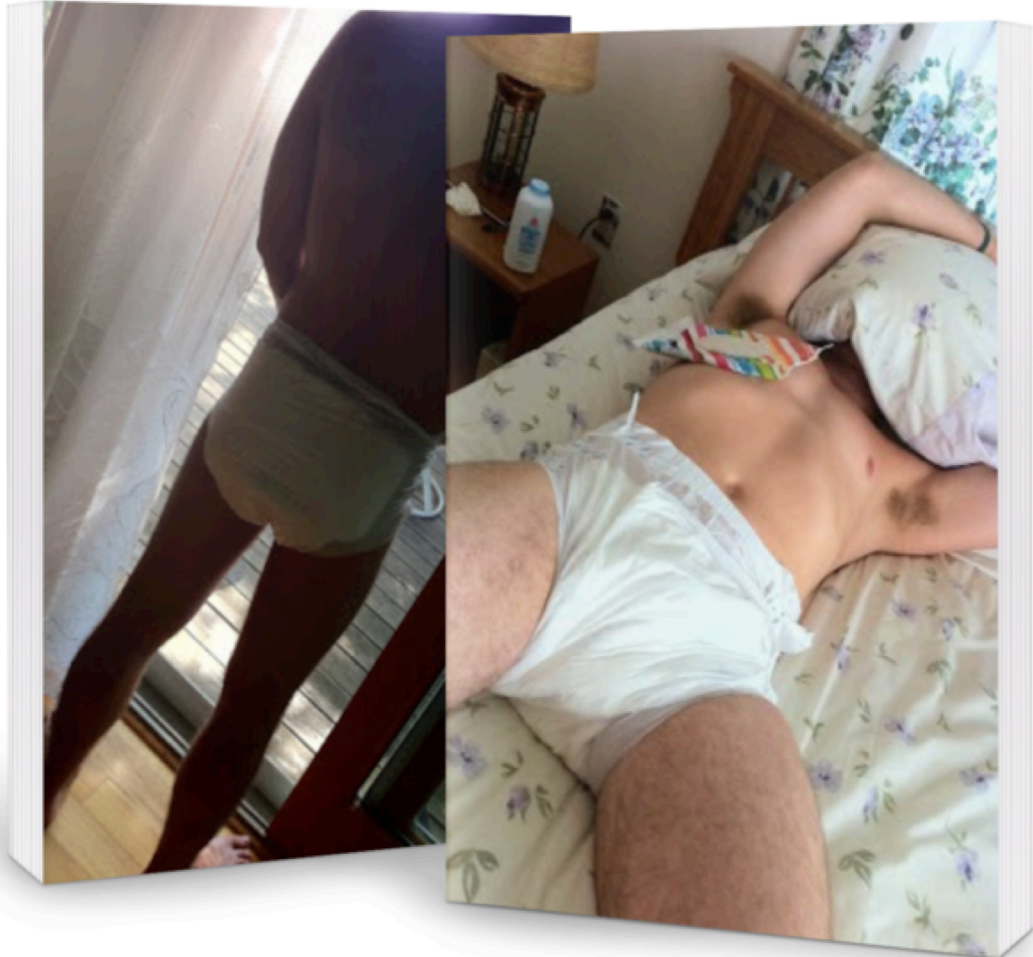


**ABYSITTER.COM PRESENTS**



**STORY TIME:  
“MIKEY AND ME”**

**WARNING: ADULT CONTENT  
18+**

## **“MIKEY & ME”**

The ‘Mikey & Me’ series is probably the most popular story I’ve written on my blog. I’ve had more emails and texts asking when I’m going to finish it than I’ve had about every other story combined. Truthfully, it’s taken me years to write it – I started it in 2011, and I’m finishing it for this book in late 2016. To all of my regular blog readers who have checked back regularly hoping to find the latest installment, only to be disappointed, I apologize.

I’ll explain why it’s been so hard to write this entry series at the end of it, here. For now, enjoy the story of what was one of the best weeks of my life... ☺

### **PART I: THE BUS TICKET**

If you've been reading my blog for a while, you know that I've diapered more than one hundred people.

You also know that many of them weren't ABDL.

A lot of them were straight.

Some did it for weed dough, something I was willing to pay before I moved to an area with year-round ABDL visitors. Growing up in upstate New York, finding other ABDLs who weren't too scared to meet was next to impossible. I dropped a twanky on diapering a party-liner once, and I was hooked...

You also know that I've diapered at least a dozen of my friends.

Most did it out of curiosity, although I've had them wear for me in exchange for beer and gas money and, once, as partial payment for a car I sold.

It's important to know that I've never had a friend wear *unwillingly*; most of my friends, upon finding out that I am into diapers, have so many questions... and, after a while of trying to answer, I just say "you'd have to experience it to understand."

And most, thankfully, want to.

If you've never diapered a friend, and ever find one who is willing, you should try it.

For me, there is no better bonding experience than chilling in Pampers.

After the initial awkwardness, which usually wears off after a little while, it's a tight experience for me.

And, for most of my friends, knowing that I'm as into it as I am is pretty powerful for them. I've had many after-the-fact discussions about it, and my friends are pretty clear on the fact that they appreciate me including them in on something so personal.

I will say this: of all of the friends I have diapered, or worn diapers with - some *do* insist on diapering themselves, after all - I've only had one only wear once.

I'll tell more stories about these experiences in the future.

For now, let me tell you about July 2011 - and my visit from Mikey.



I have a Florida best friend. He's not into diapers, but does have some pretty distinct AB qualities, and does joke about wearing sometimes.

I have a New York best friend, who has worn with me many times. You've read his story here.

Then I have my internet best friend. He lives in AZ, calls himself my e-bro, and has been there for me for five years plus as much or more than any real-life friend. He's sent me pictures of him, bare-assed, holding pictures of RugRats posters and a "diaper niggie" sign - you've seen that here in a past entry.

Mikey is another of my best buds. He is my all-around-the-country-best-friend.

It's hard to explain, but I'll do my best. Mikey is 23, and from Pennsylvania. He's a singer - and a very talented one. He is, without a doubt, my favorite singer, and I've followed his career from MySpace to today.

Mikey's singing has taken him all across the country. His songs make up a huge percentage of my iPod music library, and those tracks have made up the playlist of my life since 2005.

Since before he was 18 Mikey has struggled with drug addiction. He's had some really low points in his life - and some really high points, too, which always seem to revolve around being sober and singing.

A few years ago Mikey moved to Orlando. He lived here for three months, and we got to spend a lot of time together. We went out to dinner, and I took him grocery shopping - the kid was living with dope fiends who didn't buy food because they had to prioritize and buy drugs.

At one point I started to realize how desperate Mikey's situation was, and me and my roommate decided to make our third bedroom available for Mikey if he wanted it. Before I could talk to him about it he called me - from Seattle. He'd run out of money, was too ashamed to admit that he was about to be homeless again, and had accepted a free ticket to the Pacific Northwest.



