

“Right yeah, now just highlight the part of that shit you wanna cut out, then copy the whole thing ‘n paste it back into that lil avatar box thing.”

I was a little embarrassed at having the raccoon play technical support for me, but the digital era had never been particularly kind to me; and as sad as it sounds, it was nice to spend some time with someone that wasn't yet charging me by the hour. It was a pretty simple procedure, and he perked up a little when my avatar updated, now slightly lopsided, but hiding the incriminating bottle of baby powder behind a carefully placed cut.

“Eyyy, look at you. Good job.” He smiled at the camera again, showing off his gold caps in a way that made me think he was doing it on purpose, and reached down to adjust the waistband of his diaper as he spoke. I could hear the plastic crinkle over the speaker, and the fact that I was gritting my teeth and holding my breath to listen made me blush again. “So bruh, I don't usually do all this private message shit, but I got a couple of questions for you. You cool?”

I tried to think about what he was going to ask, what he could possibly want to know about a faceless, and apparently tech-illiterate skunk on a dressed-up kink site, and I pretty quickly drew a blank. The whole process was Greek to me, and it was clear from early on that the cocky raccoon knew that he was leading me along by the nose.

Or by the dick, in any case. I was vaguely and shamefully aware of a tent in my gym shorts that only got worse every time the raccoon shifted his position.



‘Shoot.’

He smiled again, mischief glinting in his eyes, and in spite of being completely hidden from his sight, I felt exposed.

“What d’you like about this kinda shit?” His question came as casual as anything, but from the way he moved, I knew exactly what he meant. He was standing up before long, and his shorts fell down out of the frame, exposing the full bulk of a thick diaper, wide enough that it spread his muscular thighs, and I could see where the elastic legbands gripped the uppermost part of his legs. Even the baby powder marks on his inner thighs. “Don’t be shy, Tapout.”

His diapers were much nicer than the ones I’d been wearing, and whoever had been diapering him did a better job of it than I did.

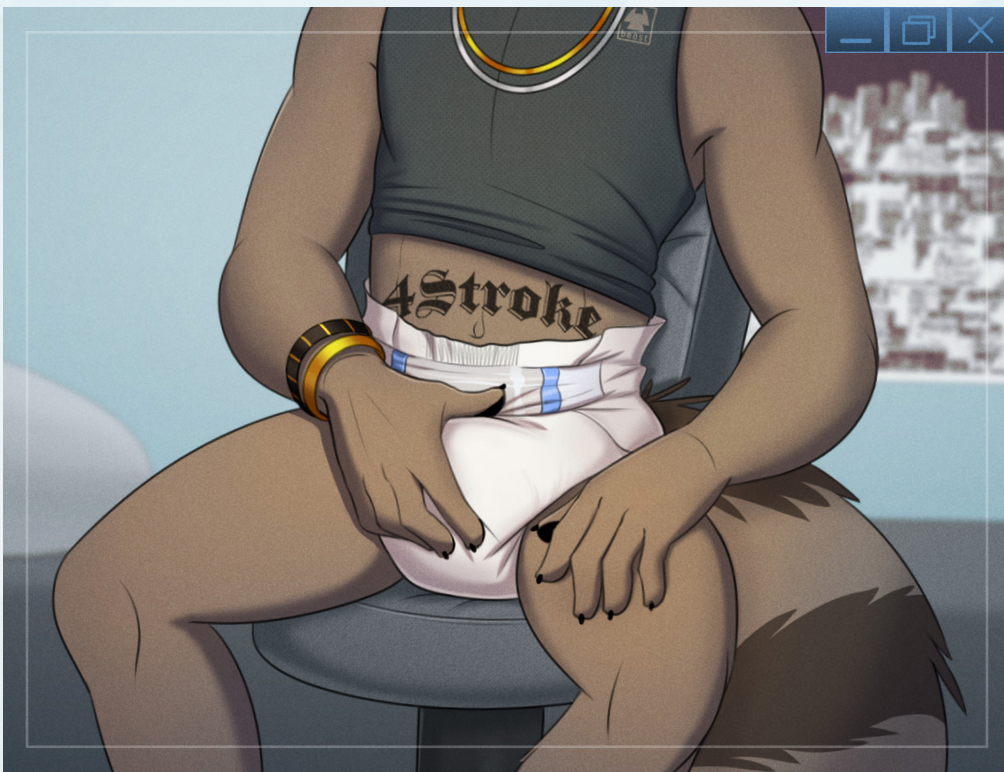
It took me a long time to gather my thoughts, both due to my reluctance to engage with these strange feelings, and because of the casually suggestive way the raccoon shifted his hips, moving his weight from one side to the other. It gave me a prime view of the way his diaper shifted to accommodate his motion, and to say that was somewhat distracting would not be an overstatement.

He was patient, if nothing else.

‘I don’t know. I’m really new at this, sorry.’

He took a moment to consider my words, sliding one of his fingers along the waistband of his diaper in a way that made me shiver and reach down between my legs, and I was relieved when he didn’t seem to be put off or offended by my answer.





