

ABYSITTER.COM PRESENTS



**STORY TIME:
“LITTLE BRO”**

**WARNING: ADULT CONTENT
18+**

“LITTLE BWO”

I've been promising to publish the ABenjaminButton blog entry for more than two years. Anyone who writes or blogs knows one thing to be universally true: the stories about the people we care about the most are the hardest ones to write. It's why the Mikey & Me series took so long to finish, and this one took so long to begin. Thanks for bearing with me...

PART I: THE THANK YOU LETTER

Dear Cwis,

My name is B. and I've been following your blog for the past two years now. I just graduated high school, and amidst all of my thank you cards to friends and family, I wanted to reach out to you and thank you for what you've meant to me.

Like a lot of people out there, my discoveries into my own diaper fetish as well as my own sexuality have been a long drawn out process that have taken until now for me to fully understand, and more importantly be comfortable with. And I guess what I'm here to thank you for is just that: comfort. It wasn't until the past few years that I realized that I could be looking on the internet for information. And after going through hoards of sites that didn't exactly make me feel anymore normal, I found your blog. And even though the column was lined with guys getting changed, it was in your words that I found for the first time someone I could connect to. Reading your stories about your childhood and even your last one about Reese reminded me of events in my own childhood. And even though our ages are a bit farther apart, reading your words sounded like the same thoughts that went through my mind at different stages.

It's been a rough road discovering who I am and who I'm comfortable with being. I've still never told anyone about my diapers, or my sexuality. I'm actually pretty "normal" in my public life. And while I've tried searching on websites for people in my area I've never been able to find anyone in real life that I can openly connect with and talk face to face. I've also been wary of sharing information about myself to those in the online community, because I was worried of having my information

exploited to thus force me out. But having read your material for the past few years I'm not only now more comfortable about my own feelings but I trust you as an individual. I guess that's why I've stuck to reading what you have to say because you've been a source of normality into what most would perceive as something very abnormal. Cwis, you've been a crucial element to my childhood and are a big part of the reason I am the man I am today.

*Thank you,
for everything,*

B.

The email came in while I was on my summer vacation in New York. I was actually in the middle of setting up the survey for my first-ever photo contest, and I have having a hell of a time... the survey seemed to be allowing people to vote more than once, and I'd been warned at least one contestant planned to cheat. I'd gotten a few emails that day from people who thought sure that the voting not starting on time was a sign that I had abandoned the contest. Between the polling website glitches and the nasty tone of some of the emails, I was *not* having a good day at all.

I took a short break, padding up and taking a nap in my old bedroom in my parents' house. When I woke up, I pulled out my iPhone, checked my notifications, and saw it.

Even if I *hadn't* have been having a rough afternoon, B's email would have made my day.

Over the years I've gotten a number of email messages from readers of my blog letting me know what being able to read my 'diaper life story' – someone called it that once – has meant to them. My life has been filled with ups and downs, like everyone else's, and sometimes these messages come at the perfect time. I marvel at the irony that someone writing me to let me know that my blog has helped them through a difficult phase of their life has often helped me through a difficult phase of my own.

B's email also took me back to my own childhood. I had written similar letters when I was a graduating senior. I wrote to an art teacher who helped me get a lifeguarding job before school – and with it a dope

parking spot right outside the front door. An elementary school teacher had helped steer me away from a couple of bad seeds I'd befriended, and while I resented him for it at the time, I was the only one of our little group graduating, so I wrote to thank him for his guidance, as well. There were no ABDL bloggers to write to – the internet wasn't even accessible to the public, then, and I had only barely found out that I wasn't alone in my love for diapers. Still, I pictured "B" going back and forth on whether to write a letter to someone he'd never actually met – me – like I had gone back and forth on one of *my* letters.

My letter, had I found the courage to write it, would have been to a classmate named David.

David was one of the most popular kids in my class – attractive, funny, intelligent, and a tough little motherfucker. He and his twin brother, Daniel – who was somehow much bigger than David – were known for being fierce competitors in every sport they played: football, lacrosse, cross country, and track, depending on the year and the season.

David was small and wiry, and fast as fuck. He made up for his small size with a angry outbursts that seemed to come out of nowhere. He was also not above getting into fights on the cross country course, which is pretty rare in that sport but seemed pretty common when my high school's team went to meets. There were a lot of fights.

Anyway, our school had a race that pitted the fastest kids in each gym class against each other at an afterschool event. You'd qualify during a race in your own gym class; the fastest two would "represent" – considered an honor. This bigger all-school race was a big deal, and most of our class stayed late to watch near the finish line. Some students even placed bets on who would win – and who would lose. The fastest cross country runners from each gym class tended to represent the field, which was why I'd *seen* the race from the finish, but – as a swimmer – never actually *run* the race.

When my gym class did our qualifying run, I came in fourth – pretty respectable for a non-runner, but probably only because most of the class were video game aficionados and Dungeons & Dragons masters. Coming in fourth meant that I did not qualify for the all-school race, of course. I made

plans to watch the race with some friends.

At a cross-country meet the night before a few of our athletes got into a brawl with a neighboring school district's team, and were suspended from school. That included my gym class's #2 and #3 qualifiers. My gym teacher came to me and let me know that, at #4, I would now have the honor of representing my class!

I tried to get out of it, but to no avail. It was a requirement, I was told – I had to attend this afterschool event or risk receiving a failing grade in gym. I knew I couldn't make up some after school scheduling conflict, because I'd already signed up for the late bus so that I could stay and watch the race. I was fucked...

I'll never forget entering the locker room and realizing that literally every other person there was a track or cross country runner. I was the only swimmer there. There were no wrestlers, no fencers, no golfers, no [insert non-track sport here]; just a bunch of runners and me.

I resigned myself to the fact that I would come in last place, a dubious distinction that was made worse by the fact that I knew anyone with a lick of sense would place their bets on me coming in last, as well. I was sure to face some teasing from my fellow students. I wondered how far behind everyone else I would come in. I sat down on the bench and tried to psyche myself up for this...

I'd barely spoken to David before, except to occasionally whisper a reminder to him that flipping out in gym class could keep him from going to a meet after school. So I was surprised when he walked over to me, stood directly in front of me, his ripped abs a few inches from my face, and struck up a conversation.

"You know you got this, right?" he said.

"What?" I said, confused. *Got this?*

Did this kid think I was going to contest this race?

"I'm saying, what place you finish doesn't matter, man. We're representing our gym class here. You and me – we're our own team here. Proud of you for being a part of this."

I was surprised, and pretty hyped up at that moment, but I mumbled something like *me too, man*. I hoped David was ready to run his fucking ass off, because the only one with any hope for our gym class was him, but I didn't say that.

When the race began I ran like hell. Surprisingly I wasn't last out the gate, and for a little while I actually kept up with the pack. *There are people behind you, Chris!* I kept telling myself.

Those people were, of course, long distance runners. They knew something I didn't know about pacing yourself in a long race. By the time I figured that out I had run out of steam, and I felt like I was going to die.

David, meanwhile, was right at the front of the pack. I saw him turn around and look behind him, and I knew he'd spotted me. I was in last place now, although not by much. It was up to him.

The pack at the front rounded some trees and ran out of sight of the course. I was beginning to feel like I might throw up, a few hundred feet behind those out front and a whole bunch of body lengths behind the second-to-last-place runner. Then we made our way behind the trees and I spotted it: a runner had fallen down, and was sitting on the ground trying to catch his breath. Most of the other runners were sailing past him, but one or two had stopped to try to help him up, and he was waving them away.

I ran closer and realized it was David. *Damn* – a lot of people expected to win this. I ran up to him and then stopped.

“Do you need some help in?” I asked him.

“Nah, you go,” he told me. “I just need to catch my breath a second.”

“This race is pretty much over for me,” I told him. “If you need help, I can – .”

“Yo, stupid. Go. Go now,” David told me.

He seemed a little hostile, and I'd only been trying to help him out – what the fuck. Without a word I continued running. Out of the corner of my eye I

watched David get up and begin jogging behind me. I figured he'd pass me before we finished, but he didn't. I came in second-to-last, David right behind me.

It was all high-fives for me at the finish line, and David was the victim of merciless taunting. I wanted to go over and defend him – the kid had fallen down or something, I thought – but I heard him explaining that he had actually *sat* down for a moment, to catch his breath.

“Yesterday's race must have taken more out of me than I realized,” he told a group of his friends. “I was just slow today.”

Someone told David he'd lost money on his bet for last place, and David told him that he must have bet on the wrong person.

“Well, I bet on – .”

“You bet on the *wrong person*,” David interrupted. “If you'd put your bet on me you'd have kept your money.”

“You were my bet for first place, actually,” the kid said, rolling his eyes.

“You definitely called that one wrong,” David had said. And with that he looked at me, put his fist on his heart, and winked.

In fact, every time he saw me after that race he did the same thing: bumped his fist on his heart and winked. We barely spoke, but I got the ‘secret signal’ on a regular basis.

And my dumb ass didn't figure it out until senior year.

Senior year someone a mutual friend who knew both David and Dan said something to me that made me realize what I'd missed.

He was talking about the two of them, and he wondered aloud how David had gotten such a big heart, and Dan such a small one.

“What do you mean?”

“Dan is always kicking people when they're down,”

my friend told me. “But David is always trying to help people back up.”

“Help them how?” I asked.

“Haven’t you noticed?” my friend said. “Dan is a bully. He picks on the little guy every chance he gets. But David does whatever he can to bring them up. Dan will kick you when you’re down, but David will fight you if he sees you doing that. He gives people a hand to help them get back up.”

I thought back to our race freshman year, and I realized instantly that David had faked being out of breath to let me run past him.

“Yo, stupid. *Go*. Go now,” he’d said to me.

I had stood there, trying to help my teammate out, but he didn’t let me. He waited for me to get out in front of him a little, and then his ass – one of the fastest kids in our school – jogged behind me, running faster only when the people at the finish line could see him again – and never passing me.

And he’d done that on purpose. Only I hadn’t realized it until just now.

To those at the finish line, it probably looked like he’d just come in last. And David took all of the ribbing from our class, not me. I got teased by nobody, in fact – a whole bunch of surprised classmates congratulated me for my second-to-last-place finish, before turning their attention to David, who they accused of not fully pacing himself.

It had taken me several years to realize it, and I felt like such an asshole in that moment. David winked at me so many times over the years. He thought I knew what he’d done for me – his pep talk about us being our own team had really meant something to him, and I’d remembered that day as the day he’d snarled at me and called me stupid.

Man, I *was* fucking stupid.

I told myself that I’d get the courage to go up to him and tell him I knew what he did and I appreciated it, but each time I saw him and he gave me the ‘secret shout out’ I just nodded to him as I always had.

In my mind, when I had replayed that race, he

hadn’t called me stupid and told me to keep going – he’d let me pick him up, and I’d carried him across the finish line. David didn’t know it, of course, but he had been my fantasy ‘little brother’ ever since our race that day, and if I didn’t initiate conversations with him it was probably due to the discomfort level I felt: I was basically masturbating to thoughts of him in a diaper at night, and then seeing him wink at me each time we passed in the halls during the day. If there was one kid in my high school class I wanted to feed a baby bottle to it was David Boehm. Any conversations we had were brief: me trying to give him ‘big bro’ advice, keeping his ass out of in-school suspension and on the track team. And, of course, the one on the day of our race...

After we graduated I kicked myself for not taking the initiative to tell him I knew. So I began to mull the idea of writing him a letter. I knew his address – it would be easy to just write out a note and send it to him. I even started writing one a few times. In the end, I couldn’t do it. It was easy to thank my swimming coach, and my art teacher, and my boss, and the other people who had done things for me that were obvious. Writing a letter to someone I hardly knew? It turned out I couldn’t do it.

Years went by, and I lost count of the number of times I wished I’d written that letter. And as I got older, and realized how petty high school cliques can be, I looked back and wished I’d just struck up a conversation with David somewhere along the way. He was a dope-ass little dude, and I’d been afraid to say anything more than “Dave, stop before you get suspended. You have a meet tonight.” Imagine if I’d just sat down with him and started talking – where our friendship might have gone?

I was such a pussy.

So when B’s email came in I had a flashback to my race in ninth grade, and thought of the message I had never written to someone who’d done something so impactful for me.

Perhaps because I was back in my own hometown, visiting during my summer vacation for a few weeks, but the memories from that race came back stronger than ever – and I swear I felt my ‘big bro’ feelings toward David, which I’d felt even before I’d finally realized what he’d done, just like I was

back in 9th grade.

I finished my poll with a renewed burst of energy, and then drove across town, passing by David's family's old house, and even driving past the junior high school, closed for the summer. I parked my car for a moment and looked out to the trees behind which David had taken a dive to make a swimmer look good in a running race. I opened my Facebook app and searched for his name, but – as usual – he wasn't there.

If I had found him online I swear I would have composed a Facebook message right there in the parking lot – he deserved to know how much what he'd done really meant to me.

If it made him feel half as good as the email I'd just read, it would have been worth it.



Most of the time I read letters like *B*'s and reply, thanking them for taking the time to write. They might write back, we exchange a few messages, and that's as far as it goes.

So I expected that would be the case.

And it probably might have been, except *B* was actually *Ben*, and Ben lived in Florida. His home was a few hours from me, and while local drama keeps me from meeting most of the people who live around me, Ben lived far enough away that I knew he was unlikely to get sucked up into any cliques. He proposed meeting one day, and while I had my doubts that it would ever happen, I was open to the idea. I wanted to meet this kid who had taken the time to write me that letter.

Ben would be leaving to attend college in New York City in the fall, and there was less than a week between my return to Florida and his leaving for New York, so we wouldn't get to meet then.

He returned to Florida for holiday break in December, but I had family visiting and most of my time not working was taken up with parental activities and things of that nature. He'd return to New York in early January, and I wouldn't be free until just before. I figured we'd miss each other

again – maybe we'd have time to meet the next summer.

Still, it seemed like it was fairly important to Ben that we meet. He mentioned that he was considering making plans to stay in New York the next summer, and wasn't sure if we'd be in Florida at the same time. He proposed that we meet one of the last nights before he went back for his next semester, and when I objected, reminding him I had family in town, he offered to meet up just for a meal or something.

"I'll be in Orlando anyway," he told me. "I'm coming to visit friends. If you get done with your parents early, maybe we can get a burger. Trust me – we can make it fit into your schedule."

I agreed, but was already having second thoughts. This was someone I'd had an impact on, and I was basically making him settle for a quick trip to Five Guys? That didn't seem right. I wanted to hang out for a while, but things were going to be rushed. I wasn't sure if he was really coming to Orlando, or just making that up. He might be driving over two hours for a quick meal...

I worked my family a bit. I had something to do one day, something I'd planned a while ago but forgotten about, I lied. It was a work thing. I couldn't get out of it. They were totally cool with a night in, and told me not to worry. I informed Ben I'd *probably* be free the night before New Year's Eve. That would work into his plans well, he informed me – he planned to spend New Year's Eve with friends in the city. A tentative plan was set: dinner on December 30th.



I should mention that very few people actually make it to my house. I've diapered and/or abysat a shit ton of people visiting Orlando, but I meet most in their own hotels or vacation condominiums, mainly for security reasons. Occasionally I'll meet someone in a public place and, if they seem cool and we're meshing, will invite them back to my place, but that almost never happens. Something about mixing where I live with where I play makes me uncomfortable. Ben was one of only two people to just get the address and plug it into their GPS

before we'd ever met. His email to me, and the conversations we'd had since, had set him apart.

Ben arrived early. My Google Maps search had suggested he was 2.5 hours away, but he arrived in just under two hours. I'd spent time cleaning the apartment, and was still in the shower when my iPhone beeped. I reached over to the sink and grabbed it – it was Ben, and he was parking on the street in front of the house. Damn! So much for first impressions: I towed off, threw on some clothes, and walked downstairs, walking outside to meet.

Ben and I hadn't exchanged pictures, and what few diaper photos he'd posted up to that point were faceless. I hadn't known what to expect, so when he walked around the corner and we came face to face I was immediately struck by how young he looked. This was a freshman in college, and I'd been out of college for quite a while – maybe I'd just forgotten how young freshmen look?

I invited Ben inside, and he sat down on a counter stool. I sat next to him. We talked, a little awkwardly at first, about everything but diapers. Ben told me about a car accident he'd been in, showing me some pictures on his phone. I told him about my first car accident – remarkably similar in circumstance – and pulled up my Facebook account, trying but failing to find the one picture of my bashed in car amongst all those photos. We talked about college, and about living in Florida. In short, nearly everything you can think of, besides diapers, was on the menu.

Then Ben asked if I'd decided where we should eat. I wasn't sure, I told him, and – before I could even give him a few suggestions, he immediately suggested a place called *Burger Fi*. I'd never been, I told him. He'd heard good things, and it wasn't far away. It was agreed: Burger Fi it would be.

Downstairs, Ben offered to drive. I wasn't used to that – I'm almost always the driver anywhere I go, in part because I have the annoying habit of trying to drive from the passenger seat. Plus, this kid was young and looked even younger – and he'd already told me he's had a recent car crash. Really?

“You're gonna have to trust me, Chris,” he said, and I could see that was becoming a theme. “You're letting me hang out. I'll drive us.” I got into the

passenger seat of his car, a mini-SUV of some sort, and buckled up, preparing for the ride.