Over the years Mikey has lived in *so many* cities and states.

Many times he's been homeless.

So often I've thought about letting him move back

to Orlando. He's asked, and we've talked about it. At one point in the future it may happen.

Until recently the one thing that stopped me was - you guessed it - my diaper lifestyle.

I didn't want to give that up, and I didn't want to share it with him. This is a kid who respects me a great deal. I wasn't sure how sharing my biggest secret would affect him. I've shared it with dozens upon dozens of people - some voluntarily, others because I was forced to. But I wasn't ready to share it with Mikey for the *longest*.

And then something happened...



Last summer Mikey hit me up for a loan.

I'd worked a few jobs during the summer, and made a few extra thousand.

I hadn't told him, but anyone who knows me knows that I do some PR work on the side.

Mikey hit me up. He was sober again, had a place of his own, and was trying to get back into music.

There was a laptop on sale at Wal-Mart. It was an insanely good deal, and he wanted to borrow the money for it.

Prior to this, despite his many bouts of homelessness and being poor, he'd never asked me for a penny. Even in Orlando, when he was dead broke, he satisfied himself with me helping him with groceries once... he could have asked for money for gas, tolls, or anything, but didn't.

So I checked my bank app, agreed, and wired him the money.

Mikey went to Wal-Mart and bought the computer. That night we video chatted on Skype for a few hours. He was excited about getting back into singing, and had lots of plans.

The next few days were full of Twitter tweets and Skype chats.

The kid even posted a new song.

And then... suddenly... nothing.

He disappeared.

I was expecting a payment to be dropped into my bank account the next Friday. When his first payment didn't come I was a little worried.

That weekend Mikey hit me up.

He was getting evicted.

He was suspended from his job - there was some drama between him and a girl who works there and she was trying to get him fired.

Plus, he had pawned his studio recording equipment a few weeks before, and was close to losing it.

I realized, right away, the signs I'd seen off and on: Mikey had gone back to using drugs.

He swore that he still had the laptop. But I wouldn't see him go on Skype or Twitter again.

Soon he'd be in jail.

*So disappointed.*



I've spent years being my little brother's 'payday advance loan' source.

He runs out of money before the next payday and I drop \$50, \$100, \$150 in his bank account. He pays me back on payday. It helps him and his kids and I charge no interest. I'm happy to do it if I can - as long as he doesn't screw me. He understands that, if he doesn't pay me back, his next loan doesn't come until he does.

Mikey got out of jail after a few months. One of the first things that he did was call me. He wanted me to know that he was ashamed of himself, and sorry about essentially stealing from me. He'd been sober when I'd loaned him the money for the laptop, he told me. But once he logged onto Facebook all of his drug connects started connecting with him.

Within days he was dabbling. A week later he was fiending. And, soon, he'd lost everything - *again* - and stolen from me, his parents, his sister, and others.

I let him know the deal. He owed me \$200. And, until it was paid, he need not ask me for a single fucking penny. It was the principle of it. Plus, I told him only half-jokingly, if we saw each other again I was going to "bust his ass".

I don't think either of us thought that would happen...

Over the next few months Mikey would flunk out of a rehab program, go back to jail briefly, then move to a few other states before moving back to PA and trying probation.

He was living in a homeless shelter in the city when he called me from someone else's phone. We talked for a while, and he got to the point of the call: I'd talked about putting him on my family talk plan a year before, and he was in danger of losing his probation because he was homeless with no way for his PO to contact him, a violation of the rules. He'd asked his parents to put him on their plan, but they weren't speaking to him. He wondered if me letting him use my extra line would violate the spirit of my pledge not to give him another dollar until he'd paid me back.

I considered it, but realized that the kid was living in a shelter, and in danger of relapsing pretty easily. Did I really want to put a phone on my plan in his hands, or the hands of whatever junkie might steal it while he slept? I didn't.

On the other hand, I wanted to support his efforts to stay sober and do probation. I was proud of him, because it had become clear to me that he was trying pretty hard.

I agreed to break my rule. I wired him just enough money to buy a prepaid phone and one month of service.

Later that day Mikey had a phone on. He began making contact with me regularly, keeping me updated on his job search, his probation, his sobriety, and his music.



A few weeks later Mikey would get kicked out of the homeless shelter. He was showering when someone tried to steal his phone. He'd managed to save the phone, but both men had gotten banned from the shelter for thirty days. His family wasn't willing to take him in, and he inquired about coming to FL. He was on probation, I reminded him; maybe they could help him find another place to live? He agreed to try.

He'd just begun working at an auto parts store, staying with different friends on different nights, when he had to work late and missed his ride. He was sleeping on a park bench when a police officer stopped, ran his information, realized he was out after the regional probation curfew, and took him to jail.

He was in jail as I headed to New York for my summer vacation.

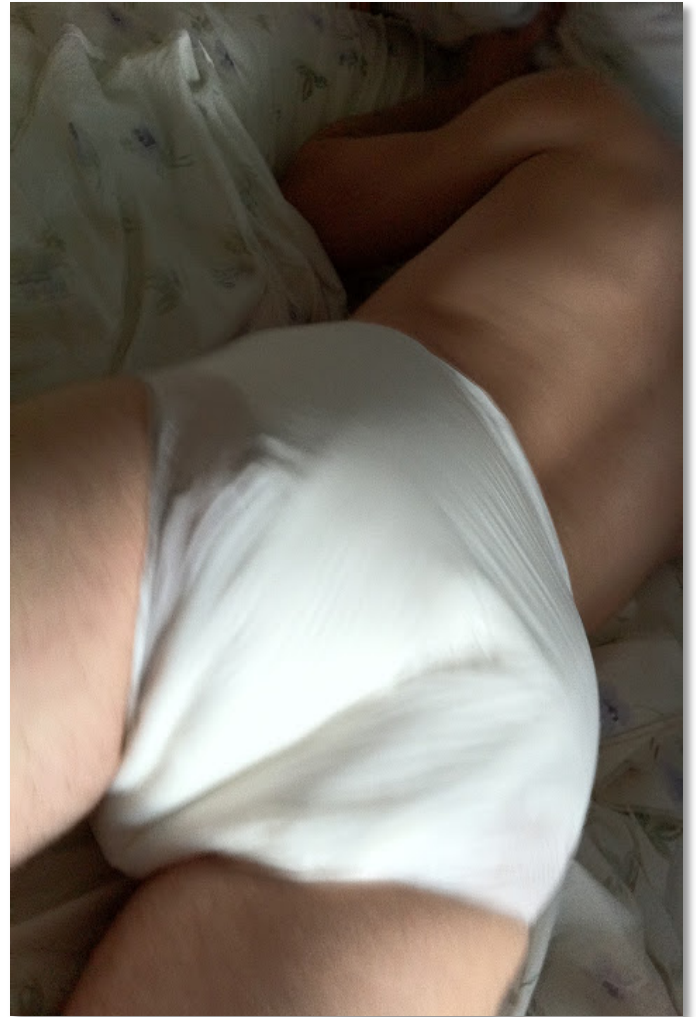
After a week or two he was released from jail. He was released to a halfway house, and was excited - they helped people find better jobs and save money, and Mikey was thinking about stacking some paper and relocating out of PA as soon as he could afford to. He asked about Orlando, and I told him that I'd consider it if he made it through the program.

