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**STORY TIME:
“BABY CHAD VISITS ORLANDO”**

**WARNING: ADULT CONTENT
18+**

“BABY CHAD VISITS ORLANDO”

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[CWIS'S NOTE:] I am only allowed to tell the following story, and not use pictures, since I was not allowed to take any. For anyone who thinks that I only meet up and babysit ABDLs for blog material, think again. I also do it for stories, some of which I'm not even permitted to share here. So if you're visiting Orlando and you want to spend some time being toddlerized without pictures, etc., hit me UP!

There is nothing more annoying than someone hitting you up on Yahoo instant messenger and starting a conversation about wanting to visit you for some diaperage and, when you ask them if they have a diaper profile, they say "SURE!" and then promptly link you to a profile with *zero pictures*. I mean, seriously... how hard is it to put up a picture?

Now, don't get me wrong. I *do* have a specific 'type' of baby I like to babysit. If you know me, you know it's someone younger than me, someone shorter than me, and someone who's a thug, jock, twink... one of those, lol.

But I'm not so exclusive that I can't babysit other types of people as well. I've babysat people older than me, and people larger than me. And I've also done photoshoots for people who don't even begin to fit my 'fave' criteria.

But, for me, there's nothing I like more than burying my face in the diapered behind of a collegebaby - or, if I can find one, a thug - and nutting in my Huggies. That's just me.

So, when someone messages me and links me to a pictureless profile, I usually just figure that they know my 'type', they don't fit it, and they want me to still talk to them.

So I do.

I'm no prize, myself. I am well aware that I don't fit everyone's 'type'; those who find me the most fun tend to be those looking for a sitter/big bro/daddy type. Thankfully, our fetish is *full* of those - and many happen to be my 'type', too. So it works.

But, still, I don't ignore people based on their appearance. Or even their age.

I do ignore people who seem mentally challenged - which, sadly, there is *also* no shortage of in our lifestyle choice.

Someone who messages me and says things like "Daddy change poopy boy's diaper?" usually gets a polite "I'm busy" followed by, sadly, the block button. And I suspect that many of the ph0to-free profiles I get hit up by belong to those people - including one I've blocked on no fewer than seven screen names. (If you're reading, you know who you are...)



So when I got a message from someone claiming to be a 19yo college baby, 5'7 150lbs, blond/blue, who likes rap music, I thought... *sure, dude*.

Reverse the numbers in the age, maybe.

Still, I was intrigued, and the conversation continued. The young man would be visiting Orlando, FL for a college sporting event (sure you will, buddy), and had some spare time to kill. He'd found my blog on a diaper website and was desiring some 'toddlerization' - and wanted to spend a full day wearing Pampers, and being forced to use them.

"I don't get into being spanked, but I know that you like that sort of thing, so I'll let you do it," he offered, as if he felt like he had to sell me on the idea. I asked him for his link and he sent me the URL to a profile which not only had no pictures, it also hadn't been logged into for several weeks.

"Not on much, I see..." I typed to him.

"People are dicks to me," he replied. "I pretty much just go to your blog."

Sure, buddy... flattery, good trick.

I told him to message me if/when he got to Orlando, he said he would, and the conversation ended with me 100% sure I'd just been had by someone I didn't want to talk to.



Fast forward to March.

I get a text message from a number. I'm pretty good with area codes, but I don't recognize this one, so I google it. It's from the same area my faceless friend had claimed to be from.

"In Orlando, sir. You told me to send you a text."

I texted back, and a conversation went back and forth for an hour or more. He claimed to be in Orlando, in a hotel near the airport, and even went as far as to suggest that he'd insisted on getting his own room on account of the possibility that he and I would be meeting up. He went into a whole story about how his room had been in a line of rooms with other people from his school, and how he'd quietly gone to the front desk and complained of an odor of smoke. They'd moved him up five floors without questioning his made up complaint, and he'd moved his bag up. He wondered if I would be able to come by...

It was a Thursday night. I had to work at 7 the next day, and 9 on Saturday. I asked if he'd be free Saturday night, and he told me he wasn't sure. They were flying out Monday, and they had some kind of event they were supposed to go to on Sunday, but he'd try to get out of anything on Saturday night.

I was nervous, now. I'd gone back to the RUP profile page; he still hadn't logged in. What's more, he and I weren't even friends on that site. Weird...

"I usually meet in a public place," I texted.

"I've never met anyone," he texted back. "Just tell me how it's supposed to go, sir."

"We meet in public and I check your ID to make sure you're 18+," I texted. "If you are, we talk. If we're both cool, we go upstairs..."

"That sounds good to me, sir," he told me. "I'll be cool no matter what..."



Saturday crawled by, and I looked forward to getting the fuck out of work.

I'd packed up my diaper bag full of Cushies, Attends, a few other kinds of diapers, and assorted supplies. I figured I might not need them, but what the fuck... should always have a supply in the car anyway, right? You never know when you meet a random diaperable dude...

I drove out of work and hit the 408, headed for the airport. The kid had suggested we meet at the entrance to the TGIF restaurant, and I assumed it was a part of his hotel. I'd forgotten that it's freestanding. His hotel was nowhere near it. Still, I parked, got out, and walked toward the door.

Standing next to the door was a man of about 28 or 29. He was about 6'2, a big dude, and had - I kid you not - a mullet. I was like... *damn*. I walked toward him and smiled.

"Chad?" I asked him.

"No, dude," he told me. "Ernie."

"I'm Chad," someone called out. I turned around to see a hot-ass little dude come race-walking up the sidewalk.

"That's Chad," the dude with the mullet offered helpfully. I turned and asked him if they knew each other. "No, man... he just *said* his name was Chad!" the guy retorted, as if I was retarded. I turned back to Chad, who was apologizing for not being by the door. I extended my hand and we shook hands, and then he leaned in for a hug, much to my surprise. I gave him one back, and then I heard a female voice call out "CHAD!"

Damn... people from his college?

"That's our table, sir," he said quietly, turning to walk inside. I realized that the TGIF waitress had called his name, and I followed him in. *Nobody had mentioned anything about eating...* I thought, annoyed. Still, I *was* hungry, so I walked with them to the table and allowed her to seat us. *Grrrrr*, I thought; *I'm gonna wind up shelling out dough for this shit*. He looked at me and started to chuckle. "Sir... when you said meet in public I thought you

meant like... *eat* in public. That's not what you meant, is it?"

I told him it was all good but, truthfully, I was a bit uncomfortable. I was used to walking with an AB into their room, or my room, and slapping them down on the bed, yanking off their drawers, and replacing them with a diaper. The conversation usually came later... and how the *fuck* were we going to get through a meal, during a very busy TGIF time, without conversation?

Plus I wasn't thrilled about dropping \$40-50 for dinner.

Still, Chad was... *hot*. And I could tell already, just by the way he started to laugh when he realized how surprised I was, that I was going to like him.

So we ate dinner, and we talked.

Chad steered the conversation to diapers over and over and, despite my initial discomfort about talking about a sexual fetish at the dinner table, I went along.



The waitress offered dessert and we declined. A few minutes later she brought us our check and, before it was even on the table, Chad had whipped out his credit card like a six-shooter, placing it on top of the check which the waitress promptly continued back to the kitchen with.

"I didn't have time to get out my card," I told him.

"Nah, sir," he said. "I got this. You're providing me a service tonight, for free. The last I can do is pay for your meal first."

I was taken aback. I had totally thought this little college dude was some sort of gold digger looking for a freebie - and, truthfully, if he'd *mentioned* dinner first, I would have offered to pay. In fact, I'd gone back and forth on offering, anyway, and had planned to say something about it while we were looking over the check. Wait... we hadn't even looked over the check...