As it turned out, Ben was a pretty good driver. Traffic in the downtown area turned out to be pretty heavy, and he had no qualms about parallel parking right in front of Burger Fi, with dozens of people seated on the sidewalk just a few feet away. Still, I pointed out a parking lot across the street that had a few open spaces, suggesting he drive around and find one of those. I was nervous about his ability to parallel park in such a tight space, even if he wasn't. Plus, we'd finally begin talking about ABDL, and I wasn't ready to suspend the convo just because we were within earshot of some vanillas dining on the patio.

We were talking about the origins of our fetish, and for such a young age Ben had a surprisingly good handle on his. He had been loved and well cared-for by his family as an infant and toddler, he told me. When his younger sister had been born he'd developed something of a jealous streak – he wasn't sure why, since his mother and father still paid a ton of attention to him. Still, his jealousy made him “want to be the baby of the family again” – some of you know exactly what he meant by that – and he took to stealing, and wearing, diapers.

Ben was able to describe this in detail, and also correlate it to entries he'd read in my blog. As he explained it to me he brought up passages I'd written that even *I* had forgotten about. It was clear that this kid had done his homework, and it seemed that my blog – my entries, and your guest entries – had played a pretty important part in that research.

We sat in his truck for a while, talking, and then decided it was time to walk across the street. I'd never been to Burger Fi before, but was surprised by how expensive it was – a burger was \$10, and after fries and a coke were added, I think I paid over \$15 for what turned out to be a pretty light meal. At some point it hit me, though: Ben had seemed to plan this trip out, and it seemed like eating somewhere nice was a part of that plan. I shut the fuck up and ate my burger without complaint.

We returned to the apartment and took our seats across from each other again. Now the conversation was about diapers, and our love for them, and despite the age difference – you might almost call it

a ‘generation gap’ – I felt like we had a pretty strong connection.

Still, I had taken the diaper thing pretty slow. Something about this visit, and Ben himself, seemed... *different*. As he spoke my mind kept flashing back to that email he’d sent me. Each time he mentioned something in my blog I was more cognizant of his readership of it. Several times he referred to himself as “one of your fans,” and I had to admit I was flattered – this kid was sweet, plus fucking adorable, and I realized that I had quickly become a Ben fan, as well. We were getting to know each other, and I didn’t want to insert some diaper weirdness into that...

Still, I’d once spent hours sitting across my sofa from someone. That person’s attractiveness probably intimidated me a little bit, and the connection that we had made while we were talking had kept me from bringing up actually *wearing* diapers, instead of just talking about them. I didn’t want to make that mistake again. I finally asked the question...

“Are you padded now? Or did you want to...”

“I don’t think this GoodNite is going to hold too much more,” Ben replied, opening the fly of his jeans to show off a child’s bedwetting pant. I wrinkled my nose – I’ve always disliked those, preferring diapers, probably in part because they didn’t exist when I was growing up. Ben looked at my expression and laughed. “I know you don’t like these. But I grew up wearing them. Plus they’re absorbent, and they’re discrete.” He worked me a little bit, trying to sell me on the benefits of the GoodNite brand, but I wasn’t going to buy into it.

“That’s all good, Ben – but if you are changing into anything here, it’s not going to be one of those.”

Ben nodded.

“I’m ready to wear whatever diaper you want to put me in,” he told me, smiling. He looked super excited, and I wanted to pull out my camera and snap a pic of the adorableness on his face at that moment. I bet he wouldn’t be okay with *that*...

“I have a few choices,” I told him. With that I got up and walked over, pulling my stash out from

underneath my bed.

My stash consists of a few huge containers underneath my bed. Typically one container contains my Dry 24/7 collection – I squeeze every Dry 24/7 diaper into that container that I can. The other container is whatever other brand I happen to have on hand at the moment, along with powder, wipes, pacifiers and bottles, and – well, you probably get the idea.

The rest of my diapers, including most of the ABDL brands I’ve managed to save through the years, are in boxes in the closet. I’ll sometimes bag up a few for a trip to a hotel or condo, but other than that they rarely come out to play...

For Ben’s visit, though, I’d pulled out all the stops. I’d emptied out my under-bed containers, replacing the plain white diapers with AB/DL brands. Their was quiet a variety, and when I pulled them out into the middle of the floor Ben’s eyes lit up.

“I’ve been wanting to try those,” he told me, pointing to the Cushies. “And those. And those... wow, Chris, this is quite a collection. I’ve been wanting to try almost all of these.”

We talked about the different diapers for a few minutes – about the different diaper brands, and diaper companies. Ben had mostly stuck with GoodNites because they were easy to get, and his experience with ABDL diapers was pretty non-existent. I suspect that this was going to be fun for *both* of us.



I asked Ben to lay down on the bed, and he did. I'm not sure why – maybe because he still had the look of a high school student to me – but I felt compelled to ask him if he wanted me to diaper him or if he wanted to put one on himself. He looked at me with a sort of disappointed look on his face.

“Isn't you putting it on supposed to be part of the Cwis treatment?” he asked.

“Of course, bro,” I said, trying to act like I'd planned to do that from the beginning.

Without being asked Ben unbuckled his belt and undid the button on his jeans, then lay back, putting his hands behind his head and slowly closing his eyes.

As I tugged his jeans and pulled them down, I couldn't help but notice how fucking *hot* this kid was. He hadn't sent a picture before we'd met, and his few diaper pictures were pretty abstract. I knew he was *nice*. I had no idea he was *amazing*, too. Damn...

Ben was wearing a pair of nice underwear – some comfortable 2Xist briefs, if I remember right. As I gingerly pulled them down he talked

about his collection of underwear, explaining that when he *had* to wear big kid underwear he wanted them to look nice.

“They do,” I told him. I had to laugh. He was still new to the scene, rocking drug store training pants. I suspected that one day he'd have an assortment of cute diapers to rival his underwear collection.

I pulled his underpants off, and then gently pulled him to me on the mattress. I pushed his feet into the air, sliding a diaper underneath his bottom, and sprinkled baby powder onto him, rubbing it in softly. When his entire midsection was coated in white I pulled the top of the Cushie through his legs, taping it snugly, noticing a little smile on Ben's face as I did.

“I want to see what it looks like,” Ben said. He looked downward, and then sat up a little bit, taking it all in. “Wow, this diaper actually looks more babyish in person than it does in pictures!”

I suspect that was at least in part because Ben was the one modeling it. I told him to turn over onto his tummy and close his eyes – I'm a little self-conscious about putting on my own diaper in front of other people – and he did.

I was only halfway through diapering myself when Ben let me in on a secret.

“I wanted to meet you on this trip because I want to start meeting people in our community, Chris,” he told me.

“You had to meet me to do that?” I asked him, half-jokingly. Did this kid think I was going to be some sort of ABDL matchmaker for him?

“No, but I *wanted* to,” Ben said. “I wanted you to be the first person I wore a diaper with. I knew since I started reading your blog...”

Awwwww.

If hearts could literally melt, this story would end right here. In fact, this e-book would never have been published, because I wouldn't be here to write it.

Because my heart melted when he said that.

“Wow, Ben. That means... a lot.” I wondered if he was disappointed – our visit had been *nothing* like my blog entries. I did not bring out the ‘Big Boy Bucket’. I did not rip his clothing off, order him to the floor, or slap a Pampers on him.

“And I appreciate you taking it slowly with me,” Ben continued. “This has been... fun. I wasn’t sure what to expect, really. But I’m glad that I waited, and that you are the first person to diaper me. Now I feel comfortable, like I’m ready to meet the rest of the community.”

Awwww, again.



Ben and I talked a little more than night, and then decided it was time to go to sleep. As I curled up next to him I gingerly put my hand against his diaper, rubbing his bum.

“It’s okay, Chris,” he murmured to me. “You can rub it, I don’t mind.”

This kid was dope as fuck – and as I lulled off to sleep I can honestly say I felt like I was laying next to someone I’d known for a lifetime, not someone I’d just gotten to know over a drive and dinner at a burger joint.



I woke up the next morning refreshed – and wet. I’d decided to take Ben to breakfast at a restaurant near the airport. First, he would need a change.

“Do you want to wear a diaper to breakfast?” I asked him.

“Of course!” he replied.

I stood up and pulled out the stash, sorting through diapers until I found an Abena M4.

“I think this will look hot underneath those jeans,” I told him, holding it up. “But you can pick any diaper you want.”

“That one,” Ben said, pointing to the one in my hand. “I trust your judgment.”

Ben had agreed to let me take pictures for my blog. I don’t know why that surprised me – maybe because his own pictures thus far were extremely discrete, I hadn’t expected him to be down for diaper photos on our first visit. But he was, so I snapped a few Cushie pictures, and then pulled that diaper off, giving him a thorough scrubbing with some baby wipes. I still wasn’t convinced he was really visiting friends in Orlando, but if he *was*, I didn’t want to send the kid off stinking like pee.

Once he was dry and smelled fresh I pushed the M4 up underneath him and doused him in powder. I used a lot more this time, figuring he’d need it to get through breakfast coffee and the ride back home. Or to his friends’ house. Or wherever he was going after breakfast.

“Snap a few pictures in these, too,” Ben told me. “I’ve always wondered what I’d look like in these.” As if he needed to ask! I taped him up and told him to stand up, snapping more than a few shots. He bent over to put his jeans on and, sure enough, they *did* look hot, the diaper peeking over his jeans.



After breakfast and the walk out to our cars we exchanged a hug. For me it was the kind of *I may never see you again so I'm going to hug you for a long fucking time* hug. I knew that this kid was going back to NYC. We'd had such a hard time planning *this* visit, I wasn't sure if or when we'd be able to get in another one.

"I hope we get to see each other again..." I began. I stopped. I wasn't sure exactly how to say what I was trying to say.

Ben pulled away from me, his arms on my shoulders, and looked me right in the eyes.

"We're going to see each other again, bro. I figured if I wind up staying in New York this summer you might let me come out to the cottage when you're in New York."

I hadn't even thought of that.

And, just like that, I knew what I'd be doing on my next summer vacation...



"You don't think people will notice?" Ben asked me, clearly apprehensive about wearing such a big thick diaper outdoors. I wasn't sure if they would or not, but he looked amazing, and I *love* peekage, so I suggested he try it at breakfast and see how it felt. He agreed.

Ben followed me to the restaurant, and we a surprisingly deep conversation about life over pancakes and coffee. I'd figured we'd had all of the diaper discussion we could handle back at my apartment, but we managed to discuss our families – Ben's sisters, my brother, and our parents – and how we felt that our upbringings contributed to our little sides. Best of all, we managed to talk about it all in a crowded restaurant using 'ABDL Code' – you know what I'm talking about. Our conversation as deep as any I've ever had, but still so discrete that nobody sitting anywhere near us would have the first clue that a diaper fetish was what was being discussed. I *love* conversations like that.

It turned out Ben hadn't been anything up – he *did* have plans to meet friends in Orlando that day. I know that because he sent me a video of him longboarding in a nearby neighborhood I recognized later that afternoon. And even though hours had passed and he was with vanilla friends, now, he made sure to scan the video across his stomach and pull up his shirt a little – to reveal his M4. He was still wearing it when we texted each other at midnight to wish each other a happy New Year.

I don't know how he felt, but I was excited for 2014, now – it was already shaping up to be a very good year, if my newly-made summer vacation plans were any indication, and it had all started off with a kid who'd taken the time to write me a 'thank you' letter.



PART II: THE COTTAGE, YEAR ONE

I sat in the car in the parking lot. Free parking was one hour – after that, according to the ticket, the charge was \$5. So every 45 minutes or so I had turned on the car, driven out of the parking lot and around the block, and pulled back in. Same spot, but I'd be damned if I was going to pay for parking because the bus was late. As I closed in on my third hour an alert was sent to my phone: *Our apologies, but the bus is delayed. Expected arrival: 5:45.*

Fuck. That was more than an hour from now.

The day was hot, and I'd been sitting in the car for several hours now. I had a bag of diapers in the back, and they were wet. Wet diapers plus heat equals stink, and sure enough I was starting to notice a ripeness. I had to get rid of these before I picked up Ben.

I called my friend and asked him if I could stop by his apartment with a bag of trash.

"Is the trash wet diapers?" my friend asked. He knew me too well. I told him it was, and he groaned. "You can bring it, but you're putting it in the dumpster this time," he told me. I agreed that I would. I knew that I wouldn't.

I drove across the city to his building and pulled into the lot. He was waiting outside. He gave me a hug, and I walked around to the back of the car and opened the door.

"Jesus, Chris, the car smells like straight up piss."

I had to laugh. I don't know how I keep *any* friends, honestly. I have some of the best friends in the world – they've been seeing and/or sniffing my wet diapers for years, and none of it as managed to put a damper on our friendships.

"Is that camera new?" I asked, pointing to a surveillance camera pointing at the dumpster.

"It doesn't work, Chris," my friend said, sighing audibly. "Just throw it in."

"I don't want to be on camera throwing a big bag of wet diapers into your landlord's dumpster," I told him. He glared at me, rolled his eyes, and

hoisted the bag, tossing it over the top, where it landed with a thud.

"How much do you *wet* in those?" he asked me.

"Well, they're called Dry 24/7. That's because you can basically go 24 –"

"Say no more," my friend interrupted. "That's... you know I love you but... that's disgusting." I was laughing now. "I feel like I should be charging you for throwing wet diapers in my trash. I won't, but I should."

I had a surprise for him. I was hoping to stop by immediately upon picking up Ben – I had thought it would be a while ago, before the stinking began – and was going to give him a present. It was a FUL backpack – maroon, with a shit ton of pockets, the perfect size for a laptop bag. Or...

"Here," I told him, pulling the bag out of the back seat. "I know you've been hinting that you wanted one of these."

"Hinting? I've asked you for one so many times," he told me, holding the bag up with a big smile. "This is awesome, Chris. I have been carrying my tablet to Starbucks in a cloth grocery bag from Wegmans. This is *way* better."

I had found a deal on these on Amazon. In addition, a shipping issue resulted in the company sending me an extra one. I had a whole bunch, and once a year, before my summer vacation, I would move all my stuff from the old bag into a new one, and then repurpose the old one as a bag for my medical supplies, or for –

"Wait," my friend asked suspiciously. "What was this bag before you gave it to me?"

I got in the car, sat down, and fired up the engine.

"Okay, so I think I know what you were going to tell me..." he continued.

"It was my diaper bag," I admitted. "But you don't have to use it for that. You can use it for anything."

“Okay, first, this has seen its last diaper,” my friend retorted. “And second, I hope that you didn’t put wet diapers in here...”

I just laughed as he leaned in to hug me, then drove away. It feels good when an old diaper bag can give someone a little joy.

I drove back to the bus station, into my now-familiar parking space, and waited. Moments later the MegaBus pulled in. I got off and walked up to the curb. Ben stepped off amidst a flood of passengers and walked over to me, giving me a *huge* hug.

“Let me get my bag so we can get out of here,” he told me. “That bus took *hours* to get here! And someone is *ripe!*”

“Well, I just threw away a stinky bag of diapers,” I admitted. “We’ll just roll the windows down – “

“No, Chris,” Ben interrupted. “I’m talking about *me.*” I looked down and realized that Ben was wearing – and probably had been since the beginning of the much-extended trip. “Wait, your car *already* smells?”

“We’ll just roll down the window,” I said, and he nodded. It was time to roll...



The last time I had been at that bus station was three summers before, when I had dropped Mikey off there after what wound up being one of the best diapered weeks of my life.

Mikey and I had stood in that same parking lot, in almost exactly the same place, and hugged for so long I lost track. He was scared about leaving – he’d gotten clean on his visit, and truly doubted his ability to stay clean. I’d made tentative plans to have him come visit the next year, but he’d disappeared, and there would be no such visit in 2012. By 2013 he was working full-time, and couldn’t get time off to fly out. This summer he’d left it up in the air – he wanted to come very badly, and had even pledged to spend the time in diapers. He’d at first expressed concern about

“another diaperboy being there when I am,” but I’d explained ABenjaminButton to him.

“If you trust him, I’ll trust him,” Mikey had pledged. A few weeks before our visit he’d still had plans to come, but – probably predictably – he disappeared again.

Being back in that parking lot gave me some wistful feelings. I’m nostalgic like that – I think a lot of us are, longing for a return to our childhood, and some of us carry that over into our everyday lives. As I drove away from the bus station I wondered if I would ever see Mikey again. Fortunately Ben picked up the conversation, and my thoughts quickly pivoted toward *this* visit.

Would it be different, having an actual diaperboy staying with me for a week, as opposed to someone wearing diapers because I want them to?

I found diapering non-ABDL’s hot – I always had. Would I find that diapering someone who was into them was less fun? More fun? I wasn’t sure.

“I was thinking maybe you could show me the area you grew up in,” Ben told me, jarring my thoughts to the present. “You grew up around here, right?”

He’d read my mind. I’d planned to meander back to the cottage taking the scenic route, anyway. I had so much stuff I wanted to talk to him about – almost seven months had passed since we’d seen each other last, and while we texted a lot it wasn’t the same as having a real conversation.

As we drove we talked. The conversation was mainly about Ben’s school experiences – academic stuff, and not so much about dipaers. He had spent the winter and spring sending me occasional pictures of him in different types of diapers, and a footed sleeper out on the balcony at his dorm, but he had roommates and getting the opportunity to truly pad up was rare, so we’d mainly talked about school and life, and didn’t change that much in the car.

I decided to take the long way, and turned down Farrelly Road, the street I'd grown up on. My parents had moved out of the house I'd lived in since they adopted me – actually moving into their new house just a few months before – and I wanted to see what the new owners had done with the place. Plus, I wanted to show Ben.

