

So I imagine you already noticed, but my bedtime situation is a little peculiar.

Coming back from overseas the way that I did banged me up in a couple of different ways, but one of the most enduring problems reared its ugly head about halfway through my first restless night back on my home soil.

I woke up drenched from the waist down, the cheap cot sheets stuck to me, and my underwear soaked and clammy. I remember that it took me a couple of minutes to realize what had happened, and no, that wasn't sweat brought on by the heat of the desert.

The higher-ups were understanding, if not a little curt about the issue, and they didn't question me about what had happened. Apparently, after "what I had been through", I "didn't owe anyone an explanation". It was one of the only times I was ever glad to be treated with kid gloves; wetting the bed, for the first time as a grown-ass man, had been mortifying.





Worse still, it didn't stop. More often than not, four A.M. found me waking up soaked, often trying to sneak my wet laundry out of the barracks they'd had me holed up in since my return. There were a number of times that it made me cry, something absolutely unheard of for the stone-faced Tank Adams I'd been since adolescence.

I could tell that something was wrong. Hell, everyone that knew me could. So between my faulty plumbing, the nightmares that accompanied it, and some unfortunate hang-ups with loud noises, I reckon it wasn't really a surprise when they had me start seeing the resident head-shrinker, protests be damned.

It was rough going to begin with. I didn't want to be there, and the doctor knew that, but eventually things did start moving in the right direction. That was where the diapers ultimately came in, along with some rather... experimental treatment that I don't really wanna talk about right now.

Either way, to my initial dismay, diapers became a permanent addition to my bedtime routine. In the time between then and now, though, part of the embarrassment of being a grown-ass man forced to rely on diapers to keep my laundry dry has dulled.

But it's not the kind of thing that ever disappears completely.

Waking up wet was no longer a surprise, especially after a night at the bar. Of more pressing concern was the headache that throbbed in my temples, forcing me out of bed a few minutes past noon; something that would've gotten me reamed back in the service.

It wasn't long after that that I found myself in the kitchen, hovering over a pot of coffee while it brewed, tapping my toes on the tile and occasionally reaching down to adjust the heavy bulk between my legs. The weight on my hips, and the warmth between my thighs felt a little nicer than I cared to admit, and I found myself habitually checking my blinds, as if creepy voyeurs were interested in my afternoon coffee making habits.

"Fine way to spend a day off..." I mumbled to myself, taking my Thank You For Your Service coffee mug back to the living room and having a seat in the mismatched swivel chair facing the scarred desk that came with the condo. The feeling of the towel under my well-padded backside made me grit my teeth, but it served as a quick reminder of what happens when you trust a wet diaper a little too far.

I wasn't quite ready to take it off yet, and I apparently couldn't be assed to get up and go to the bathroom like a grown-ass man, so the towel seemed a safe, minimally embarrassing compromise.

Turning on the monitor hooked up to the near fossilized computer the military gifted me, I was eventually greeted by the same screen I had been on when I last turned it off. It was a chat site that my shrink had pointed me toward, to “make connections”, and “explore feelings” that had been dormant for many years.

Realistically, with a chat and video function attached to the website, it wasn't any kind of surprise that people used it to jerk off.

I understood the concept pretty quickly. I'm an old-fashioned kind of guy, though, so the... blatantness with which people indulged their private desires was a bit of a shock to me. It was a different world than the repression, and the lonesomeness I had grown so accustomed to.



When the monitor came fully to life, I saw that the mailbox icon on the site was lit up, indicating that I had a message. That was nothing new. I'd been approached by a couple of ladies, most of whom had their friends over and a bottle of wine open, but they needed me to pay \$5.95 to find out what happened next.

I wised up after the first time.

The profile picture attached to the message this time, though, was a raccoon wearing glitzy sunglasses in low lighting, the flash of the camera glinting off the glittery gold caps covering a few of his teeth. Curiosity alone led me to open the message, rather than immediately deleting it.

'yo how firm is that "straight" in your profile?'

It took me a moment to parse what he meant, and the realization made my ears immediately turn hot. I'd long had doubts about my heterosexuality, but I'd buried them under layer upon layer of denial; it was something even my shrink had barely even tried to touch.

I squirmed a little in my seat, my wet diaper squishing under me, suddenly feeling self-conscious for reasons I wasn't entirely accustomed to. My initial urge to delete the message and forget about it intensified, feeling I must be getting catfished again, but something on the raccoon's profile caught my attention as I nervously pulled the scroll bar up and down.

He had an extensive list of kinks in his personality section, something common among the hornier guys on the website, and at the bottom of the list, almost hidden, was a certain seven-letter d-word that had the heat spreading from my ears to my face.

On a whim, I answered him back, more honestly than I'd ever been able to approach the subject.

'Still learning...'





Tank Adams



https://www.yipyap.com/profile/home



YipYap



ONE WEIRD TRICK

that will add
VOLUME
to your
tail!!



Somethin' to say?

YipChat



Recently online:

Ashely Acorn 8 min ago

Jeffrey Stripes 11 min ago

Roger Feathers 15 min ago

People you oughta know:

Mister_Mittens 9 miles away

Pete Peterson 15 miles away

~Clotilda~ 18 miles away

Erin Songbird 25 miles away

Betty Beaver 27 miles away

Cindy Slithers 31 miles away

todd's dad 37 miles away

Looking for someone?



LOBSTERS?

In MY basement?

**It's more common
than you think!**

ARE YOU INSURED?

HOTT SINGLE



Opera Singers

IN YOUR AREA!!!



4\$STROKE shared a new photo 3 minutes ago

August 28 | Barkdale



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Yap back!