"What if she just brought the check for *that* table," I

asked him, pointing to an obnoxiously loud table of twenty-something running down the middle of the dining room. "And you just blindly paid it without looking at it... what now?"

He laughed.

"Then I guess you're just gonna have to make this babysitting session worth it, sir," he told me.

(Note: I'd let him know that he didn't have to call me sir about three times. He didn't stop).

The waitress returned with the check, and Chad scooped it up and signed it.

"Let me see it," I said.

"It's ours, sir," he replied, refusing to pass it to me. "Check *this* instead!" He handed me his driver's license, and I looked it over. "See, sir? I'm legit!" His age was right, his name was really Chad, and he was from the city he'd said. Plus he'd paid for dinner.

"Alright, Chad," I said as we got up to leave the table. "I guess it's time for some... toddlerization."

"I've been waiting my whole life for this," he told me, sounding very serious. And, then, an admission: "Did you see how much water I gulped down during dinner? I'm probably going to go through five or ten diapers tonight..."

I had to laugh; a crowd had grown by the restaurant entrance, and Chad had been forced to raise his voice to be heard over them. I turned a sideways glance back toward the people lining the doorway, and it was clear that Chad's statement had been heard by... *everyone*.

Ballsy kid...



We drove to Chad's hotel. I toyed with the idea of bringing him to my place - I could already tell that I liked him, and he'd paid for my dinner. I typically avoid bringing people home that I don't know well... you have to be someone I've grown to trust before

you come over to the pad. But I sense that this kid was trustworthy. Still, we were so close to his hotel, and I was ready to do some diapering. In the end, proximity won out.

We walked in and headed for the elevator. Just then some college girls came running up to Chad.

"Chad... where were you? We wanted to see if you would come to dinner with us..."

"Oh, I was having dinner with my friend," Chad replied. I'd half expected him to ask me to duck or pretend I didn't know him or something. Instead he began to introduce me to everyone. After I'd met everyone one of the girls asked me if I was in town for the event. I began to nod, figuring that would avert suspicion, but Chad cut in.

"No, he's *from* Orlando. He lives here," he told them. Only one of the girls gave me a funny look, and that only lasted long enough for another to break in with a statement that she wished she could move to Orlando. They all agreed, and I pictured them, kids from a country state and a country town, seeing Orlando as being pretty exciting. The girls left, and Chad and I got into the elevator.

"They are so *annoying!*" Chad told me as the elevator began to rise. "Seriously, I think all of them like me. I can't tell them I'm gay, but... I want to just to be left alone..."

"Oh, you're gay?" I asked him. We hadn't discussed it, and his profile hadn't specified.

"Umm... yea," he replied. "I mean... I'm asking a male to get me naked and put diapers on me. I figured it would be obvious." I could tell by his eyes that he was trying not to smile, and I had to laugh and roll my eyes. It wasn't obvious, I told him - and, besides, I'd diapered lots of straight boys. Probably more straight boys than not. "Well, I'm not straight. So you can diaper me and pretty much whatever," he concluded.

Now I was excited...



We walked into his room and he locked the door

and bolted it.

"If my chaperone knocks, let me get it?" he asked. I nodded, and he told me "remind me I'm wearing a diaper, in case I forget?" He seemed serious, so I agreed.

I asked him if he had any diapers, but he reminded me he'd flown here. *Lots of people fly with diapers*, I told him. He seemed not to believe me, so I let it go and pulled out my selection.

"Oh, yay! Cushies!" he cried out. I shushed him and he replied with "*You* shush! I've wanted to wear Cushies ever since I first saw them online. I couldn't afford them. Thanks for bringing them!" I wanted to thank him for bringing his adorable ass, but I just nodded.

"I have to *pissssss*, sir," he told me. I asked if he'd like to use the toilet before we got started, and he looked at me funny. "This isn't getting my money's worth," he joked. "You're supposed to be telling me I *can't* use the toilet. I want my money back!"

I responded by walking to the bathroom door and closing it. He smiled. I walked over to him and gave him a little push, sending him down onto the bed in a seated position. I picked his feet up, pulling them over his head, and pulled his socks off at once. Tossing them onto the floor I grabbed his pants by the waistband.

"You sure you're ready for this?" I asked him. In a moment I would be seeing his naked winkie, and it would be too late to go back. He nodded vigorously and gave me a *yes, sir*. I tugged, and he was laying in a shirt and some 2Xist briefs. *Hot...*

I set a diaper, baby wipes, and powder down next to Chad, and then grabbed his underpants by the waistband. In a moment they were on the floor. I pulled Chad's feet together and up toward the ceiling, grabbed a baby wipe, and began to go to town on the kid's ass. His face turned red and he closed his eyes. His penis went from soft to hard to erect, and I laughed to myself. He opened his eyes, as if to confirm I was laughing, and then closed them again.

Ahhhhhh... he sighed.

"You okay?" I asked, digging in to his bum.

"Sir... I'm *more than okay*," he answered contentedly. "I've been dreaming about being diapered by someone since the day after I wasn't allowed to wear them anymore. You have no idea what this means to me..."

I was kind of taken aback.

"That's what I do... make dreams come true..." I quipped, not being able to think of anything else to say. Chad laughed and nodded.

"You have no idea, sir."



I looked out the window. The sun was setting and a huge plane was flying toward the runway, framed smack dab in the middle of it. It was a beautiful sight. And, smack dab in the middle of the mattress in front of me, another beautiful sight: Chad and his awesome bottom. I was in heaven: a nice hotel, an awesome hotel room, diapering one of the hottest college dudes I'd ever met - following a dope-ass dinner.

It seriously hit me all at once how lucky I was.

For all of the times that I've bitched to myself about the diaper lifestyle, or living in Orlando, or a hundred other things related to this fetish... I was in a situation I probably would not have found myself in if it were *not* for diapers.

I hope that God's not easily offended, because I won't lie: at that moment I looked out the window and up, and said "Thank you for Pampers..."



I originally didn't think I'd be spending the night with Chad.

I planned to toddlerize him, play a little, and head home. But dinner had happened, and during and after dinner he'd made it clear how much he had been looking forward to this. As much as I hate people who *squirt and merc*, I knew that I couldn't

just come and run... I was going to have to stay late. Way, way late. And I was a little on the tired side. Hmm...

We'd spent about two hours with Chad in toddler mode. I was surprised at how easy it was. I'd spent the first fifteen minutes rubbing Chad's tummy and talking. At some point I decided to get up and had over to the window to close the curtains. As I did I heard Chad flop down on the floor behind me. I turned and watched as he crawled across the floor to me.

"Am I doing it right, sir?" he asked me, a very serious look on his face.

"Except for the part where you're talking, sure," I answered. I closed the curtain and turned around to find Chad right up on me.

"I love, love, love crawling, Cwis," he near-whispered. I had to laugh; the hotel room was not large, and the only space for crawling was between the window and the door. Still, I decided to give him lots of opportunity. I took my car keys out of my pocket and tossed them across the room; they hit the door and fell.

"Bring Cwis his keys?" I asked him. He nodded excitedly and crawled lightening-fast across the floor, scooping my keys up and bringing them back to me within fifteen seconds. "Good boy!" I exclaimed, tousling his hair. I tossed them again and, before I could even speak, he was off. His bum was framed *perfectly* in the Cushie, and I realized that I could watch him crawl back and forth *all damn night*. And he didn't seem to mind; Chad had a *huge* smile on his face. A few more round-trips to the door, though, and I could tell he was beginning to get the beginnings of rug burn. I ordered him to lay on his back and sat next to him, rubbing his tummy while he made soft little baby sounds, contentedly.