“See that house right there?” I asked him, pointing to it as I slowed.

“Yes?” Ben replied.

“That’s the house I grew up in,” I told him.

Ben was interested. He rolled his window down to get a better look, and as we slowly rolled by he asked me to point out my room.

“Right there,” I told him, pointing to the windows.

“Awwww,” he said, “those are the windows little Cwis looked out at on Christmas Eve?” Ben was a regular reader of my blog, and I realized that he'd probably read all of the stories about my growing up here. I began telling some that hadn't appeared in the blog. I pointed out the barn where I'd had to hide when someone came by on a 'hooky day' and I was exploring the property in just a diaper. I directed his attention to the driveway, and told him about how I'd lay on the blacktop in the spring and let the sun warm up my diaper when nobody else was home. And, as we drove, I pointed out the stream that I used to throw my used diapers into, when I was afraid to put them in the trash and was petrified of being discovered with one when I got to school.

“Chris!” Ben said, looking horrified. “You threw your diapers in the *stream*?!”

I admitted that I did.

“It’s not something that I’m proud of,” I told him. “But when you’re a high school kid you just want to get that shit *away*, you know?”

Ben nodded, but I felt like he was just being polite. I told him the story of the time I drove past that same spot with a vanilla friend, who

had turned his head just as we past and caught a glimpse of a big-ass diaper caught in a tree branch. He'd spotted it at once and turned to me, shaking his head.

“I know it was you who threw that big diaper out into the woods,” he'd said. The redness of my face had made lying impossible.

We continued our journey, and Ben shared some stories about his growing up ABDL. I was truly interested – trying to figure out what makes people tick fascinates me, especially where our fetish is concerned. As we drove along we exchanged stories: Ben telling me about his childhood, and me telling him about mine. It felt magical, and as much as I wanted to get Ben to the cottage, I didn't want the ride to end...

But end it did. As we pulled down the dirt road leading to the cottage Ben got quiet.

“I feel like I’m coming to your sacred place,” he told me. “I’ve read so many stories about this spot, and now I’m getting to come here.”

“Very few people in our community have,” I told him, hoping he'd realize how special I felt he was. He smiled, and I felt like he did. “I’ve been looking forward to this visit since we talked about it in the parking lot at that Cracker Barrel.”

“Me too!” Ben said. I could tell he was excited.

“This is where we get to strip down to a diaper and just be ourselves,” I continued. “This place has kept me going through all of the difficult times in my life. I’m excited to be able to share it with you.”

I pulled my rental into the driveway and parked. Ben got out and grabbed his duffel bag from the bag seat. He stepped around the car and stood gazing at the cottage. I got a sense that he recognized how special it was to me – he'd read all of the blog entries about it, after all – and that made me feel good.

We walked down the driveway to the structure, and I unlocked the door, holding it open for Ben. He stepped in and looked around, taking it all in.

“Wow, Chris. This is... awesome.”

This was going to be a fun weekend, I could tell.



Ben and I stood inside the boathouse on the beach.

“There are no blind spots, Chris,” he said nervously. “Everywhere I try to stand, someone can see in.”

The boathouse was a small structure, probably no more than 100 square feet, with a little

sleeping loft. It wasn’t actually used for sleeping by anyone – it was more a structure used for storing canoes and kayaks and lifejackets, and for people to change in and out of bathing suits.

Or, diapers.

Except that there were windows on three sides – a big sliding glass door on the front, leading out to the dock, and smaller windows on either side.

And neighbors were on both sides today, meaning that changing in the boathouse could turn into an exercise in exhibitionism.

“I really should put up curtains,” I said.

It wasn’t that I hadn’t had this thought before. There were plenty of days on previous vacations that I would have loved to strip down to nothing but a diaper and just lounge around the little boathouse. It was just inches from the water, and the sound of the water lapping up against the shore was super relaxing – like Xanax in audio form. Curtains, or blinds, would allow me to do that without fear of someone on a neighboring dock peering in and catching a glimpse of something I’d rather not see.

“You think?” Ben asked, a little bit more sarcastically than I appreciated.

In truth, Ben wasn’t even *trying* to change. He was just trying to take his shorts off so that I could snap a couple of pictures of him in his diaper for his Tumblr blog. I’d told him to drop his shorts and pose by the sliding glass door – it was unlikely anyone looking over would be able to make out the fact that he was wearing a diaper unless they came right up to the window, which was unlikely.

Ben wouldn’t hear of it.

“I said *NO*, Chris,” he told me firmly. “I’m not showing my diaper until your neighbors are gone. Do you *want* them to see me?”

“No, Ben,” I sighed. I’d been playing fast and loose with diaper privacy on this very spot for years. I’d learned that, while it wasn’t wise to fall

asleep in diapers – especially outside – you could pad up and relax as long as you were aware of your surroundings and ready to slap on a pair of swim trunks if a neighbor on either side got too social. I realized that comfort had come with years of experience, and came in the one place that I was completely comfortable. Ben didn't have the experiences I had, and he'd never been here before.

"I guess we could come back down here at night," I suggested, a little disappointed. The lighting for diaper pictures was fucking *perfect*. I knew the glare off his padded little behind would make for a whole different shot later.

It was like the kid had read my mind.

"I want to do them now, Chris," Ben told me. "It's so beautiful out right now – who knows if it'll stay that way all week. But... I just... don't want... your neighbors to see."

Sigh...

I pulled a plastic Adirondack chair off the pile for Ben, and another one for myself.

"Sit down," I told him, and he did, looking relieved. He hunched forward, and then pulled his chair around, trying to get the best angle.

"Now I can see *both* sides," he told me slyly. "If the neighbors on either side leave, I think we can *do this*."

I tried not to let Ben see me roll my eyes. I hadn't done a diaper photo shoot here since Mikey had made the trip three years earlier. I had expected Ben to be more open to photo idea than Mikey had been – Mikey was all for having pictures of his diapered behind captured for all of history, but made taking other types of shots such a production that I basically gave up. I'd been excited about having Ben to the cottage in part because he'd sounded adventurous when it came to the kinds of pictures he wanted to take. It wasn't until we got here that the close proximity of the neighbors had spooked him.

"Why don't you take your shorts off, since we're sitting inside and nobody can see in," I suggested. Ben obediently tugged on his shorts – and pulled them down about an inch. *An inch!* The top of his diaper peeked over his red shorts, now. I thought about getting up and yanking his shorts down the rest of the way, but decided against it. Stripping down to a diaper in public is a little bit like going swimming – you have to just jump all the way in, or it will take forever to adjust. On the other hand, I could see Ben marching straight to the car and demanding a ride to the MegaBus stop – this kid seemed *that uptight* over this. I decided to take what I could get.

We sat side by side, looking over the water, and just talked for a little bit. We talked about diapers, mostly. Ben admitted that he loves peekage pictures, and I had to agree. We discussed some people we'd seen on Tumblr going out in nothing but baby gear, and we both agreed we'd probably never be at that point. We talked about different pictures we'd seen on blogs showing people wearing see-through outfits that clearly showed their diapers, and joked about whether they realized they'd been so obvious or just wore something that showed more than they'd realized when they left the house.

It was funny how many of the same pictures we'd seen and remembered – and how many we loved. Ben and I had never sat side by side and scrolled through Tumblr together, but as we talked in the boathouse it became clear that we both liked the same blogs, and that we both were impacted the most by some of the same pictures. We talked about some of our favorites, and Ben marveled at the fact that there are people in our community who are creating pictures that do for new members of our community what my blog had done for him when *he* was new: making them feel comfortable in their own skin – and in Pampers – by virtue of demonstrating wearing, and loving, diapers as *normal*.

As I listened to Benjamin make the connection I knew that he would make those kinds of pictures, eventually. First, I just had to get him to show his diaper a little bit.

“Chris! Chris!” Ben said, almost yelping. “Your neighbor is getting out! Your neighbor is getting out!” He pointed, and I peered out the window. Sure enough, the old man on one side was gathering his things from his perch on the dock. I watched him put his flip flops on, pick up his towel and his other items, and begin trudging down the dock. “You know what this means, right?” Ben asked, giving me a sly look. “It’s time for the Cwis-ABenjaminButton Photo Shoot.”

Ben got up and began moving Adirondack chairs into a row, giving him some cover on the other side. As he rearranged things he kept an eye on the other dock, watching my neighbor slowly plod his way past his own boathouse.

The first picture Ben decided to venture out in his shorts and a t-shirt.

“I think it’s pretty obvious I’m padded, Chris,” he told me, seeming almost proud at his level of daring. He patted his bottom and let the sound of crinkle fill the air.

“I’m not sure about that, Ben,” I told him, trying with all of my might not to chuckle or roll my eyes. “I mean, *I* know, but”

“How can you not tell?” he asked. “I feel like my butt is *so thick* in this thing. Take my picture.”

So take his picture I did.



In retrospect, I guess it was a *little* obvious.

“Do you think you could take your shirt off, too?” I asked Ben hopefully. He looked at me if I was asking him if he could count to five.

“Of course I’m going to take my shirt off, Chris,” he replied. But as he started to lift it I watched his eyes dart from side to side, making sure the only eyes who would see his diaper peeking out over his shorts were mine. I chuckled a little, but Ben didn’t seem to notice. He peeled his shirt off the rest of the way and then set it on the ground inches from his chair. “Okay, take it quick,” he commanded.

“There’s nobody out here anymore,” I pointed out. “I bet you could get away with taking the shorts off for a second. Just put them with your shirt, so you’re – “

“I said not until your neighbors are *gone*, Chris,” Ben interrupted. “Not gone *inside*. Gone. As in, not here, gone.”



Ben stood in the frame of the sliding glass door, and suggested that I take his picture. I happily obliged.

“This is going to be a *great* picture,” Ben said excitedly.

“I think it would be even better if you stepped out onto the dock,” I told him. He turned around and glared at me.

“What part of *no* did you not understand, Chris?” he asked me, sounding exasperated. “I don’t want your neighbors to spot me.”



I rolled my eyes. If Ben had gotten here just a day or two before there would have been no neighbors on *either* side. That was the nature of a lakefront cottage: sometimes it seems like you have the entire lake to yourself, and other times it seems like you share it with crowds of people.

“What about if we try it inside?” he suggested. I could tell that he sensed that I was a little annoyed, and I felt bad – I wasn’t trying to pressure him.

Well, maybe a little.

We went back into the cottage, and Ben, after a lot of looking around, pulled his shorts down and set them on the windowsill. Everything he did was measured, and I could see he was ready to grab those shorts and put them back on at a moment’s notice. *If this kid sees so much as a squirrel run by out the window he’s getting dressed*, I thought to myself.

“Ben... they won’t. The old man went upstairs – “

“You don’t know that for sure,” Ben interrupted. “He could be in his boathouse. Or just on the other side of it, on the beach.”

I rolled my eyes.

“The neighbors on the other side just went inside. You can still hear their dog barking, so

you know they're home. I'm not walking out there in just a diaper until they're gone..."

I told him that I understood. But I reminded him that his goal had been to take some pictures outside. We might not get better weather...

"Okay, Ben. Okay. Well, how bout this..."

I convinced him that, if he wanted to be a little bit daring, he could go back out to where we'd taken the picture in his red shorts and shirt and try another one - this time diapers only.

"I'll stand right in front of you, snap the pic, and you can run back inside. Nobody will see you," I told him.

"What about the old man?" Ben demanded. He was up now, peeking out the window, and he went from window to window, peeking out them all now. I assured him that the old man had gone upstairs, and that the coast was clear - on that side at least - but he looked at me doubtfully and continued pacing, as if on some sort of undercover reconnaissance mission.

After more than five minutes of window watching Ben seemed satisfied that the old man wasn't on the verge of returning.

"Okay," he finally said. "Let's do this, and let's be quick about it!"

With that Ben bounded out onto the side deck. He stood boldly for just a moment, before spotting a boat moving off in the background and quickly plopping his padded ass right on the steps.

"This will make a good shot, I think," he told me.

"You didn't want to stand up?" I asked him.

"Nah," he replied. He seemed very uncomfortable. "This is a good shot right here, just take the picture."



I took a picture of Ben sitting on the steps. He looked like he was ready to jump up and run back inside, but I convinced him to stay sitting long enough to walk up the steps a little and take a shot from another angle. *I'd better maximize this photo shoot, I told myself, this might be the only outdoor shot you get all weekend...*

Once I'd gotten pictures from a few different angles – almost all showing Ben looking around nervously, on the lookout for prying eyes – I told him he could go back inside. I didn't need to tell him twice – Benjamin jumped up with haste, looking very relieved, and darted back in to the boathouse, putting his shorts on over his diaper in one fluid motion.

"Wow, that was a rush," Ben told me. He looked so excited that I had to admit it was adorable: I'd spent entire afternoons diapered down here. Meanwhile Ben had just spent five minutes outside, and found it exhilarating.

I remembered what that felt like.

"These are going to look great on my Tumblr," Ben predicted. "I'm glad we got some outdoor shots, Cwis – that's what I wanted."

As Ben spoke I was thumbing through the pictures I'd just taken. They were great shots – it would be hard *not* to take a good picture with a model this cute, really – but I didn't see any pictures that would be *that* picture. The one we'd talked about earlier – the one that made wearing diapers look... *normal*.

I knew we had to keep going.

"Let's take a few more, Ben. But this time, try to not be so obvious about looking around to see what the neighbors are doing."

With that, Ben had taken just about enough.

He unloaded on me, unleashing a torrent of respectful but firm criticism. He wanted to know why I was so intent on getting him to go past his comfort zone. Did I *want* him to get caught wearing a diaper outside? Did I *want* my

neighbors to see him walking around in nothing but a diaper?

"Are you some kind of exhibitionist, Chris, and sending me out there to get caught is part this?"

Whoa.

He continued, telling me that he didn't like it when people exposed what should be private in the public eye.

"This is a sexual fetish, Chris," Ben continued, drawing out the phrase. "I'm sorry if I don't want your neighbors to see me engaged in my sexual fetish from their dock. Maybe you should be thanking me for protecting your neighbors, since you won't."

Damn.

Ben had given me quite a scolding. When he finished he sat down, an expression I could best describe as a mixture of satisfaction and exhaustion appearing on his face. He looked dejected, and I felt bad for having pushed him. The pictures on the steps would have to do – and they'd be fine. All of the pictures I'd taken were fine, really. More than fine.

"Sorry, bro," I began. "I wasn't trying to send you out there to get caught. It's just that... I've been doing this here for a long time. So I sort of know... what to look out for, I guess. I wouldn't send you out there to look like a fool."

Ben seemed to be mulling this over. He closed his eyes, and I continued.

"I almost got caught sleeping right out there on the dock. You probably read about that on my blog." He nodded. "In all of the years I've been here that is the closest I've come to being caught by a neighbor. That I know of."

"That you *know* of," Ben interrupted.

"Of course, there was the time Mikey walked out onto the deck and my neighbor saw him," I mused.

“But this wasn’t a sexual fetish for him,” Ben cut me off. “He was just wearing diapers for you. It’s different.”

I wondered how someone wearing diapers as part of *my* fetish made it any different, but I didn’t want to debate him.

“So you’re saying that it’s different for you and for Mikey because this is, for you –”

“Because this is a fetish for *me*,” Ben said.

“But if someone *were* to see you – which they won’t – they aren’t going to *know* that,” I suggested.

“I’ll know it, Chris,” he continued. “And that’s what is important... that I’ll be knowingly exposing my fetish to people who aren’t into this. That’s not good...”

“Well, what if I tell them you’re just incontinent if someone asked?” I asked, half-jokingly.

“It’s not funny, Chris,” Ben scolded me. “I’ve read your blog. You should *respect* that I have standards for this. You are the one always telling the community to set some standards.

I felt guilty at that moment, because he was right, somewhat. I’d published blog entries taking people to task for wearing ABDL gear at playgrounds and child-themed restaurants. Ben was pointing down a few docks to where a family was unpacking a picnic basket. I watched his gaze shift to a boat passing by a few hundred yards out on the lake. I was just looking out for my neighbors on either side, while this kid was scanning the entire lake.

“I see your point, Ben,” I conceded. “You are just looking out for my neighbors, and –”

“And you, Chris,” he cut in. “And our community.”

I appreciate that, bro,” I told him. I was being sincere. “That’s one of the things I like about you, honestly – you’re a *good kid*. I’m sorry if I was pushy and made you feel like you had to go out there in a diaper.”

“I know you’re just trying to help me take some good pics,” Ben admitted. I could see he was trying to see things from my side, now. “I might be ready for that level of public wearing in a few years...”

“No hurry,” I reassured him. “We can just take some inside later. Or maybe some outside once it gets dark.”

We sat and talked some more, and Ben brought the conversation back around to some of the pictures he’d seen online, telling me about some that had inspired him to be more comfortable about his own ABDL-ness.

“You’ll be the one taking those kinds of pictures one day,” I told him. “I’m sure of that...”





We talked for a little longer, and Ben suggested that a diapered ride might help him become more comfortable about wearing diapers outside.

“Hmm,” I said. “I like the sound of that.”

“Then let’s go,” Ben said, sounding excited now.

Before we left he walked to the sliding glass door. I watched him look around, taking in every inch of our surroundings. He looked at me, looked back outside one more time, and then pulled his shorts off quickly, picking up a beach ball and stepping into the doorway.

“I’m only going to walk outside a few feet, Chris,” Ben told me. “Snap a picture and make it look like we’re in the middle of the outdoors, because this is going to be as outdoors as we get.”