I was in New York, staying on my sailboat, when I got the text. A week into the program, Mikey had been caught talking to a girl - a rule violation - and they'd kicked him out of the program.

He was living in the woods, laying on a blanket he'd borrowed. The mosquitoes were biting, and he was miserable. He had gone deep into the woods to avoid being picked up by the police again. He knew that he couldn't get caught, because he'd go straight to jail, just like before. He planned to sleep in the woods, and then try to hitchhike to Las Vegas, where another singer lived and had agreed to let him stay for a few months. That kid would be back in Vegas in two weeks.

I mulled that over. I didn't like the idea of him hitchhiking, although I knew he'd probably done it many times before. Plus, I was on vacation for another five weeks, and besides an event I was

working that weekend, I had no concrete plans. I'd already told him that, a week before, and as he danced around his plans - hitchhike, sleep in the woods, and other similar bleakness - I realized that Mikey was fishing for my help.



Finally, he came out and asked.

"Yo, what are *you* doing for the next few weeks?"

I texted back and reminded him that I'd already told him I'd be on vacation through mid-August.

The phone rang.

"Bro... I know that I owe you, but... is there anything I could do to get you to let me stay with you on your vacation for a few weeks?"

I'd already mentioned the possibility of him coming to visit months before when I booked my flights. He was only a few hours away from my boat, and I

figured by then he should have his shit together. In the absence of that, I'd planned to drive to the city next to his for a diaper excursion, and figured I'd fit in a visit with him. Since then, though, he'd been to jail once, homeless twice... it hadn't been a good few months for Mikey.

Still, I told him I'd be willing to consider it.

"Greyhound is running a special," he told me. "It'll cost you \$200."

I was instantly annoyed.

He'd still not paid me back a buck, and it had been a full year. On top of that, I'd loaned him money to help with his phone. Plus, my vacation budget was tight - I had taken off six weeks, some unpaid. Now we were talking about a bus ticket?

I told him I wasn't sure if I was ready to pay for his ticket there. I'd somehow been thinking that he had the money for the trip, or would be able to get a ride, or something. I didn't have time to drive into PA and get him - the event was just a few days later.

"Damn, these mosquitoes are BITING!" he threw in.

"Trying to guilt trip me to get yourself a trip?" I asked, point blank. I've talked straight up to Mikey since I first met him, and this seemed like a good time to continue that.

And then Mikey poured it on...

"Make *you* feel guilty?!" he asked me. "Nah, bro.... I should feel guilty. I stole from you! And lied to you! You don't know how ashamed I am... and now I'm homeless, broke, and have nowhere to go, and the fact that you're even still talking to me, much less considering letting me spend time with you on your vacation..."

*Sigh...*

I thought it over. I had the event that weekend. Did I really want to have Mikey tagging along? Could I even trust that he was *sober*? I wasn't sure. I asked him some questions, and we talked over my concerns. He was willing to *work* at the event, and

promised to work his ass off, doing whatever was needed. Plus, he had a food stamp card that was good anywhere, so I wouldn't have to feed him.

*Hmmm...*

I knew that paying for his bus ticket to New York would probably mean that, somehow, I'd get stuck paying for his bus ticket *out* of New York. That would be some dough. I'd been thinking about helping one of my AB friends with his ticket to New York to spend a weekend on the boat, and I'd planned to go to Toronto, Albany, and PA - all trips which would cost me gas, tolls, and hotels. I'd hoped to have some diaper fun on this trip, and paying for someone's bus ticket to get him out of homelessness, while altruistic, would ruin that.

I was still considering that, going back and forth between feeling justified and feeling selfish as fuck, when he threw it in...

"And, if you pay for my ticket, I'll wear diapers for you while I'm there."



*Uhhhhh....*

I asked Mikey to explain how he knew about diapers.

We hadn't discussed it, and when he had been in Orlando I'd been extra safe to make sure he hadn't found out.

I'd considered telling him the last time he'd asked about moving to Orlando - just to get it out there. But hadn't, yet. I almost had, since I figured that anyone who respected me wouldn't fail to repay me. Only because I know enough about addiction to know that drugs can make people respect *nothing* did I refrain from saying anything.

Mikey told me a story about me texting him from a Google Voice number which had included Abysitter in the name. This had been a year or two before, just after he'd moved out of Orlando, and he'd researched until he'd found my blog. He'd read part of it. He knew about diapers and had for a while.

"I'm totally cool with it, bro," he told me. "I respect

you a lot, and I guess I don't totally understand it, but I want to. If it's important to you, it's important to me..."

Slyly, he was winning me over. He was offering to wear in exchange for his ticket... did I even have the power to say no to that?

I had wanted to spend time with Mikey since he'd left Orlando.

I'd already offered to have him to New York months before.

And now I had five weeks free... and Mikey was homeless.

It was an offer I decided I couldn't refuse.



Before I agreed, though, I asked him what he was expecting.

"I'll wear five times?" he offered. "You can do pictures, or whatever."

"I usually bust," I told him. "Is this gonna be weird for you?"

He promised that it wouldn't, and told me that he knew enough about it from the blog to know what to expect.

"But Chris... please... if you're going to do it, I wanna leave tomorrow," he told me. "This really does suck."

That night I went to Greyhound.com and paid for the ticket. Mikey would leave the next day and, even though I was breaking several of my own rules - including a second (or, really, a third) loan to someone who hadn't repaid the first, and simply paying for someone else's bus ticket - I found myself excited about spending a week or two with my across-the-country-best-friend.

The diapers were really just a plus...



## PART II: LET'S ROLL AND ROCK...

If you've ever taken Greyhound anywhere, you know what a clusterfuck that whole experience can be.

I hadn't, so I wasn't prepared for it.

Mikey boarded the bus in PA and, although New York is just one state away, the bus would go through several states before it would make it into New York. A broken-down bus would push his trip back, and long delays in some locations would turn it into a 24-hour trip.

I was supposed to pick him up on a Wednesday, 7 p.m., in the city I was in. Instead I wound up picking him up at 8 p.m. the *next night*, in a city nearly two hours away... if I'd waited for him to get to the city I was in he would have arrived the next morning around 10.

That's right... a twelve-hour overnight layover. In a bus station. Not wise for an addict...

So Thursday night I got in my car and drove two hours to the west. I rolled into the bus station at about the same time the bus was supposed to arrive, but he'd texted me that they were early.

