

“Charmed.”

I felt like I might be gawking a little. He had a bracelet on his wrist that looked like it might cost more than my condo. Even with rings on his fingers, he had a good, strong grip, and after a few seconds, I realized that I was probably lingering too long. Aside from seeing my shrink, it was the first physical contact I’d had in probably months.

“Brooooo, your accent...” Pulling his hand away, he slumped his shoulders and hung his tongue out of his mouth to pant like a cartoon dog, and I noted a few more gold teeth deeper back in his mouth. It belatedly occurred to me that he was really handsome, and that I should probably look away before my jaw fell open. “You from the South?”

“Yeah, uh...” I stammered, a little taken aback, and looked at the tabletop beside me, rubbing the back of my neck. I felt kind of clumsy, like I was operating my body from a distance. “Guess y’all don’t get those up here in the city, huh?”





“Nah dude, just fuckin’ lung cancer and broke thots.”



I blurted a laugh, feeling my ears turning red again, and straightened up, arching my back and rolling my shoulders for a moment, trying to look anywhere but directly at the smirking raccoon, before motioning with my head towards the booth I’d commandeered with my triceratops pal.

“I’ll pay for dinner, so hopefully that keeps me outta ‘broke thot’ territory.” I was pleased to hear that I could still keep my voice steady, even with my heart pounding in my chest, and I watched as the raccoon slid into the booth.

While he sat down, though, he casually met my eyes again and grinned, surreptitiously brushing past the hem of his shirt and lifting it just enough to show me the curve of soft plastic around his hip, the color of a diaper tape peeking up over the rim of his shorts. I clenched my jaw as he sunk down into the booth, and I was suddenly hyper-aware of the soft crinkling sound that accompanied his motion; the sound of his diaper rubbing against the fabric of his shorts.

“Yo, sit down, you makin’ people nervous.” He drummed his rings on the tabletop and hit me with a wink that was equal parts seductive and smug, knowing full well what he was doing to my poor, neglected libido.

It was gonna be a long night...

“Right...” Much less gracefully than my date for the evening, I thumped down in my end of the booth, thankful that at least the table between us would keep me from staring at the raccoon’s diapered crotch for the rest of the night. Not exactly a gentlemanly urge.

“Oh, I-I got ya something.”



“For real?” He laughed, swiping at the screen of his phone a couple of times before putting it back in his pocket and looking across the table at me again. As handsome as he was when he smirked and acted coy, a genuine smile just about melted my heart. “Broooo, I was jokin’ about that wish list shit.”

It idly occurred to me that it was a little dangerous to be getting such strong feelings when I’d only just met the guy, but I shrugged it off for the time being, deciding that if that was going to be a problem, it was going to be for future Tank to confront.

My shrink was trying to teach me that it was okay for some stuff to just feel right.

“Yeah, I figured.” I smiled, crookedly at best, and reached over to grab the stuffed triceratops by the back, pushing him across the table towards the raccoon, whose unexpectedly wholesome expression only lit up a little brighter. “He ain’t a thousand-dollar pair of flip-flops, but I thought you might like him anyway.”

“Man, I forgot I even put this thing on there, musta been drinkin’ or something...” I watched the raccoon as he handled the stuffed animal, holding it under the forelegs and checking the nametag, and I could tell that he was a little touched by the gesture, despite trying to be flippant. He was still smiling, and his pointy ears were laid back a little. “Thanks, Tapout.”

“You can call me Tank. Just like your new buddy there.”

“Yo...” He looked between me and the dinosaur a few times, then squinted his eyes and frowned suspiciously, twisting his cap so that it rested sideways on top of his head. Wearing it like that reminded me of a propeller, and I had to bite back the grin that was growing across my face.

“For real. No way that’s your real name.”





“Mama wanted a porn star, I guess.” I chuckled at his skepticism, rubbing my knuckles across my jawline, finding a couple of whiskers that I might have missed in my rudimentary trim, then reached across the surface of the table to offer him another handshake. “Tank Adams. It’s nice to meet you too, uh...”

I furrowed my eyebrows and tipped my head a little, watching him with the somehow universal expression that means ‘I’m searching for a name that I haven’t been given yet’. He obliged, fortunately, twisting a gaudy gold ring on his finger before reaching out. This time, though, he grabbed my hand and bent my knuckles out, then leaned in to give one of them a kiss.

“Bro, you can just call me 4 Stroke...” The gesture had me nearly choking on nothing but air, and he dropped me a salacious wink as I yanked my hand back and did my best not to literally die in the booth of a truck-stop diner. ‘Concupiscent Corpse caught in Classy Cactus’ would make for an eye-catching headline, at least.

I cleared my throat, settling my nerves and trying to resume my placid disposition.

“There’s no way in hell I’m callin’ you that in public.” I was silently impressed with my ability to keep my voice even, and the raccoon rolled his eyes wryly, trying to suppress a grin of his own. “I gave you mine. It’s only fair.”

“Alright alright, damn... but you can not tell any of the other guys in my stream, cool?” I must have looked incredulous for a second, because he snorted a laugh before picking up his water and taking a drink, as if to steel himself for the process. “My real name is Terrence.”







“Terrence, huh.” I mused, taking a drink of water myself before putting in an order for a sweet tea when the waitress came back around. The raccoon ordered a soda and a bendy straw, prompting a smile from the staff, before she was on her way again. Somehow, his name just made him cuter. “Terr. Nothin’ wrong with that.”