I stepped into the doorway, nudging Ben forward a little bit, and took some of the best diaper pictures I’ve ever taken. Ben posed with the ball, holding it up in the air over his head. I snapped the picture.

Later I would send it to him, and he’d post it.

I’m pretty sure that this is still Ben’s most-reblogged picture, three years later.

Imagine my feelings of pride when, earlier this year, someone sent me a message asking me if I took it – and letting me know that picture is one of those that make them feel like wearing diapers is... normal.



We trudged back upstairs to the deck, and Ben announced that his diaper needed to be changed. He’d wet on the walk upstairs, I thought.

“I think you can wear a wet diaper for a little while,” I suggested, smiling.

“It will be wet again soon enough,” he said. “Can we start off this trip with a dry diaper? And a different diaper?” He seemed more relaxed now, and I wasn’t sure if it was the fact that he’d finally gotten the courage to take some good outdoor shots or just the fact that we were away from the lake, and possible prying neighbor eyes – that had that effect on him.

“What do you want to wear?” I asked him.

“What is a good go-out diaper?” he asked.

Yay! Another excused to pull out the stash.

My travel stash consisted of far less variety than my stash back at home in Florida. I knew Ben and I would be meeting up on this trip, so I’d packed two of just about everything I had in his size. Picture Noah and the ark, but instead of two of all of the animals I had two of the Cushies, two of the ABU Teddies, two of the AwwSoCutes, and – well, you get the idea.

Side note: if only it was possible to *breed* ABDL diapers. Think of all the money we’d save! And all of the cute hybrid diapers we’d come up with! But, I digress...

I threw a few diapers onto the bed, and Ben spotted a Teddy, picking it up with a grin.

“This seems perfect,” he told me. I picked up his feet, kissing them a little as I raised them, and he obediently leaned backward, a smile lighting up his face. He put his hands behind his head and stretched a little as I went to town with a wipe. I slid the diaper underneath him, Teddy-side-up, and sprinkled him liberally with powder – and then sprinkling some more for good measure. “That’s a lot of powder, Chris,” Ben said.

“I like the car to smell like it,” I told him. “Thanks for helping out.”

“Some people just buy air fresheners,” Ben said, laughing. “But no problem, glad to help out if I can.” As he spoke I pulled the tapes tightly, sticking them.

“Turn over,” I ordered, and he complied. I rubbed his bottom for a minute or so – I can’t resist rubbing a beautiful, freshly-padded ass whenever I have the chance. After a few minutes I told him he could get up and, just for fun, held his shorts out while he stepped into them.

Ben and I walked up the driveway to the car and got in. We traveled up the private cottagers’ road and pulled onto the main road. We’d only been driving for a few minutes when Ben, without a word, pulled his shorts off and tossed them into the back seat.

“Are you sure you want to risk it?” I teased him. “What if some vanillas pass by in a vehicle and look over? What if they see you?” I was making fun of him a little – he had given me the mother of all lectures back on the beach, after all. He seemed to take me seriously, though, reaching back for his shorts and putting them down at his feet. “I was just kidding, Ben,” I told him. “Nobody is going to pass us – these are old country roads. We’ll be fine.”



As we drove, Benjamin pulled out his iPhone, snapping pictures from a bunch of different angles.

“I’ve always wanted to take pictures in my diaper in the car,” he confessed. “I can’t wait to post these on my Tumblr.”

“Send me a few for the blog, too,” I asked him.

“Of course, Cwis,” he replied. “I’ll send you all of these – you can post up whatever you want.”



As we drove Ben came up with a plan: we were out in the country, driving on roads ringing the lake, and traffic was extremely light. We would find a farm field somewhere and pull off, doing a diaper photoshoot amongst the cornstalks somewhere.

I knew *just the spot*. I told Ben about a road we'd be coming up to in about half an hour – it was in the middle of nowhere, and there was almost never any traffic on it. It was surrounded by farm fields on both sides, and while I couldn't remember what types of crops they grew, I was pretty sure it was corn.

He was pretty excited, now, and I was, too. We hadn't gotten a lot of good shots at the lake, but these would be just as good. What's more, it was *his* suggestion. I wasn't pushing him to do this – *he* wanted to. I figured that gave it a better chance of actually happening.

Ben put his seat back a little bit and leaned back, relaxing. The sun was streaming in, and seemed to be hitting him directly on the front of his diaper. I looked over often, careful to sort of keep my eyes on the road, but I confess they were on Ben's diaper most of the drive.

After a while I noticed an obvious bulge. The combination of being outdoors, fresh air streaming in, and the sunlight warming up his diapers had made Ben a little hard.

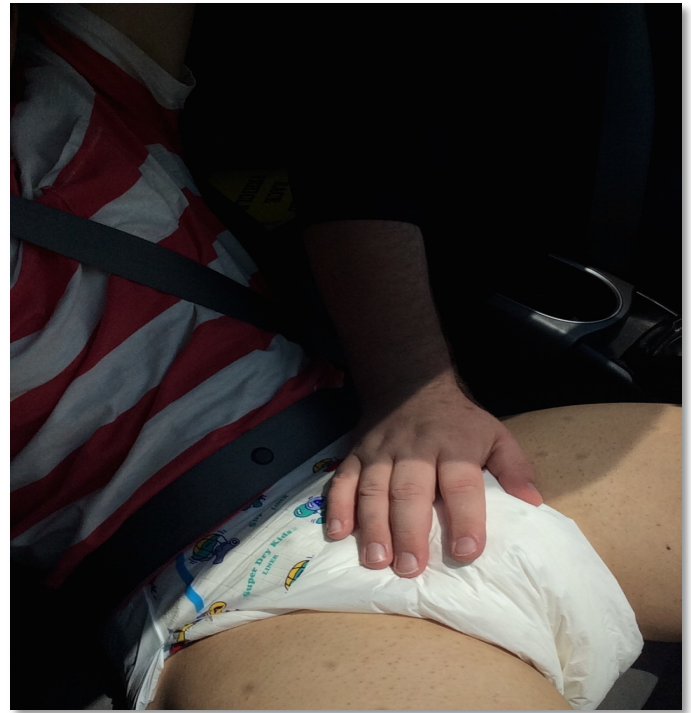
Hot.

"Do you mind if I – feel that, a little?" I asked.

"Of course not," Ben replied.

"Are you sure?" I asked. With that Ben reached over and took my hand, gingerly moving it over to his seat and setting it down on his diaper.

I felt the warmth – I love the feeling of the sun on a diaper once it's gotten it warmed up. I began to rub a little, and Ben put his seat back a little more, really relaxing now.



The absolute hotness of this situation made me realize how much I was missing out. I'd made a shit ton of diaper friends in Florida, but avoided hanging out with locals, part of my zero-tolerance policy on diaper drama. Imagine being able to ride around everywhere with a beautiful diaperboy as your 'armrest'. I could 100% get used to this.

After a little while Ben announced that he was going to wet. I stopped rubbing, and prayed that he wasn't going to ask me to move my hand – there's nothing hotter than someone peeing on you - or whatever you might call it when someone pees while your hand is on their diaper. Ben didn't say anything else, and after a little bit I felt his already-warm diaper warm even more.

After another mile or two I started rubbing again. It was more difficult to rub, now – the diaper's surface area seemed to decrease a little. I stopped, putting my hand on it, just soaking up the warmth as I drove.

"Maybe you can change me, if we find a place that's private enough," Ben suggested. I sensed that he was totally relaxed now. I remembered the last time – well, the *only* time, really – I'd ridden in a car in nothing but a diaper. I hadn't been nearly that relaxed. I resolved to try it again, soon...

“We’re almost to the spot,” I told him. I wasn’t sure if he’d want to be changed on the ground in a dirty cornfield, but I figured we could push the seats down in the back and create a little bit of a changing space. Maybe even get some hot pictures out of the deal.

I began to slow the car as we came up to the turn. And, just as I turned my directional on, I saw them: more than a dozen Amish buggies. All driving down my deserted country road.

It was like a fucking parade of horse and buggies.

These are a common sight in the part of New York that we were in, but they’re mostly seen one and a time, and most often on Sundays. I wasn’t sure if I’d ever seen them in this section, and I’d certainly never noticed them on the road I’d planned to take diaper pictures on!

We pulled off and I pulled over.

“I’m not stripping down to a diaper in front of a bunch of Amish people,” Ben warned me warily. His shorts were in his hands now, and he looked like he was about to get dressed.

“I know,” I replied. I was annoyed! What were the chances that the one spot I could think of that would be the perfect deserted spot perfect for a diaper pictorial was now crawling with Amish?

I looked further down the street. The patch of grass I’d thought I could park on was now the site of a barn being built.

That’s right – the local Amish community was having a good old-fashioned barn-raising – right in my spot.

Well, I guessed it was *their* spot. I’d just never noticed them before.

“So... I guess we keep driving?” I suggested.

Ben looked disappointed, but agreed.

And so we rolled, Ben laying back in his seat, me alternating between resting my hand on his wet diaper and rubbing his tummy.

As we drove I was deep in thought. I realized that, for as much as I would have loved to memorialize this moment for all of Tumblr with some hot outdoor pics to share, in the end I really didn’t care if we took pictures at all.

This bashful little diaper boy being willing to strip down to a Pamper and roll around with me was hot AF. And this moment, for as public as we were trying to make it, was kind of intimate. I didn’t care if anyone else got to experience it. For a moment I was feeling selfish – I was going to keep this to myself.



We meandered all the way around the circumference of the lake. I was certainly in no hurry to get back: this was fun, and relaxing, and – well, I could think of a ton of different ways to describe it.

This was... *dope*.

As we finally pulled back down the cottage road Ben picked up his shorts, being to put them on. He hesitated, and looked at me.

“Maybe I don’t need these,” he finally said. It seemed like he might have been right: driving around, pants-less and diapered in the car, seemed to help relax him a little. Still, I knew that he was likely to be spotted better in the driveway. I told him to go ahead and put them on, and he did.



Ben walked down the dock cautiously. He turned and looked at the neighboring property on the right, and then scanned the left, looking for evidence of human life. He turned and looked out across the water, fixed his gaze on a boat

hundreds of yards out, and looked back at me as if to say *See? Told you. Not safe.*

He didn't even have to *say* anything. I knew that our neighbors on one side had left, and the neighbors on the other side had gone upstairs. But all Ben needed to see was one set of eyes, no matter how far away, and there would be no way his shorts were coming off.

I would have to be okay with that.

"Maybe you can just take your bathing suit off once we're in the water," I suggested.

"Shhh, Chris!" Ben said, looking alarmed. "Sound travels over water, you know." His eyes darted around, but there was nobody evident within earshot. He looked at me, directly into my eyes, and mouthed the word *MAYBE* before putting his finger to his lips.

Ben slowly stepped down the dock ladder. He lowered his foot into the water and then pulled it up quickly.

"It's a little bit cold," he said.

"It's better to just jump in all at once," I told him. He rolled his eyes and dipped his foot again, letting it get acclimated to the temperature before he began stepping down, rung by rung, the rest of the way.

"I'm used to swimming in Florida," he admitted. "It's way warmer there."

"You don't have to tell me," I said. I'd gone swimming in Florida, too. Still, I'd never gone swimming in Florida in a diaper – I reserved that for trips to the cottage.

I love – *love* – swimming in diapers.

The way the water presses up against the outside of your diaper, pressing it against your ass, against your penis – it's an amazing feeling.

I'm always surprised when I ask people if they've ever gone swimming in a diaper and they say no. Most people haven't, it sometimes seems like. I

realize how lucky I am that my grandfather saw the value in waterfront property before it was actually *valuable* – if he hadn't scooped up some lakefront land in the 1940s I would probably be one of the many without that experience. And – come to think of it – so many of the others the cottage has afforded me.

Ben was in the water now, sort of hopping around, as though moving would keep him warm.

I stepped down in and let myself fall backward into the water. Within a few seconds I was fully underwater. I came after a few minutes, already used to the coldness from previous swimming excursions during my vacation. Ben was still trying to get used to it.

I took my swim suit off and stuffed it up underneath the dock, where it would be readily accessible if I needed to put it on quickly, but still not out and obvious in case a neighbor did happen to come out to their dock and look over.

"You should take yours off, too," I said to Ben, careful to whisper this time.

"I'm not sure, Cwis," he replied. He was still looking around nervously. "Are you *sure* nobody is going to come out?"

"No," I replied, honestly, "but if they do they won't see what you're wearing underwater."

"What if I can't get it back on time?" he questioned me.

"I'll help you, don't worry, bro," I reassured him.

Ben eyeballed me for a good half minute before he slowly bent over, reaching down and pulling his swimming trunks off.

"I think I'll hold onto them," he said, but I reached out, taking them in my hand, and he slowly let go, allowing me to take them from him. I walked over to the dock and put the next time mine.

“Now you’re swimming in just a diaper.” As soon as I said the words a big smile lit up Ben’s face, and I imagined he’d had the realization that he’d just taken the next step in his diaper development.

“This feels... good, Cwis.”

Ben and I stood in the water for a little bit. I couldn’t see underwater, but I could tell that he was feeling his diaper, which was probably fully saturated with lake water now. I swam a little, and Ben started to follow, stopping suddenly and putting his hands back down onto his diaper.

“How do you keep it up when you swim?” he asked me. He was sort of laughing now, and I realized that I hadn’t used duct tape on his diaper like I do on mine – his might not stick to his bum as well as mine would. I suggested he avoid swimming too vigorously.

Dusk was beginning to fall, and as I looked up I could see some stars beginning to shine through the blue sky. I looked around, checking for signs of life on neighboring docks, and saw that there was none.

“Mind if I hold you for a little bit?” I asked Ben hopefully.

“I was just thinking the same thing,” he replied. He waded over to me, and let me pick him up. As I did he wrapped his legs around me, resting his head on my shoulder. The buoyancy provided by the water made it easy to carry him, and I held him, slowly turning him around so that he’d be reassured that we were alone, and hopefully remain relaxed.

If you’ve never gone swimming with a little bro, and carried him while you both rock diapers underwater, I’d like to recommend that you try it. It feels... fucking... amazing.

I know because I did it for more than an hour that night, and it was... magical.

I walked up to Ben, bent down into the water, and scooped him up by his legs, lifting them up into the air and placing them around my waist.

He gently leaned into me and put his arms around me, nestling his head up against my neck. I pulled him tight and put my hand across his padded bottom, getting a good handhold on his diaper. *Yess!*

A few moments later he was clutching me tightly with both his arms and his legs.

Fucking. Amazing.

I stood there holding Ben for over an hour.

We watched the sun slowly go down across the lake – one of the most beautiful sunsets you will ever see – and I just stood there, still, as the stars started to make an appearance in the sky.

The city lights were sparkling in the skyline across the lake, and still Ben held on tightly, snuggling. We were silent now. I’m not sure how long it had been since I’d felt this relaxed, but it felt amazing.

“It’s starting to get a little cold out,” I finally pointed out. The night air brings a chill with it, and temperatures on the lake drop pretty quickly once the sun goes down.

“I’m not really that cold, Cwis,” Ben told me.

I continued to hold him. Ben had that *pleaser* personality – he was a good kid, and I knew that he knew I was loving every minute of this. I hoped that he wasn’t just pretending not to be cold so that I would be able to enjoy this for longer.

“Once you get cold, let me know, okay?” I asked. Ben didn’t speak, and just nodded his head. He wrapped his arms and legs around me a little bit tighter, and I felt him shiver.

“I’m fine,” he finally spoke. “Besides – can you feel that? I just warmed things up.”

“You just – what?”

“I just wet. Feels warmer already.”

I chuckled. Ben's diaper was soaked from lakewater, but I had put it on *very* tightly, and he had hiked it up as he had entered the water – there was no way any pee in that diaper would escape to warm the water around him. Still, it probably rose the temperature inside the diaper a few degrees. If that meant a few more minutes of holding him, I'd take it.

"You have goosebumps," I finally pointed out, rubbing his arms as I walked around, bouncing him up and down a little. "We can get out whenever you're ready."

"Not yet," Ben said. "This is so relaxing. Just hold onto me... and keep doing that."

So hold on I did. Even as Ben began shivering a little more, trembling even, I held on. I began rubbing his back, and his arms, helping him warm up, trying to make this last as long as possible.

"You're shivering – you must be cold," I finally said. "We can go up anytime."

"Not yet, Cwis," Ben objected. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that he was sucking his thumb. *Awwwww...*

Bats began to swoop across the water, flying low in hopes of catching mosquitoes over the lake. I wasn't sure if Ben was afraid of bats or not, so I didn't say anything.

Suddenly a bat flew a few feet away from us.

"Umm. Are those... bats?" Ben finally spoke.

"Yes."

"Okay, I *guess* I'm ready," he said, reluctantly.



Ben was just as self-conscious about his diaper showing on our way out as he had been on our way in.

I had to laugh – it was adorable how bashful Ben was, especially since it was pitch black out now and it was unlikely anyone would be able to see him. I handed him the towel that he asked for, and he carefully wrapped it around his waist. Once he was 100% sure his diaper was fully covered he did his best to walk normally, in case our neighbors might glance out a window and see him.

"That diaper is filled with *gallons* of lake water, bro," I told him. "You aren't going to be able to walk like you're in a dry diaper."

Ben turned and urged me to quiet down, and then made his best attempt to continue undetected. Watching him walk as a diaper sloshed around underneath the towel was amusing, and I hung back a little as he kind of cowboy-walked down the dock, moseying along, the diaper leaking the whole way.