Keep in mind, I was nervous about what I was going to find. I pictured Mikey fiending for heroin, looking an absolute mess. I wasn't sure what the circumstances behind his having to leave PA *really* were, and I'd taken a chance in dropping \$210 on his bus ticket. Still, I knew that even if he got off the bus high as fuck, he was better off spending some time with me than he was with the people he had been with in PA. Plus I'd just be happy that he got off the bus.

I just prayed he'd be sober.

I rolled into the bus station and immediately spotted it: three city police officers standing next to a kid - in handcuffs. My heart sank. He'd texted me just ten minutes earlier... what could he have already done that had gotten him into trouble? *Fuck...*

I rolled up behind them and took a closer look.

*Was that Mikey?* I couldn't really tell - it had been a while since we'd seen each other.

Suddenly my door opened and Mikey threw his bag in the back seat and sat down, a huge smile on his face. I learned over for a hug.

"I'll give you a hug when we're out of here, bro... that shit makes me nervous as fuck. That kid and I sat next to each other the whole way here, and the police were waiting for him when he got off the bus. Let's go!"

So go we went...



The first night was to be diaper-free.

I just wanted to spend some time with Mikey.

We went to the local Chinese buffet, where he inhaled plates of food. It was clear the kid hadn't had a meal in a while, but even as we ate dinner and talked I could tell that he was sober. When someone is addicted to heroin you learn to tell the difference between sober and not. It's hard to tell over the phone or on the internet, but in person everything changes when someone is using, from their tone of voice to their mannerisms. Plus, with Mikey, he stops eating - and loses weight. I've seen so many pictures of him through the years, and I can put them together in two piles: using and not using. *Gaunt* about describes it... heroin addicts call heroin dog food, and it's all that they eat.

Mikey sober, to me, was welcome news. Because I'd already decided that, if he was under the influence, I wasn't going to diaper him, regardless of our agreement. And that, to me, would have been a *huge* disappointment - I was looking forward to this.

So, on night one, we went back to the hotel and spent the night talking. He told me more about where he'd been in the months before, and I told him what my goals for the summer were. He sang me some new songs, I showed him some stuff I've been working on, and we just relaxed and had a good time.

It got to be about bedtime, and Mikey asked me for a favor.

"I lost my iPod a long time ago," he told me. "Any chance I could listen to yours while I try to fall asleep?"

This made me nervous. My iPhone contains my iPod. It's got a million and one songs, plus music videos and movies.

It also has many, many emails, text messages, YIM messages, and other types of messages from ABDLs.

It's got pictures.

Videos.

Blog entries I've written on airplanes, or on previous vacations, but never posted.

It's like Abysitter Central. And Mikey wanted to hold that shit, and listen to music.

"I don't usually let people hold my iPhone," I told him. "I mean, I am working this event... I could get a call or email at any time, and I have to return them..."

It was only *partly* a lie...

"Oh, it's no big deal," he told me. "I mean, I don't really sleep much anyway. I don't really even *need* to sleep. It's just... in order to get to sleep I have to listen to music. I have to rock."

Now, I took this to mean that he had to rock *out*. As in, put on some music and *jam*.





Mikey's question caught me off guard. I'd already told him tonight wouldn't be a diaper night. He was relieved - he was starving (we ate), filthy from the bus ride (he bathed), and tired as fuck (thought we were about to go to sleep). I figured that the diaper conversation would keep until the next day.

"Well, it's hard to explain," I began - and then found that, even though I've explained it dozens of times, and write a whole fucking blog on the topic, I was finding it... well, hard to explain.

"I mean... people wear them because... they want to regress. They use them to relax..." I stammered along. Mikey just sat, looking at me. I could tell he was trying to act like he understood, nodding his head and being generally agreeable. At the same time I could tell my explanation sucked. I usually did better... I wanted to tell him about how, for some of us, it starts with being neglected as babies... how we develop an attachment to our diapers... and never outgrow them... how we don't just wear diapers but actually slurp from bottles and suck on pacifiers and try to *feel* babyish... but I felt kind of ridiculous - maybe for the first time.

"I guess I'll tell you more about it tomorrow," I told him, wrapping it up with a save. "I mean, when I'm diapering you, it'll give us something to talk about."

Mikey's face turned a little red but he kept nodding.

"It's cool, bro... I kind of get it," he told me. (My turn to nod). "I mean, I have something that's pretty secret about me, too. Almost nobody knows about it... but if we're going to spend a few weeks together, I guess I should probably share it with you."

I nodded suspiciously. I was expecting something either superlame or supersensitive, and wasn't sure I wanted to hear either. On the one hand, a fake-ass secret designed to make me feel better about my weird-as-fuck fetish would just annoy me. On the other hand, a secret that he might later regret sharing would make things uncomfortable.

I urged him to use caution in sharing...

"We could turn it on on the nightstand," I suggested. "I mean... I've got the whole Mikey Playlist... and a lot of other music we'd probably both like. Check it..."

I handed him the iPhone, praying none of y'all would send me any racy diaper shots at that moment. He went through my music and agreed it was a collection he could've put together himself.

"We have the same taste in music," Mikey remarked. "Lots of new shit, too... hmm." Then he spotted his own playlist and hit play. "Damn... you got songs I haven't heard in a few years from me. I lost some of these when I pawned my old computer... I wish I'd known you had them...."

We lay there, the iPhone in between us, and listened to Mikey sing for a while. Finally, he broke the silence.

"So, what's the deal with diapers?"

"You shared that you wear *diapers!*" he exclaimed, and the way he drew out the word *diapers* was adorable. *He* was adorable. I had to remember to try to behave as heterosexually as possible.

He continued...

"So, if we're going to spend the night together every night for a few weeks you're going to see it anyway..."

I wondered what was coming.

Bedwetter?

Sleepwalker?

Night terrors?

Nope.

"Bro... I rock," he told me.

I waited.

Was that it??

"Okay?" I asked him. "So... your secret is that... you rock?"

"Yep!" he replied proudly, as if he'd just shared something that I'd be surprised by. I *was* surprised... at how lame his secret was. He rocked... big fucking deal.

But then he continued....

"I've been doing it since I was a baby," he told me.

I looked at him quizzically.

"What... do you... mean?" I asked him. Mikey laughed.

"I've been doing it since I was a baby," he repeated. "My mom took me to the doctor when I was ten. She wanted to find out what was wrong with me, why I did that shit. The doctor asked if she rocked me when I was a baby, but she'd been a drug user then, and pretty much neglected me. She told the doctor she would put me in my crib and just leave me there. The doctor told us that's how it started.

That was the last time we saw that doctor."

I was confused.

"So wait..." I asked him. "Your mom didn't take care of you when you were a baby... and now you do... *what*, exactly?"

"I *rock*," he repeated, rolling his eyes.

"Like... show me?"

And with that, Mikey lay down on the bed and began rocking.

He curled up into a ball and began rocking from side to side. He sort of resembled a child having a temper tantrum, I thought. He just kept rocking, and didn't stop for a few minutes. Then, just as soon as he'd started, he stopped, sat up, and looked at me.

