

Walking through the door to his home, Red stretched his arms high above his head, letting out all the remaining tension the fox had in his muscles. A heavy sigh of relaxation followed, feeling very nice to let it all out after a long day. He was more than ready to be done with all of that stress, and let it fade away with some relaxation at home that he so desperately needed. Feeling it already starting to ebb away, he pulled himself forward, his legs carrying him deeper in with the goal of getting changed into some much more comfortable clothes.

With a short trek to his bedroom, the fox went through the process of undressing quickly, not wanting to spend any more time stuck wearing what he already was. Though as he was pulling out some more comfortable clothes for lounging, he felt a strange tug on the back of his mind, like a sixth sense pulling on his thoughts, telling him to **turn around**. He turned, glancing instinctively at his bed, feeling like there'd been something he'd overlooked when walking inside the room, and he was right – a pink rectangle sitting in the center of it.

A strange feeling overcoming him, Red walked towards the bed, unsure what was so interesting about the object there... though not recognizing something in his room was a good enough cause to investigate, he reasoned. Even though it could probably wait until he was clothed... that didn't stop him from walking over to it to check it out first. It looked plastic, a pale pink color, and looked like it was folded up in some way. Still not sure what exactly it was or what he was doing, he felt a compulsion telling him to **unfold it**. Why not investigate just a bit further and see what it was? No harm in that.

With outstretched paws that didn't feel entirely his own, the fox picked up the plastic, hearing it crinkle and watching the material compress under his grasp, the sound and feeling sending a jolt through his head that he didn't quite understand. He unfolded it slowly, still feeling a bit of confusion at what exactly he was feeling and why, laying it down on his bed once it was fully open, the shape of it registering in his mind. A **diaper**, of course. It felt obvious, like he should have known what it was when he first saw it sitting there, even if he didn't quite know why he should have known that. It had been a long time since he'd worn one - since he was a kit.

So why not change that? Why... why not...? The thought sent him stepping backwards for a moment, shaking his head. Where did that even come from? He... he wasn't sure. He didn't even know where this thing came from, or why it was sitting in the middle of his bed of all places. But... he couldn't deny **the appeal**. Some part of him did want to... just try it out. What's the harm? It's not like it would be a waste to just see what it was like to wear one again. It's not like he'd buy any for himself, he didn't need them, so how often would he get to try something like this? **It could feel nice**. It... *could* feel nice, couldn't it? He might enjoy it...

Red found himself climbing onto his bed, his movements feeling uncertain, like there was something wrong. But he... **wanted to wear it**. ...Right? He wanted to try it on. Some part of him tugged back,

feeling unsure. The strange feeling that something was wrong called out, but that other feeling in the back of his mind shrugged it off. If he didn't like it, he could always take it off. This was just for fun, there was no reason to be worried. Why not just try it out? Why not...?

So he laid down on his bed, positioning the open diaper underneath him, a flash of embarrassment running through his brain as he did. He slowly raised the front of it up over his crotch, holding it there for a moment. He... wasn't actually sure how to do this part. He knew he needed to tape the sides on, but the fox hadn't exactly had much practice... or any at all, really. **It was easy**, though... was it? He might as well try it, if he messed it up, so what?

He carefully pulled up one of the wings of the diaper and taped on the bottom tape first, an unknown instinct telling him to switch over and tape up the other wing's bottom tape before finishing that side. Paws led by some unknown force, he taped up both sides, the diaper now snug and comfy around his waist. It felt... **great**. It felt **really nice**, so **comfy** and **amazing**. The fox couldn't help but let out a comfy, happy sigh, letting a paw rest against the front of the diaper. He... didn't think it would be this nice... **but it was**. Of course it was, it was like having a fluffy cloud wrapped around his waist.

It took a moment for the embarrassment to kick in, a blush coming to Red's face. Was he... really that captivated by it? By... a diaper? That's ridiculous... but it did feel really good. Really good to wear, poofy material snuggling tight around him, feeling so **safe and secure**... wow, it really did feel that nice. He couldn't deny how good it was, how **right** it felt. No matter how much of a second thought he gave to it, the feeling only seemed to get stronger. He... he needed to get more of these if it felt this amazing. ...That was something he could deal with later. For now, he just wanted to enjoy wearing this one.

The fox glanced up at his closet, thoughts turning to how he was in the middle of changing. He should probably finish getting some clothes on... would any of his pants even fit over this thing? It was so big and thick, wrapped around him... Maybe **he could just wear his diaper for now**. Worry about putting on more clothes later, this was already so nice and comfortable. He could **enjoy it**.