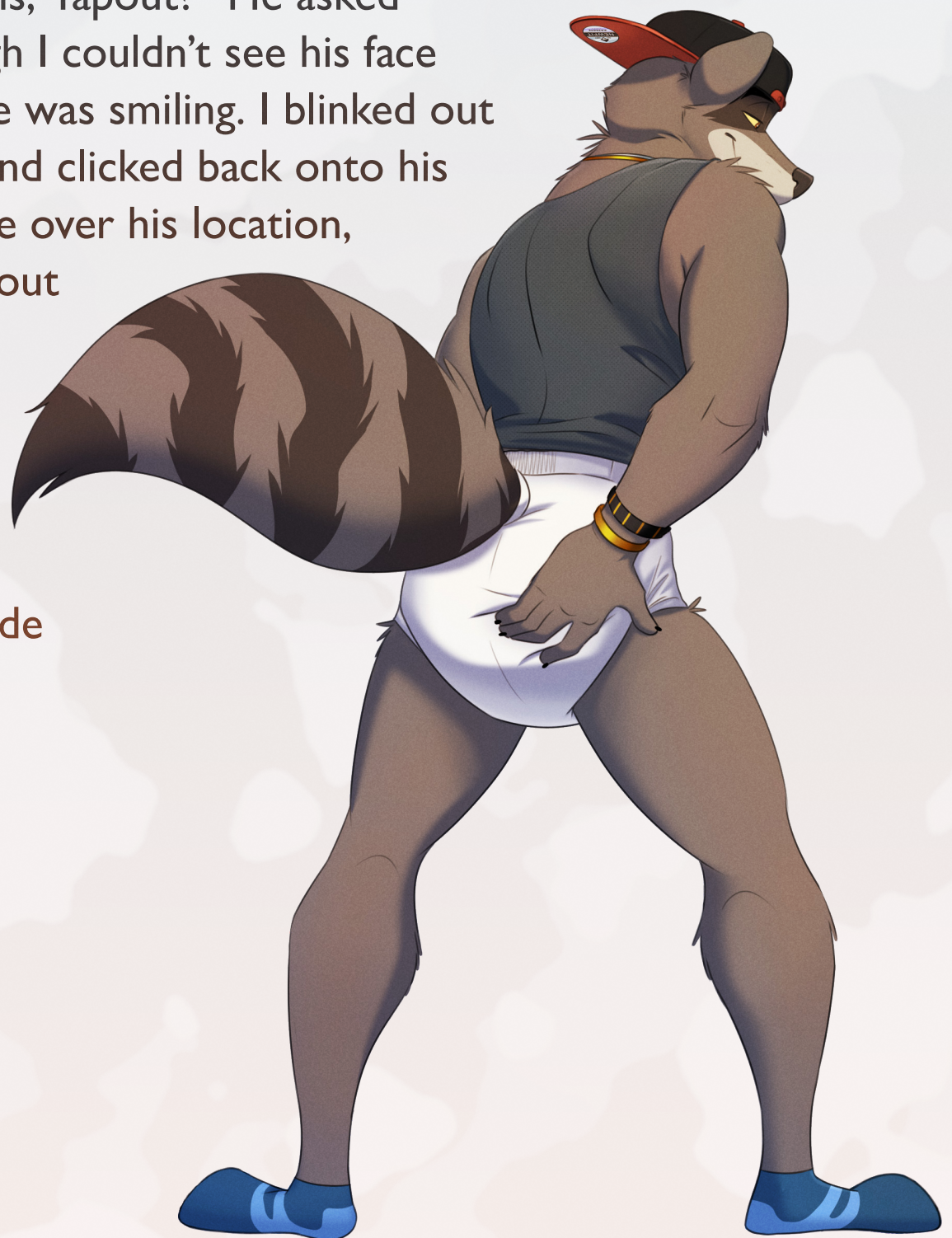
“Nah nah, don’t apologize…”
His voice came from off-screen, and he reached down to cup the bulk of his diaper, lifting it and giving it a pat. It made powder puff from his waistband and whiten the visible parts of his abs. I had to bite my lip to keep from groaning out loud;

I knew that the raccoon was playing me like a rodeo fiddle, but what could I do other than play my part? “We gon’ figure you out together.”

Idly brushing his bushy tail aside, the raccoon turned enough to show the curve of his… particularly curvy butt, and he reached behind to pull up the back of his waistband, so that the legbands of his diaper pulled taut against the lowest parts of his ample backside. My cheeks burned hot again, and I tried to force myself to look away from the shameless display, but I felt like I’d been welded to the spot and my eyes riveted open.

“You check our locations, Tapout?” He asked casually, and even though I couldn’t see his face anymore, I knew that he was smiling. I blinked out of my drooling stupor and clicked back onto his profile window to glance over his location, and my stomach just about fell through the floor. With the distance setting enabled, I read that he was just about thirty miles away from me; just on the other side of town. “What part of town you in?”

‘The Breaks.’



My heart was starting to beat a little harder, and I felt sweat bead my forehead. What were the odds that he would be so close to me? Was I being set up? Who the hell would have any reason to set up an old cannon cocker like me? The idea felt silly, but... it was hard to get out of my mind. I was still hard as a 1927 prune, but something felt wrong. Old shadows were creeping in behind my eyes, and I needed to get away from the keys.

I found that I couldn't just leave the raccoon, though. Despite my growing panic and paranoia, I started to type, with shaking fingers at the end of arms that felt a mile long.

'I need to go. I'm sorry. Can we talk more soon'

No question mark. Unga bunga.

"Yo..." This time, the raccoon seemed a little put off, and I felt like I was in a vice. I almost started crying, and I clenched my jaw to stop it from happening. I knew that he was going to say no, and that would be the end of it. He sat down again, with a puff of air and a crinkle from his diaper, and he wasn't smiling. From inside the cage my head had become, I felt myself scooting my chair back and away from the computer, not wanting to hear his dismissal.



“Next time you on here, send ya boy a lil message with an address. Somewhere you like to go.” I looked up to see him grinning again, looking directly at the camera; like before, almost as if he was looking directly at me.

“I’ll meet you there this Saturday night.
We’ll figure some shit out.”

