



The
Mesmerising
SCENT

Blake's scooter ripped through the dirt track unevenly, bobbing uncomfortably as it scrambled along the rough incline. As the ground started to get snowier either side of the road, the trees grew whiter, and the chill settled against his paws, the wolf understood why it was against his work's policy to draw a line at the edge of the suburbs; the mountains beyond were no place for a food delivery.

The customer had offered a frankly, stupid, amount of money for a pizza and some chicken wings, but despite his manager's insistence that they wouldn't travel so far, and most likely *couldn't* keep anything warm enough, Blake convinced him with a real eagerness to grant the customer's wish.

Business had been quiet tonight, and if this customer was willing to pay over the odds, then Blake hoped might get a very handsome tip alongside it. Despite that hope, lingering around the cheap restaurant in between deliveries was always Blake's most hated part of the job anyway. He'd long grown tired of the smell of fast food, and of his fur feeling inexplicably greasy at the end of those longer, quieter nights stuck there. Being out on the bike at least gave him something to do. New places to go. New people to meet.

Regret had quickly kicked in though as his scooter was barely up to the task of manoeuvring the wild paths. The still chill, overhanging trees, and lack of light radiated an eeriness he hadn't expected, rapidly removed from the comforts of his city life into the mountain's isolated wilderness. But just as he was feeling stupid about the trip now, the cabin and its dim light poked into view beyond the white branches, and Blake turned his bike with relief off the beaten road and forced his scooter to finish the trip, fighting the natural terrain.

He stood off the bike to a satisfying stony crunch beneath his boots, bemoaning not taking any gloves and rubbing his paws furiously together. His windcheater and helmet didn't offer much protection against the low temperature, but they were better than nothing at all.

With the large thermal foodbag in hand, he trudged towards the cabin steps, marvelling at the size and sight of it all. Mentally, the wolf slapped his wrist for being such a city boy and finding it all creepy so far. The house was wooden, vast and modern, yet with a lived in quality. Secluded by trees, and in the shadow of taller peaks, this would probably be quite the view to appreciate under different circumstances.

Blake wrapped his cold knuckles on the thick door, and movement occurred inside. He was sure he had the right place, but nonetheless dreaded the thought of going back on the bike for anything but a trip back to the city. "Asbjorn", the delivery note said.

As the door swung open, Blake opened his mouth to confirm the name, but the homeowner's demeanour did just that instead.

A hefty polar bear stood in delight, and enthusiastically thanked the wolf for travelling all this way.

Blake barely responded as the weighty silhouette of the bear stood before him. The bear was in nothing but a thick dressing gown, but its fuzz barely concealed his broad shoulders and powerful upper arms, or hung long enough to hide his chunky, stocky thighs. He smiled wide enough that his mouth looked big enough to swallow Blake's head whole. He was an intimidating presence, and his

happiness looked more for himself than out of any warmth for the delivery boy. Not that that was out of the ordinary for anyone receiving their dinner.

"If you may...?" the bear followed up, his bassy, husky voice almost chuckling as Blake realised he hadn't so much as opened the bag or relinquished the food yet.

The wolf cleared his throat as he unzipped the thermal bag. "S-sorry."

Focus, you dork! he told himself as he became aware of the erection trying to manoeuvre and grow in his underwear. Bears had never been his type, but he couldn't shake the allure of this behemoth before him. This wasn't like him, but he was swooning and stammering. There was something about this place.

He handed the bear the two boxes of food, and though it wasn't apparent immediately, he no longer smelled the dreaded 'pop' of fast food that assaulted him every time he opened the bag. Instead, the wolf became aware of a strange aroma from the bear's cabin, dominating his nostrils without being overbearing. Combined with the polar bear's presence, he was awash in this distracting lust. The cold was fading. The warmth of the cabin so inviting.

The bear took the food, and withdrew inside, leaving the door wide open. Blake followed, and stepped over the threshold, even so far as to shut the door behind him. The warmth and the smell of the bear's cabin enveloped him.

"There's a good boy." The bear's words were clear, but distant. Blake was happy to be complimented, but he started to feel dizzy, his balance wobbling.

Blake closed his eyes and rubbed the bridge of his muzzle between them, trying to clear his head.

"I shouldn't be here," he said, aware he had stepped into a customer's home. The bear hadn't invited him in. Or had he? Why was it hard to think about? Any thought of a tip didn't really matter now, he just needed to turn around and get back to the restaurant.

"Is that right?" the bear said, emerging from the open arch to his kitchen. "Then why have you already started to undress?"

Blake withdrew his paw from his face and realised his helmet and thermal bag was on a small ottoman by the stairs, and his jacket fully unzipped. He had no memory of doing that, and stepped back a little startled, but his foot-paws ached to be released from his riding boots.

What the hell is this? He'd tried to say it out loud, but it failed him. He tried to focus, and took a deep breath. That smell hit him again. Salty. Musky. It was familiar, but confusing, muffling his recollections, but the more he paid attention to it, the more pleasing it became. His jacket hit the floor behind him.