You should wet it.

Red stared for a moment, unsure of where that thought came from, stunned by it. What was he thinking? That... that would be way too far. He was just wearing it to try it out... for fun. He didn't actually need diapers or anything, he could make it to the toilet just fine. So... why did he feel that pull, that desire to actually... try it out? The thought felt strange, out of place in his head, but he couldn't deny the appeal that it had when he thought about it, even if it was strange.

If you know you can make it just fine, why not just try it?

Why... why not just try it out? It... didn't have to be some big thing, he could just... see what it was like. Even though it wasn't his thing, he could just... wet it, and it would be fine, it didn't matter. He didn't have to *need* diapers just to try wetting one once. That was fine. He could just... just...

Just relax.

Just relax his bladder. Take a deep breath, lay back, and... and feel the warmth start to spread. The nice, comfortable warmth. **She loved that feeling.** He... he did love that feeling, it felt so good to let go. To let go of all that built-up tension in his bladder and release it right into his diaper. **Right where it belonged.** It just felt **so good, so amazing** to wet himself. Blissful, relaxing, **arousing**, so... so amazing. He could feel himself blushing at how nice it was to just let go and let his diaper take care of him. How good it felt to do something so... so babyish. How **right it felt** to do something so babyish.

He... he could make it to the toilet just fine, but... but it **felt good to wet her diaper**. It felt so good, so *nice, so amazing*. **She wanted to wet her diaper**, it just felt so nice to do. So right. He didn't have to worry about making it to the **potty** in time, **she could just let go**. Diapers... diapers felt so good. So nice to wear, so nice to use, so nice against... against such sensitive parts of his body.

The fox couldn't help but start to feel his dick stirring just a bit in its sheath, surrounded by the nice wet warmth of his diaper, which had now expanded and swelled with his **accident**. It felt so nice, he never expected something like this to be so good, but he couldn't deny how it was affecting his body. And his mind... horny thoughts slowly spreading throughout his head, everything about the situation making him feel so **embarrassed**... but also so **horny** at the same time. It was like a feedback loop, the embarrassment heightening his arousal, while the fact that he was horny over something like this only made him more embarrassed about it all.

He felt his dick pressing up against the front of the diaper, looking down to see the tent it was making against the soaked padding. He needed to deal with that, it was all he could think about, it was so hard to concentrate. He'd have to take the diaper off and clean himself up before he could even do anything... **or she could just rub her diaper**. He... he could, but that wouldn't feel that great, would it? Barely any stimulation at all... but... something about it felt so appealing. His paw drifted back down to the front of his diaper, gently pressing down against the bulge there.

She immediately moaned, not even able to stifle it from how good it felt. It felt so incredibly, *amazingly* good. He didn't know how it was even possible, but it felt better and stronger than actually touching

himself, something about the swollen, wet plastic of the diaper touching his dick was **way better than touching it herself**. So much better, impossibly better. He started slowly rubbing it, his paw moving up and down the tent on the front of his diaper, moaning uncontrollably. He couldn't stop himself from rubbing it, it just felt so good to do.

And she didn't want to stop. Moaning and rubbing and feeling so amazing as he rubbed his diaper bulge, squirming on the bed from the intense sensations running through his whole body. His face was beet red from how embarrassing it was that he was actually doing this, but he couldn't help himself. **She loved it.** He... he loved it so much, it felt better than anything he'd ever felt before. **She didn't want this amazing feeling to stop.**

So he kept rubbing, kept pleasuring himself, not even thinking of doing anything else. He didn't need to worry about any of his other plans for the day, this felt too good to let any other thoughts interrupt it. Any new thoughts or strange little worries seemed to quickly and easily fade away into the background, hidden behind the wonderful fog of the amazing pleasure clouding his brain. **She didn't need to worry about any of that.** It just felt so good to... **let the thoughts fade away and focus on her diaper.**

As if he even *could* think about or focus on anything else with the intense pleasure flooding through him with each press, each rub, each smoosh of his paw against the swollen padding. It just felt so good. **So perfect. So right. She didn't want to do anything but rub her diaper.** No thoughts, no worries, nothing but the intense, overwhelming sensation of arousal coursing through him, making it impossible to pull his thoughts away. Trapped in a feedback loop, all of his thoughts scattered by pleasure, leaving him nothing to do but keep bringing himself more pleasure, all to scatter his thoughts all over again. **And she didn't need to do anything but keep enjoying it, keep the feeling going.**

Though... it seemed pretty clear to him even through the haze that it wouldn't exactly last forever. With how wonderful it felt, how worked up he was, he could feel his orgasm approaching steadily, the intensity increasing as he rubbed and rubbed, breaths shortening and moans quickening. He couldn't hold himself back, it just felt so *good* to push himself closer and closer to the edge. Even if he **didn't want this to end**, he wanted to crest over into that lovely peak and feel the rush of letting go.

