

CHAPTER FOUR





“Yeah, pops is workin’ late for the next week, so I’ll probably have the house to myself for most nights...” Brooks kept his tone casual, conversational, but a mischievous grin over his shoulder made it pretty difficult for Jackson to misunderstand his meaning. “You’d be cuttin’ pretty hard into my Brooks-time, but I guess you could swing by again tomorrow. Maybe the next day too, if I’m feelin’ generous.”

“Ugh...” The cougar rolled his eyes, trying to seem equally casual, perhaps even dismissive, but it wasn’t easy. He was following Brooks up the stairs, and with the wolf’s pants draped over the back of his dad’s recliner, Jackson was having a hard time not focusing on the shift and sway of his boyfriend’s butt as he moved. The wolf’s wet diaper hugged him in all the right places, and the soggy crinkle and squish that followed each step was enough to keep the cat’s heart racing.

It was hard for him to believe that he was about to change his boyfriend’s diaper.

“Definitely couldn’t stomach you for two days in a row...” Jackson’s retort came after he swallowed the lump in his throat, and he tugged the hem of his hoodie down out of habit, still not nearly as carefree about his well-diapered state as the wolf.

At the top of the stairs, though, he reached out to grip Brooks by the tail, using it like a handle to reel him back. Still kind of red in the face, but grinning headily, Jackson hugged the wolf’s back to his chest, feeling his boyfriend squirm in his arms as he reached down to cup and squeeze the front of his swollen diaper. “Somebody’s gotta keep you dry, though.”





“Getting’ a little ahead of yourself, whiskers. You ain’t even changed me once yet.”

Brooks’ bedroom was much the same as it had always been, with his bed, desk, and diaper changing table dominating the majority of the landscape. The mixture of ‘college kid’ and ‘overgrown toddler’ had always been enough to make Jackson blush, perhaps a little jealous, and that much hadn’t changed, but he followed the wolf inside without question and closed the door behind him. There was no lock, of course; Dave still hadn’t quite gotten his head around that whole ‘privacy’ thing.





Jackson swallowed hard, his heart beating harder in his chest, and leaned with his back against the door. The butterflies in his stomach had turned into bats, and he found himself staring near helplessly again. Brooks, oblivious to his discomfort, opened his mouth in a yawn as he approached the playfully printed changing table, reaching down to ‘adjust’ himself through the front of his diaper before turning to face his feline boyfriend. The wolf was smirking, and he held his arms out to his side, as if inviting contact.

“Well?”

Swallowing his inhibitions, Jackson moved determinedly closer to the diapering table, and he was rewarded immediately with the sight and sound of Brooks’ tail wagging. It was encouraging to see that the wolf was as excited about this as him. Forcing a grin that he hoped looked confident, the cougar leaned in to kiss Brooks on the mouth again, curling an arm around his waist to lift him up onto the surface of the table. With a hand on the wolf’s diaper, he sat Brooks down flat on his soggy bottom, the plastic cover of the changing table crinkling noisily.

“C’mon, you big baby...” Jackson hoped he didn’t sound too nervous, leaning in to bump noses with Brooks while he sat on the corner of the table. “Lay down on your back while I get you a fresh diaper.”

