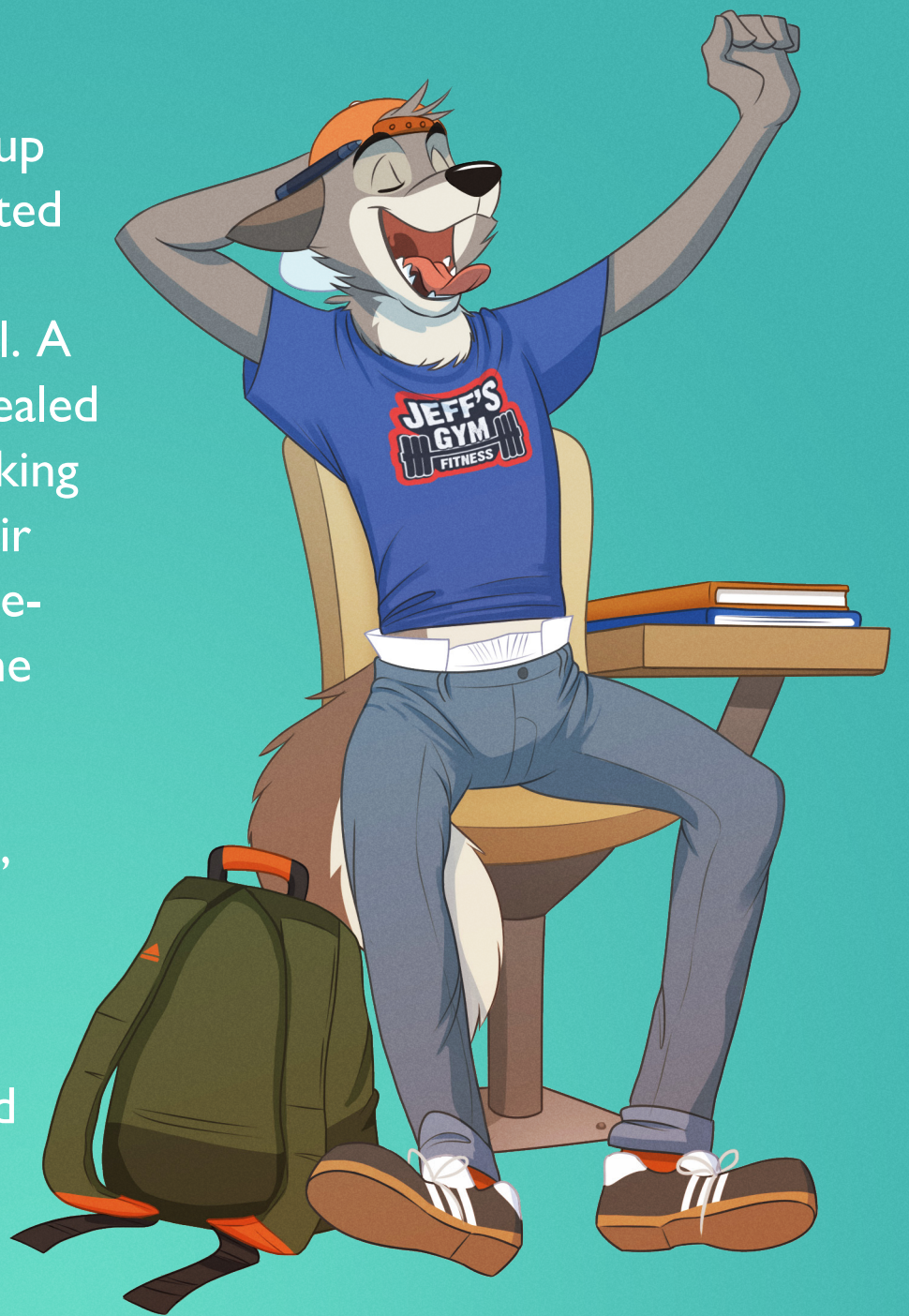


Toya squinted an eye at the folded-up slip of paper that had been deposited on his desk, still stringy from where it had been hastily torn free from a spiral. A cursory look about the classroom revealed the typical suspects milling around, talking amongst themselves and getting in their last-minute socializing before Ms. Finklebottom's fearsome presence sucked the revelry from the room.

He couldn't discern any likely suspects, though it had to have been dropped off in the few seconds that he had ducked under his desk to rummage in his backpack. Frowning, a little weirded out, the young wolf shifted in his seat and unfolded the piece of paper to reveal bad handwriting in blue ink, and a little picture scrawled across the bottom of the page.