After a while I asked Chad if he wanted a bottle. The look on his face was one of sheer joy, and he nodded vigorously, repeating the words "yes, sir" over and over. I aimed to please. I walked across the room and pulled one out of the diaper bag. Chad squealed a little and crawled over to me excitedly. I looked around the room. There was a mini-fridge. I figured there wasn't much chance it contained

anything, and I was right. I opened it and Chad instantaneously exclaimed something about having forgotten the milk. I laughed, and then walked over to the sink and ran the water until it turned hot. I filled the bottle with hot tap water, checked it on my wrist - big smile from Chad - and then walked over to him with it.

I looked around the room. One easy chair, and it sucked. No way I'd be able to pull Chad into my lap in that thing. No sofa... damn. So it was a choice between the bed or the floor.

"Bed? Or floor?" I asked him. He looked confused, so I decided for him and pointed to the spot in front of the TV. He obediently crawled to it, and I sat down, my back up against the bed, and called him to me. He lay down, his head across my lap, and looked up at me expectantly. Definitely not the most comfortable spot for a bottle feeding, but it would have to do.

I turned the baby bottle upside down over his tummy and let a little water squirt out onto him. He quivered, and I could tell he was really into his infant role. I checked it on my wrist again, although truthfully it hadn't been too hot the first time, and then put the nipple to Chad's lips. He took the bottle and began sucking, slowly at first and then more rapidly.

"Not too fast, or baby'll get gassy," I warned him. He giggled, and then laughed, and then choked on the water. He began coughing, and something - water or saliva - got me in my eye. This or the expression on my face must've made Chad laugh even more, because he couldn't stop laughing. I gave him a stern look and he calmed down and began sucking again. *Slurrrrrrrp*.

"Close your eyes," I told him, and he did, mumbling "yes, sir" as best he could with the business end of a baby bottle in his mouth. I began to lightly rub his tummy as he sucked, and I could tell from his smile that he was loving every second of it.

The bottle was finished, but neither of us moved. I reached for the remote and found that it was just out of reach. I had hoped to turn on the Disney Channel, or something else babyish, but that wasn't happening without moving Chad, and Chad didn't seem willing to move. As if to confirm, he opened

his eyes and looked up at me.

"I know you're in charge, sir," he said, "but can we please not watch TV? I want you to tell me a stowy instead." His use of baby talk was adorable, and I couldn't resist. I asked him whether he wanted a true story or a made up story, and he didn't even think for a moment. "I want you to tell me the story you blogged about, from the cottage." I had blogged about the cottage a few times, and wasn't sure which story he meant. I asked him to clarify and he got me started. I finished the story he was talking about, and realized after it had taken me thirty minutes to do so. I must've gotten really into it. Damn.

Still, Chad wanted an encore.

"Tell me another one, Cwis!" he asked in an almost-begging tone. "Another stowy!"

So I did. We sat for more than ninety minutes while I told a few different stories. Chad seemed in heaven, so peaceful, just smiling and giggling at the funny parts. I told him the story of a close call in the Pampz-for-pay category and he opened his eyes, blinking, and looked at me very seriously.

"I think from now on you should just meet *real babies* who want to be diapered because it's what they're into," he told me. I agreed. He closed his eyes, and let out an audible sigh. I could tell this kid was actually worried about me, and it felt pretty good.

We'd been on the floor for two hours and my back hurt. I ordered him up into bed, and he scampered up happily and bounced up and down on the mattress a number of times before laying down.

"Front or back?" he asked me. I looked confused, so he repeated, "front or back... do you want me on my front? Or my back?"

"Front," I told him. I love a hot diapered ass, and wanted to stare at it a little more. Truthfully I wanted to go to town on it - this was one of the hottest dudes I'd ever had the good fortune to diaper. But I had decided that I was going to give Baby Chad a nice, positive experience. He was new to all of this, and I didn't want to take advantage. Besides, I -

"This is the part where you hump, right?"

Chad cut into my thoughts with a question. I must have looked visibly shocked, because he began giggling loudly and shook his head.

"I've read every single one of your blog entries," he told me. "I know how this goes down. And I know that, at some point, you're going to hump."

I thought about this for a second. It was getting late, and I was getting pretty tired. We'd spent time eating, and time feeding, and time story-telling. And now, time *humping*? Hmm...

"Actually, Chad, I wasn't really going to do that," I told him.

I could tell by the look on his face, immediately, that he was disappointed. He looked completely confused, as well. He began shaking his head and his face turned red.

"Why?" he asked me.

I began to explain about how it was getting late and I wanted him to have fun -

"I *am* having fun. And it's not that late."

Easy for you to say, I told him. You're about half my age. I used to stay up late too when I was -

"But you're spending the night, right?" he asked.

I actually hadn't planned to spend the night. It hadn't even occurred to me. I figured he probably had things to do the next day, and besides -

"I know you're spending the night," he told me. "But what I don't know is why you don't want to hump. You *always* hump."

It was adorable that this kid had read my blog entries and come to the conclusion that he knew how every single diapering session went down. Truthfully, there were times that I *didn't* hump. Or do anything sexual. And I had planned on this being one of those times. I began to explain, again, that it was late, and I was getting tired -

"So spend the night and hump in the morning?" Chad pleaded.

Never had I had someone so intent on having me hump. What the fuck? Sometimes I felt *guilty*, wanting to hump but not sure if the other person was down for it. That's partly why I am so comfortable with the Pampz-for-pay model: when you're dropping a dub on it, the other person pretty much does what you want, almost-no-questions-asked lol. With ABDLs there are fantasies and preferences involved. I've diapered ABDL's who demanded that I urinate on them and squeeze their testicles; I've diapered ABDL's who demanded that there be no sexual component whatsoever. And I've diapered many, many ABDL's (and non-ABDL's) who are cool with humping. But none so willing as Chad.

I looked at Chad, and he looked back at me with this adorable little puppy dog eyes face. I couldn't resist.

"Are you sure it's cool if I spend the night?" I asked.

He nodded vigorously.

"What are your plans for tomorrow?" I asked him.

"Hanging out with my big bwo," he answered without even thinking about it.

"You don't have plans with your school?" I asked him.

"Not anymore," he told me. I questioned this to myself, but decided we could talk about it in the morning. I nodded and pulled the covers up, pointing. Chad obediently rolled towards me and crawled underneath them. "Not since you wouldn't hump before bed," he whispered, almost to himself. I laughed. I walked around, turned off all the lights, and put my cell phone on the charger before pulling up the covers and laying down next to him. I thought about pulling Chad over to me, but before I could he inched over and maneuvered his body so it would be half up on me. The warmth of his body was an awesome feeling in the air conditioned room, and I reached underneath him, putting my hand on his bottom and gently rubbing it. He cooed.

"I snore a little," I warned him.

"I wet a little," he told me in response.

I laughed, and he did too. And then we lay together until I felt what he was talking about, as he flooded his Cushie and I felt the warmth on my leg. Twenty minutes later, he was sleeping. Ten minutes after that, so was I.



The sun was streaming in all around the curtain when I woke up. Chad was still sleeping. I rubbed his bottom for a minute or two until his eyes opened. He looked up at me and grinned.

"I honestly thought you'd sneak out in the night, sir," he told me. I laughed and assured him I wouldn't do that. "I wasn't sure," he told me. "You didn't want to hump, so I figured..."

His voice trailed off, and it occurred to me that this dude thought I wasn't attracted to him or something. I was completely caught off guard. Chad was, as I've said above, one of the most attractive people I'd ever diapered. And his ass... OMFG. I *wanted* to hump. But it was his first time being diapered by someone, and I didn't want to spoil that if he had any later regrets.