Ben made his way to the foot of the stairs, and then turned around, motioning for me to catch up. I did, and he said "cover me" as he started to walk up to the top of the cliff. He took each step one at a time, going slowly, as excess water in his diaper sloshed out. I noticed that he kept glancing towards the neighbor's house, and I reminded him that they couldn't see him. Plus, I was pretty sure they weren't even home. If they were, they were all inside.

"So you keep saying, Chris," Ben said, sounding a little annoyed. "Pardon me if I don't want your neighbors to catch a glimpse of our very private fetish being played out in public."

"Bro, I've been wearing diapers here since you were *in* diapers," I whispered. "I think they'll survive."

"You don't think they – know, do you? About you and diapers?" Ben sounded absolutely horrified, so I hurriedly assured him they didn't. Truthfully, I didn't know – I *had* accidentally fallen asleep on the dock once in nothing but a diaper. And over the years I'd certainly spent days, weeks, or even months (in accumulated time) in diapers inside the cottage. I suppose there's a chance that, at some point, someone

caught a glimpse of something they shouldn't have. Still, Ben's concern for me was real – and, now that he wasn't lecturing me about it, I thought, it was really dope AF.

By the time we made our way to the deck off of the cottage Ben's diaper was practically down to his knees. He took off his towel, flinging it over a chair – “I'll hang that up later, Cwis” – and walked inside, trying to mosey into the bathroom as fast as possible. Still, a little trail of dripping water formed on the hardwood floor.

“You're going to give me a bath, right?” Ben called out. “I'm freezing and covered with pee!” Then he walked into the bathroom and stopped. “Oh, I forgot – no bathtub. How are you going to give me a bath?”

I'd told him the story about giving Mikey a bath before, but hadn't really thought out the logistics of it for Ben. My parents had a Jacuzzi tub at the time of Mikey's visit, and I'd bathed him there. The cottage had a shower – no tub.

“Maybe you can put something in between the shower and the outside and kind of turn it into a tub,” Ben suggested. I thought about that – it actually would work, if I had a strong piece of plexiglass – it would fit right into the slot by the door, and would hold the water in nicely. Still, I didn't have anything like that.

“That might be a plan for next year,” I told him. “For this year, I think you're going to have to be okay with a shower. Sowwy...”

“Okay, a shower it is,” Ben replied. “But you're going to really have to give me a good scrub!”

I cocked my head. Taking a shower *with* Ben... something I hadn't thought of. I'd never actually taken a shower with *anyone*. I once tried to pee on someone in a bathtub, at his request, but my shy bladder had wrecked his fantasy. Actually *taking* a real shower with someone? That I wasn't sure about.

Still, *Ben* was sure, and he was shivering as he ran the water, so I decided not to keep him waiting. He stepped in, and I followed, both of of

careful not to push the other into the glass door. There wasn't a lot of room...

Ben shook his butt a little and his diaper dropped to the ground with a thud, little pieces of absorbent polymer flying everywhere.

“Oops,” he said sheepishly. “Hadn't anticipated *that*. I'll clean that up after.”

“I'll get it,” I told him. I picked up a shower brush and soaped it up, nudging him into the corner of the shower. With that I went to work, scrubbing the kid from top to bottom. We'd been in the water for more than an hour, and I kept that in mind as I brushed off whatever organisms the lake might have deposited onto his skin, trying to step off to the side as much as possible to let the hot water cascade across him.

Once he had been thoroughly scrubbed I reached out for a washcloth, soaping it up and working it over his diaper area thoroughly. We'd both been in our wet diapers for quite some time, so I scrubbed a little bit more than usual, making sure every centimeter was squeaky clean.

Once I was done, I told him to grab a towel off the rack and dry himself off.

“I'll be out in a few minutes,” I told him.

“You don't want me to give *you* a good scrubbing?” he asked me, looking surprised.

I felt my brow furrow. I was the *big bro* in this relationship. I was the one who was supposed to be *giving* the bath. If there had been a bath tub I wouldn't have bathed Ben and then told him to get out while I stepped in to let him bathe me.

Right?

“I've got it, bro,” I told him. “I'm a little self-conscious, anyway, about taking my diaper off in front of – “

With that Ben cut me off with a wave of his hand, rolling his eyes a little. I stood there, surprised, as he put his hands on my shoulders and turned

me around. He gently pushed me back into the same corner that he'd stood in as I washed him.

"I've got it, bro," he told me. I stood there as Ben lathered up the scrubby brush and then began working it in to my skin.

Holy. Fucking. Relaxing.

All I can say is, I don't know why I waited all those years to take a shower with someone else. It feels good to *give* someone else a bath – albeit in a shower – but *getting* one feels amazing!

Ben scrubbed nearly every inch of me, even working a washcloth in between my toes. Then, once he was finished, he put the brush up and handed me the washcloth.



"Give me your diaper," he directed. I did as I was told, pulling it down and handing it to him. He picked up his, as well.

"Scrub your diaper area, and I'll be waiting with a towel," he said, stepping out into the bathroom with our wet diapers in his hands. While he went

to work finding a place to store those I went to work scrubbing my middle section.

As I scrubbed, I was deep in thought. I'm an 'abysitter', and 99% of my diapered interactions involve me caring for others – but I *love* being cared for, too.

Unfortunately for me, trust issues prevent me from letting anyone else take care of me – usually. Mikey had spent an evening babying me during his visit, and another friend did it years before that. I thought back, trying to count – I think the total number of times someone else had been able to successfully make me *feel* regressed was three.

But being scrubbed in the shower, and told to take off my diaper, and – just feeling *taken care of*, really – that had felt amazing.

I realized, in that moment, that I'd found someone else I trusted enough to let care for me and probably even make me feel regressed.

I wasn't sure if I'd be able to approach him about it – I relished being the 'big bro' in this relationship, after all.

Still, having those feelings, if even only for that moment, was an amazing feeling. Bonding with your 'little brother' is dope, but realizing said little bro has some pretty effective 'big bro' qualities, too?

Damn.



Ben and I did quite the photoshoot that night, his last night at the cottage.

I'm not going to fill this book up with photos just for the sake of including photos, but I will suggest that you keep an eye out for my blog – some of them will be posted there soon, and they're adorable.



bought my sailboat in 2004. I was working a little further from home, and missed the cottage – I’d spent my entire life recharging my batteries by the water – and padding up there in privacy – and I missed that. I found a sailboat that was small enough for someone with no sailing experience to singlehand – that means sail without help, for you landlubbers – but big enough to spend a few nights on.

For two years I’d spent most of my summers on the boat. It became my ‘floating cradle’ – a place I could pad up and then enjoy a night on the water, being rocked to sleep in my marina berth. I’d found that wearing diapers served a dual purpose: the boat’s head – bathroom for y’all – was best saved for emergency use, and the marina bathhouse and showers were a few docks away. I’d slap on a Pamper at bedtime, get a good night’s sleep, and then wake up and head over for a shower. I was easily the youngest boat owner in the marina – most people don’t buy big-ass boats until they near retirement age, it seems – and the old men would marvel at my ‘bladder of steel’ – they never saw me on their walks to the bath house overnight, it seemed. Hehe.

When I moved to Florida my family took over the boat. I paid the registration and insurance, and they paid the marina fees and made sure the boat was in the water each season. They had the benefit of using a boat they hadn’t had to buy, and I got to use it whenever I came back to New York for my annual summer vacations. That was a win for them, a win for me, but not so much a win for the boat, as besides a cursory annual scrubbing and a bit of maintenance here or there nobody was really taking care of it like I had when I’d been living on it. I didn’t want to devote my summer vacations to the effort, and my family enjoyed a sail here or there but weren’t passionate about it like I was. Over time the boat began to look a little... grungy.

Ben had sent me videos of his family sailing on family holidays. The sailboats he was used to far outvalued my little beater. They were newer, bigger – almost twice the length, I’ll bet – and they were most definitely cleaner. So each time Ben brought up going sailing I tried to divert to something else.

“So am I ever going to get to see this boat, Cwis,” he’d ask.

“Probably after we go check out these huge waterfalls,” I’d answer.

“Oooh, I love waterfalls,” he’d say.

Crisis averted!

But Ben was persistent, and the subject kept coming up.

“Cwis! Cwis! I want to go sailing!” he’d say.

On the last day of his visit I knew that he wouldn’t be satisfied unless we went down to the boat. So we made the drive to the marina, more than an hour away.

As we drove, I tried to prepare him for what he’d find. I was afraid he thought this was some sort of luxury cruising yacht, the kind that people rent on vacations, and the kind that he was accustomed to. Deep rich mahogany... custom Italian leather... the latest in electronics and appliances. This boat would be none of those things...

“I only paid a few thousand for it, and that was almost ten years ago,” I warned him.

“I’m sure it’s really nice,” Ben replied.

“It hasn’t really been taken care of in a while,” I cautioned. “It’s probably pretty filthy.”

“We’ll get it cleaned up before we go out.”

When we drove into the town with the marina – a summer resort town with lots of attractions, I asked Ben if he’d rather do something else. I threw out a few suggestions, and he just looked over at me, a dead serious look on his face, and told me that we were going sailing.

Sigh... sailing it was.

I drove into the marina parking lot and parked. I hoped that the water would be rough –

sometimes people would beg off on going out on the boat if the water was rough. It was actually a perfect day – smooth lake, but a nice breeze. Still, Ben had some experience with big sailing vessels in bigger bodies of water than this, and something told me he wouldn't have been intimidated by big waves, anyway.

We walked out to the boat and, as we approached, I saw that it was even dirtier than it had been the previous year. It appeared that birds had taken to roosting on the boom – bird droppings were scattered across the top of the cabin, in addition to the usual grit, grunge, and grime found on all boats.

“That’s it,” I pointed out, and Ben stopped and turned to look at the boat. If he was disappointed he didn’t show it.

“This is nice!” he said, enthusiastically. This boat had once been my pride and joy – I’d worked *so much* overtime in the year before I bought it just to be able to afford it. “This is exactly what I expected, Chris – small enough to manage, but big enough to live aboard. I like it!”

I pictured Ben sailing on the 44 foot Beneteau his family had spent the previous Christmas on. My 26’ sailboat from the 1970s was a far cry from that, and I knew it. But Ben didn’t blink – he enthusiastically stepped aboard and walked around, taking it all in.

I was immediately annoyed – it seemed that nobody had put the sail on this year. That would add thirty minutes to our preparation time. I unlocked the cabin and stepped down into it, looking for the sail. Hmm... where *was* it?

I dialed home.

“Any idea where the sail for the boat is?” I asked.

“It’s not on it?” my father said.

“Did someone *put* it on it?” I asked.

“Hmm, check the garage at the cottage,” he suggested.

Damn.

“So Ben... a little problem...”



Even the fact that we had no sails, and would be unable to leave the dock under anything but motor power wouldn’t deter Ben.

“If we can’t sail we can motor!” he said, just as enthusiastically as he had been before.

“I guess,” I said. Now that I saw how excited he was, even *after* he saw the boat, I felt bad. This kid deserved to go sailing. Instead we would be motoring... what the fuck.

“First, though, I’m going to clean it for you,” Ben told me.

“You don’t have to do that,” I said. “We can’t even go sailing.”

“No, but you’ve invited me out to your boat, and it needs a good cleaning, like you said,” Ben replied. “I’m going to do that for you today, and *then* we’ll go out. Sound good?”

“I didn’t bring you out here to be a deckhand,” I answered. “I just figured – “

“That’s exactly what I am. I am your deckand. I am your *diapered* deckhand, Cwis,” Ben said, a big smile lighting up his face as I looked around to see who was within earshot. “Point me in the direction of the cleaning products and step aside.”

With that Ben got to work.



The boat was *super grimy*. Ben mixed a soap-and-water mixture in the bucket and then got to work, scrubbing the deck. The seagull poop had clearly been there for a while, and it took some time for it to come up. I watched as Ben scrubbed the fuck out of it. Other boat owners walked by, stopping to watch as my diapered deckhand worked, so lost in his task that he barely noticed that he had an audience.

One woman, known to be a flirt on the docks, stopped and checked out Ben's ass as he bent over, de-pooing the deck. I could clearly see diaper peekage, and I wondered if she was trying to discern if he was, indeed, wearing a diaper. Ben self-consciously hiked up his jeans a few times, giving her a better look at his behind but keeping the diaper fairly well covered. After staring for what seemed like a minute she looked up at me, winked, and raised her hand in the 'okay' symbol. She hadn't noticed – she was just admiring a hot boy with a beautiful bottom. I chuckled inwardly, realizing that she probably had no way to tell that I, and Ben, were gay AF.

“So you brought in the hired help,” quipped one old man, a sailing purist known for expressing his annoyance when other boat owners don't take care of their boats to the same degree he takes care of his. “I don't know if just two are gonna cut it... you've got a big job ahead of you, boys.”

“Two?” Ben said, more to me than to the man on the dock. “One.”

I felt bad, then – there was only one scrub brush on the boat, since I typically took care of everything myself. I'd been enjoying watching Ben work, but hadn't stepped up to do anything.

“Let me get back to work,” I said to the man. “Ben, I am going to go below and – “

“You just sit down and relax,” Ben interrupted. “I've got this, Chris. We'll be done in a little bit.”

I chuckled to myself, but sat down. The old man gave me a thumbs up.

“You can send him over to my boat next,” he quipped. “Hard worker, this one.”

And he was. I sat back, enjoying the sights as Ben worked up a sweat, scrubbing every inch of the cabin top. It made a *huge* difference, and after nearly an hour he had the deck looking almost brand new.

“Wow, Ben – this looks really nice. I guess we can try a little sail – er, motoring,” I finally said.

“Is the cabin clean, Chris?” Ben asked me. By his tone I knew that he already knew the answer to that question. I shook my head no, and he stepped down into the cockpit and looked inside.

“Wow, Chris – that's pretty dirty.” Small leaks in the cabin had allowed water to drip inside, and a few torrential rainstorms had allowed puddles to pool. Mildew was starting to form in a few places, including on the boat cushions.

“We're not going to be inside, anyway,” I told him. It was an extremely hot day, and it was getting hotter with every minute. Even the

breeze seemed to have died down, though we wouldn't be relying on it when we went out now, anyway.

"You're right," Ben said. "We're not going to be inside. I'm going to be inside, because I'm getting that area cleaned up, too."

"Bro," I objected, "you don't have to do that. We can just go out - "

"We'll go out after the inside is clean," Ben told me. "I don't want to think of you coming down here to spend the night, if you do, and sleeping in a cabin with mildew. I'm going to help you."

And with that, Ben stepped down into the cabin and got to work. I watched as he picked up each cushion, inspecting them one at a time. He handed a few of the smaller ones up to me, ordering me to scrub them. All of the rest he doused with the hose, giving them as good a scrubbing as he'd given the boat deck in the previous hour.

The only ventilation down below would have been a breeze through the cabin, had there been one. Since there wasn't the 90 degree temperatures began to heat up the cabin. It probably felt like it was more than 100 down there. I told Ben to take a break a few times, to come up for some air, but he was intent on finishing so that we could go out onto the lake before the long ride to the bus station began, and he kept going.

Ben was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He toyed with the idea of taking his shirt off, but he spent most of the time bent over, scrubbing various parts of the boat, and his diaper was clearly visible. I thought that it was adorable that he was sweating so profusely because he was so intent on nobody catching a glimpse of his diaper. I hoped that he wouldn't get heat stroke.



Ben hauled the biggest cushions up onto the deck, spraying them with cleaning solution before turning the hose on them. The water bounced off the vinyl and splattered everywhere, spraying back on him. He was already so drenched with sweat that it didn't really make much of a difference. As Ben sprayed the old man made his way back down the dock. I could tell he was just walking back and forth now, more out of curiosity than anything else.

"That's a hard-working deckhand" you have there," he told me and anyone else within earshot. "He's got this boat looking 100 times better." I felt like that was as much a shot at the condition of the boat before than it was a compliment, but I wasn't complaining. It felt good to have a little diapered deckhand, and even better to know that others in the marina were admiring his work and/or his hiney.

I could get used to this.

Ben came back down into the cabin and began scrubbing the floor. In between hose sprays I entertained him with stories about diapered adventures on the boat. They mostly involved me almost getting caught in diapers - only one other ABDL had ever been to the boat before, so there really weren't a lot of stories to tell. I lamented that fact as we talked, and Ben interrupted me.

“That’s why I’m getting it ship shape for you, Cwis,” he said. “We’re going to get it cleaned up this year. Next year we’ll have our own Epic Diaper Adventure.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Next year I’m coming up for even longer, and we’re going to make sure we get down here way before the last day,” Ben explained. “I’m picturing us taking this all the way to the other end of the lake, and spending the night out in it. A few nights, actually.”

“It’s hard to spend the night,” I told him. “The head isn’t actually in that great of shape, and there are no showers.”

“We’ll be in diapers, and we’ll jump in and bathe in the lake,” Ben said patiently, talking to me as though I was a little on the slow side.

“There’s no running water,” I told him. “So we’d have to – “

“We’ll bring bottled water, Chris. Not that hard.”

I knew what Ben was used to. Would he really enjoy spending a few days on the SS Roughing It?

“And food...” I continued.

“We’ll fish or something. Again, not that difficult. What matters is that we’ll have a few days together, diapered, on a boat, on the open sea.”

“Lake,” I reminded him. He gave me a ‘stfu’ glare.

“We’ll be together, and in diapers, having an adventure that we can talk about for the rest of our lives,” he continued.