"It's self-soothing," he explained. "I can't go to sleep unless I rock."

I nodded.

"And it helps to listen to music," he continued. "When I go to sleep with music and rocking, I sleep through the night. When I go to sleep without it, I don't sleep."

I mulled that over for a few minutes.

I had some questions.

"So, because your Mom didn't rock you... you rocked yourself?" I asked.

"Yessir," he replied. "Started when I was a baby, and now I can't stop."

The parallels were already becoming clear to me.

"And if you don't rock... you can't sleep," I continued. He nodded in agreement. "And... do you ever find that if you can't rock for a while you get depressed... irritable even?"

"Oh my God!" Mikey almost shrieked. "Yes! Yes, Chris! When I was a little kid I never wanted to spend the night at any friends houses because I

couldn't rock. They'd make fun of me. So I didn't have very many friends. And even now, when people would stay at my apartment, I'd just want them to go.... so I could rock myself to sleep!"

Damn... I thought.

It was time for an explanation.



"So when I was a baby," I told him, "I was adopted. But before I was adopted... I lived in a foster home for months. Nobody knows exactly what that was like for me, but during that time I developed this attachment to diapers."

(You guys know what I'm talking about, right?)

"Might have been the only thing that constantly touched me, the only connection I made as a baby," I continued. "Nobody really knows why it happens, but I grew up having to wear diapers... I just never really stopped wearing them."

Mikey nodded vigorously.

"It's like we were separated at birth!" he joked. "That's exactly it for me, too. My mom would put me in my crib and just leave. They'd go out into the other room and get high. I'd just be locked in my room, and I guess I started rocking. And never outgrew it!"

I pictured Mikey locked in his crib, neglected. It explained *so much* about the path his life had taken.

"Separated at birth," I repeated, laughing. "You're lucky that you didn't develop a thing for diapers..."

"Actually," Mikey interrupted me, "I think I know why. My mom didn't even really put me in diapers when I was a baby. I didn't like diapers. I would pull mine off, and she'd just ignore me. I was naked a lot..."

Damn.

"You know what else?" he asked me, as if he was about to share another secret. I leaned in. "Bro... I never even had a pacifier when I was a baby. I've

never had one!"

I looked at him with what must have been a look of horror on my face, because he started laughing.

"I know!" he continued. "I'd go to raves in LA and see all these kids sucking on pacifiers and be jealous. I mean, they did it to keep from grinding their teeth, but I wanted one!"

I was laughing now.

"Mikey... you are going to make up for lost time this week," I assured him. "I have a few pacifiers, and you'll be nuk'ing them for hours..."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The diapers might take some getting used to, but I've always wanted to try a pacifier. And the other thing is... are you going to give me a bottle? Because when I was a baby I always had to hold my own. I'm not even sure if I want you to give me a bottle, I've been holding my own since I was old enough to pick one up in my hands."

"I will be holding your bottle," I told him, suddenly reminded that he'd read my blog... I hadn't even brought bottles up yet.

"We'll try it," he told me skeptically. "I don't know if I'll like it..."

I reassured him that he would, and then turned the conversation back to the rocking.

"Do you ever find that your need to rock gets in the way of a normal life?" I asked him. I was thinking, of course, of the binge/purge diaper cycle we're all familiar with, something I would be explaining to him.

"Fuck yea, dude!" he exclaimed. "I mean... I've tried to quit *so many times*. When I was a little kid I just knew something was different about me. My mom would tell me something was *wrong* with me, but I knew that wasn't it. So when the doctor told her that it was *her fault*... that was great!"

I laughed.

"And since then it's been hard. I mean, I can't spend the night at people's houses... and dude, forget

having a girlfriend. What girl wants to lay next to you while you're rocking back and forth. I hit it and quit it... that's why I always kick girls out. I need to fuck and then be alone in my own bed so I can sleep! Girls don't get that..."

I explained how I'd never had a serious relationship because of my ABDL status. A few relationships that might have otherwise become serious didn't because of the diapers, and a few diaper friendships never matured beyond the hit it/quit it phase because of a number of other things we didn't have in common.

"I totally understand, Chris," Mikey continued. "I mean... I'm basically married to my music now, anyway. But I know that one day I'll want to settle down. How am I going to find a girl who accepts me needing to rock?"

"*Could* you stop?" I asked. He looked started and looked at me very seriously.

"Could you stop wearing diapers?" he asked me, dead serious. I shook my head, and he just nodded. "Mmmhmmm."

"Maybe you can find a girl who rocks too?" I suggested.

He laughed out loud.

"So we can smash our heads into each other all night?"

It *did* seem bleak, the way he put it.

"Plus, I don't know if there's very many people out there like me," he continued. "I mean... there might be other people, but how would I ever meet them?"

I remembered me at age 17.

"Mikey, I used to think that I was the only person who wore diapers," I told him. "I was fucked up over it as a kid, because I knew it was a part of me, but I thought there was something freakishly wrong with me. It wasn't until I discovered the internet that I realized that there were entire diaper *communities*. There's thousands of us..."

"*Thousands?*" he asked me, looking at me with a

look of disbelief on his face.

"My blog gets hundreds of views every week," I told him. "There are thousands of people in the community, from all around the world, on a bunch of different diaper sites. It's a whole community."

He looked sort of excited now.

"I wonder... if there's... a *rocking community?*" he asked me, starting to smile. "Dude... that would be sick!"

I nodded.

"There's a community for everything..." I told him. I was going to tell him about some of the more strange fetish communities I've stumbled across, but decided I'd better keep it about rocking for tonight.

I opened Google on my iPhone's safari browser and handed it to him.

"Do some research," I suggested. He smiled and started typing away.

"Okay, so now that I've shared my weird freakish secret with you I've earned your trust, huh?" he smiled.

"Something like that," I told him.

"Maybe I will start a blog about rocking," he mused. "You should ask your blog readers if any of them rock. I mean, if some of them were neglected and wear diapers and stuff because of that... you never know. Maybe they wear diapers *and* rock..."

I promised I would. I was wishing *he* did both.

"I was going to ask you," he continued, changing the subject. "Do you... shit in them?"

I told him I didn't, and was about to explain more about how diapers are used when he cut me off.

"That's good," he said, obviously relieved. "Because I was about to say, diapers are one thing, but if you piss and shit on yourself, you might wanna see a psychiatrist!"



### **PART III:**

We went to bed and, though the room was pitch black, I could make out the form of Mikey rocking back and forth on his bed. At first we listened to his music on my iPod for a while, but he eventually put headphones in. Within a few minutes he had stopped moving and I heard a light snore coming from his direction. A few minutes later I was sleeping, too.

The next day would be our busiest of the event. There were so many things to do, and I had to be all over the city. I dropped Mikey off at event headquarters to help there, and he quickly befriended several elderly women volunteers who were glad to have a strong young man to help them. I wouldn't see him again until later in the day.