The polar bear was in front of him now, holding something large and white in one paw, but slick, stained, contrasting texturally from the furry arm leading into it. Blake couldn't make sense of it, until the bear lifted it up, outstretched, and Blake realised the off-shape ball of white plastic was a diaper. A used diaper.

The wolf should have recoiled, but his nose contracted and his muzzle practically pulled his whole body towards it. The scent that had been wafting around since arriving here was urine. He knew it belonged to the bear, without question, but he couldn't dwell on the thought. It all made sense as his eyes narrowed towards the diaper; there was something about this bear. Something physical, something chemical. His urine smelled so *good*.

The yellowing, the staining of the diaper became more clear as he focused on it, but as his nose drew closer, it was lifted higher away from him, tantalisingly held out of reach, but the scent engulfing his nostrils none the less.

His trousers were now around his knees, pushing towards his ankles. He was barely aware of what he was doing without dragging his focus away, which was strenuous to hold and not return to the bear, like pulling on an elastic band in his mind.

"You want it, don't you, pup?" the bear laughed, his words rattling with importance in the wolf's head. "Let it all in. Let it take you."

The wolf was bottomless now, on his knees and lifting his shirt over his head; nudity meant nothing to him now as his last piece of clothing fell to the wooden floor. Despite how much he wanted to bury his muzzle straight into the bulging, inviting diaper, the more the smell invaded his brain, the weaker his body became.

His paws sank to the floor, down on all fours, before his pelvis came to rest between his thighs, sitting and looking upward at the towering bear, as his jaw fell open and his tongue hang out, drooling, panting and breathing deeply. He felt so basic, so simplified, so feral; his only care and desire the urine soaked garment in the bear's paw.

"Go get it then!" the bear taunted tossing it into the air, across his living room where it slapped the hard ground with a weighty thud. "Fetch!"

The wolf bounced from his seated, begging position onto his front and hind paws, and scampered across the room without a care in the world. His face finally met the wet plastic, tongue lolling about freely as he sniffed and buried his face right against it, squeezing its bulk between him and the floor.

The scent emanated intoxicatingly now, as he shuddered in pleasure and lost his mind entirely to the stench of the bear's urine. The world, and the situation faded. It was just him, the diaper, and the bear, and the diaper was all his until the bear needed him again!

"What a good puppy!" he heard enthusiastically, with the words petting him like a verbal scratch behind the ears.

As his continued inhalations muffled his brain, he rested his head down on the used diaper, and wrapped his arms around it as he curled up on the floor, cradling and protecting it gently so it didn't go anywhere. He felt so drained, but so peaceful.

The bear had vanished, to where, it mattered not as long as the diaper was here with the wolf. He was serene, until the polar bear returned, with soft thundering paws. He had left the bathrobe behind, and walked across his living room in nothing but a diaper.

The wolf could smell the merest hint of pizza, and he remembered the delivery, how he got here. His ears pricked. He held his breath subtly. It all made sense now, and he needed to avoid the musk of the wet diaper beneath his head.

Blake pretended to stretch out, lifting his body slightly from the floor to extend the space between him and the hypnotic diaper, with his blushes betraying him as he discovered the small puddle and elongated string of precum between his cock and the floor.

Naked and humiliated beneath the lumbering polar bear, Blake's paws shook.

As the bear crinkled, sitting down, his current diaper bulged outward, itself also stained yellow with a fresher piss. He spread his legs until the leg guards loosened and the diaper sat clearly.

"I love it when they fight," he mused, smirking, knowing that Blake was undergoing a reprieve. "How long do you think you can last against my mark? Minutes? Seconds?"

With his charade seen through, Blake pushed the diaper across the floor, away from himself.

"Do you think you can get all of your clothes on before it takes you again?"

The words were like honey, a warm shower running slowly down his spine.

Don't listen.

The bear rubbed his crotch gently, cupping it with his wide paws. "Why resist it? You can have this one too."

"I don't want it," Blake croaked.

"You're drooling, pup."

Blake wiped his chin. It was true. His cock was leaking too. He shook his head, trying to snap out of it, and tried to focus on the smell of the food from the kitchen. He couldn't get up off of his knees. Why was it so difficult?

"No?" the bear said, relishing the challenge and standing up. He bent down and picked up the used diaper from the floor. Blake shouldn't have pushed it towards him! Had he self-sabotaged?

"Just one sniff," he said, lowering the diaper to an easily reachable level, cradling and squishing it between his mighty fingers. "One deep sniff for master."

Blake whimpered as his paws hit the floor, and he crawled slowly, dizzily towards it. He wanted to run, but his balls tightened as he moved. The bear was grinning, the sheer arrogance turning the wolf on. He knew it wasn't right, but he couldn't stop. He didn't want to fight.

He stopped crawling as his nose met plastic, and the bear's other paw touched the top of his head. It was euphoric. His body shook under master's touch.

He looked beyond the diaper smooshed against his nose, not towards the bear's face, but towards the other diaper he was wearing, the wolf's eyes locked on the yellow-ish glow of fresh urine. Pungent, but pleasant, his jaw fell open again, tongue panting.