“Well,” I said hesitantly, the obstacles running through my head. “That *does* sound fun, I guess.”

“You’ve been pampered too much, Chris,” Ben said, still scrubbing his ass off. “The toilet doesn’t have enough water pressure. There’s no running water. What will we *eat*?” He was teasing me now, and I had to laugh – in my apprehension that Ben wouldn’t enjoy himself on my

tiny/grimy sailing craft *he* was the one having fun, and I was the one complaining.

I vowed to stop being uneasy and just relax.

“An Epic Diaper Sailing Adventure,” I said.

“An Epic Diaper Sailing Adventure!” Ben repeated, quite loudly. I looked up and over the deck as people who Ben couldn’t see slowed down and looked in our direction. Oops.

“Shhhh...” I shushed him. He just laughed.

“Maybe if it works out we’ll just keep going,” he told me. “Take it right off the lake and head out to the *real* open sea.”

I had to admit that I couldn’t think of anything that sounded more perfect than that. Me, Ben, a sailboat, and – of course – plenty of diapers?

I was in!

The reality of the situation, of course, was that Ben’s bus would be leaving in a few hours, and we had yet to even *motor* a mile or two.

Ben was almost finished, now. I looked at my watch as he rinsed everything down.

“Bro, we’re about 90 minutes from the bus station. I don’t think we’re even going to have time to take the boat out,” I said.

Truthfully I’d lost track of time. Watching this Huggied hottie swabbing the deck was relaxing as fuck, and each time I’d offered to do something he’d shushed me and continued – it felt good to have someone taking care of me, too, and kind of lulled me into this trance-like state.



With that Ben turned off the hose and stepped down into the cabin. He peeled his pants off and climbed up into the forward berth, peeking his head out the hatch.

“This really *is* fun,” he said, giggling as people walked by the dock just a few feet away from him. He looked at me and mouthed something about being in diapers, pretending he was going to yell it out to the passersby. I had to laugh – he was discovering exactly why I liked this boat so much.

We lounged for a while, and Ben took off his shirt, handing it to me. I hung it on the boom to dry. We talked about the logistics of a sailing trip with diapers. Where *do* you dispose of used disposable diapers out to sea? Definitely would have to be Dry 24/7, or something equally absorbent – going to have to maximize wearing time for those. Is there a bag strong enough to store them without a next-level stink taking over the boat? Would cloth diapers be a better choice? Where would you wash them?

It was fun just to talk about it, but the idea that we were actually planning what would be a fun adventure for 2015 felt pretty good.



If you’ve ever been to a convention like TeddyCon or CAPCON you know about the phenomenon known as ‘Con Drop’: that empty, sad feeling you find yourself facing when the event comes to a close.

After Ben returned to NYC I experienced something like that. I would call it ‘Little Bwo Drop.’

After what had been an *amazing* long weekend, Ben not being with me felt like someone had sucked the fresh air out of my environment. I dropped him off at the bus station and drove away, my mind replaying how excited I’d been to travel this exact route just four days before.

Little Bwo Drop *sucks!*

“I didn’t realize we were so far away,” Ben said. “But I sort of figured we weren’t going to go out. It wouldn’t really be the same without the sail anyway.” Then Ben looked at me, a serious look on his face. “I wanted this to be ship shape for you so when you come out on the rest of your vacation you can *enjoy* it.”

I’ve never wanted to hug someone so much at that moment as I did Ben. He had just spent three or four hours sweating his diapered ass off, and it was all for me.

Who even does that?

“I’m sorry, bro,” I told him, “but I kind of put this off all week, because – “

“I know,” Ben cut in. “It’s cool, Chris. Next year we’re going to have an epic adventure. I can’t wait. Now just try to keep it clean the rest of this trip, and if we have to clean it some next year we will.”

As I drove, though, my phone began beeping with text messages. They were coming from Ben, riding away on the MegaBus. He'd had a good time this weekend, and he wanted me to know it.

I relaxed. I was pretty lucky: this kid lived two hours away from me in Florida, and was just a busride away in New York. We'd see each other again – probably many times.

The planning in my head began. I couldn't wait.

I headed back over to my friend's, calling him in advance to let him know I had another garbage drop to make.

"Okay, but this time you're really going to put it in the dumpster yourself," my friend warned me.

"This time it's going to take two of us to lift it," I told him.

"What... do... you... *mean*?" he asked me. I decided not to push my luck – if I told him he'd probably tell me not to come over.

"Just be outside by the dumpster."

I pulled up a few minutes later and my friend was waiting outside. His son was visiting for the weekend, something I hadn't anticipated and he hadn't mentioned. Still, I had to get rid of this bag – it was killing my gas mileage, and it kind of stank.

Ben and I had gone swimming several more times, and he'd gotten a little more daring as his visit continued. The result had been a garbage bag filled with a half dozen or so lakewater-filled diapers. Those, plus the normal wet diapers, made for one heavy bag – it had taken two of us to carry it to the car, and even as we did a mixture of lakewater and urine was seeping out. I'd had to put the bag in a big Tupperware container just to keep it from soaking my car.

"Let me see this heavy bag," my friend said, eyeballing the back of my car suspiciously. I unlocked the hatchback and opened it. He looked at the bag and then looked at me. "It doesn't look *that* heavy..."

My friend reached in and grabbed the garbage bag, trying to hoist it. To his surprise it barely moved. He began laughing, looked at me, and shook his head.

"What the *fuck*!"

"What's in there?" his son asked me. "Why is such a small bag so heavy?"

"It's wet clothes," I told him. That was technically true...

"How'd they get wet?" he asked.

"Well, you see," my friend told his son in mock seriousness, "for some reason some people just never learn to keep his clothing dry." I glared at him but his son just rolled his eyes and ran toward the playground.

"You shouldn't let your clothes get wet!" he called out behind him.

My friend and I both leaned in, lifting the bag with all of our might. It was super hard to lift.

"Seriously... how are these so heavy?" he asked. So I explained a little bit about my weekend.

"Wait, wait, wait," he said, putting the bag back down. "Do you mean to tell me that you go *swimming* in these... and that they soak up so much water that..."

I nodded.

"That's... damn, dude. You should see if they make a swim diaper for your community. I'm sure they do..."

I assured him if they did I'd know about it, and he laughed. Besides, I liked the feeling of a big-ass diaper super soaked on my ass. And, as I'd discovered during this past week, on someone else's ass, as well. I didn't mention any of that.

As we slowly moved in unison, trying to carry this heavy bag over to the dumpster, the bottom began to rip.

“Shit, don’t let this stuff fall out and splash me!” my friend shrieked. He was laughing, and I was starting to lose it, now, too.

We got it to the dumpster just in time, dropping it. It landed with a thud so loud that people around us looked over. I swore the dumpster shook a little.

“Just knowing you has made me aware of things I never, ever would have figured out on my own,” my friend said, laughing.

I hugged him and drove home, his words replaying in my mind.

Just having a diaper fetish had given me experiences I never would have had without it. And an amazing, magical weekend with Ben was one of those.

I. Love. Diapers.



PART III: THE COTTAGE, YEAR TWO

If I felt like a real connection had been made during an overnight visit last December, it was *nothing* compared to the bond that was forged over our long weekend at the cottage.

Ben seemed to agree. A few days after he got back to NYC he was in Florida for the last few weeks of his summer vacation. My return to the state would overlap with his stay there, and he wanted to hang out again. I did, too, but my work schedule and his availability to come to Orlando didn’t coincide. Damn, I was disappointed.

Perhaps as something of a consolation prize, Ben asked me if I’d consider letting him list me as a ‘little brother’ on Fetlife. He’d started an account there at some point, and during our time at the cottage he had told me that he was being careful with who he added, at first – he’d requested only a few people, and they were people in my friends list.

“I know you wouldn’t add bad people, Cwis,” he’d told me during a baby bottle feeding. I told him that my Fetlife policy wasn’t all that secure, actually: I accept almost everyone who requests me, really. Ben had looked a little disappointed when he heard that, and I’d felt bad.

Having him ask me to be his ‘big bro’ there felt really, really good. I’ve been called “Big Bwo” by so many people in our community, but taking a week out to hang out in diapers with someone makes it seem real.

It would become clear to me, from a number of the conversations we would have throughout the next year, that Ben was still pretty new to the community, and perhaps a little naïve about what the community was all about.

He came to me with questions – lots of questions.

Once, for example, he wanted to know my thoughts on including your face in ABDL pictures. He’d gotten lots of requests on Tumblr, and was thinking it over. What did *I* think?

On the one hand, Ben is fucking *adorable* – so many times the facial expressions he makes have made me laugh out loud when he texts me pictures. I knew that his face being included in Tumblr pictures would add a lot to the photo, and would certainly add to the shareworthiness of them. Still, he was in college, and I was concerned. I told him some of the horror stories I’ve heard from years in the community – people I knew who have been outed online... accidental diaper pic sightings... even dominant diaper daddies blackmailing boys into remaining a part of the fam.

“For that reason, I probably wouldn’t recommend it,” I told him cautiously. “At least not while you’re in college...”

“Then why do you feature so many pics of college guys showing their faces on your blog?” he asked me, sounding genuinely confused. “Aren’t you worried about any of them?”

I didn’t really have a good answer for that.

I could tell that Ben wasn’t trying to point out the

somewhat obvious hypocrisy; he was simply trying to gather more information before he made a decision about something that was pretty important, and he trusted me. I gave him the best advice that I could. I was somewhat relieved when he announced that he'd decided to hold off on including his face in diaper pictures on Tumblr – but that he'd still include it in pictures he sent me.

Another time Ben texted me while I was at work. He wanted to talk, and it sounded important. I half expected there to be a crisis on the other end, from the tone of his texts, so I went for a walk – this conversation could be about diapers, after all – and gave him a call when I was outside the earshot of my coworkers.

“Chris, why are there people in our community who are okay with diapering kids?” he wanted to know. “What is wrong with people?”

He sounded disgusted. I asked him if he'd had a recent run-in with someone of the pedophile variety. He hadn't, he said – he'd just been thinking of something that I had said over the summer, and other things he'd noticed online, and it was bothering him.

“How are people not just automatically on board with keeping minors out of pictures, out of ageplay?” he asked me.

We talked about it for a little while, and I was pleased when Ben told me that he was proud of me for continuing to drive the “18+” point home.

“We need more people to bring this out into the open and talk about it,” he told me. “I'm going to make sure I'm clear with people that that's where *I* stand, too.”

I knew, then, that this kid had been a good choice for ‘little bro’ status.

There were lots of other texts, and some other phone conversations, throughout the school year. Ben kept me apprised on events at his fraternity, and sent me pictures from different trips he'd taken. Most of our conversations were about life, and non-ABDL stuff, really. Still, any time Ben was planning to meet someone new in

the community I'd get an excited text message announcing the details, usually with a mirror selfie showing me what he was going to wear.

The next best thing to being there?

Fall turned into winter, and winter turned into spring. I'd recently been promoted at work, and had very little time for diaper stuff – even my blog was taking a little bit of a hit. Still, each time that Ben texted me I felt like I was instantly taken back to the cottage, and with each message came excitement for our next visit.

July came around again, and once again I was visiting upstate New York for my summer vacation. This time we'd decided that Amtrak was the way to go. Ben loves trains anyway, and never misses an opportunity to take one, but last year's MegaBus trip, with its hours-long delays both ways, had left a bad taste in our mouths.

It was Déjà vu in year two, as I drove out to the with a big bag of wet diapers, dropping them off at my friend's – throwing them into the dumpster myself this time – and swinging back by the station to wait.

This time I parked and walked up the steps to the train platform to wait.

I realized how much different I'd felt the previous year. I'd been nervous! Ben was coming out to the cottage for the first time. Would he like it? Would he get bored? Would he feel as comfortable as we had on our overnight?

We had, of course. And despite Ben's nervousness about being diapered outdoors, he'd eventually relaxed enough to take some really good pictures out on the deck. Plus we'd snapped the iconic beach ball picture on the dock. And the moments that we hadn't photographed – like our hour-long wet snuggle sesh, and hours of conversation in the cottage – made the visit even more amazing.

This time around I stood at the train platform brimming with excitement. Ben was getting close, and he started sending me pictures of what he was seeing outside the window. He was still a

few cities away... then he was in the next city... and then he was sending me a picture of the city I was in. I looked down the track and saw his train off in the distance. Woo hoo!

Ben stepped off the train, and I walked down the track toward him. I could see that he looked different almost immediately. He'd actually grown over the past year or something. I looked closer and realized he'd gained some muscle mass – it looked like he'd worked out since I'd seen him a year ago.

“Cwis!” he said excitedly, walking up and giving me a hug. I stepped back and looked him up and down. This kid had definitely found a weight room or something. The ‘baby pudge’ he'd had the first time I met him, and last summer, was gone.

“You’ve been working out,” I said.

“Had to work on my diaper body for this summer,” Ben quipped. “We’re taking some good pictures this year. Outside.” He said the word *outside* with an air of confidence, and I thought back to the year before, when he'd lectured me about keeping our fetish indoors. A year had gone by, and it felt like he'd grown up a little right before my eyes. Or, more accurately, in a series of text messages sent here and there.

It took me a minute to notice that Ben was actually carrying a huge box. He'd set it down on the tarmac to give me my hug, and people kept staring at it as they walked by. I stepped back and looked. It was a drone.

“Whoa,” I said, looking at him. “Is that what I think it is?”

“It *is*.” He told me that he'd just bought it a month before, and had barely had time to break it in – there weren't a lot of places in NYC where drone owners can fly them, it seemed.

“Well, there are tons of places we can fly it here,” I told him. I was excited – I love aviation, but had never flown a drone before.

“I was thinking that we'd take the first-ever ABDL videos by drone,” Ben told me. “At least I assume they'll be the first. Have you ever seen one before?”

“A diaper drone vid?” I asked, laughing. I had to admit that I hadn't.

“Then we'll be the first,” Ben told me. He seemed excited, too. I was looking forward to this, so we skipped the scenic route and took a direct route straight to the cottage.



The year before we'd gone out to eat a lot. I mean, *a lot*. It had been fun – I think it was Ben's first time wearing thick-ass diapers in public, so each place we went had kind of an adventurous air to it. It was also expensive, though, and Ben had mentioned that several times.

“I appreciate this, Cwis, but I don't want you paying for so many meals next time.”

Next time had come around, and Ben ordered me to stop at the first grocery store we passed.

As it turned out, Ben is quite the little dynamo in the kitchen. He grabbed a shopping cart and pushed it in my direction, and I took it and followed him around as he picked out ingredients he'd need for the weekend. Once we had all of the ingredients for what looked like would be a couple of amazing meals, it was time to go.

Ben had decided that he was going to make us brunch, and that our brunch was going to feature Mimosas. I'd never had a Mimosa, believe it or not, and had no idea what the ingredients even were. Our next stop was the liquor store, where Ben and the clerk worked to find the perfect beverage for what we needed.

I just chilled and let Ben go to work. Ben has a unique way of making you feel taken care of, and I certainly wasn't complaining about him taking over our menu for the time he would be here.



The next morning the sky was a beautiful shade of blue – completely clear, without a single cloud anywhere. Ben and I both walked out onto the balcony in nothing but diapers, sitting down on lounge chairs and taking it in.

“Today is going to be a *beautiful* day,” he said. “You know what *that* means, right?”

I wasn’t sure. There were *so many things* one could do at the lake. Swimming... kayaking... canoeing... exploring...

“It means we’re going flying!” he continued.

I’d almost forgotten that he had brought his drone. It was behind me, in the living room, plugged in charging. It was a monster, taking up a big chunk of the floor, and hard to miss.

“Are you going to let me fly it?” I asked hopefully. I almost hoped he’d say no – I’d priced drones recently, and this one started at \$1K. I had visions of myself flying it straight into the lake.

“Of course, Cwis – that’s why I brought it.”

Awwww. I wondered if Ben would regret that later. But as he readied it he assured me that it was remarkably simple to fly. He listed some of its features – it would supposedly recognize when it was about to run out of battery power and fly itself back to where it had taken off from. I doubted that very much, having seen videos of people diving into ponds and pools to retrieve their drones, but I didn’t say anything. In my head I pictured it landing way out on the water.

Ben turned the drone on, and it roared to life. I hadn’t been prepared for how loud they are – they sound like lawn mower or something.

Of course Ben had mastered flying the drone in the weeks that he’d owned it, it turned out. I thought it looked surprisingly smooth, but I didn’t realize how smooth until it was my turn to fly it. The controls in my hands, I sent it up – and up it jerked, seeming to jump in the air. The look

on Ben’s face told me that wasn’t how it was supposed to go, and I almost handed him the controller back, but he was very patient, calling out instructions. After a while I’d *kind of* gotten the hang of it.

Still, I knew that I didn’t want to be the one in charge of flying this drone during any diaper videos. Part of me wondered if we’d be able to take any at all – the roaring of the drone was attracting looks from neighbors in the yards on both sides, and I knew that stripping down to our diapers would *really* give them something to stare at.

“I’m thinking that we may have to go somewhere else if we’re going to do a video,” I told Ben.

“Like where? Down on the dock?”

“On the dock, maybe. Or maybe go for a drive...”

“I wanted to do some right here,” Ben told me. He seemed pretty confident, I thought – I thought back to the previous summer, when Ben wouldn’t even emerge from the boathouse until he was certain the lake had been all but abandoned.

“Okayyyy...”

“What, Chris?” he asked me with a laugh.

“You hear that roaring, right?”

“Yea?”