During the day, in between meetings, I stopped by Wal-Mart and stocked up on supplies. I was nearly out of powder and wipes, so I grabbed some, and grabbed an extra pacifier too, just in case. After, as I

drove back to the hotel, it occurred to me that the kid had been living in the woods and was pretty fucking filthy when I picked him up; still, I've had people refuse to suck on paci's that didn't come straight out of the package, fearing my sterilization methods weren't up to snuff.

I picked Mikey up at dinner time; he was starving, as was I, and we wanted to grab a bite to eat. We settled on Subway, and as we ate he asked me if we were going back to the hotel after dinner. I explained that a whole different part of the event was going on after, and we had to go to that. Mikey groaned, and said - in Subway, in full earshot of tables full of customers - "Take me back now and you get a few extra hours of me in a diaper..." I couldn't tell if anyone heard him, but I quietly explained that, as attractive as that offer sounded, it would have to wait.

Mikey was only needed during the first part of the event that night, and the hotel was within walking distance, so he grabbed the extra roomcard and headed back for it. He texted me after an hour or so, letting me know that he was bathed, changed, and ready for bed. He'd been writing a song, he told me, and he couldn't wait to perform it for me. I texted back and told him I was looking forward to it. I reminded him that it was a diaper night, and he texted me back to let me know that he hadn't forgotten, and had gotten everything out of the way so as not to delay it at all.

"Is tonight the night you're going to paddle my ass?" he texted me. I'd forgotten my pledge to "bust his ass", and was surprised that he was actually reminding me. I told him that could wait... I wanted his first diapering to be as pain-free as possible.

After what seemed like forever the event ended. You know how it feels when you're ready to Pamp up but you can't? It sucks, right? That's how I felt during the last hour of this event... I couldn't *wait* to be back in that hotel room. I practically raced back, walked up to the room, and opened the door. Mikey was chilling in his boxers on the bed, singing. I walked in and he didn't notice for about thirty seconds. When he saw me he was startled.

"Got time for me to sing you the whole song?" he asked, obviously sensing my fiending for some diaperage. I nodded, and he sung me what may be

my second-favorite of all of his tracks I've heard. I complimented him, and asked him to sing it again. He did, and I lay back, relaxing. As he sung the final few verses I was thinking how lucky I was: one of my favorite singers was in my hotel room, giving me a concert. I heard people in the hallway stop in front of our door to listen. *Bet they wish they were in here for the show*, I thought.

After another song or two Mikey got a very serious look on his face.

"Well," he said, "I guess it's time. Let's see this diaper..."

Mikey had already asked me if I had a diaper that would fit him. I've heard that question *so many* times, but it's always cute when someone asks. I knew Mikey had seen my blog, so he'd obviously seen pictures of people in diapers. Still, when I pulled the diaper out of the bag his eyes grew big.

"Damn, that's a big diaper," he remarked.

I'd pulled out an Attends. I grabbed a box I'd packed in my luggage and pulled out a baby blue diaper. Mikey laughed. Then I pulled out a Cushie, and he got a surprised look on his face.

"That's like... a big baby diaper!" he almost shouted. I shushed him, knowing people might still be lurking outside, but he wouldn't be quieted. "Bro... that's like... for a baby!"

I laughed, and pulled out a pacifier.

"So are these..." I told him. I walked up to him and held it out. "Mouth this, Mikey," I said.

Mikey leaned forward and positioned his mouth so it was an inch away from the pacifier. I popped it in.

It was the cutest thing I've ever seen. The minute I popped the paci into his mouth, Mikey's eyes lit up and a smile appeared on his face. He began chomping on the pacifier, smacking it like a baby. The look on his face was so cute I don't think I'll ever forget it.

"This is awesome!" he murmured between smacks. "I can't believe I never had one of these!"

I've given pacifiers to *so many* straight non-ABDL guys. Most get into it after a few minutes, but I don't think I've ever had one get that happy over it... in fact, some of the ABDL guys I've diapered didn't look as happy as Mikey did. I was pretty pleased...

Now it was diaper time.

I walked back to the end of the bed, took Mikey by his feet, and pulled him gently down toward me. Once he was laying back, still smacking away, I walked up to him and took his boxers in my hands. He stopped smacking and closed his eyes, and I pulled them down slowly.

Mikey's penis was a little smaller than I had expected, for all of his talk about fucking. Also, he was uncut, something I wasn't expecting. As if he'd read my mind he spoke:

"I'm not circumcized," he told me, looking embarrassed. "I guess my Mom didn't bother with that, either..."

I asked him if it caused him any problems, and he mentioned needing to keep it clean. I nodded, and then, as if he was opening up, he continued...

"I mean, sometimes I think that girls haven't been interested in me when they find out," he confessed. "They never say that, but... that might be it."

I had a hard time picturing Mikey having trouble keeping a girl. He was *dope as fuck*, hot, in shape, and beautiful. His face was cute, his body was cute, and I even thought his penis was cute.

"Plus, I Google'd penis size," he continued. "I wondered if maybe it was small or something. But I guess most guys are in my range. I'm a grower, not a shower," he confessed. "I Googled that..."

I nodded and explained that I'd seen a lot of penises, and his was definitely within normal range. As I talked I had pulled out the baby wipes, and picked up his feet in my hands. He was blushing now, and as if he knew what was coming he put his feet in the air. I began wiping, starting with the front, getting his penis pretty thoroughly, and then hitting up his ass. To my surprise, the wipe was 100% clean.

"I took a bath and got clean, bro," he told me, as if

he could read my mind. "I've read parts of your blog, you know..."

(If you read my blog regularly, you probably know I sometimes spank for non-white wipes...).

I directed Mikey to flip over onto his stomach, and he did. He stretched out and seemed totally relaxed, slurping away on his paci as I gazed at his bottom. *It was beautiful*, without a doubt one of the nicest asses I'd ever seen. I didn't want to make it obvious that I was ogling it for fear of making him uncomfortable, so I sprinkled some powder on it, rubbed it in (mmmmmmhmmmmmm), and turned him back over.

I slid a diaper up underneath Mikey's bum and pulled it tight. He stayed soft, but I made sure to position his penis carefully and give it a good rub after I'd taped him up.

"Turn over," I ordered, and he did. I pushed him up so his head was in the corner of the bed. He smacked his paci contentedly, and I dropped my drawers, pulled on a pre-taped diaper, and lay down on the bed between his legs.

I began rubbing his bottom, and he murmured something. He seemed totally relaxed, and I lay there for about fifteen minutes, rubbing his hiney and relaxing.

After fifteen minutes I lay flat on my stomach and pulled myself up so my head was directly over Mikey's ass. I lay my head down on it... and began humping the bed.

Mikey stiffened.

"This is... unexpected," he said. And I stopped.

"Wait... so... you didn't think I was going to... bust?" I asked him.