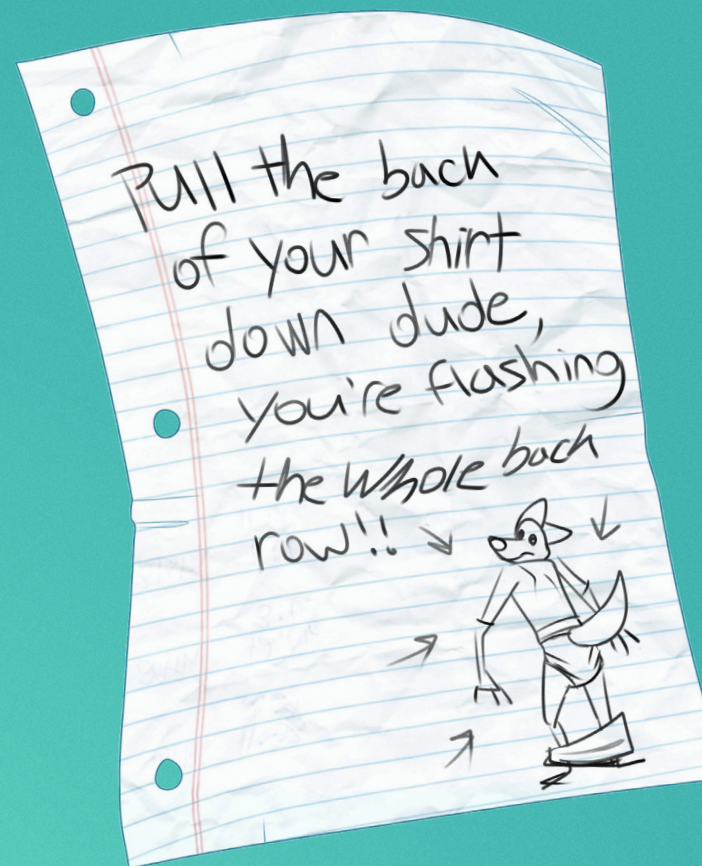
*Pull the back of your shirt down dude, you're flashing the whole back row!!*



It took a couple of read-throughs before Toya began to process the information, but he felt the cold creep of exposure spreading through his belly at the implication. Quickly, already feeling his cheeks starting to pinken, the wolf reached behind himself to pull the hem of his shirt free; it had somehow gotten caught by the chair back, and just like the note said, he had been showing the entire back half of the classroom about three inches of his thick, white diapers.



The wolf was understandably mortified, his heart pounding in his chest. Doing his best to be subtle, he took quick look at the back of the room to see if anyone had noticed, and his heart nearly leapt into his throat when he immediately made eye contact with another student. A handsome wolf, lighter colored, and with a very pointed smirk on his face. From other classes and daily role call, Toya immediately recognized him as Brooks Walker.



Toya's immediately visible panic made Brooks smile a little wider, but the other wolf seemed content enough to keep the information to himself. He winked, a surreptitious, secretive gesture that made Toya blush, then motioned with his head for the bashful lupe to turn back around and pay attention to the entering history professor. Toya was happy enough to oblige, quickly fumbling over the note, pausing long enough to take another look at the quickly drawn illustration.

A rudimentary wolf was sketched on the page, his pants pulled down, and a cartoonishly exaggerated diaper on full display. Toya reddened ferociously and hurried to shove the paper into the depths of his pocket, ears burning as he heard Brooks chuckle quietly behind him.



“Class, today we continue our lesson on the Chickamunga War...”

It was well after Ms. Finklebottom's droning lecture that a full-seated Toya found himself hovering shakily outside the men's room he typically frequented for diaper changes. The most out of the way restroom in the least used building often granted the young wolf the privacy necessary to deal with a dirty diaper, but being in public with a load in his britches had yet to stop being embarrassing for him.



Being so absorbed in ensuring he had the required diaper-changing supplies in his backpack, though, meant that he didn't notice the footsteps approaching him from just down the hallway.

“sup, diaper boy?”

Toya jumped, nearly dropping his backpack, and quickly looked up to see Brooks' smiling face again. The bigger wolf leaned against the doorframe with his shoulder, arms crossed over his chest, and Toya immediately averted his eyes, zipping his backpack up with shaky hands. The scent of baby powder that permeated the air around Brooks was a subtle indication that he'd recently had his diapers changed, as well.





“Feelin’ shy, huh?” Toya’s mouth was entirely too dry to speak, but Brooks never minded being the driving force of a conversation. The wolf shifted a little closer to the shy freshman, wrinkling his muzzle a little and giving Toya’s headfur a playful tousle. “I get you. Ain’t easy being a big baby on campus, is it?”

“You--...” Toya started to protest, but another look at that handsome grin made him forget about it, at least temporarily. It was clear in Brooks’ disposition that he meant no harm with his teasing, and the playful attention from the upper classman had Toya’s ears turning red all over again. “Ugh.”

“You found a nice place to get changed, though.” Brooks continued, undeterred, and had a look around the area, as if reaffirming that the building was all but deserted in the later afternoons. The gray wolf shifted his backpack up a little higher on his shoulder, his grin broadening subtly. “You definitely need one too.”

“Lemme know if you need a spare jockstrap sometime, bud.”

With a harmless shove, Brooks moved past Toya and down the hallway, whistling to himself, a little bounce to his step accompanying the melody. The black wolf, still reeling from embarrassment, managed the last few steps of his walk of shame into the quiet men’s room, closing the door behind him.

Despite being found out, Toya couldn’t quite keep the bashful grin off of his face. Maybe being outed wasn’t so bad.