“Dude, nobody calls me that...” He huffed, rolling his eyes again before checking the face of his phone. I could tell that he was trying to get off the subject, and I couldn’t help but think that was kind of cute too. “Lucky your name don’t shorten into some dumb, kiddy shit.”

“You can call me T, if you want to.”

I laughed, amused at his annoyance, even though it was clear he was hamming it up a bit. His playful online persona translated pretty well, and it surprised me how eager I was to get to know him better. In the meantime, I thumbed through my menu a little bit, trying to decide what to order.

The silence was pretty short-lived, though. I looked up from the menu to see the raccoon drumming fingers on the laminated face of his own, a somewhat predatory grin replacing his earlier discomfort. It looked fairly natural on his face, and my heartrate picked up again.

“So you ain’t the usual kinda guy that’s into this stuff...” As he spoke, he reached between his legs and gave himself a squeeze. I couldn’t see it, but being able to hear the sound of his diaper under his shorts brought forth the desired effect, and suddenly I was on the back foot again. I’d almost forgotten he was wearing one. My face started to get a little hotter. “How’d it happen for you?”

It was a question I’d never been asked before, and one that I clearly hadn’t prepared an answer for. On its surface, it was obviously enough; I wet the bed, and that required... protection. Any dimwit could have told you that there was more to my story than just that, though.



“I, uh...” I stammered, tugging the collar of my shirt as if to release excess steam from inside. “Y’might say it’s... p-practical.”

“Practical, huh?” He waved a hand, as if he was expecting more, though at least he wasn’t enough of an exhibitionist that he didn’t lower his voice. “So like... you... have accidents? Wet the bed? What?”

“Y-Yeah.” It occurred to me after a couple of seconds that that wasn’t an answer to his probing, so I took another big drink from my glass of water. “The s-second thing. I have for a few years now, since I... you know, got out of the service.”

“Military, huh...” He bobbed his head thoughtfully, his jewelry jingling. It was a little more information than I’d wanted to give, especially to the question that had been asked, but it was out before I even thought to stop myself. “Yo, you oughta put that on your profile... Guys on there go crazy for that kinda shit.”

“I’ll pass, thanks.” I chuckled, relieved that he wasn’t pursuing the subject any further, at least for the time being. Instead, the badger returning with drinks and a pad for our food orders saved me from any further discomfort.

As I watched him order, two stacks of pancakes and enough bacon to warrant medical intervention, I could tell that the raccoon was having a good time. I was too. It was the first time in recent memory that I was enjoying being around another person.

“So the... cam-boy thing? That what you call it?” I gestured with my fork a little, swallowing a bite that was probably slightly too large for polite conversation. I had a t-bone and eggs; seeing the raccoon order his cardiovascular abomination was having me feeling a little extravagant. “That what you wanna do with yourself?”

“Fuuuuck no, bro. I got other stuff I want to do.” He laughed, an infectious sound, in the midst of using his phone to take a picture of his food. I watched him adjust his position a bit, trying not to strain my ears or let my imagination wander too much, then pour nearly half of the bottle of syrup on his pancakes. “You ain’t here to hear about all that, though.”



“Am I not?” Something about the way he said that caught my attention, and I paused mid-bite before squinting my eyes and leaning forward. Maybe it was a deeper glimpse, or something he hadn’t meant to show me. “What makes you say that?”

“Cuz that’s boring, nobody wants to talk about that shit.” He waved a hand dismissively, slicing off a piece of pancake and taking a bite. It was easy for me to tell that he was trying to move away from the subject, so I didn’t pressure him very much. Especially not when he met eyes with me and smirked, and I felt my ears starting to get a little hot again. “Especially not on a first date.”

“I, uh...” Articulate as ever, I rubbed the back of my neck and bobbed my head a little. I swallowed again, resituating my thoughts, and trying again. “You, uh...”

Yeah.

“Relax big guy, I’m just fuckin’ with you.” He leaned back in the booth and stretched his arms; even though I had nearly half a head of height on him, it was clear that he was a big, strong guy. Stretching like that made it clear how well he took care of himself. “You gotta loosen up a li’l bit if we gon--”

An errant hand swiped his phone off of the table, and it clattered to the tile underneath, making me wince. He leaned down for a moment.

“Ah shit, can you grab that for me? It’s on your side.”

“Uh... Yeah, sure.” Still a little heated, I clumsily leaned back and then down underneath the table, grabbing for his phone. The sight on the booth bench across from me made me stop in my tracks, though, and I immediately felt the blood rushing both to my face and between my legs.



He had worked his shorts down enough that his diaper underneath was almost completely visible, the bright white plastic peeking coyly out from behind a loosened drawstring and lowered waistband. He shifted his hips, diaper crinkling against the fabric, and I remained frozen, nearly popping a nosebleed as I fought the urge to reach out and put my hands on his hips.

“Yo, what you doin’ under there, Tapout?” He reached down to blatantly cup the front of his diaper in front of me, palm pressed against the bulk, and I shot upward, smacking the back of my head against the underside of the table. “You alright?”

“Just fine.” I mumbled, straightening up, rubbing the back of my head. Sweat was beading my brow, and my face was red enough that I felt like I might pass out. I got to my feet, on wobbly legs, and started for the bathroom.

“I’ll, uh... I’ll be right back.”

Just fine.