"Chad," I explained, "I *do* want to hump. But - "

"Now?" he asked expectantly. I shook my head. "Later, then?"

I nodded. I was locked in for some hump time.

"But first, let's go to breakfast," I said. He looked concerned, and there was a weird pause. "That okay?" I asked.

"Actually, sir, I spent all my money on dinner last night. I was thinking maybe I'd get breakfast here in the hotel, but... we slept through it." I had to laugh.

"I got breakfast," I told him. He looked around the room, as if looking for a jar of baby food or something. "Not with me," I explained. "Waffle House or something."

"OH!" he exclaimed. "We don't even have those! But... I can't pay."

"I mean I *got* this, bro," I said. "I mean... I'll pay."

"Cwis, I can't ask you to pay for me," Chad said. I could tell that he was completely serious. He'd dropped about \$50 on dinner the night before - all of his money, apparently - and I'd spent the entire night laying up on him. Or vice versa. And he didn't want to let me play for breakfast.

"Nah, I got it," I insisted. I stood up and walked to the end of the bed, pulling him towards me with his feet. He closed his eyes and put his thumb in his mouth. He looked pretty happy. I took his soaked Cushie off and balled it up, tossing it into the waste basket. I love the smell of wet diaper, and Chad smelled great... a mixture of wet bum and baby powder. It was almost a shame to wipe him. But wipe him I did, and diaper him - another Cushie for the road trip. I let him get dressed and off we went.

No close calls in the lobby, so we dove to the nearest Waffle House according to my Garmin, one which actually happened to be about a mile away. The breakfast was pretty uneventful, except for the waitress calling him "baby" and me "sir" - and Chad continuously giggling. I felt old, but it was cute, and I had to laugh. In the middle of the meal he pulled out a pacifier and set it on the table. I looked at him, surprised, and he smiled and mouthed the words *just in case*. Okay, whatever.

After breakfast I asked him what he wanted to do. Chad explained that he'd already seen much of Orlando's theme parks. But he hadn't seen the *real* Orlando yet.

"What do you mean, the *real* Orlando?" I asked him. I thought I knew, but I wasn't sure - I wondered why a college student visiting Disney, Epcot, and Universal would want to see the *city*.

"I want to get the tour, sir," he explained. "I want to see what *you* see every day... the *real* Orlando."

I instantly had an idea. Chad was visiting from a pretty country place, and his college was also kind of country. He'd already told me he hadn't visited too many places before. I thought... let's drive

around Orlando's city center. Away we went.

I took Chad to Lake Eola Park. For anyone who's not familiar with Orlando, Lake Eola is smack dab in the middle of downtown, beneath high rise apartments and office buildings. It's a nice park, with a walking trail encircling a man-made lake and a fountain, although the fountain was either not working or turned off on this day. Still, we walked around, Chad in his tight athletic pants and bulky diaper. His pants were kind of see-through, and I could clearly tell he was wearing a diaper, although it didn't seem like anyone else was noticing.

On our second lap Chad stopped to get a drink. He turned to me and murmured something about being glad he was diapered so he wouldn't have to go into the bathroom if he had to pee. I laughed, and the serious look on his face made me ask if he had a fear of public restrooms or something.

"No, sir," he replied. Then he looked around to make sure nobody was listening. "But this park is *full* of... homeless people!"

Chad would talk openly about diapers, but lowered his voice to talk about homeless people. That was... cute. But he was right. Lake Eola has long been known as a place for the economically challenged to congregate, and sometimes the steps would be filled with people who, while maybe not homeless, might appear to many to be. As a regular visitor to Lake Eola when I lived closer to it I'd gotten used to it. I didn't even noticed them anymore, really. But I could tell from Chad's expression and tone of voice that he was really taken aback by it all. I asked if they didn't have homeless people where he came from - half joking, really.

"If people were homeless where I came from, they would die," he told me, quite serious. "It is snowy and cold there right now. You couldn't survive if you were homeless."

"I'm sure you have homeless people," I told him. "I mean, every community -"

"If we do, I don't know where they live," Chad cut me off. The irony of his words obviously escaped him, and he continued, "We seriously have no shelters or anything. You never see homeless people, panhandlers, none of that. Everyone in my

town seems to have somewhere to go."

Just then a panhandler walked up to us and asked for money. I began to tell him no - you have to at Lake Eola; if someone sees you are willing to contribute you might as well just walk around the park handing out money. But then...

"I'm really sorry, man," Chad began, in a very serious tone of voice. "I don't have anything. I'm actually visiting here from out of state, and I spent every dollar I had last night. I don't really carry cash, and..."

I could see that the man was already tired of listening to Chad. And I felt bad seeing how bad Chad felt that he couldn't give the man money. I felt bad for Chad, so I pulled out my wallet, handed the man a dollar, and watched him walk off with a simple *god bless*. Chad looked satisfied that he'd been able to be a part of it all. I looked over at the line of homeless people on the steps, and realized that all eyes were on us. Chad had probably never been asked for money before. *Stay in Orlando for a while... it gets old fast*, I thought. And then it hit me: I had Chad for the day. Why not give him an education of what life is like for other people?

"Let's go for a drive," I told him. *Yes, sir*, and then he obediently followed me. We walked back to the car and got in, and I told him to put his paci in. He did. I got in and we drove off. I knew exactly where we would go...



I took Chad to Orange Blossom Trail.

Orange Blossom Trail - or OBT to the locals - is a relic of a bygone era. Once one of the main thoroughfares through Orlando, it was where tourists stayed before Walt Disney came into his town and changed the landscape. It still has hotels built in the 1940s and 1950s, but now they're more likely to be the weekly-rent homes of prostitutes and drug dealers.

When I lived downtown I would sometimes get in the car at 11 at night and just drive up and down OBT for a few hours. I'd be diapered, and I'd stop for a cup of coffee (or two lol) and cruise as I

listened to the radio. At my end: a gay bar. At the other end: Alligator World. I'd drive back and forth and just watch the action. OBT never sleeps, and by the time I was finished my diaper would be soaked and I'd be ready to sleep myself.

But I digress.

It was about noon on a warm winter day, and we were already close to Orange Blossom Trail so I drove to it and, on the way, explained all of this to Chad. He didn't say much, just alternating between looking at me and looking out his window. It was still early on a Sunday and, besides church-goers, there wasn't much going on. I knew that would change soon. I started off on the end with the gay bar and, as we drove past it, explained what it was.

"Whoa," Chad exclaimed, surprising me. "A *gay* bar? Like... a bar for just *gay people*?"

It occurred to me how young Chad was. Fresh into his second semester of college, and on his first trip out of state (or so it seemed), and the kid had never heard of a gay bar. I wondered if he'd ask me to take him into it, but then he stopped me...

"I don't believe in bars," he told me. "I don't drink. Why can't they have a gay something else? A gay gym, maybe?" I had to laugh. Chad had a lot to learn. I just told him I didn't know and moved on.

We headed south, driving along OBT. I explained what we'd be seeing as we went. There would be a panhandler at the offramp to the 408, an old black man who worked that corner like it was his job. I told Chad I didn't know why the man didn't work, since his hours on that corner were pretty much a working man's hours, anyway - he was always there whenever I took that exit. Always. Sure enough, he was there, and Chad looked surprised. I had been joking about why he didn't work - I was sure there were probably plenty of reasons - but Chad started to throw out ideas (maybe he was injured... maybe he was retired and just needed fun money...) and I threw out a few of my own (maybe he was a felony offender and couldn't find work... maybe he was addicted to alcohol...); I could tell Chad preferred his suggestions to mine, and we drove along in silence for a minute or two.

