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**STORY TIME:  
"FIRST TIME"**

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18+**

## “FIRST TIME”

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The first time I met someone else into diapers was almost my last.

(Okay, I'm exaggerating a little, maybe).

Let me explain.

I lived in a high-rise apartment in an upstate city.

I was 21, attending college, and living in HUD housing, something still legal until a few years ago: college students have no income, and thus could live with other people with no income in low-income housing.

I'd grown up in a smaller, almost-rural whiteboy town, so moving to an apartment building downtown, where I was one of only a dozen or so white people, was a culture shock. To me, my family, and my friends.

I lived on the top floor, in a corner unit, with sweeping views of the city in two directions. My two-bedroom was just the right size for diaper time, and I spent many, many nights dressed in nothing but a Pampers, crawling around the apartment or chillin' on the balcony. I'd pop a Disney video in the VCR and spend an evening laying on my blanky being entertained. Or I'd sit, diapered, on the balcony, watching the little dots of light make their way along the streets while I snuggled under my ducky blanket and sucked on a paci.

I still remember the exhilaration of stepping outside in a fierce snowstorm, diapered, watching cars slide into each other while I sipped on my baba filled with hot chocowate and shivered with the only warmth I could feel - my wet diaper. I was living in a crime-ridden building - someone had been murdered on a lower floor a few weeks before I moved in - yet in my apartment, clad only in a diaper, tucked away in my own little toddler universe, I felt safe, protected.

I lived for diaper time. I fit it in where I could, but it was a challenge.

See, my apartment was the hangout back then; it was a trendy little pad with a coffee bar, fish tanks all

around, and retro furniture. And, of course, a view. Never mind that you had to step over piss in the elevator or tell the guy on 18 that you weren't interested in purchasing any used clothing, thank you... my friends all wanted a piece of the action in the 'penthouse'. I'd spend evenings on end entertaining. Some nights diaper time was interrupted by the buzz of the lobby buzzer, and I'd be ripping off a Depend so I could open the door to yet another visitor.

So I grew to relish diaper time, and snuck it in wherever I could.

For a while that year my little half-brother, Jerrod, came to live with me. His mother was a mess in a dress, evicted from one place or the next and homeless part of the time, and Jerrod was finishing high school and struggling. He knew all about ABDL - that blog comes later - but I put my stuff away for a while. For six months I was relegated to quietly wearing diapers in my room, and only at night. I went more than a month without any real 'diaper time', and had to remind myself that I was doing right by my little brother; the suffering was worth it, right?

It was during this time that I started getting my diaper fix online, at school. I'd visit the computer lab and, between assignments, I'd browse for people on DPF.com - at the time the premiere community for ABDLs - and occasionally visit [www.abby.com](http://www.abby.com) - back then it was *the* place for diaper pictures, but that was pretty much the extent of it.

I'd get emails from diaper people all over upstate New York; there weren't many, back then, and I'd emailed everyone in my preferred age range. When someone new updated their listing to reflect having transferred into my area to go to school I spotted them right away and BAM! I was on their ass like a diaper.

I rarely got serious replies. Email then was what email is now: blind communication. You'd send a message and then hope it got to someone. Sometimes you'd hear back. There was no checking your 'sent' mail to see who'd read, who's replied. So I sent out dozens of messages, and heard back from some. They usually didn't go very far; people who'd ask what I'd do if we met, masturbate to my messages, and then go feel guilty somewhere. Between that and my own tentativity, there wasn't much meeting going

on.

I'd remember that I'd get a lot of messages from older people. I've always been interested in guys my own age or younger, and when I was in my late teens and early twenties the idea of doing something with someone even four or five years older than me was out of the question. I got the same messages from Daddies that today's crop of collegebabies are getting - maybe even from the same Daddies, heh. If I had wanted to, could have met up with a dozen older men all across upstate New York; that wasn't my thing and, besides, it was clear to me that some of the people contacting me weren't even *into* diapers; they just wanted to meet young boys, and guys who like diapers were a safe bet. I understand the son/dad thing, and have even been called 'Daddy' a few times, although the word makes me cringe as I think about some of the daddies that are out there; call me 'big bro' or 'sitter', thanks. At that time I wanted to keep it 18-21, and young abies weren't easy to find.

One day I was in a computer lab at school when a email notification popped up. DIAPERS was the subject header, and I remember getting all excited - and looking over my shoulder in both directions to make sure nobody was looking over them.