That's it.

He couldn't distinguish the bear speaking from the voice in his head. He was ensnared, everything pointing him in the direction of obedience.

The bear's hand guided his head away from the balled up diaper, and towards his crotch. The musk grew stronger. The wolf closed his eyes and buried his face right against the squishy plastic. It was warmer, even more comforting somehow! He wanted this diaper even more than the last.

He got his wish as the bear dropped the used one, and released the tapes on each side of the new garment. It loosened away from the bear's body, resting on the wolf's face before the bear carefully lifted it away and lay it on the sofa, flat out, plastic side down.

The wolf's eyes couldn't help but follow it, but his nose was drawn to the bear's crotch, stinking of piss as his penis dangled fatly in clear view. The wolf's dangling tongue reached forward and licked it, with the stench and taste of the bear's urine a blissful combination.

The bear was praising him as the wolf cleaned up his genitals, the words distant but important, until the bear's cock grew harder, lavished with the wolf's saliva.

The bear's paw guided him away, and turned his head and body towards the diaper on the sofa. Without so much as an instruction, the wolf excitedly buried his face into the inside of the diaper eagerly, relishing the damp and the scent of the bear's excretion. The back of the diaper was pulled up over his head, and taped firmly shut around the wolf's neck, covering him in a tight, warm padded mask. He shook, trapped, intoxicated by nothing else but the bear's mesmerising scent.

Two paws cupped his butt cheeks. The bear's cock rubbed between them. On all fours, the wolf eagerly widened his legs. He wanted nothing more than to please master. The bear's cock penetrated him slowly, widening his hole like it had never felt before, but the wolf, drunk inside the diaper, just moaned in ecstasy.

The bear's cock felt incredible, and he breathed deep with every thrust, each inhalation succumbing him deeper and deeper. Time and place ceased to be. His own dick ached, with nothing to rub or thrust it against besides the air.

Then the polar bear withdrew, his cock sliding gently out as cum trickled down the wolf's hole. The wolf moaned against the padding, desperate for his own relief, and luckily for the pup, its new master was generous.

He felt something sheathe over his own penis. Something cold, squishy, plasticky. He couldn't see anything, but he knew his master had slid the balled up diaper around his cock! His jaw spread wide inside the wet diaper, his tongue basking in the damp piss, and his hips thrust obediently, sliding against the used diaper on his crotch.

He was such a good pup that it did not take long, master praising him as he humped it faster and faster, unaware he was howling against his diaper-hood, and spraying his own cum deep inside the diaper, giving it one final use before it would be sadly relegated to the trash.

That diaper was removed from his penis, and the other untaped from his head. The wolf fell down on to his back in exhausted bliss, cum leaking still from his softening member. He panted wildly.

The polar bear picked up both diapers.

Blake was dressed and standing in the hallway, his head swirling. His legs were like jelly. The bear, back in his dressing gown, handed him the thermal food bag, which the wolf took without much thought.

He left the cabin in stunned silence, affixed the bag to the bike, and put his helmet back on. The cold air was sharper in these later hours, snapping him out of his post-orgasmic daze a little. As he sat back on the scooter, he glanced up at the cabin's front door. The polar bear was standing on the porch, unaffected by the snowy air, and smiled, nodded and walked back inside, shutting the door behind him.

Blake was reluctant to start the engine and leave, but he replied to his manager's message checking in on him, lying about the journey being tricky for the bike and delaying him. He couldn't think straight, but it was at least late enough that he could head straight home. He kept remembering the scent of the diapers, the feeling of his master cock's in his ass.

The bear, he told himself sternly, you can't even remember his name!

Then master will do.

He groaned to himself and started the engine. His cock was leaking again.

The journey fared easier on the way back, thanks to it being downhill, and the roads becoming gentler with every metre, until he was back in the suburbs and parked his bike outside his apartment.

The bear hadn't tipped him. The journey was arduous. The cabin unnerving. The sex the best he'd ever had. He was still horny despite erupting into a used diaper. He shuddered. Blake didn't know where to begin assessing this one.

He stood off the scooter, eager to get a drink and unwind a little. He'd need to return the thermal bag to the restaurant tomorrow, but didn't want to leave it on the bike all night. Some people would steal anything, he reasoned, and he'd be damned if he could afford to replace one of these on his salary.

He undid the elastic straps holding it in place, and as he picked it up, he realised it wasn't empty. Something heavy slid within as he angled it up off the bike. He hadn't noticed this in his daze before leaving... He stopped in his tracks, and his heart started to beat faster. He knew what was inside. He was terrified, and unable to stop himself as he unzipped it shakily.

The diaper the bear had been wearing, the one *he'd* been wearing on his face, was inside. He'd been tipped after all, unsure if he even wanted such a thing. His cock stretched against his underwear, and through he was sure he never made the decision to do it, he took a deep breath, and let the irresistible scent of the polar bear's piss take him one more time.