“That’s attracting stares from miles away, bro. I would be surprised if people down the road don’t *hear that shit* and come driving by in their cars to see what it is. I don’t think we’re going to be getting any drone diaper videos in here...”

“I bet we will.”

“Remember last year?” I prodded. “Remember how you wouldn’t even let your diaper peek over the top of your shorts until everyone on the lake went in? It had to be *dark* before we could strip down to our diapers...”

“That was last year,” Ben told me. “I’ve had some experiences since then.”

“Mmmhmm. We’ll see...”

Ben and I went inside to watch the videos the drone had filmed. Mine were definitely distinct from his – in mine the drone bounced through the sky, and almost seemed to be doing stunts at one point. Still, each video was beautiful – a high-resolution, 4000K visual treat. I watched as the drone sailed high into the air and then recorded a 360° rotation that was so detailed I could make out houses way out across the lake. The video showed the drone descend and come within feet of us, and I could almost see Ben rolling his eyes at my noobishness.

In short, it was awesome.

I wasn’t sure if we’d be able to make this work for diaper videos, but if we could, it would be something unlike anything I’d seen on Tumblr, YouTube, or anywhere else ABDL videos are shown.

And I watch *a lot* of ABDL vids...

We *had* to try it...

Ben and I talked about the obstacles. There were people up and down the road, mostly lounging on decks and hanging out in their yards. They’d all be able to hear the roar of the propellers, and I pictured them all running toward us.

“I mean, are they really even paying that much attention to us?” Ben asked. I had to laugh – this was the kid who, the year before, seemed certain that my neighbors up and down the shore were all sitting around just watching us, waiting with baited breath to see what we’d do next. I’d tried to explain that we probably blended in to the background of their lake views just as much as they’d blended in with ours, but Ben would not be convinced then. Now he was the one telling *me* to chill out a little.

“Maybe we can do it from the shore,” I suggested. Ben told me he’d already planned to do something out over the water – more

nervousness from me – but then he told me he had an idea.

“Let’s go for a ride,” he said. He grabbed the drone and I grabbed a diaper bag. I warned him that the parks in the area all banned drones, and reminded him that we couldn’t go anywhere near the airport. I wasn’t sure what he’d had in mind. We got into the car and had only driven a little bit down the cottage road when he pointed to the railroad tracks. “How about here?”

I pondered that. We could walk down the tracks a ways, past the cottages, and make a video. Maybe we’d even get lucky and catch a train coming by at the same time – I figured Ben would love that. Still, there was no place to park near the train tracks, and we’d have to drive out further. We continued driving, looking for a clearing where I could park.

About a minute later we came to a cut-through with just enough room to back the car in. I did, and Ben gathered the drone and controller.

As he did, he looked up.

“Hold up,” he said, scanning the horizon. I looked up, trying to see what he was looking for. We were parked directly across from the corn field. Was there a tractor plowing on the other side? Were there farmers checking the crops? Did Ben see something? Or was this just that nervousness that I’d gotten to know so well, coming back to keep my dreams of outdoor diaper photography from coming alive?

“This... is... perfect,” he finally said.

I looked at Ben, confused. And then he looked at me and mouthed the words ‘stay here’. He opened his door and jumped out, grabbing the drone and controller and running across the road into the corn field. I watched as he disappeared into the stalks, and I realized what was happening: Ben was taking a diaper drone vid in the middle of the field.

Now it was *my* turn to look around nervously. The farmers around here were insane about trespassing – my brother and I had done a little

exploring when we were little, and the farmer who owned this particular field had threatened to have us arrested and thrown into whatever jail they throw eight and nine year-olds. I hoped he'd softened up a little since then. Or, if not, that he didn't see Ben.

I waited a few minutes, but nothing was happening. I wondered where Ben was in that huge-ass cornfield.

Then I saw it: the drone slowly rise into the air.

He'd walked so far in that I could barely hear it – it sounded like a dull buzzing sound, not a loud roar. The drone popped up above the corn stalks, and then stopped and hung there for a minute. Then it continued upward, stopping at various intervals. Eventually it was so high that I couldn't hear it at all.

While I waited several people drove by in cars. The first car saw me looking into the sky, and I watched as its occupants turned to see what I was looking at. It took them a moment to spot it, but I saw them slow to a stop and excitedly point to it. Drones aren't commonplace around there here parts, I thought. I hoped nobody would go into the field in search of the drone owner, because that person was sure to get a surprise.

After a while I realized that we wouldn't be doing any video on the train tracks – Ben had kept that drone in the air for a long, *long* time, and I knew it had to be running out of battery power.

About that moment I looked up. It looked like the drone was descending now. It was. I watched it sink down among the stalks. A few minutes later Ben came walking out, walked across the road, and put his craft into the back seat. He plopped down into the passenger seat, looking satisfied.

"Did you strip down to your diaper?" I asked him hesitantly. He'd better have, I thought – he was gone for more than twenty minutes!

"Of course, Chris," Ben replied.

"Do you have enough battery power to – "

"No battery left," he interrupted. "Let's go back and watch the video while it charges, I can't wait for you to see it!"

The video was cool as fuck. It showed Ben's diapered ass standing in the middle of a clearing, and the drone slowly rose, as Ben got smaller and smaller.

Later that day we walked down to the lake and took our places in the boathouse.

"It seems like just yesterday that we sat in here talking about our fetish," I told Ben, reminiscing.

"I remember," he told me. He took a seat in an Adirondack chair, and I did the same. "So much has changed since last year, though," he continued.

"Like what?"

Ben told me about some of the interactions he'd had in New York City. Some of them I'd already heard about – I'd seen outfit previews via text message, and that sort of thing. But Ben filled in the details. He'd met someone in the community – he'd written a few guest entries for my blog, Ben pointed out – and that person had introduced him to another person. They had become 'bwo's' to him, and they in turn had introduced him to others in the NYC ABDL community.

"We've had a few parties, " Ben told me. "And that gathering at the Eagle was pretty fun." I'd seen pictures of that one.

"You seem more comfortable now," I told him.

"Oh, Chris – *way* more comfortable," Ben replied. "Every time I wear diapers with other people I get more comfortable..."

Ben had pulled off his shirt while we were talking, and his diaper was popping up over his shorts. I thought back to the previous summer, and remembered how just the idea that his bottom was bulging was enough to make him feel self-conscious. Today he seemed totally relaxed, and that made *me* feel more relaxed.

With that Ben walked out onto the deck. He stepped around to the right side of the cottage, peering over – nobody appeared to be home. He walked out onto the dock, scanning the shore.

“There are people down about five or six places, but I don’t think they can see me,” Ben said as he walked back toward me.

“I doubt it,” I said. I wondered if they’d hear the drone and come closer.

Ben had already pulled his shorts off, tossing them into the boathouse where they landed behind me. With that he turned and walked out onto the dock, retrieving his drone. Now I jumped out of *my* chair, walking out quickly to do my own visual scan of the shoreline. I looked up and down both sides, and confirmed that we seemed to be alone.

“We’re okay, right?” Ben asked me.

“Uh, yea,” I replied. This kid hadn’t been lying – things really *had* changed! I stood by the boathouse, watching as Ben walked up and down the dock in his diaper, seeming remarkably comfortable.

“I’m impressed,” I finally spoke up. “I thought I was going to have to talk you into stripping down to a diaper. I didn’t think you’d – “



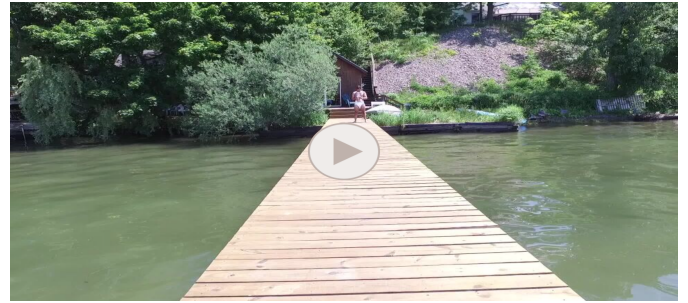
“I still don’t believe in wearing diapers out in the public eye, and I probably wouldn’t wear them here, even, if your neighbors were outside. But I had a lot of time to think about it last year, and I realized that all of the worries I had, a lot of that was me feeling super self-conscious. You were right – people aren’t so intent on what other people are doing that they’re making it their business like that.”

I hoped that he’d right – or, more accurately, that I’d been right last summer. Ben scampered over to this drone plopped his thickly-padded ass onto the deck, going to work on the toy. This would require some practice – we were surrounded by water on three sides, and one misstep could result in his toy being ruined.



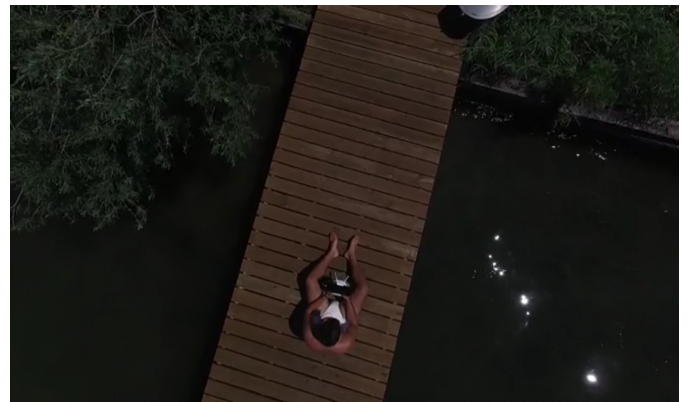
Ben practiced lifting the drone up into the air and then letting it descent toward the water. He was careful to keep it over the surface by at least ten feet, but from where I stood it seemed awfully close, and I cringed every time it dropped.

“You’ve got good control over that thing,” I told him. He seemed totally relaxed, now, and I marveled at the fact that he was exponentially more relaxed now, standing outside in nothing but a diaper *with* a drone in his hand, than he’d been last year.



Ben filmed a few videos. In one he flew the droned down the dock and turned it around, bringing it back to him. I stepped back into the boathouse to get out of the shot. Then he slowly walked down the dock as the drone followed him to the side. The goal was to get a good shot of him walking down the deck – something he’d made look natural minutes before – but he had the drone controller in his hands and was careful to keep the drone in his eyesight, so it didn’t come out as good as he’d hoped.

“This would work better if you were flying the drone,” he pointed out. I begged off, though – I wasn’t about to have that kind of responsibility in *my* hands. I could see me writing a check to replace a drone-turned-submarine, and I wanted nothing to do with that.





Once the drone ran out of power it was time to go for a swim. Ben handed me the drone and the controller, and I brought them into the boathouse and scooped up Ben's swimming trunks, bringing them back out. Ben grabbed them from me, looking around.

"Is someone here?" he asked me.

"Not that I know of..."

"Then I don't need these," he replied. "Give them to me if you see anyone, okay?"

I had to admit I was perfectly fine with that. I grabbed a few towels from the boathouse, and then turned and watched Benjamin confidently walking down the dock, diaper only. His willingness to wear a diaper outdoors wasn't the only change, of course – he also filled the diaper out nicely, the result of whatever fitness habits he'd picked up during the school year. He was tan, toned, and toddling – three of my favorite things. It was pretty fucking hot.

"We're going swimming in diapers again, right?" he asked expectantly.

"Of course, is there any other way?" I asked.

I looked up and down the shore, seeing people far away but nobody anywhere near us, a little surprising for such a beautiful day. At that moment, lounging on the dock in diapers felt so natural that I'm not sure I would have even cared.

As we lay out in the sun, I was thinking.

When did society come to the collective agreement that wearing a nylon garment with mesh on the inside and a drawstring to cover our midsection while swimming was acceptable, but wearing a plastic garment with some absorbent material on the inside, and a few tapes, wasn't?

Ben could go back into the boathouse and put on a scimp-as-fuck lycra number, and he'd be okay.

But God forbid he go back inside and retrieve a terrycloth garment, a few pins, and a lycra cover.

Who made these insane fucking rules, that make something that feels so natural for us make us feel guilty?

I could probably lay out on this dock in a g-string, practically bare bottom, and it would be no problem. But put on a Dry 24/7 – something that feels so natural to me – and you'd have people whispering about it. Or calling 911.

I fucking hate society sometimes.

For the moment, though, none of those society mofo's were around – it was just Ben and me, and we were way out on the dock, diapered, feeling completely ourselves.

We lay out for a while, letting the sun warm us up. It was a comfortable day, and I thought surely we'd be interrupted by others soon, but for the longest time nobody else came.

"We're pretty lucky," Ben said. I wasn't sure if he meant because nobody else was around, or just that we had the ability to lay out on the dock in diapers, or... honestly, he could be referring to any number of different things right now, and I was feeling pretty damn lucky, too. I didn't bother asking what he meant, I just murmured in agreement.

Finally, we'd warmed up to the point of needing to be cooled down.

"I'm ready to go for a swim," Ben announced. "Wanna take some pics for my Tumblr?"

The answer to that question would *always* be yes, I told him. I picked my camera and stood up, asking him what he had in mind.



Ben walked down to the other end of the dock and struck a pose. I took a plethora of hot pictures from every angle – face pics for me, other pics for the blog – and then turned on my video camera.

“Wouldn’t it be funny if someone was filming *us* with a drone right now?” I asked him.

“You worry too much, Chris,” Ben said, laughing. I laughed, too – who *was* this kid? Still, I kept an eye on each neighboring dock, ready to warn him to get inside if anyone came venturing out.

“Think I can do a cannonball?” Ben asked. I warned him that the water level was pretty shallow at the end of the dock, but he reminded me that he was wearing a diaper – “for extra absorbency,” he joked. “Think you can get it on camera?”



I did. The video, of Ben jogging down the deck in his diaper, jumping into the water like it was no big deal, is one of my favorite videos I’ve ever shot. It makes being diapered out on the dock look so natural that it’s hard for me to go out there any other way.

Ben and I swam around for more than an hour. At one point he got out, sunned his now-saturated diaper for a while, and got back in. *Still* no neighbors. Where *were* they?



If I could describe a perfect day at the cottage, it would probably be this day.

I’ve worn diapers out onto the dock hundreds of times over the years. It’s virtually a nightly ritual for me during my summer vacations there – I pad up, put on a loose-fitting bathing suit, and

wander out, laying in my lounge chair and watching the sunset.

Some of you who follow my vanilla posts on Instagram, Snapchat, and the like probably get *tired* of seeing my sunset videos. Little do my non-ABDL friends know, but I'm diapered as I take almost all of them.

Today took diapers on the dock up a notch. Because it was me and my *little bro*. He was wearing nothing but a diaper, and was being chill as fuck about it. And I was *feeling* chill as fuck as a result.

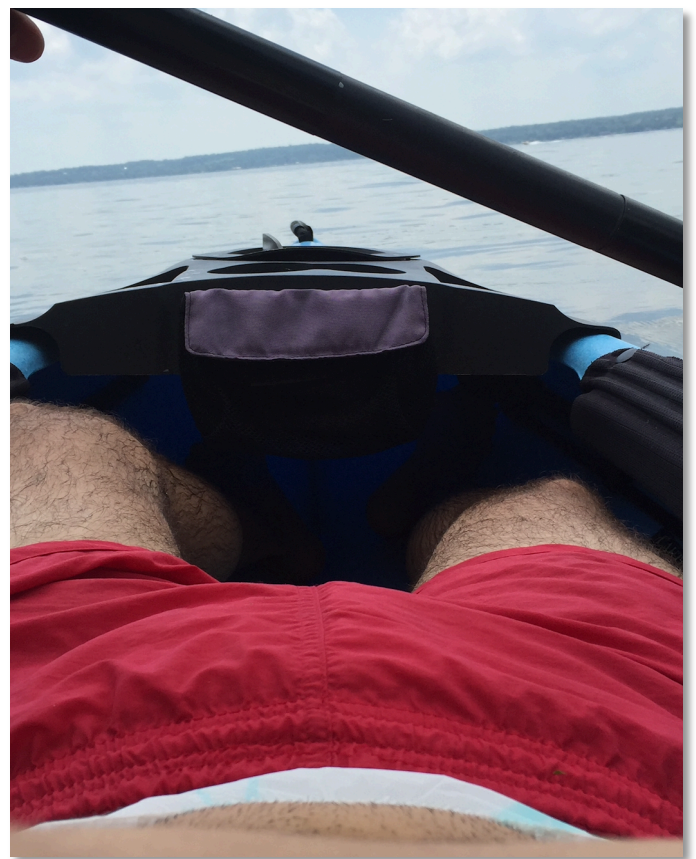
It was just a chill as fuck day.



After what felt like hours out on the dock we began to hear voices. The neighbors were back. Ben had a wistful look on his face as he plodded down the dock in search of his bathing suit. He put it on, but I noticed that he didn't seem to care that his diaper was peeking up a little bit this time. And he didn't even make a move to get his shirt.

The kid was learning. My neighbors weren't staring at his waistband to see what he was wearing any more than we were staring at theirs. For all anyone knew he was just wearing a pair of underpants. If they looked close they might see that it was a big, thick pair – and they were ballooning with water for some reason. But again, nobody was looking that close.

“Wanna go kayaking?” Ben asked me. I wasn't feeling pulling a second kayak out of the boathouse, but I helped him pull the one that was already out onto the beach and into the water, and he hopped in.



The contrast of his red shorts, the white diaper peeking out, and the bright blue kayak was hot. I

snapped a few pictures with his iPhone and then lay down on the dock, carefully handing it off to him so he could take a few, as well.



