

There was a lot that crossed my mind in the immediate aftermath of my torrid run-in with the raccoon camera boy, but to my credit, I did a good job of disassociating quickly, rather than wallowing in the flood of self-pity that always threatens the mental gates of people who develop weird fetishes.

I couldn't even think about it in that way, though.

Feeling like a giraffe on a ferris wheel, I clumsily pulled myself to my feet and shuffled off to get cleaned up; spunk washed out of my fur easily enough, and the soaked diaper disappeared into the depths of the trash, to be forgotten about until trash collection day.

My head came back to me some time in the evening, after a quiet, bleary marathon of daytime television and sports outings that I could not possibly care any less about. The local teams sucked, and I hadn't been able to put the proper roots down to grow any attachment to them – or anyone else, really. I reckon that was a small part of my biggest issue.

Plus, after the third inning, I noticed that I was staring a little too hard at the pitcher's ass.



The computer remained dark and silent, a dirty, unused secret left in the middle of the room. Fortunately, I'd always been pretty good at ignoring a problem directly in front of my face.

That's just about how things stayed, at least for a while longer. Time passed, and I went back to work the next morning, freshly showered and studiously ignoring the guilt that forever gnawed at the edges of my mind. Idle conversation between co-workers, none of whom could tell you my last name, helped to bring me back into the routine that I'd endured before. Not so much living, certainly not dead, but getting by, which is more than a lot of folks could say.

But part of me still remembered. Even if we never spoke again, part of me would always be able to remember that first encounter. I always heard you never forget your first, even if your first is a diapered raccoon on a webcam feed.

In the world that I'd been inhabiting, of varying shades of dreary, hopeless and mundane, the vibrancy of the boy was impossible to forget. I made a concentrated effort not to think about him during the day, but the occasional nightmare of the frontlines had been mostly replaced by visions of his roguish smile and the playful, almost bored sensuality that had characterized his show. Or at least the little bit of it I had seen.

I woke up in a different kind of wet diaper on a couple of mornings, much to my chagrin.



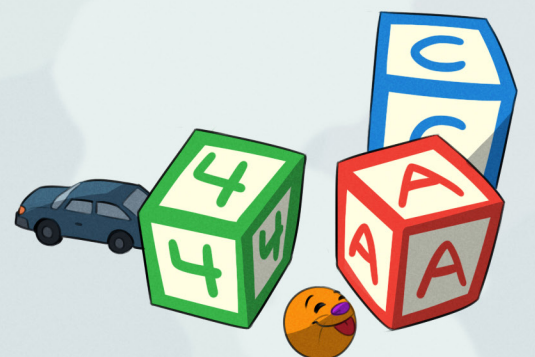


It was towards the weekend again that I had another appointment with my shrink. I'd gone back and forth on whether or not I was gonna tell him a thousand times, before ultimately landing on a no. Like an idiot, I rationalized that it wasn't any of his damn business, and talking about it would only make it harder for me to forget and move past all the weirdness.

In retrospect, it's probably a good thing my plans got turned on their head. It's hard to keep secrets from a good doc, and this one pretty clearly had my number in a lot of ways.

... Long story short, I told the shrink everything that happened, and he confirmed what had been steadily growing as my worst fear. In that way that doctors have, even unorthodox ones like Dr. Meyer, he explained that it would probably be in my best interests not to ignore the emptiness that had been growing in the pit of my stomach since that day. There are some feelings that don't go away, and regret is one of the worst to have to live with.

Unfortunately, that was something I knew all too well. Of all the problems I had, being attracted to diapers and ostensibly men seemed like it should rank pretty low on the totem pole. I promised that I would talk to the raccoon again the following day.



“Quit milkin’ the clock and go home, Adams. There ain’t nothing else for you to do here.”

I’d been taking my sweet time at work the following day, putting off going home for as long as I could, because I knew what I was supposed to do when I got there. The sun was setting over the run-down warehouses and factories that defined the Breaks, though, and the dock was long-since closed. There was only so much standing around with a broom I could do before the boss man had me physically removed from the premises.

“... Good to see you too, asshole.”



The trip home was the first time I’d ever found myself hoping for an engine failure, but such prayers all too often go unanswered. Old Clotilda got me home just fine, just like she always did, and it wasn’t long after that that I found myself staring at the black monitor, now graced with a fine coating of the dust that accumulated on everything in the Breaks.



“Dumbass. Just turn it on. He prolly’ lost interest anyway...”

The thought made me a little sadder than I thought it would, but I reluctantly took my own advice and reached out to turn the machine on. Holding my breath, I navigated to the same website I knew before, and my heart nearly leapt into my throat when I saw that I had a message waiting on me; of course it was from y’all-know-who.

‘guess u a quick shot huh big guy??
thx for comin’ 🐾

I clenched my jaw hard, feeling my ears heat up again, and drummed my fingers on the keyboard; I was immediately overcome with the urge to defend myself from the raccoon’s taunting. I reckon that was his game from the start. I typed a message back, deleted it, typed it again, and repeated that process one more time before I was satisfied.

‘Hey. Sorry about the radio silence. Life got busy for a lil while. How have you been doing?’

It was painfully lame, even an old hick like me could tell you that much, but it was as much as I felt comfortable offering. Even still, I had to hold my breath when I hit send.

If nothing else, though, Dr. Meyer was right. It was the most alive I’d felt since that night.

