

My doc explained to me a couple of times that getting a message you've been looking forward to can release a little burst of the feel-good chemicals in your brain. Serotonin, or dopamine, or something like that. Something about a pay-off to minor anticipation being the way that the brain rewards itself for the stress.

It all sounded a little silly to me, but I recognized that a guy like me wasn't exactly the target audience when it came to the benefits of digital communication.

All it took to make me understand, though, was a little chime that announced a new message emanating from my fuzzy speakers. I'd long since inoculated myself to the various noises that my computer made, but that one in particular made me snap to attention in a way I hadn't done since my time overseas.

Before I realized what I was doing, I had vaulted out of my seat and over the arm of the recliner, nearly losing the giant bowl of cereal I had been balancing in one hand. A graceless recovery led to a spatter of milk on the carpet, and I frowned, trying to downplay my anxiety and ignore the pounding of my heart against the back of my sternum.



“Damn, Adams. Ain’t like he’s shooting at you...” My own attempt at defusing the situation fell a little flat, awkward as a kiss with braces, and I felt my ears heat up from just how excited I was that I hadn’t missed my opportunity to...

To what?

I had no idea. To be a little less lonely than I’d been for years, was the best that I could come up with, and I was relieved when I realized that suited me just fine.

By the time I was done forcing myself to clean up the milk spill, more to calm my nerves than anything, I picked my bowl of cereal back up and thumped back down in the spinny chair at my desk. The mailbox icon was lit up, and I found myself trying to bite back a grin as I clicked on the new message to read what my most interesting acquaintance had to say in response.

‘yo thot i lost you... how bout u friend req me so we can talk on the messenger n get to know each other a lil better 🐾’

The blush that had started in my ears felt like it would spread over the entirety of my body, and I swallowed the mouthful of cereal I’d had in my mouth for damn near a minute. It took all my concentration to will my hand to be still while I navigated to the raccoon’s profile page and clicked the little button that would label us as friends.





YipYap

YipChat

Yap with:

4\$TROKE

Recently online:

barnaby17 min ago

Chet Stetson19 min ago

Booker6524 min ago

People you oughta know:

Chatty Kathy7 miles away

~Clotilda~18 miles away

GBCFan99922 miles away

Blondezilla26 miles away

Basementlobster43 miles away

On the prowl?

Yapping with: 4\$TROKE

4\$TROKE is calling

4\$TROKE is connected

You: No, talking is just fine. How are you doing this evening?

You: That bad huh? Sorry to hear it.

You

Uh oh...!
No camera device found. Check connection.

Click and drag edges to expand

DONATE \$5 TO STOP THIS COYOTE FROM EATING THIS BABY!

CONGRATULATIONS!

You have won a fancy top hat!

CLICK HERE TO CLAIM!

JUST FOR CATS

The 10 Best Insurance Adjusters In Barkdale:

1. David Walker Walker Insurance



He'd be my first one on the website, a little blip of activity on an otherwise inactive social media profile. The thought felt nice, even if it didn't particularly mean very much. I clicked the button without letting myself overthink it.

The next couple of minutes gave me time to finish my bowl of cereal and drain the milk, and I was in the process of glamorously wiping my forearm across my mouth when a message window popped up on my screen. The sight of the raccoon's glitzy, smirking avatar made me grin again, despite feeling like a bundle of nerve endings.

4 Stroke is calling...

I pressed accept without overthinking it, and a little window showed up on the corner of my screen. The camera came into focus, and my heart jumped a bit at the sight of the raccoon looking directly into the lens, again as if directly at me, and smiling in a way that made gold caps on his teeth glint in the low lighting of what I presumed to be his bedroom.

"Yo, I hate typing, you cool with talkin' to me like this?" He was wearing expensive looking headphones this time, with a mic boom in front of his face that made him look an airline pilot. His grin widened subtly as he stared at the camera, and I felt myself starting to blush again. "I know you kinda shy."

'No, talking is just fine. How are you doing this evening?'

Typing quickly, mostly to not give myself time to fixate on how I sounded like someone's boring uncle, I entered the message in the little window and watched the raccoon as he read it.

"Uuuugh, bruh..." He groaned dramatically and slumped back in his chair, and my eyes drifted to his waistline before I could help myself. He was in great shape, and I thought I could see the peek of a tattoo on his abs; but it wasn't what I was looking for, if you know what I mean. "Y'all ain't even wanna get me started, I'll bitch your damn ears off."

In a world of 'fine, how are you?', his theatrics were amusing, and I chuckled under my breath before starting to type a response. My heart was still thumping hard enough that I could hear it, but I didn't feel like I was about to pass out anymore, so I counted that as a victory.



‘That bad huh? Sorry to hear it.’

“Naaah...” He waved off my concerns, and I took note of a couple of expensive looking rings on his fingers. I was about to start typing again, but then he looked directly into the camera again, freezing me with simulated eye contact, and sliding a hand down the front of his shirt; like a deer in headlights, all I could do was stare dumbly.

“Lemme make myself a lil more comfortable for ya...” As he spoke, fingers deftly tugged at the button securing his jeans together, and I watched as the bulk behind the denim forced the teeth of the zipper down enough to show off the bright white plastic shell I had been seeking earlier. “You like that a lil better, Tapout?”

I froze. I couldn’t help myself. My fingers were on the keys, and I was damn near catching flies in my open mouth, but my mind had gone almost completely blank. Fortunately, he didn’t seem to require a response this time.

“You gonna be a fun one...” He chuckled to himself, lifting the hem of his shirt a little higher and casually exposing just an inch or so more of the thick diaper he was wearing under his pants. It was easily enough to keep me tantalized. “You ain’t need to be shy with me, big guy. You know how I could tell you was into this?”

‘How’

Not even a question mark. I sounded a like caveman.

“Yo, that got your attention.” He laughed out loud this time, laughter that cut through his cockiness and nonchalance, and the lump in my throat swelled. Somehow it made him even more attractive. “You got a bottle of powder on your desk in your av, so I had a hunch.”



Well, pardon my language, but fuck me running.