"Well... I mean... I guess..." Mikey stammered. "I mean, I know you said... and... I just thought..."

I waited, and my heart fell. I'd been looking forward to busting all day long. And now?

"I guess I just didn't know... that people... do it this way," Mikey finished.

"Humping?" I asked him. He nodded.

"I do it like this," I told him. Guess he hadn't read *all* of the blog...

"Well, then," he said... and left it hanging there.

"So... do you want me to.... not?" I asked him. I was about to explain, again, that I'd diapered dozens of straight guys and had done this with all of them, but he cut me off.

"Nah, it's all good, bro," he said. "I was just surprised is all..."

I lay there for another few minutes, rubbing his ass and thinking. I decided to continue, and slowly worked my way back into humping. I pushed his stomach up with my hands and got a good look at his penis. He was slightly hard, and I ran my hands down the front of his diaper, watching him harden as I did. I could sense that he was a little uncomfortable, so I made a decision to avoid that area. I continued humping.

"Bro... can I listen to music?" Mikey blurted out. I stopped, kind of annoyed at the interruption. I stood up and picked up my iPhone, handing it to him.

"This is a little stressful, bro," he confided, still with a happy smile on his face. "I want to rock!"

With that Mikey put the headphones in his ears and began to rock. It was adorable, and I watched his fine behind sway back and forth as he rocked. It made my humping a little less noticeable, and relaxed me a lot.

After fifteen minutes Mikey stopped rocking. He pulled my headphones out of his ears and looked back at me. I stopped.

"Bro... don't get mad at me..."

I waited, crestfallen. Was this it? Was Mikey about to cancel my five diaperings? Ask me to stop busting? What was coming?

And then he confessed.

"I need a cigarette."

Mikey had gotten a fresh pack of cigs on his way back to the hotel, and I'd suggested he go outside to smoke before we'd started, but he'd declined. Now I wish that I'd insisted. This was already taking me long enough, and now it would be a do-over?

"Damn, dude... I hate wasting diapers," I interjected, hoping he'd agree to wait.

"What do you mean?" he asked me.

"I'm going to have to take your diaper off and put a new one on you when we come back in," I explained.

"Why?" he asked me.

"Well... I don't want to pull that diaper off and then try to get it to fit back on you," I continued. "I mean, they're refastenable tapes, but they're not *really* refastenable. We'll come back and the diaper will be all loose-fitting and shit..."

"No, I mean.... why do you have to take it off me?" he asked.

"Because it's a non-smoking room, remember?" I asked him. "We have to walk outside the hotel to smoke..."

"Yea, I know," Mikey said. "So why can't I do that in a diaper is my question?"

I've diapered many non-ABDLs, and many ABDLs.

Most refuse to wear in public. Even among ABDLs, the tell-tale crinkling of a disposable diaper in public is too much of a risk to take.



I explained that to him.

"Bro, I don't give a fuck," he interrupted me. "I'm not from here. I'll wear this diaper all over town. I'll wear it with no pants on if you want. Let's go smoke."

I can't *begin* to tell you how happy that made me.

I threw him a pair of shorts, he pulled them on, and put on a shirt as I got dressed. We began to walk toward the door.

*Crinkle, crinkle...*

His diaper was extra-loud for some reason. He stopped and listened to the silence, then moved and



heard it crinkle.

"I see what you mean!" Mikey said, laughing.  
"Loud-ass diaper..."

I waited for him to change his mind, but he strode to the door, opened it, and stepped out.

*Crinkle, crinkle, crinkle, crinkle, crinkle...*

We crinkled down the hallway, passing several people who were standing outside their doors. The crinkling was loud and noticeable, but past each door Mikey shouted out a big hello.

*Crinkle crinkle.*

At one point he stopped, and so did the crinkling. I wondered if people might be wondering why he was crinkling.

"Do you hear that?" he asked me.

"Hear what?" I asked him. He giggled.

"The sweet sound of silence," he said. "Well, time to stop that..." and he picked up his gait and the crinkling began again.

"You're not embarrassed?" I asked him. He laughed.

"Why would I be embarrassed about wearing a diaper?" he asked me, kinda loudly.

"Bro, I have to tell you... on the ten scale, you're already hitting a 3 or 4," I told him.

"Why?" he asked, laughing.

"Because... wearing a diaper puts you at one. Wearing it in public jumps you up a few."

He was still laughing.

"I am going to go for a 10 on this trip," he told me.  
"What do I have to do to make a 10?"

"You don't *want to know*," I told him. He appeared thoughtful for a moment.

"Never mind," he told me. "But I'm still going for a

7 or an 8..."

I laughed, and nodded in agreement...

...this was shaping up to be an *awesome* week!

## PART IV

We walked out of the hotel and found a place at one of the picnic tables by the lake. There was a 'Party on the Patio' going on, and there were probably more than one hundred people living it up over by the DJ. Mikey and I looked at each other, chuckling, the knowledge that we were both diapered amongst a crowd of beer swilling grownups something to laugh at. Mikey pulled out a cigarette and let it, putting his pacifier in his pocket for a moment.

"I am probably the first baby to be smoking a cigarette here today," he said. We both laughed. "I wonder if anyone can smell baby powder? I know I can!" I shook my head as the woman at the next table looked at Mikey quizzically. He clearly hadn't gotten the discretion thing down yet...

We sat and watched several drunken couples fighting, and the police were even called. Mikey kept looking at me and saying, loudly, "Wow, they're acting like such babies!" giggling each time. It was clear he was relaxed and having fun, and I was hesitant to ruin that with more humping upstairs.

"Well, let's get this over with," he said to me after ten minutes of smoking. I looked over at him and saw he was sucking on his pacifier. He held up five fingers and mouthed "five out of ten?" I had to laugh...

We went back inside and crinkled all the way down the hall. Walking into the room Mikey immediately took off his clothing and hopped up onto the bed. He lay on his back, his hands underneath his head kind of propped up against the headboard.

He was sucking on his pacifier, and had a very relaxed look on his face.

This is where I have to throw in that the look on Mikey's face was absolutely f\*cking adorable. I

have never seen anyone look so happy to be sucking on a pacifier, including the people from our community who take pacifier pictures on a regular basis. I have seen thousands of pacifier pictures, and have popped pacifiers in the mouths of babies and non-ABDLs alike many, many times. But the look of sheer joy on Mikey's face as he slurped away on that Nuk - it was something else...

I sat down next to Mikey and rubbed his tummy. He was in very good shape, with a washboard stomach. He seemed totally chill with me rubbing his stomach, and didn't even flinch when I patted the front of his diaper a little. I decided that I could be a little more wandering with my hands, and went ahead and flipped him over, rubbing his behind for a little while. He didn't seem to be bothered by it, so I continued. I can never tell it straight guys are going to have a problem with me rubbing their ass, but if you know me you know that I love nothing more than a nice diapered bottom in my face. I wasn't about to let the opportunity to rub it pass me by.