"Next up: prostitution," I warned him. He swung his

head to look at me.

"Where?!"

I explained that we'd be driving along a spot noted for having prostitutes, and he started trying to spot one. I could tell he'd never seen a hooker before, either, and I suddenly wondered if this trip had been a good idea. I decided that, as long as we talked after, it would all work itself out. I hoped so, anyway.

"Oh my god, look at her!" Chad exclaimed. He pointed, and I wanted to correct him and tell him *look at HIM* but decided against it. As we drove along we spotted several obvious prostitutes, and I marveled at how many there were for a Sunday morning. I decided this would be a good time for a life lesson, and explained to Chad that one could never be sure if someone was a prostitute, a police officer, or just a person with poor fashion sense. The last part had been a joke, but Chad was stuck on *police officer*, and he wanted to know more. Was prostitution a felony? Could someone go to prison for it? I explained that the worst that would happen is that someone would get arrested, get their name in the paper, and the humiliation that went along with that.

"Is that why you stopped paying people to wear diapers?" Chad asked me.

My face turned red, I'm sure. Here I was trying to teach Chad a little bit about a world he had yet to experience, and he was recalling blog entries that had already given me away. In truth, I hadn't been writing with Chad in mind as my audience when I wrote those; I'd been thinking of the many people I've come to know within our community, people who are pretty worldly. I explained that, while having gotten to know actual ABDLs was the chief reason, I did consider that. I also wanted to be a better example to the ABDL community, since my blog had taken off, but I didn't get into all of that. In my head I was thinking, *should I go delete some blog entries?* Damn. I explained to Chad that, even worse than arrest, someone could catch HIV or other STDs from prostitutes - or really anyone that they had sex with that they didn't know.

"Is that why you hump?" he asked, totally serious. I rolled my eyes. The true answer was that, after

years of humping, ejaculating for me is fairly impossible without a diaper on. But I didn't want to get into all of that with him, so I just said *something like that, bro* and we drove on.

We'd gone about as far as I'd planned, and seen quite a few interesting things, when I turned off onto another road. I was headed for a Dunkin' Donuts to get some coffee and explained this to Chad. He told me that he didn't drink coffee - didn't like the taste - but he'd take a hot cocoa. As we drove along he mentioned that he already had to go to the bathroom. I figured he was nervous about the hot chocolate, and told him it was up to him... he could get some or not, but I was getting some coffee.

"So what should I do?" he asked me. I looked at him and explained that it was up to him. Get hot chocolate, don't get hot chocolate... his decision. He shook his head. "No, I mean about having to go..."

Ohhhhh.

"Go now," I told him. "Before we get it. Just go here, and I'll change you when we get back."

Chad looked at me with a look of shock on his face.

"You mean... just go? Like... right *here*? In your car?!"

It occurred to me that Chad had probably never peed in public before, and I asked him: *first time in public?*

"Um, yea," he replied. "I've never even worn diapers outside of my room or dorm room until this morning!"

I was pretty surprised to hear this, but then it occurred to me: I probably shouldn't be. The way he wore them kind of caught me off guard though - he was so comfortable with it, it was like he'd been doing it all his life. I told him this, and he told me that it was my "natural way of diapering" that made him so comfortable. I wasn't sure exactly what that meant, but I took it as a compliment.

"So... just... go... right... here..." Chad pressed me. I

nodded. "And... you'll... just... change me?" I had to laugh. I hadn't brought any diapers with us, because I knew his Cushie would hold quite a bit of wetness - but I, too, was nervous about the hot chocolate. Still, if there was a need for it, we could skip the OBT tour back and just take a shortcut to the airport. I told him to go ahead and go.

Chad's face was beet red - adorable, I thought, since he'd seemed so comfortable with everything up until now. He began wiggling his bottom in the seat, and then put one hand on the car door and the other on the center console, pushing himself up. He held himself up off the seat for about thirty seconds and then let go, sitting, seeming exhausted.

"I'm not sure if I can do it, sir."

I explained that the first time in public was always the hardest. But that, once he went the first time, he'd find that it would come more naturally. Eventually, he'd be able to just go anywhere like it was nothing. Chad rolled his eyes and told me he doubted that. Still, he announced that he was going to try again. He raised himself up again, wiggled his bottom some more, and held himself for a while, suspended off the car seat. He finally relaxed and sat down and back, and announced that he'd been successful. I reached out my fist and gave him a bump.

"Good boy," I told him. I rubbed his tummy for good measure.

We pulled into the Dunkin' Donuts parking lot and drove past the dumpster. I caught a whiff of something that was not smelling pleasant, and had second thoughts. Still, how harmful could coffee and hot chocolate be. I ordered, and asked Chad what size he wanted. I could see his face was still beet red.

As we rounded the corner to the window I caught that odor again. Odd, since we'd driven further from the dumpster. This place must be *nasty*, I thought. I paid for and collected our beverages and rolled up the window. And, as we drove away, I smelled it again. I realized, suddenly, that the smell was coming from *inside* the car.

Except to say thank you, Chad hadn't really spoken much. Thoughts began to race around my head. *Had*

he? Nooooo.... couldn't be. Hmm... maybe...

The smell got a little stronger. It wasn't an awful smell, but it was clear that it could only be one thing. Someone had farted. Or... worse.

I finally had to ask.

"Chad... did you... mess?"

Chad's face was a historic shade of red now. He looked at me, and it looked like he was going to cry.

"Sir... you told me... umm... you said..."

And it occurred to me, suddenly, what I'd said. I'd told him to "go" in his diaper... but never actually confirmed what kind of "go" he had to do.

I assumed he had to pee.

If he had to do something more he would have *told* me, right?

"Chad... I'm just asking. Did you..."

"I pooped. Yes, sir. You told me it was okay," Chad interrupted. I could see the look on his face was one of utter humiliation. And the tone of his voice was pleading, as if to say *tell me it's okay, Chris...*

So I told him it was okay.

"I've never had someone poop their diaper in my car is all," I lied. (Long story). "I thought you were about to wet." Chad looked even more embarrassed, so I continued. "I just was surprised because I don't have any diapers with me. We have to go back to your hotel. Which means..."

My voice trailed off, but I could see that Chad got it. He face looked positively panicky.

"Oh wow," he exclaimed. "Oh, WOW. Oh... WOWWWWW." I tried to act like it was nothing, but I could tell we were both thinking the same thing: we had to walk through a lobby, go up an elevator, and walk down a long hallway - all with Chad in a dirty diaper.

Damn.

This was going to be an adventure.

So I said it.

"This is going to be... an adventure."

Chad looked at me and kind of... grinned.

"It sure is, sir," he confirmed. "And honestly, Cwis... if I'm going to be going on my first poop diaper adventure... there's nobody I'd rather go on it with."

Awwwwwww... I loved this kid.



We drove down Colonial Drive. The car was beginning to smell, now - not overpowering, nor overwhelming, but a definite odor that hung in the air. I looked over at Chad, whose face was still red, and couldn't help but chuckle. He looked at me and did the same, then put his head down and leaned in on my shoulder.

"I sowwy, Cwis!"

I reassured Chad that it was okay, and we continued along the drive.

I considered bringing him back to my apartment for a change - that might be the safer option, rather than try to get him into a crowded hotel in a messy diaper. But my neighborhood was having a BBQ, and I knew there would be people all over - people I would have to see every day. I didn't want to risk it so, selfishly, I turned in the direction of the hotel.

