reason to go farther. Who didn't like a show? And who was better to give it than Ralph? Gerrark certainly seemed to think so, and the stupefied rabbit couldn't think of anyone he trusted more, at least at this exact moment. The rest of the tension in Ralph's body left with a great big sigh, and with it, the contents of his overfilled bladder.

"Holy shit," the wolf a few seats away said, and understandably so. You could actually hear tremendous amount of piss filling the rabbit's diaper, even at the other end of the car. You'd think you were standing right next to him at a urinal, the sound was so loud and forceful. It wasn't just an audio cue either. The diaper started to inflate with piss, seriously compromising Ralph's poor shorts. With some quick movements from the yeen, some of that pressure was released, but it was hardly enough. Now, with the button and zipper undone, the growing diaper just pushed over the top and began to sag out the sides, over the waistline.

It was hard to tell if this was better or worse than just letting the diaper burst the shorts right open, but it was already too late for that. A steady dribble of piss dripped from between Ralph's legs, the still intact portion of his shorts getting dreadfully stained. The drip became a stream before too long, quickly forming a puddle underneath the rabbit's tennis shoes. After a minute or so of Ralph sinking into his seat and smiling like an idiot, it was a small waterfall of piss leaking over the edge of his seat, a tremendous puddle working its way across the entire floor. All the while Gerrark giggled and bounced upon the diaper exploding out from Ralph's shorts. They sank more and more

into it as it grew around them, seemingly unphased (reveling, even) with the piss leaking out and soaking into their black clothing. The sound of the sopping wet plastic squishing under the hyena's butt would have made Ralph desire nothing more than to disappear a moment ago, but right now the only thought in his silly head was a worry that everyone else in the car may not be able to hear it and enjoy it too. The smile never left Ralph's face, and he continued to watch Gerry's gaze, exchanging kisses and letting out little moans of pleasure at the hyena's behest.

The puddle covered a good half of the floor at this point; it was perhaps more accurate to call it a pond. By now, the stream was finally starting to taper off, for all that it mattered. The car was heavy with the perfumed scent of rabbit, the floor was wet practically wherever you stepped, and Ralph's diaper had at least doubled in size, his shorts barely visible beneath it. Many passengers began to silently wonder if the beast would even be able to get himself up from his seat, let alone out of the railcar. That question, however, would have to wait. The hyena was not finished with him yet.

"Feel good, my good boy?" Gerrark said with a smile, grabbing Ralph's head and licking up his cheek. The rabbit could only shiver and emit a low groan, from deep in his chest. He did indeed.

The soft, sopping wet padding of the diaper caressed his dick from every angle. No matter where his hips swayed, he could feel the heavy, heavy weight of his diaper push down upon his throbbing cock. It caressed him, and made him feel so comfy. So secure. The pressure on his tremendous dong was so intense, especially with Gerrark sitting on top of him like that. On that note, his dong was huge, bigger than usual, and yet still unseeable from within the confines of that massive diap (which only riled him up more).

The rabbit couldn't remember being so turned on in his life. So many gazes upon him. Some folks were embarrassed, some were shocked, and a handful were unable to look away or hide their own arousal. His hyena was having a field day on top of him, dick out and being rubbed across Ralph's chest and snout. The only reason why they hadn't cum yet was their preoccupation with kissing Ralph's cheeks, giving the rabbit more completely unnecessary bursts of color, or dragging their snout across the diaper and enjoying the damp warmth it offered. Ralph could feel that especially, and humped every time they did it.

"Good boy," the hyena continued, "Now it's time to show everyone how good of a boy you *really* are."

Several unsure glances across the railcar followed the hyena's loud and lewd command. A few people looked worried. Ralph looked elated.

"Okay," Ralph said, looking excited. He grabbed Gerrark by the hips, his hands moving with a new and sudden strength. Gerrark looked just as excited as the rabbit now, with those big paws of his pinning the hyena's arms to their sides.

“OooooooooOOOoooooOOOOO!” Ralph’s howl was probably heard by everyone on every railcar. It was so primal, so needy, so pleasurable, that some passengers found themselves suddenly stricken with the most debilitating arousal they ever felt.

It just felt too good. All of it. Grinding his dong against layers and layers of soft, yielding diaper, finally ending in the slightest bit of pressure from his master’s butt, which he was humping against rather roughly. Watching his hyena howl and shiver along with him, their own fat dong bouncing all over as they squirmed in his grasp. Only seeing the shifting waves of diap and nothing else, even as his humping got frantic. And that sound, that sound of his squishy diaper, a cacophony in the sweltering railcar.

Others were falling to the sway of desire. They couldn’t help it. Perhaps a few looked at Ralph’s eyes for a bit too long, getting swept up in Gerrark’s hypnosis second hand. Maybe the scent, the heat, the air itself was too oppressive, forcing them to push their paws along their bodies instinctively. It could be that it was that hot of a show. It didn’t matter, for in the end the result was that the rabbit wasn’t the only one huffing and leaking. His horniness had radiated out throughout the crowd, and they were just as eager for the big finish as him.

Thankfully for everyone, Ralph didn’t last long. Not with the heat and pressure and hypnosis fucking him up as bad as it was. His humping moved in waves at first; there was a period of frantic thrusts followed by a few short, slow slides afterwards, punctuated by Ralph’s slow, gasping breaths. But as time went on, and Ralph was driven to the edge, the frantic humps didn’t taper off. Rather than slow down and save his stamina, Ralph’s movements only got faster. Rougher. Needier. It was reaching a fever pitch. Every muscle in Ralph’s body was heating up, and all of that heat was pouring into his diaper. It squeezed and tugged and pulled at every inch of his crotch and ass. His body arched, and the rabbit let out a long, low cry.

How the diaper held up, no one could say, but it ballooned from what was best described as a terrifying amount of cum. The diaper was already huge, so the idea that it could get any bigger at all was ludicrous, and yet here it was--Pushing out in great big shots around the hyena, and spilling out all around the rabbit. It didn’t stop, it felt like it never would. How was the diaper this big? Would the cum ever stop coming? It didn’t matter, and Ralph didn’t want it to. He wanted to give these people the show of a lifetime, and it sure felt like his hyena and the rest of these people were getting it. He could feel sweat pouring down his body as shot after shot of cum filled the confines of his diaper prison, which by now had completely overshadowed his shorts.

It was too much. It was unbearable. The rabbit was seeing stars, it felt so good. His shots finally started to taper off, after what was surely the most powerful cum of his life. His breath slowed down, terribly labored. He was exhausted, and euphoric. His body was sagging. Diaper was all around him. Hyena cum plastered his snout. His eyelids

were closing, too heavy to keep up. He began to drift off to the sound of horny groans erupting all around him...

Ralph's eyes popped open, and he sat up on his bed. He whipped around, taking in his surroundings. His room. His normal, not piss-soaked, room. That's where he was. Not a railcar downtown. No diaper either. It was nothing but a dream. An outrageously arousing dream, if his throbbing dong was any indication.

Ralph sighed, and laid back down. He was relieved, at least a little. The idea of being on display in such a way, in front of so many strangers? Terribly embarrassing. As enticing as it was, it's better that it was just a dream.

Better that he enjoy it as a dream, and not notice the hyena just outside his window, pulling on a trash bin overflowing with a thick white material... The rabbit could hope, though. Maybe someday he'd enjoy such a reality. But for now, the dream felt very real. Very real indeed.