As far as pictures go, I'll admit that the kayak pictures from that day aren't my favorites. I mean, in most of the pictures we took, Ben is wearing nothing but a diaper. He's swimming, he's cannonballing, and he's laying out on the dock. I see those pictures and I think – that's been my dream since I was a little kid! I've wanted to hang out on the dock in nothing but diapers for *forever*. And we did it! And we took pictures! And those will forever be some of my favorite pictures I've ever taken – ABDL pictures, cottage pictures, lake pictures, *any* pictures.

But I suspect that Ben liked the kayak pictures even more, and I've heard from more than a few readers of my blog who agree. The peekage of that diaper, his little tummy, and the fact that it's in a kayak – those things seem to be irresistible to ABenjaminButton fans.

And I guess I understand it. Because as I watched Benjamin paddle around, passing underneath me over and over as he sailed under the dock, I realized that these pictures represented his adventurous spirit – and, to me, the diapers seemed to fit in to that adventure very well.

For a little while Ben pulled up underneath the dock, shading himself from the sunlight. I lay on top of the dock, and he laid back in the kayak, holding himself in place underneath me, and we talked for a while.

We talked about the idea of an adventure trip in the kayaks. We weren't going to be able to go sailing this year – health problems with a family member had resulted in the boat being on dry land all summer. Maybe a kayaking trip would take its place, Ben wondered aloud.

"We could pack a picnic lunch and some drinks," he told me. "Bring a cell phone, and maybe take some pictures at a beach somewhere."

I knew *just* the spot.

"I like the idea of doing it diapered," I told him. "I always fall out trying to get out of these things. Imagine being able to just paddle for hours, and not have to get out for anything..."

"We would only have to change once, before we turned around to come back," Ben replied. We were both laughing now. A diapered kayaking adventure... that sounded hot. We resolved to get up early and go the next day.

The next day was *not* a day for kayaking – winds had whipped up from the south, and the waves were humungous. We probably wouldn't even be able to go swimming if it stayed like this.

"So much for a diapered kayaking adventure," I said. Ben looked sad, and he looked out at the lake, checking the weather forecast for the afternoon.

"It looks like it might get nice later," Ben told me. "As long as we can't go swimming, Chris... I had another idea for today..."

I could tell by the look in his eye that this was going to be good.



Ben hadn't only spent the past school year becoming more adventurous when it came to diapers. He was starting to explore other parts of his sexuality, as well. He wondered if I had any experience with butt plugs.

I had to admit, I didn't.

For those who don't know, I'm diapersexual. I like guys... in diapers. And most of my sexual experiences include humping – again, in diapers.

I've dabbled in other things. Ass play. Oral. Some bondage. You get the idea.

Nothing involving toys, really. And, despite the number of times it's come up in conversation, I had yet to play with butt plugs.

"Sorry, bro – I don't have any."

"Do you know where we could get some?"

I had to admit that I didn't. We weren't in NYC, where I pictured sex shops on every corner. We were in the country, out in the middle of nowhere. Surely we didn't have a –

Oh, WAIT A MINUTE...

I knew I'd seen one somewhere...

Boom. I remembered where it was.

"Actually," I began, "there *is* an adult store out near the Thruway."

"Yes!" Ben said, excitedly, pumping his fist in the air. "Let's go shopping!"



Ben and I pulled up to the shop and got out of the car. I looked around to see if I recognized the other cars in the parking lot. There were only two, and I didn't.

Going to the adult bookstore aka sex shop had something of an icky quality to it. For Ben it would be an adventure. I'd been to them before, and I'd never found anything redeeming – no diaper porn, no diapers or supplies. I'd realized very early on in my own sexual exploration that our interest really isn't shared by the majority – or even a profitable minority – of the population.

We walked in, and the clerk looked us up and down. He went back to whatever he was doing, and we made our way to what appeared to be the "GAY" section of the store.

I'm not kidding – it had a big sign that said "GAY". I thought it was pretty obvious from the products in that section that it was the gay part of the store, and I wondered who would come here and not know. I pictured grandparents trying to find graduation gifts for a gay grandson – that was the only way I thought that sign might be helpful.

"That's the gay section," the clerk called out as we walked past. Ben pretended not to hear, but I turned to him and said "thank you." I couldn't tell if the old man was being condescending or helpful. I followed Ben back and watched as he began picking up items, looking them over.

"I don't think they get many customers in this section," Ben whispered to me, giggling as he held up a box that looked like it hadn't been picked up in quite a while.

"If you know anyone with a dust fetish, this place is a must-stop for them," I joked. Every package had a coating of dust on it. Some had fingerprints in the dust, and others had just dust, and I wondered if those had never been picked up or had just been put down and a fresh coating of dust had covered them up.

"These would probably be okay *inside*, right?" Ben asked me, holding up a box with the desired product.

"I think so," I replied. "But if he offers us any condoms, I wouldn't get them here, they're probably expired."

While we walked around several other men entered the store. I watched one give Ben the side eye for a good minute, and it was clear he liked what he saw. He kept turning to look at Ben, and I could tell he was trying to get up the courage to speak to him. It felt good, to have some amazing eye candy around, the kind of boy who will make the old daddies jealous. Ben seemed to notice, too, and he turned to me and

asked something about what we were doing later. The man looked at me and sort of sneered, then turned around and walked out of the store.

Ben decided he'd seen enough, and we walked over to the register. The old man was bent over doing something, and it took him a minute or two to notice that we were standing there. While we waited Ben picked up a box of condoms and held them up to me, mouthing the words *not expired*. We both laughed, and the man startled and sat up.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't hear you there," he said. "Will this be it, then?"

"That's it," Ben replied. The old man rang up the purchase, and Ben and I both pulled out our credit cards at the same time.

"Oh, I figured this was something I was going to take home with me," Ben said.

"You can," I assured him. "Unless I fall in love with butt plugs and want to keep these for other play sessions."

The old man coughed – we'd both forgotten that he was standing right there. He announced the price, and Ben handed him the card.

"If you like them we'll come back and get some more," Ben told me. I agreed. The man bagged the box in a black bag that just screamed SEX SHOP! and we headed out to the car.

When we stepped out of the shop I saw him: the man who'd been admiring Ben, waiting by his car – a Bentley. Those were pretty rare in these parts. The man leaned on the car, and I knew he was trying to get Ben's attention. Ben seemed to not notice, but when we got into the car he giggled a little and rolled his eyes.

"That's a pretty nice car," I pointed out.

"I think he was trying to get your attention in the store," Ben joked. "Maybe you can go home with him..."

We both laughed, and as I backed out I was reminded, yet again, how lucky I am to have a diaper fetish.

This man with a Bentley has to go to sex shops to try to pick up random hotties, and still drives away alone.

Meanwhile, diapers have brought me into the paths of people like Ben.

How lucky am I?



We got back to the cottage, Ben carrying his sex shop bag. We went into the bedroom, and I could tell that he was ready to try them out.

Still, I couldn't just get into something like a butt plug without involving diapers in the mix. Ben got undressed, and I pulled a few diapers out of my stash.

"I think this one," I said.



I'd pulled out a blue Dry 24/7, one of the older ones that someone had been kind enough to send me when I'd run out. This diaper wasn't one of my favorites – I had plenty of ABDL diapers that were cuter – but I knew Ben was ready to play with that plug, and I wanted to do my thing

first. I chose a diaper that would be a stand-in; we'd save an adorable diaper for the diaper he'd wear tonight.

Ben stripped naked, not needing to be told, and lay down on the bed. He lay on his stomach, and I sat down next to him, rubbing his ass and his back. I'd already discovered on our last vacation that Ben is a sucker for a good backrub – I'd probably spent a cumulative day rubbing his back while we had deep-as-fuck conversations about everything and anything diapers. I'd actually missed being able to give him back rubs after our vacation had ended, and being able to do it again was probably as relaxing for me as it was for him.

Ben and I talked some more, and I continued to knead his back. It was definitely more muscular than it was before, but I wasn't complaining. He'd *always* had a beautiful bottom, though. If you know me, you know I spent some time on that, too...

After twenty minutes of rubbing it was time to rub one out. I asked Ben to flip over, and he instinctively put his feet in the air. I powdered him and taped up the Dry 24/7, turning him back over and taking my place in between his legs.

Ben stretched out and yawned a little. I began to hump. His padded butt made the perfect pillow, and I rested my head on it, rubbing it with my hands a little as I did my thing.

I've done this a lot, including – and if you've read the rest of this book already you already know – over sixty straight non-ABDL guys. I have had some amazing experiences with some hot, *hot* guys. And, truthfully, I wouldn't trade any of them in for anything.

At the same time, sometimes there's an intimidation factor when you're with someone who's not... into it. You may be laying up against the most beautiful bottom you've ever seen, and the person you're with may be chill as fuck, but just knowing that they're not fully *enjoying* it... that gets stuck in your head.

That's even happened to me with other ABDLs. Not often, but on occasion – especially if I know that they want something else that I'm not confident I can deliver on.

Messy diaper cleanups.

Golden showers.

Things that I'm new at.

With Ben, I felt none of that.

Ben seemed totally relaxed. I knew he was eager to try his new toy, but he was too respectful to rush me – he just lay there, chill as fuck, and let me take all the time that I needed.

Knowing that cleared my mind of any and all anxiety. And when that happens, it makes everything way more pleasurable.

I lay there humping the mattress, rubbing Ben's diaper, and eventually ejaculating.

If busting could be measured by intensity, and ranked over the period of a lifetime, I'd bet that this would have ranked in the top 3.

I crawled up and lay next to Ben for a while. I call that *recovery time* – and I needed it. Finally, after five or ten minutes of just relaxing, I stood up and walked over to the doorway, retrieving the bag. I shook it in my hands so he could hear – I thought he might be asleep – but he turned around and looked at it, smiling.

I put some lubricant on my finger and slid it in, trying to rub it around as much as I could.



inexperience with the butt plug added to our time; it was time to go.

I had put Ben in a pink Aww So Cute diaper. His wanting to try 'grownup' sex stuff like butt plugs was, honestly, a little much for me; the pink diaper's littleness contrasted with that nicely, even if it wasn't necessarily his favorite...

We walked to the car, me waddling a bit in a thick Dry 24/7 and Benjamin walking gingerly, securely plugged.

"How does it feel?" I asked him.

He just looked at me. He was both smiling and rolling his eyes. I wasn't sure what that meant.

"It's a *little* uncomfortable," he admitted. "We'll just come back right after dinner..."

When we got to the restaurant, our waterfront table turned out to be a table just off the parking lot. I was annoyed, but Ben pointed out that we could see the river across the patio. That was typical Ben – positive about everything.

And that would come in handy during the meal. The Riverfront was busy, and it appeared to be shortstaffed this evening. Our waitress walked over to the table and apologized for our wait almost immediately upon our arrival. She brought us menus, and then the real wait began. I had time to choose what I wanted and leave a pissy Yelp review on my iPhone before she even came back to take our order.

"This is a nice place," Benjamin said. Part of me wanted to take this kid around with me the whole year – I could use that kind of positivity in my life. I could see, though, that he was squirming in his seat, now – it looked like the plug wasn't as fun now as it had been.

We ordered, and then waited another 20 minutes or so. No food was brought to the table, and the couple at the table next door had the following exchange with our waitress:

Waitress: I'm really sorry about this.

I picked up the plug and held it up. Ben's eyes widened a little, and he gave me a doubtful look.

"You might need a little bit more lube," he said.

Round 2.

I slid it in, and we came to the conclusion that I either should have gone one more round, or we should have gone down a size.

Let's just say that, for my first time, I don't think I did that bad.

Ben may disagree. But it was his first time getting plugged, too, so what does the kid know?



We had planned to go to dinner at The Riverfront, a nice seafood restaurant on the river. I'd made reservations for 7:30 p.m., and had asked for a table by the water. My jerking had taken longer than expected, and my

Man: We don't mind that the food was cold, but her order was wrong, and we still haven't gotten what we asked for.

Waitress: *I'm really sorry, again. The kitchen is just a little bit backed up.*

Man: This is, what, the tenth time you've apologized? We know none of this is your fault. If you could just see if we could get her order before we leave...

The waitress walked away, and the man turned to us and rolled his eyes.

"The best thing here is the apology," he warned us. "Plan on being here a while..."

With that Ben announced that he had to use the bathroom. He was gone for five or ten minutes, and I wondered what the hell he could be doing – he was in a diaper, and he had a buttplug in.

When he returned to the table he told me that he'd stopped to listen to the people in the kitchen.

"They were having a big argument, and someone was yelling and someone else," he told me. I had to laugh – I'd been reading the other Yelp reviews while he was away, and several mentioned people in the kitchen yelling at each other. That must be a thing here.

A few minutes later our appetizer came, and just minutes later our waitress served the meal.

"I apologize that all of your food came out at once," she told us. "That's not how it's supposed to happen, obviously." The man across the aisle winked at us each time she said the word 'apologize'.

"It's no problem," my little brother said, positively. When the waitress walked away I leaned in as closed as I could.

"I apologize, too, little bro – you must be ready to go back already..."

"Oh, that?" Ben whispered, laughing. "I took that out fifteen minutes ago when I went to the bathroom. We'll try it again later – I think I need

to be used to it before I go out in public with a plug and try to sit through a meal."



We went back to the cottage right after the meal anyway. It was Ben's last night in New York, and he wanted to just hang out and talk. Plus, we'd planned to take a shit ton of photos. But, mostly, I just wanted to talk.

Ben would be attending his last year of school that fall. We'd been talking about these summer cottage visits like they'd become a tradition, but I knew there was a chance that they wouldn't. I wanted to feel him out, to see what his plans were – and maybe, if he seemed like he needed it, to give him some advice.

When we'd first met in December a year and a half ago he'd raved about how much he'd fallen in love with New York City. It was everything that living in a rural part of Florida wasn't, and he painted such a vivid and enthusiastic picture of it that I almost wanted to move there myself.

The previous summer Ben was still in love with New York, but he was starting to look ahead to his professional career. New York was where all the opportunities were – so many companies based there, for starters. He'd brought up the number of social media jobs there, and asked me why I didn't consider relocating. We talked about different ABDLs that we knew who are amazing at different things, and how we could probably form a powerhouse company if we all teamed up.

This summer, though, I noticed a change. He didn't seem to be in love with New York anymore. He would have the rest of his life to work, and he was beginning to realize this. He wanted to travel a little, to see the world – and, maybe, to become a citizen of it. He talked about opportunities in other countries, and he'd asked me if I thought he could be as happy tending a garden in Italy as he would working for a startup in New York City. I told him I wasn't sure, but from what I'd seen, he would be happy anywhere.

I realized, while we were talking, that this would probably be our last cottage visit for a while. The chances of Ben traveling the world and somehow managing to be back in New York during the one week I had free to have him visit at the cottage were pretty slim.

I hoped that he'd somehow managed to stick around the Big Apple long enough after graduation to be here for one more visit, but I knew the reality would be that I'd better enjoy this while it lasted.



The next morning would be Ben's last day at the cottage. It was also Brunch Day.

"Sit back and relax," Ben ordered. "I'm going to transport you to New York with a brunch you won't forget."

"We're in New York," I reminded him.

He laughed and rolled his eyes.

"We are. But I'm going to take you to - "

Actually, I forget the name of the restaurant. It was some fancy joint in New York. Truthfully, I there was *no* restaurant in the world I would have chosen over this: my very own little Pampered chef, standing in the cottage kitchen, making us a delicious meal.

I sat back on the couch, put my feet up, and just chilled, enjoying the view.

As Ben cooked, we talked.

He'd been peppering our conversations with concern for my health through most of our vacation, but today he went all in.



I'll save this part of my **Little Bwo** story for a future blog entry, because it's not how I want to end this book.

I will say, though, that brunch with Ben was the perfect way to end our visit.

As we sat at the table overlooking the deck I thought excitedly to our next visit. I wanted to invite some of his New York friends... or maybe Mikey, who'd managed to get clean and wanted to spend some more time at the lake.

I pictured a diapered wine tour, and perhaps a shopping trip throughout the region: a whole day's worth of meals - or at least brunch and dinner - filled with ingredients from local farm stands and shops.

I knew this would go along with Ben's health kick - and it would be a padded adventure that we would both enjoy.

I kept this to myself, though, as we ate.

I didn't want to get my hopes up.

And I didn't want Ben to have to pretend he might be in New York the following summer, because we both knew, deep down, that it was unlikely he would be.

He'd changed too much in the short time that I'd known him.

Our friendship had started with a simple 'thank you' note as he graduated high school, and now he was finishing college. He'd waited to meet me so I could be the first person to change his diaper, and over two years had become so much more comfortable with his ABDL side. His whole worldview had changed; he was growing up, and I'd gotten to be a part of that.

And, he was my *little bro*.

I thought about that as I drove him to the train station to drop him off. I lived in Florida; Ben's family lived in Florida, and he would surely visit. I spent my summers in New York state; Ben would almost certainly return to New York City, just a short train ride away. And, no matter where his travels took him, I could visit. Ben had become my 'little bro' – a big deal to me, as much as the term is thrown around in our community. Traveling anywhere to visit my 'little bro' would be worth it.

Ben wound up leaving for Europe in May. Among other things he would spend time tending a garden and – sigh – crewing on sailboats. I had to smile each time he sent me a picture or video from those beautiful boats – he was a lucky kid, and they were lucky to have such amazing crew; I'd seen him hard at work on my own boat two years before. It wasn't quite the Epic Diapered Adventure we'd once talked about but, he'd point out with those pictures, he was getting some practice in for when we were ready to go...