Chad had gotten the tour of Orlando - the low-budget, no-frills, no admission charges tour of some of Orlando's poorer neighborhoods. Now we were going back to his hotel. Besides breakfast and some hot chocolate, we hadn't really done *anything*. I wondered if he'd look back on our chill time and regret not having gone with his school. Or spending all his money taking me to dinner. Or...

"Cwis?" Chad's baby talk pierced the silence. He was still leaning on me, smacking on his pacifier, just taking in everything as we passed.

"What's up, Baby Chad?" I asked.

"I really appreciate the time you spent with me today," he replied. "Taking me around and showing me the places you go and stuff."

I probably said something like *no problem*, and he continued smacking.

"You know what's weird?" he asked me. "I'm in college - a place where, presumably, kids should be learning about the world. But we've been here a few days and all we did was go to seminars and some theme parks. We talked about problems facing communities at one point - but we never actually saw any of the people we were talking about. And they were right here in Orlando the whole time."

I nodded. I'd been worried that Chad, a kid who had clearly been sheltered most of his young life, would find the 'real Orlando' experience a little *too* real. I hadn't even taken him into any of the city's worst neighborhoods. But we'd seen prostitutes, homeless people, and even a man passed out drunk in a position that made us question whether he could even be alive. It was clear, though, that Chad appreciated everything he'd seen.

"I want to graduate and do something to help people," Chad continued. "Probably not where I live now, though - there's not enough people who need help, really."

"You might be surprised," I told him. "I live in a nice neighborhood now, but at night my next door neighbor sneaks into the back alley to use the phone away from his family. They drive a brand new BMW, and have a second BMW too. Beautiful house. But they're having serious financial problems, and have no savings left. I hear the husband trying to set things up for when they get foreclosed on. You never know how many people are one paycheck away from being homeless. They need help, too."

Chad was quiet for a moment.

"Does he know you're listening?" he finally spoke up.

"I don't knock on the window and wave or

anything," I told him.

"He probably doesn't, if he's sneaking into the backyard to avoid people hearing him."

"Probably not," I agreed.

"Is he quiet when he's having these conversations?" Chad asked.

"Actually, sometimes he gets upset and starts yelling," I told him. "When someone tells him they can't help him, I guess - he starts shouting that he's helped them in the past - and then he gets quiet again."

More quiet from Chad.

"You should probably tell him you can hear him," Chad finally advised.

"Probably," I said, knowing full well I wasn't going to approach my angry, desperate neighbor and tell him that I knew his secret.

"How could I find out if my parents are in that position?" he asked me. He'd sat up and looked straight ahead, with a worried look on his face.

"What position?" I asked. "You mean - financial?"

"Yes," Chad said. "My mom got laid off last year and hasn't been able to find work. My father didn't get a promotion he thought he was going to get. And now they have a kid in college..."

"Do you get financial aid?" I asked him hopefully.

"No. We didn't qualify because they looked at my mom's income. She got laid off the week I left for school."

"Damn, that sucks, bro," I said. I wondered if they *were* having problems - maybe Chad's worry was a sign of something he already knew, and my story about my neighbor had been a trigger for it. "But it's a tough time for a lot of people. If your parents are having problems, they probably won't tell you. They'll want you to be able to focus on school. That's what parents do."

"Like your neighbor sneaking out of the house for

his calls," Chad said.

"Exactly."

We rode in silence for a bit, and I realized that Chad was looking for some type of reassurance from me that everything would likely be okay. I didn't really have any to give - it was a tough time for our economy, and people were being foreclosed on everywhere. I had only known Chad for one day - who was I to say what his family's situation might be.

Still, I'd opened the door to this conversation, and I had to try to close it.

"If I were you, I wouldn't worry too much - you're an 18 year old kid, and there's not much you can do, anyway, really. The best thing you can do is to focus on school, do well, graduate in four years, and start making money."

"And making a difference," Chad reminded me.

"Exactly," I said.

More silence. But I noticed that the smacking on his pacifier had increased. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye, and saw that he'd leaned his head back and closed his eyes - he seemed relaxed, now.



As we got closer to the hotel a thought occurred to me - just because Chad had messed his Pamper didn't mean we had to rush back to the hotel.

I'm what's known as an #avgeek - I love watching planes take off and land. I sometimes film them for Instagram or Snapchat, even. I'm not crazy with it like the people who spend thousands of dollars on camera equipment and spend their every free moment stalking airport runways hoping for that perfect shot. But I do enjoy parking in places around the airport and getting a good video of a 747 coming in for a landing.

I was pretty sure Chad hadn't experienced planespotting yet, so I decided to pass the hotel and continue along to the runway.

I drove past one spot known for being particularly close to planes coming in for a landing, did a quick U-Turn, and parked along the road. Chad looked confused as I directed him to get out of the car.

"Where are we, Cwis?" he asked.

"We're at the chill spot, bwo," I told him.

Chad looked all around. We were on a road alongside a highway, and with all of the traffic and fencing you really couldn't get a sense that you were just yards from one of the busiest runways in the southeast, let alone directly under the flight path.

"What are we going to do here... *chill*?" Chad asked me, laughing. "Watch cars go by? Is this more of the 'Real Orlando' Tour?"

"Something like that," I told him. I leaned up against the fence so he'd have to face me. Behind him I could see the lights of a jet coming in for a landing. I hoped it would be a big, loud one. Chad was looking directly into my eyes, as if he was trying to read my mind to see why we'd parked at the side of the road. I looked directly into his, not wanting him to see me divert my gaze to the sky behind him and turn around to see what was coming. Still, I could see two more sets of lights just behind the first - I knew it was going to be a busy day on the runway.

We didn't have to wait long. The noise of the jet engines grew, and I watched Chad's brow furrow as he looked in all directions behind me, trying to see which vehicle was so loud. His quizzical look gave way to one of concern as the whine of jet engines began to turn into a roar. He slowly... turned... around... and... then...

"Holy shit! Holy shit!" Chad cried out. "What the fuck! Holy shit!"

The jet was an AirTran. It wasn't big, but it *was* noisy - a throwback to a time before jet engines were made with quieter technology to avoid noise complaints from neighbors around the airports they would fly into.

Chad actually ducked down and then kind of waddled behind the car - as if the frame of my Toyota would protect him from the impact of a DC-

9. He watched the plane fly over and followed it as it landed.

"Bro - that's the airport?" he asked me, shouting over the din of the jets. I nodded. "Cwis - you have to tell someone that - oh my God! I thought it was going to crash!"

I felt bad. I'd known he would be surprised by how close we were to the aircraft, but it didn't occur to me that he didn't know where we were. We'd passed his hotel moments before - maybe he'd had his eyes closed as I rubbed the top of his head.

"Sorry," I apologized. "I should have warned you. I wanted you to see one of the spots I come to chill, and - "

"No, don't apologize," Chad interrupted. "I'm glad I got to see that. Oh wow, that was a rush!"

"Pretty exhilarating," I agreed.

"Oh, and I'm sorry, too," Chad said. I cocked my head and he could see I was trying to figure out what he was sorry for, so he helped me out. "Sorry for all the swears. For my potty mouth."

Chad was back to being adorable again - just in time for the next aircraft. This one was larger, but quieter. I pointed to it, and Chad pointed to the car, and then made a beeline for it and got in. I walked around to the driver's side door and got in, as well.

"That was scawy, Cwis," he explained. "Can we watch from the car?"

I assured him that was no problem, and we both leaned back and watched a steady stream of jet airplanes make their way to Runway 18R.

I'm not sure how much time had gone by, but at some point among the other cars that pulled up a father got out of his vehicle, put his infant in the back, and changed the child's diaper. Chad briefly looked up, and then pointed to it.