The fox could feel himself quickly approaching the edge, preparing for what felt like it would surely be a mind melting orgasm, the strongest one he'd ever felt, hornier than he'd ever been before. He needed this, and he needed it right now. He rubbed and rubbed at his bulge, working himself higher and higher than he'd ever been. He was so close, he was right there, almost... almost...

But no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't cum. It just... wouldn't happen, teetering on the precipice of such an intense orgasm, but nothing he did pushed him past the final inch that he needed. It

felt so *good*, so *amazing* to keep rubbing and keep rubbing, but he just couldn't make it! Right there, so close, so needy for it, so desperate, but no matter how much he pressed and rubbed and grinded his paws into the swollen plastic of his diaper, he just **couldn't cum**. Why couldn't he cum?!

You don't want this wonderful feeling to end, do you?

He... he didn't, but he couldn't just stay here teetering on the edge forever! He had to cum eventually, and that eventually felt like it was *right now*! He had to, he needed it, being perched right on the tip of a crashing, overwhelming orgasm was driving him mad with need already.

It feels good to be this needy. It feels good to be on the edge.

It felt so, so good. So incredibly good... but that didn't change how much he wanted the orgasm that he knew would follow it! The amazing, intense, wonderful orgasm that he so desperately needed to reach. It was right there, so close, so nearly there! It would feel so much better, so intense and wonderful, so—

But then the feeling would end. You don't want this to ever end.

He moaned and whimpered in desperation, hips bucking up into his paws as he tried so hard to push himself just that last inch, but nothing worked, nothing could send him over the edge and into the orgasm that he wanted so, so badly. He just needed a little more stimulation... It was difficult to even think of pulling his paws away from his bulge, but shakily, he tugged at them to pull them up to the tapes of his diaper to take it off so he could actually touch himself—**only to immediately put them back where they belonged on her bulge, rewarded with an explosion of pleasure in her mind.**

Good girl. You don't want to take your diaper off. You want to rub your diaper. You want to keep rubbing and rubbing.

It was overwhelming. All of his built-up thoughts of trying to pull away and resist the draw on his mind scattered to the winds. He *had* to rub his diaper, he didn't have a choice in the matter, it was all that he could think about anymore. All that he needed to do anymore. His dick desperately leaked pre into the already soaked padding, all of it absorbed by his diaper for him, unable to make himself finally cum. He could feel the last thoughts of anything else being slowly consumed by the rising tide of pleasure filling up his mind, and the fox was completely and utterly helpless to resist.

Good girls love rubbing their diapers.

He loved rubbing his diaper, he loved it so much. It felt so good, so good to just rub and rub and...

Rub away those thoughts of cumming.

He rubbed and rubbed, and felt his thoughts of cumming start to disappear. He wanted to so badly... but he wanted to rub more. Rub, rub...

Rub away those thoughts of taking off your diaper.

He rubbed and rubbed his diaper, realizing that he never wanted to take it off. He wanted to just rub it and use it and leak pre into it and never cum, no matter how badly he wanted it...!

Rub away those thoughts of being anything other than a good girl.

She was a good girl, she wanted to be a good girl so bad! She was a good girl, and good girls rubbed, and rubbed, and rubbed, and rubbed, and never wanted to stop rubbing their diapers!

So much better now. Be a good girl and rub away any of those last naughty thoughts in your head.

Every other thought finally started to disappear, having no more place in her head. She was a good girl, and all she needed to think about was her diaper, no matter how embarrassing it might be to her... or more accurately, *because* of how embarrassing it was for her. How nice it felt to wear, how nice it felt to wet, and how nice it felt to rub. To rub, and rub, and rub away every last thought in her head. No more thoughts of taking it off, or of trying to *get* off, just enjoying the never-ending pleasure it gave her when she rubbed her diaper. She just wanted to lay here forever and enjoy this amazing, perfect feeling of bliss – nothing else could ever compare to this.

Good girl.

She was a very good girl.~