Nobody was watching, so I opened the email and read it. It was from Travis, a 24yo diaper lover located about an hour away. The email was short, I thought: a brief description of himself and a quick question, would I like to meet and diaper each other?

I replied: "yes".

Within two minutes I got an email back that easily spanned five or six pages. It was clear that Travis had written this one a while ago, and was just waiting until I confirmed I was interested before he sent it. I read it. It was his whole diaper history, from birth until that very week. He wrote about how his parents had potty trained him when he was one year old, and how he'd been rebelling ever since. He admitted that he was afraid to buy diapers in his town, so drove to mine to purchase them. I read about how he felt that changing his own wet diaper was beneath him, how he believed he deserved to have someone else to do it. And I heard all about how difficult it was to sneak diapers on base; he was in the military, and was looking forward to visiting me off-base so he could finally wear out in the open.

He wrote what he wanted to happen. He had it all planned down from the moment he walked in until the time that he left. I was a little nervous - he seemed like a control freak of sorts - but nothing that he'd listed was objectionable, so I figured I'd roll with it.

The first few almost-meets with other ABDLs were sooooo complicated. Emails back and forth. Phone calls. No-shows. And here comes this kid, Travis: so direct, self-assured. I knew that day this would be the first diaper person I'd ever meet.

Two days later he was on his way downtown, and I was sitting in a freshly-cleaned apartment - thanks, little brother - enjoying the aroma of scented candles and coffee while I waited. I'd given Jerrod \$20 and instructions not to return until 9 p.m.; I was a starving college student at the time, but I figured four hours of diaper bliss would be worth the investment.

At 5 o'clock on the dot I heard the buzzer. *Military*, I said to myself. I pressed the talk button, said "Who is it?" and leaned on the listen button. I heard the echoes of the lobby, the banter of security guards at the desk, and silence. I pressed the talk button and repeated myself. Listen. Finally, after a few more seconds of silence, I heard it: *Travis reporting, sir*. Hmm.

I pressed the door button, listened for the door to open and close, and stepped out into the hall to wait. A few minutes later I watched as one of the hottest boys I've ever seen stepped off of the elevator. Dressed in khakis and a turtleneck, he was fit as fuck, tan, with a military cut. The fact that he was a year or two older than me was *nothing* at that point. He looked nervous as he looked down the hall. I told him to come on down, and he walked rather quickly, awkwardly sticking his hand out to shake mine as he stepped past me into the apartment.

Once he stepped in he stood, waiting. I closed the door and locked it, walked passed him, and invited him to come in. He stepped into the living room, with huge windows on both sides, and responded the same way most of my friends had upon coming in for the first time: *It's really nice... once you get inside*.

I motioned for him to have a seat on the couch and asked if he was nervous.

"Nah, I've been in some pretty bad neighborhoods before, this isn't *that* bad," he said.

I'd meant about meeting someone into diapers, but I didn't tell him that. I just rambled about having to live in a shitty building to be able to afford the best view in town. I was joking, but he immediately launched into a discussion about how a few other buildings he's been to have pretty good views, too. Now *I* was a little nervous, and we were into a discussion about things other than diapers. *Is this really what he wants to talk about?* I thought to myself. *Maybe he needs to take it slow*, I decided, and I bantered with him as I set out a few coffees and adjusted the lights for sundown.

The conversation went from views to news, as he told me every detail of his military career. He was a big shot, it seems; in some elite unit, a cross between the Navy Seals and Army Rangers, and invaluable to his men - maybe even the nation. I marveled at his impressive self-esteem as I listened to what must have been forty-five minutes of military discussion.

The conversation turned to diapers. Travis wanted to know how I'd gotten into them, and I'd been speaking for about a minute when he related something that I said to his own interest in them and again commandeered the conversation. More Travis talk. It was fascinating, he was fresh as fck, and I wasn't complaining. But it occurred to me that Travis's favorite thing in the world wasn't diapers; it was Travis.

I heard about his belief that messing is disgusting, and that wetting is only cool if you have someone else to change you. "I don't want to get *my* hands covered in urine!" he told me, and I wondered how the fck this kid changes a diaper... not the way *I* do, apparently. Maybe he was just speaking figuratively. However he was speaking, he was *speaking*... and speaking... and speaking... and it went on for a while. He didn't *need* diapers. He didn't care what people *thought* about him wearing diapers. You get the idea...

