

CHAPTER ONE

Shouldering his backpack, Brooks stepped out into the hallway. It had been a couple of minutes since his literature professor dismissed the class, but like usual, he had a barrage of texts to answer from his overbearing dad before he could make his escape from another day of academic drudgery. Letting the door close behind him, the wolf stifled a yawn with the back of his hand before catching sight of his quarry loitering at the other end of the building.



The cougar was facing the other way, his shoulders slumped in boredom and his attention focused on his phone. Looking a little lower, Brooks couldn't help but leer at the sight, obvious as anything, if someone knew what they were looking for. Jackson's shirt was pulled up a couple of inches in the back, just enough to show off a rim of smooth, soft white plastic above his trim waist.



Like a cartoon detective, Brooks slipped closer, careful of his sneakers on the tile – and the ever-present crinkle of his own, less than grown up underwear. Keeping close to the wall, ready to duck into a doorway if Jackson so much as sniffed in his direction, the wolf laid his ears back for maximum aerodynamics as he stealthily approached his hapless prey.



Finally, silently thankful for the cougar's oblivious nature, he shimmied up behind the feline and wrapped his arms around his middle. Jackson panicked briefly, nearly dropping his phone, catching it, almost dropping it again, then finally stuffing it into his pocket, cheeks red as the wolf laughed triumphantly and nudged his nose up under the cougar's jawline.

"You jackass..." The cougar accused toothlessly, pushing down on Brooks arms and prying them apart to escape the hug, even as he looked around to make sure they were alone in the otherwise deserted humanities building. "Gonna break my phone one of these times, and you're gonna have to buy me a new one."

"Maybe one of those plastic ones that lights up, since you can't take care of a big boy one." The wolf teased harmlessly, acquiescing easily enough and backing up a couple of steps. Of course, he couldn't help but trail his blunt nails along the cougar's hips, his basketball shorts sliding smoothly over the plastic underneath, the fabric making Jackson's diaper crinkle mutedly. "Pull your shirt down, Shirley, your diaper is showin'."



Jackson's cheeks started to flush again, particularly because of the emphasis Brooks put on the dreaded word, and he was quick to do exactly that. The cougar hurriedly jerked the back of his shirt down to cover the peeking waistband of his diaper. For good measure, he picked his own backpack up and slipped his arms through the straps, ready to put a day of boring lectures behind him.

"Can't believe I let you talk me into wearin' these here..."

"I can't believe your dumb ass wore them with basketball shorts." Brooks grinned cheekily. As he moved past, he discreetly reached out to squeeze the cougar's diapered butt through the thin fabric, his grip firm enough that Jackson felt compelled to shove him away. "C'mon, let's go. Gettin' late, and I know wittle Jacky's scared of the dark."

"Says the guy who still sleeps with a nightlight..."

