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He... he was in a bouncer, hanging from the ceiling, moving up and down rhythmically as he bounced, his hind paws barely touching the floor beneath him as he reached the lowest point, before he was pulled right back up. His diaper mushed underneath him with each and every bounce, sending a shiver and tingle of pleasure through his mind, and the following upward bounce gave him yet another as he felt his diaper rub against him. It felt so nice, so mind-numbingly nice, and he was so huffy it was hard to gather his thoughts... maybe he could just relax a little more, forget whatever was in the back of his mind trying to wake him up... the voice in his ears playing through his head told him how nice that would be, and he wanted to agree!

But that feeling deep inside, like it was yelling for him to wake up, he couldn't ignore it. He could feel the desperation welling up inside of him, like he had to do something now! His caretaker looked at him with a concerned expression as his own screwed into displeasure, unsure just how to vocalize that he was upset outside of the muffled whimpers around his pacifier, and the movements starting to gain traction as he pulled and struggled against his bouncer.

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