Most importantly, he was straight. Travis had a wife, he told me, but she didn't understand about diapers, and he'd decided to go "outside of the relationship" for his babying needs. I was immediately nervous; I was still young, and the idea of doing stuff with a married person made me uncomfortable. I mentioned

this, and he told me not to worry, his wife knew that he was here, and approved of him wearing diapers with other people, as long as there was no sex involved.

"And what she doesn't know won't hurt her," he said slyly, winking at me.

Six o'clock turned to seven, and seven turned to eight, and still we kept talking. I was just enjoying watching Travis. He was haughty and obnoxious, but he was cute as hell. He had just a little facial hair, the result of a few days away from base, probably. His tight, blond military haircut against his tan skin was hot, and the way he kept stretching, letting his turtleneck rise up to show his abs, was sexy. At one point he sort of lay sideways on the arm of the couch, curling his legs up underneath him, and as he blathered on I marveled at his very diaperable ass. It occurred to me that I was one lucky motherfucker; I'd had visions of what my first ABDL meeting *could* be, and this wasn't what I'd expected. This was quite possibly the hottest boy I'd ever met. He was aching to be diapered, and I was aching to slide those khakis down and that turtleneck up and strap on his Pamper. Would he ever stop talking?

"I've had an erection since I got here." His comment, out of the blue, brought me back into the moment. I was momentarily speechless, and I came back with "Yea, diapers do that to *me*, too."

"Well, let's see," he replied.

Suddenly I realized I'd fucked up.

It was 8:20. Jerrod was due home in 40 minutes. And I'd let this beautiful military boy sit on my couch, talking for hours. The agenda he'd typed out had been abandoned in conversation. We'd now have thirty minutes in diapers, tops. And Jerrod had a knack for getting bored and showing up unexpectedly... how long would \$20 last? I couldn't take a chance of him coming back and finding a soldier crawling around in diapers.

"Well, my brother will be home in a little bit," I said. "But we could wear for a *li'l* bit."

And that was it.

Travis *flipped*.



I still remember it like it was yesterday.

His face went from tan to red. Now the blond was *really* contrasting, but it wasn't cute anymore. He looked angry. Furious.

He breathed heavily for a few moments, then turned to me and said "Who sent you????!!!"

Whoa. Wtf??

"Who... *sent* me?"

He stood up and began pacing in front of the balcony. He was still breathing heavily, and I started to get nervous. I looked towards the buzzer - if this kid went berzerk could I jump up, press it, and scream *HELP! Apartment 2020!* fast enough for someone to hear?

"I *know* someone put you up to this," he said, and he was shouting now. "Was it Captain \_\_\_\_\_?!?!" I don't remember the name, now, or the many other names he suggested as he paced. A whole list of military people I'd never heard of. And I still wasn't even sure what he'd meant by who *sent* me.

"Who's apartment is this?" he ranted. "I knew it wasn't yours, candy-ass fucking white boy in this fucking ghetto! Who's apartment is this?"

Mine, I assured him.

"You're lying!" he shouted. "You don't fit in here! I knew this wasn't your place right when I saw you!"

He started walking around the apartment, going room to room. He opened the door to my room, stepped in, and even went as far as to look inside the closet. Then he checked the closet in the hall, stepped into Jerrod's room, and checked his closet too.

"Where are the cameras?" he asked.

I insisted that it was my apartment, and that there were no cameras. I was trying to calm him down, now - hoping I'd be able to. I'd never seen anyone get this angry.

"I know what you're trying to do!" he was rambling. "They want me out of the unit! And they'll do anything to accomplish that! I'd kill someone before I let them do that to me! Now, who are *you*?!"

I was sweating now. As he walked around the apartment, Travis's eyes fell on a pair of binoculars; Jerrod and his friends used them to spy on Naked Guy, a gentleman in the next building who enjoyed coming out in the nude onto his balcony - especially when fire trucks came to the building and everyone on earth came rushing out onto their balconies to see the action.

Travis walked out onto Jerrod's balcony and spotted the Holiday Inn Tower across the highway. He put the binoculars to his face and starting looking. I could tell he was going window to window. I again tried to explain that we were in *my* apartment, and that I didn't know anybody in his military unit. Or even in the military, really. He was quiet now, and he stood there for a minute or two. I remember thinking that anyone who was in a window over there would have been smart enough to duck behind a curtain when he stepped into view - *this* kid was the elite soldier? I finally resigned myself to waiting until his inspection was over.