"Wanna twy that wif me, Cwis?" he asked, sounding serious.

"No diapers," I replied, secretly wishing I'd brought one.

"Damn," Chad said, and then, "Dang, I mean. Dang," quickly correcting himself.

As we waited for what appeared to be a Boeing 777 off in the distance a police officer pulled up behind us. I looked at him in my mirror, and then said something to Chad. He sat bolt upright in his seat, a panic'd expression on his face.

"What do we do?" he asked me.

"We don't do anything," I told him. I'd been planespotting in this very spot for a few years, and seeing the police come by was nothing new - they typically checked cars to ensure that 1) you weren't of Middle Eastern descent; and 2) if you *were* of Middle Eastern descent, that you did not have a rocket launcher or other such weaponry. "Just sit back and relax. Planespotting isn't illegal..."

"What if they search us?" Chad asked me. He looked serious, but his giggle gave him away.

"They won't," I replied.

"If they do, think about what they'll find," he said, laughing. "*Sir*", he said, mimicking a police officer, "*do you have anything in your pants that you shouldn't have?*" We were both chuckling now. "*Sir, what is this lump right here - are you smuggling something in your diaper? Mind if I reach in and pull it out?*"

We were still laughing when the officer walked up.

"Everything okay?" he asked me. I told him we were planespotting and he turned around, as if to confirm that we were, indeed, next to a runway. Just as he did the 777 roared close, and then overhead. We all watched it zoom over, and the officer shouted *Holy shit* as it was overhead. Chad nudged me and shook his head, feigning disgust at the officer's potty mouth.

"Just wanted to make sure everything is okay," the officer repeated. "Saw you'd been here for a bit, wanted to make sure you hadn't broken down or anything." As he spoke he sort of leaned in, peering into the backseat, probably looking for a weapon capable of bringing down an aircraft. Seeing there was none, he began to sniff the air. I'd forgotten

Chad's diaper was messy - you sort of get accustomed to the odor - and as the officer took a few deep snorts of air Chad nudged me again. "Do y'all smell that?"

"Smell what, sir?" Chad asked in all seriousness.

"It smells like... fecal matter."

I looked at Chad. He looked both alarmed and amused. He nudged me, as if to prompt me to speak, but I couldn't even think of what to say.

"Well, that man just changed his baby a minute ago," Chad offered helpfully.

"Did the throw the diaper on the ground?" the officer asked us, shaking his head in disgust. "Well, have a good day..." and with that the policeman was on to the next vehicle, making his rounds.

It occurred to me that we might not want to wait around while Detective Schnozz solved the source of the smell, so I pulled away.

"Hope nobody from my school can smell as good as *that guy*," Chad told me.

It was time to find out...



I pulled into the hotel parking lot and parked.

My mind was racing, trying to figure out other solutions. I knew that Chad kind of viewed his first public messing as an adventure - partly my fault, probably - but I also knew that the adventure would come to a crashing end if his fellow students figured out that he'd shit his pants.

Despite all of the dumb ideas that went through my head, the one that would have made the most sense - swinging by my apartment for some diapers, leaving him in the car, and then finding a secluded spot to change him in the car - never entered my mind.

It occurred to me much later, and I felt like an idiot for not thinking of it that day.

Back to the hotel parking lot, though...

"I wonder if they're here?" Chad said, looking around for the vehicles his school had rented. "I... don't... see... them..."

"There's another parking lot around the back," I reminded him. He urged me to drive around, so we did. No sign of them, Chad assured me - before pointing out that he didn't remember exactly what they'd rented.

"So that was a bust," I told him.

"Maybe," he replied. "I guess there's nothing else to do but nut up and..." he trailed off.

"Nut up, then," I replied. "Let's do this."

We both stepped out of the car and began the long trot into the hotel. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the entry to the building was crowded. It occurred to me that check-in had probably just begun in the last hour or so, and the elevators would probably be crowded with guests. Eek!

"What floor are you on?" I asked Chad. He held up six fingers and rolled his eyes. "Stairs, you think?"

"I don't want to walk up six flights, Cwis..."

We walked in and around to the elevators. There was a family waiting, and the lights indicated that all of the elevators except one were on the highest floor.

"We could wait..." Chad suggested in a hushed whisper. I pointed down the hall, to a couple with bags in tow. "Oh... poop," Chad said.

"You said it," I said, laughing. He rolled his eyes again.

Just at that moment the father realized something had been left in the car. He shouted that he'd be right back, and walked past us back in the direction of the front desk.

"Honeyyyyyy," the mother called out after him. "We don't have the key!"

"602!" the man called back. Chad and I looked at

each other and rolled our eyes - the family would be riding up to the same floor as us. Surely they'd soon smell the stink that was Chad's dirty diaper. But the mother had other ideas - she strode to her husband and called for her children to follow her as the elevator doors dinged open. I looked down the hall - the couple was getting closer. A woman stepped off the elevator and Chad and I stepped on.

"Door close, door close!" Chad shrieked, pointing to the button.

"Would you hold that?" someone down the hall called out. I pushed the 'door close' button and watched as the doors closed. The elevator didn't move.

"Oh frick! Oh frick! Push six!" Chad shouted, entirely too loud for inside an elevator. In my panic I'd failed to press the floor button. I pressed it, and we waited to see if the elevator would move or the door would open. It moved, and Chad let out a happy little shriek. "Yes! What were the chances of getting an elevator all to ourselves! Nobody from my school is - "

And with that, Chad cut himself off. The elevator had stopped - on floor 2. The floor his fellow students and chaperones were staying on.

"Fuck. Whoops - poop."

The door opened, and an old man in a suit stepped on. He had an angry look on his face, and looked exhausted. I wondered if he was tired from supervising a bunch of li'l country ass college students on their first jaunt into the Big City. The man pressed six, then saw that it was already pressed, and pressed the 'door closed' button, jamming it repeatedly as if that would make the doors close faster.

Do you know him? I mouthed to Chad. I think he mouthed the words *Fuck NO!* back to me.

The old man snorted, and then held his nose. Then, as if unable to help himself, he sniffed again.

"What is that *smell?*" the old man finally asked, looking at us. His accent was distinctly British.

Chad and I both put on a good act, sniffing as

though we couldn't smell anything at all. This appeared to annoy the man, and he screwed up his face in an expression of disgust.

"Don't tell me you can't smell that," he said. "It smells like someone let out one of the ripest of farts on this elevator. That is absolutely awful."

"Oh, that," Chad said, and I looked at him, concerned. What was he going to admit to? He winked at me. "Right before we got on a man was changing his baby on the floor."

I had to laugh - an old excuse, recycled?

"On the floor?" the old man repeated, surprised. "Who changes a baby on the floor of an elevator?"

"Lots of people here in America, sir. Everyone does it..." Chad said. I snickered out loud and the old man looked at me, then back at Chad.

"Well, where I come from people don't do such things. How inconsiderate. Now everyone who rides in this lift will smell shit nappies all day."

I pointed to Chad and mouthed the words, *That's you... inconsiderate!* He smiled and turned away so the old Brit wouldn't see him.

The elevator stopped on six, and the old man held the door for us.

"After you," he said.

I stepped off, but Chad stayed back.

"No, after *you*, sir," he said politely, reaching his hand to hold the other door for the old man.

"I insist," the old man said, and Chad dutifully stepped off the elevator and followed me.

