

There's a lot that I could say was going through my mind when I was staring at that picture; it'd be easy for me to wax philosophical about the different ways in which my past informed the repression of my homosexual tendencies, or how my time in the service had taught me that such feelings and emotions weren't to be shared.

I reckon most of it would just be hackneyed excuses, though, to make me sound a little more thoughtful than I really am.

Truth be told, I was thinking with my dick. I had been since the handsome raccoon had started messaging me, and the pressing of a stubborn erection against the warm, heavy front of my diaper only served to solidify the slowly creeping knowledge that I wasn't quite as white bread as I'd always told myself.

"If only ol' Colonel Bradley could see you now..." I muttered dismissively to myself, tearing my attention away from that fine piece of diapered ass just long enough to click the link lower in the message. The chat window (and the picture) disappeared, but they were replaced seconds later by an unfamiliar function of the social website. I was thrust into what looked like a chat room, with a user bar on the side, a few ads along the bottom, and the majority of the screen taken up by an impressively sharp webcam feed.

"Yo, that was quick. You feelin' pretty eager, huh Tapout?"



The raccoon looked directly into the camera as he spoke, and his charming smile showed off a couple of glittery gold caps in his mouth. I felt my ears redden as I realized he was talking to me. My mind raced for a response to type into the bar, but I was feeling bashful and out of my depth, so I stayed quiet for the time being. “Can y’all hear me alright? My boy Brocket81 just bought me a new mic.”

A couple of other viewers confirmed that he sounded fine, one more insisted that he looked fine, which made the raccoon pop his collar like a cocky cartoon character. Muffled hip-hop played in the background, and he rolled his chair back a couple of inches. Rapt viewers, which I certainly was, could surely see a band of soft, white plastic peeking up from the very bottom of the camera feed.

To my credit, I wasn’t naïve enough to think he wasn’t doing it on purpose.

“So what y’all wanna see today?” He could do a halfway decent job of sounding innocent, but the smirk on his face was impossible to hide, especially when he twisted the flat brim of his cap to the side and looked directly into the camera again. His teasing behavior tickled the back of my neck, and the promise of what lay just beneath the cut of the camera made sure at least one part of me stood completely at attention.

The chat erupted with suggestions; I reckon most of them were standard fare for the flirtatious raccoon.



“Y’all are getting boring…” The raccoon rolled his eyes, playfully put off; it wasn’t difficult to tell that he savored the attention his audience paid him. Even a closet-case like me had to acknowledge that he was handsome, perhaps annoyingly so, and his partially gold smile would be infectious under any other circumstance.

The tent in the front of my diaper, stretching the waistband away from my stomach, was a constant reminder of exactly what had driven me to click that link.

“How bout you, Tapout?” My ears flushed red all over again when the raccoon addressed me for the second time, looking at the camera in a way that had me worried he could see me. “Anything you in the mood for?”

It was never an option for me to answer him, and I reckon he wasn’t too surprised when I stayed quiet, fingers frozen on the front of my diaper, heart threatening to beat out of my chest, and holding my breath like an idiot.



“Guess you the silent type, huh?” The raccoon rolled his chair back a little further and got to his feet, and the sight of his diapered hips coming into full view forced me to suck in a breath hard enough that it hurt my teeth. Heat rose to my cheeks, and I couldn’t stop myself gave myself from squeezing between my spread legs. “Cool. How bout we keep it simple for the new guy, huh?”

The camera zoomed in subtly and focused on the raccoon’s midsection, the lowest part of his stomach, and his thick, disposable diaper dominating the view. He wiggled his hips teasingly, the familiar crinkle audible over his music, and I stared at the way the soft padding shifted and compressed, the waistband hugging just below his tattooed abs.

The chat was erupting again, message after message, but I wasn’t paying attention to it anymore. My mind had all but shut clean off to allow my baser instincts to take over, unhindered by my constant hesitation and tendency to overthink. I squeezed myself again before pulling the front of my diaper down enough to wrap my hand around my bobbing erection.

“Y’all still goin nuts for this shit…” He chuckled, impressively aloof, before turning around, achingly slow, to show first his hip, where his diaper was wrapped tightest, and then his wide, padded butt to the camera. He shifted his weight again, rear moving from side to side, then pushed his hips back, lifting his bushy tail and arching towards the camera. “What y’all wanna do with this?”



I was enamored, my breath coming in short, quick bursts, and my heart thundering in my chest. It was the first time I'd ever seen another grown man wearing diapers, and the sight of it was intoxicating; the way the soft plastic puffed out and accentuated the raccoon's masculine curves, the teasing way he moved, and the aloof, almost disinterested note in his voice as he played me like a rodeo fiddle... I couldn't get enough of any of it.

It wasn't until I felt myself cumming that I realized I had been actively jerking off. The surge hit me hard and pushed me back into my chair, and I tilted my head back and gasped in shock as waves of pleasure rolled through me. I felt incriminating wetness on my chest and stomach, and I went from gasping to gritting my teeth as the climax continued, unabated.

When I finally tapped out, I felt drained, as if my entire body was made of stone. Shame grew within the pit of my stomach almost immediately, and without another look at the webcam feed, I reached out with a shaky, heavy hand to fumble the mouse and close the window.

What in the world had I gotten myself into?