This night had gone from fresh to scary. I'd had the hottest diaperboy I'd ever imagined on a couch next to me, curling up, comfortable. I'd hoped to transform him into a toddler; instead, I'd transformed him into a paranoid lunatic.

I was just hoping Jerrod wouldn't come walking in.

It was almost nine now, and Travis seemed to be calming down.

"I'm very important in my unit," he told me. "A lot of people don't like that. There are a lot of people who would do anything to bring me down. I won't let them."

I pointed out that there's nothing illegal about wearing diapers. And I mentioned *Don't Ask, Don't Tell* - can they *really* bring you down if you don't admit to anything?

"You don't understand the military," he said... and the haughty Travis was back. He began to lecture me on

how easy it would be for him to lose everything if his unit found out he was into diapers.

"Just tell them you bedwet!" I suggested, half in jest. He screwfaced me, and I decided to shut up.

"I believe you, that this is your place," he finally said.

*You should, you just investigated every single inch of it,* I thought. I said nothing, of course.

"I see pictures of you with your family all over... you'd have to go through a lot of work to fake all of this," he said. "Nobody would go through all that, probably."

*Yep.*

"But what I don't get," he continued, "is why you faked being into diapers."

When he said that, I was speechless.

He'd found me on a *diaper* site. *He'd* contacted *me*. We'd emailed back and forth about diapers, and had talked about diapers for nearly two hours. And he thought I was *faking*???

"I didn't fake anything, bro"

Travis was standing in front of me, about a foot away, and I pictured him trying to decide: knock this kid the fuck out and throw him off the balcony? Or use some military death grip and knock him unconscious before torching the place?

He looked at me dead in the eye.

"Prove it," he said.

It occurred to me that I had a very small supply of diapers on hand. Two, to be exact. About one-tenth of a bottle of baby powder, a bottle, a pacifier, and a small travelpack of baby wipes. Not very convincing. It had been a while since I'd had real toddler time, and I didn't need a large stash anymore - just more stuff for Jerrod to find. I'd let stuff run out. EEK!

I walked to the closet, opened it, and pulled out my diaper locker. It was a small cube, and it contained my entire toddler existence. At that moment, it wasn't

much. I clicked the combination, unlatched it, and opened it. I pulled out a diaper and held it up.

"Whew!"

Travis started laughing. He reached out and gave me a hug. I must have seemed stiff as a board - I was still wondering how crazy this kid was, and was probably still a little scared at that moment.

"I really thought you were trying to set me up," he said. "But if you have a diaper stash, you have to be for real."

*Buzzzzzzzzzzzzz.* The buzzer rang, and we both stopped. I walked over to it, and pressed the button.

"It's Jerrod! Just wanted you to know I'm coming up..."

I looked at Travis, he looked at me, and we both laughed. Me, nervously.

"Sorry I flipped," he said. "Being in the military is stressful. Sometimes we don't handle it well. It's hard-core shit, bro. I'll tell you about it sometime. You think we can try this again?"

*Sure,* I said. We were back to hotboyness, now. I regretted not breaking out the diapers the moment he walked in the door - and told him so.

I walked him to the door, and he walked out into the hall. "I think I'll take the stairs," he said. "I'm really sorry, dude. I promise the next time won't go like this." He opened the stairwell door and walked into it, and it literally clicked closed as the elevator door opened and Jerrod stepped off.

"You have... *fun*?" Jerrod asked me, slyly.

"Welllllll..." I said, aware that someone was on the other side of a stairwell door. "Glad you're back."

*He had no idea...*



I went to the computer lab the following day, and lo and behold, in my inbox waited a message from

Travis. I was excited again, for a moment; I'd fucked it up by waiting to bring the diapers out, but I'd do it right the next time. I was thinking about the next night I might be able to lose the little brother as I opened the email...

*Chris,*

*My wife found out. I can't lie to her anymore, and when she asked me where I was, I told her. I can't wear diapers for a while. I hope you understand.*

*Travis*

The fact that he'd either lied the night before, when he told me his wife was okay with what he was doing, or was lying now, was lost on me. Truthfully, I was disappointed - and relieved.

My first meeting with an ABDL, and I briefly thought I was going to die, lol.

One of my biggest regrets has always been not dropping Travis to the floor, yanking off his khakis, strapping a disposable to his ass, and plugging his mouth with my paci.

It's a mistake I haven't made since...