As we walked, I realized why Chad had waited. His diaper, though unnoticeable in the car, by the airport, and even in the parking lot, was crinkling *nice* in the hotel hallway. As we walked, the old man right behind us, we all heard it: *crinkle crinkle crinkle crinkle...*

I wondered if the man could tell he was following a loaded diaper down the hall. Or if he wondered why

the odor of poop wasn't getting any fainter the further we got from the lift. We were both relieved when we heard the man pop his key card into the lock, go into his room, and close the door.

"I thought that would never end," Chad told me, bursting out laughing. "The walk of shame..."

"Why you have to be so inconsiderate?" I asked him, feigning seriousness. His face got very serious for a moment, and I couldn't help but laugh. We were both laughing as we walked into the hotel room, where Chad promptly flopped onto the bed.

"Alright, Cwis," he called out. "This baby needs a *change!*"



[WARNING: SEXUAL ACTIVITY BELOW]

Despite diapering over 100 people since I first started, I have very little experience with messy diapers.

Messy diapers just aren't my thing. And while in 'big bro'/'abysitter'/'daddy' mode I change them as a part of the big/little headspace, most of the littles I've had the pleasure of caring for weren't into it either, and it's just not something I've had a lot of time perfecting.

Needless to say, this change was a bit awkward. For both of us. Between Chad's embarrassment - his red face was suddenly back - and my lack of skill, I made more of a mess than I cleaned one up for a minute or two.

Eventually, though, I had the boy squeaky clean. I slid a fresh Cushie up underneath him, powdered his bottom, and taped it tightly. Chad's eyes were closed, now, and he was sucking his thumb, a little smile on his face. It was adorable - too adorable for words, really. Part of me wanted to sneak my iPhone and take a picture to save the image forever, but I have a rule: no pictures means no pictures. I just stared at him for a little while, hoping to preserve it in my memory.

Eventually Chad opened his eyes, looked at me, and started to laugh.

"What are you looking at, Cwis?" he asked me, smiling. He cocked his head, waiting for my answer, and I didn't really know what to say.

"Just... you."

"Awwww," he said. "Cwis is at a loss for words. What you're looking at is someone who just got changed out of a messy diaper into a fresh one. Someone who just felt the kind of caring and affection he's been dreaming about for a long, long time."

"That too," I told him. He grinned.

"Are you finally going to - " he began, but I snapped my fingers and cut him off.

Shhhhhh... I put my finger to my lips and motioned for him to be quiet. Then I leaned down over him, put my hands on the bed, and made my way up toward his middle. I put my lips to his tummy - that flat stomach, OMG - and blew a raspberry on it. It tickled, and he giggled playfully. He smiled widely now, and I could see that he appeared to be completely at peace.

I lay down next to Chad and rubbed his tummy with my hand for a while.

"Turn over," I finally ordered. Chad obediently followed my direction. I got up, walked over to my bag, and got out a Dry 24/7, returning to the bed to put it on. "Scoot up a little bit," I told Chad, and he crawled to the headboard. I leaned over and pulled his feet toward the opposite corner of the bed, and then lay beside him, using the opportunity to rub his padded bum. For a while. A long while.

"If I do my thing, will that make you feel less... little?" I asked him. I know that, for some abies, any kind of sexual activity ruins the moment. Most that I've diapered, though, have been cool with it. I knew that Chad had mentioned it several times, but I wanted to give him one last chance to back out.

"Hump?" he asked me. He sounded happy, as if I'd asked him a difficult question and he'd known the right answer.

"Yea," I replied. "I don't want to do it if you're - "

"Why would that make me feel less little?" Chad interrupted. I decided not to answer that one.

Instead I turned over, took my place on the mattress between Chad's legs, and pushed them apart a bit. I put my hands underneath his diaper, pushed it up in the air an inch or two, and rested my head on it. It felt amazing. For a while I just lay there, his diapered bottom serving as my pillow, enjoying the smell of wipes and powder.

I really had done a good job cleaning the kid up...

Chad was breathing deeply now, and I wondered if he may have fallen asleep. I rubbed the front of his diaper with my hands and he let out a little gasp and shuddered. *Nope, still awake...*

I began to rub his diaper and, after a little bit, began to hump the mattress. Chad got hard about the same time I did - I could feel his diaper bulge in my hands, and he slowly moved his legs apart as it did, as if offering me more room to maneuver. Chad was a grower, not a shower - his penis was short, but when diapered and played with it more than doubled in size.

As I humped the mattress I continued to rub Chad's diaper. I wasn't sure if he'd want to squirt - we hadn't talked about that - but I figured I could edge him at any time. After a while Chad began to move his own diapered ass up and down, trying to do it in concert with mine. I told him to hold still, and then put one hand on the back of his Cushie, rubbing it hard and playing with the crack of his ass. I could hear Chad breathing deeply in between shudders, so I knew I didn't have to ask him if he liked it.

It takes me a while to ejaculate. When I was younger this was something that bothered me - I thought I was defective or something. As I've gotten older it's something I've come to appreciate. Still, I'm somewhat self-conscious about it when I'm with someone else, always worried that they'll get bored, tired of waiting, or will *squirt n merc* (that's trademarked - hehe) before I've had the chance to squirt *myself*. If you're someone who can lay patiently for an unlimited amount of time while I bust, you'll have my affection for a lifetime.

With Chad, I got a sense that he was in a state of

total relaxation. Still unsure of whether making him squirt was something he wanted - or, a good idea - I continued on, humping and playing with his diaper, pushing it into his ass, rubbing it, and pressing my chin into it.

After a while I turned my attention back to Chad's penis. I moved my hands to the sides of his diaper and pushed my fingers into the leggings of it, finding his erection and rubbing it with my fingers. He didn't seem fazed by this, so I found the head and continued stroking it as I humped. I moved my thumbs into position near the back of his balls, and massaged him with my thumbs.

Shudder...

After a while Chad suddenly lifted his bottom up, and then put it back down.

And then again.

He began to squirm.

"Cwis... I am going to come, I think."

"Is that cool, Chad?" I asked him. I knew I could stop at anytime.

"Of course, Cwis."

With that I stroked Chad's shaft, pressing my face into the crack of his ass, sort of rimming him through the diaper. He continued to squirm, and I stopped sucking on his diaper long enough to tell him to hold still. I could tell that he was trying to, but losing the battle. He let out a shudder, moaned a little, and I could feel the pulsing that could only be a squirting penis.

"Oh, man... oh, man..." Chad murmured as he came. I pulled my fingers out of his diaper - they were wet now - and cleaned them on a baby wipe. Chad was quiet and still now, but I wasn't done. I rested my head flat on his bottom, humped for another minute or two, and came in my own diaper.

Once we were both spent I crawled up slowly, grabbed a pillow, and lay next to Chad, on my back. I looked over at him. His eyes were closed and he was laying, still.

I hoped that letting him ejaculate wouldn't be a mistake.

I'm familiar with the phenomenon that is 'squirt and merc' - the one where a dude, usually younger, usually 'straight', ejaculates and then, feeling immediate sense of guilt, announces that he's heterosexual and, then, that he has something else to do.

Sure. LOL.

It happens in our community quite often, or so I hear. I've only experienced it myself a few times, but I've read about it in forums enough to know that it's more than the usual post-ejac jitters - it's coupled with the binge/purge cycle and the shameful feelings that many young people (and some older) have about their diaper side.

Had I just let an amazing day with an amazing little dude end in a 'merc' for a quick jerkoff session?

Eek!

Just then...

"Cwis?"

"Yes, Chad?"

"You said you have tomorrow off, right?"

"Yes, Chad."

"Can you spend one more night here?"

"Most definitely, Chad!"

With that Chad slowly inched his way over to me, put his leg up over mine, and rested his head on my chest.

I pulled him closer, sort of cuddling with him, and closed my eyes.