After a few minutes I began to hump again. I could tell that Mikey tensed up as soon as I started. I decided to stop for the night, let him know that I was going to finish on my own bed. He looked surprised, and tried to assure me that he had no problem with me finishing on his.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked me. He looked worried. I explained that jerking could take me a while, it was late, and I wanted him to be able to get some sleep after a long day of working - and another two ahead of us. "Bro, you can finish," Mikey insisted. "I can fall asleep while you hump, you know..."

I thanked him, but moved over my own bed anyway. I lay on it for awhile, watching him as he lay facing me. He continued to slurp away on his pacifier, looking just as cute as he had when I had first seen him doing it. It was clear that Mikey was well aware of how adorable he looked, and how much I was enjoying it. He had a huge smile on his face the whole time.

I asked him if he would stay on top of his covers so I could watch him in his diaper for a while, and he assured me that he didn't like to sleep underneath covers anyway.

"Don't worry," he told me. "You have a whole week of watching Baby Mikey chillin' in diapers..."

I reminded Mikey that I expected to do more than watch, and he laughed.

"And, you have four more rituals," he continued.

"Four more... what?"

"Four more rituals" he repeated. "I'm going to call that your ritual..."

"Is that bad?" I asked him, concerned. He laughed.

"Well," he said, drawing out the word. "I mean... I have no problem with looking adorable. I have no problem with being diapered. I honestly don't even have a problem with you changing my diapers! And I love this pacifier. Plus, something tells me I'm about to go ham on that baby bottle! But..."

I waited.

"But..."

"You doing your thing seems kind of like a ritual," he's continued. "That's all. I'm just going to call it... it ritual."

I must have looked concerned, because he burst out laughing.

"You've got four more," he told me. "Don't worry, I don't have a problem with it. It's just like any other ritual." Mikey was giggling now. "Like an athlete eats spaghetti before a race. Or a kid rocks to fall asleep. A ritual..."

I nodded and started to speak, but he cut me off.

"Some people put on a diaper and hump to ejaculate," he continued. "It's just what they do. It's their..."

"Ritual."



Mikey smacked his pacifier contentedly for thirty minutes as I humped. After a while he asked if he

could listen to music, and I gave him permission. He turned on my iPhone, put in the headphones, and lay, still, watching me. After about ten minutes he stood up, came over, and gave me a hug.

"Nite, bro," he said, turning and flopping down on his bed. I watched as he turned away from me and curled up into a ball, his diaper hugging the outline of his bottom. Mmmhmmmm... damn.

And then he started to rock.

If you've never seen someone who rocks themselves to sleep do it in a diaper, you're missing out.

It's adorable!

So, for the next twenty minutes, I watched Mikey rock his diaper-clad frame back and forth on the bed. I watched the diaper crease and uncrease with each movement, and listen to the crinkle as he moved. It was... hot.

I squirted, pulled my covers up, and lay back. I was content as could be, and the last thing I remember thinking as I drifted off was...

...I get four more nights of this?!



## PART V

After the event ended Mikey and I spent a few days together, rolling around the city, as I reconnected with old friends. This was, after all, my vacation; I wasn't about to let it pass me by without spending some time doing regular New York stuff. Mikey would just have to make due.

This meant, of course, a few days without diapers. We hung out with my brother, met no fewer than a half dozen friends for coffee, lunch, or dinner, and spent some time as I gave him a tour of the town.

At night I would Pamp up; it was a good feeling knowing that I could wear in front of one of my best friends without fear of being found out. Sure, it sucked that I couldn't *use* the diapers, but I could be flexible... I definitely didn't want to freak Mikey out.



After a few nights of mostly grownup time it was time for another ritual night. Mikey had announced that he was eager to get another one out of the way, but he seemed to mean it in a positive way. Several times he'd pulled his binky out of his pocket and sucked it in the car as he explained that he didn't have a problem with wearing, and was willing to put up with some diaper jo'ing... he was having a good time, and as he'd mentioned a few times, sleeping in a diaper beat sleeping in the woods.

We were rolling around my hometown and decided to spend the night at my parents' home. They'd be out of town for a few days, and I often stay there when I'm home. We'd have the house to ourselves, and could wander around in Pampers, maybe even spend some time outside watching the stars. I was excited... I'd done this many times, from growing up to recent summer visits, but this would be the first time in a long time I'd had someone visit in Pampers.

I'd already told Mikey about my parents' love for natural foods, including soy milk. As we drove toward their house he reminded me that he was expecting a baby bottle - and only wanted vitamin D milk.

"None of that soy shit," Mikey told me several times.

As we arrived at the drug store and I pulled up and parked. I pulled a twenty out of my wallet and handed it to him.

"Get a carton of milk and some baby powder," I instructed.

"How are you gonna send the baby in to get his own baby powder?" Mikey asked, feigning annoyance. I laughed and told him I could send him in for diapers, too. "You think I'm afraid to walk in and buy adult diapers?" he asked me, shaking his head. "Bro, I'll walk in there, buy some diapers, and put one on in the middle of the store." With that he jumped out of the car and walked in, returning a few minutes later with the needed items.

We drove to the house and unloaded the car. I set my suitcase with the diapers on the floor in the living room, and Mikey put the milk in the fridge. He walked into the bedroom and flopped down onto the bed, pulling his pacifier out and putting it in his mouth. I heard him slurping on it as I unpacked diapers and baby wipes. I filled a baby bottle with milk, set it in the microwave, and walked down the hall.

"I'm about to go ham on that bottle!" Mikey said to me, laughing. "I'm hungry!"

"It's milk, Mikey," I told him. "I'm not sure if you're going to fill up with milk..."

"I want my milk!" Mikey cried out, mimicking a toddler's voice. It was adorable, and I couldn't wait to give him his bottle. I ordered him to put his feet up, and he did, kicking them together. It was so cute... almost like the kid had practice.

I pulled Mikey's feet up and put my hand on the waistband of his jeans, pulling them toward me. His boxers came with them, and soon he was naked from the waist down. I grabbed his hands, pulled him into a sitting position, and pulled his shirt off over his head, patting him on his head before allowing him to fall back onto the bed. The paci smacking continued...

Within minutes Mikey was diapered. I'd put him in a Cushie, and he was really getting into it, making *vroom vroom!* noises and mimicking an airplane flying - the diapers, as you probably know, have airplanes on them.

"Come with me, Baby Mikey," I directed, snapping my fingers and pointing to the floor. Mikey began crawling along behind me, but winced.

"My foot still huwts," he complained, and I was reminded that he'd hurt it running in PA before he'd come. The injury had been aggravated with all of the work we'd done at the event. I felt bad, but I wasn't ready to let him get up and walk... he was so *cute* crawling along. I agreed to allow him to scoot along on his bum, and he did, smiling and sucking away.

We wound up in the kitchen, Mikey still sliding on his bottom, and I pulled the bottle out of the fridge, heading for the microwave. Mikey's face lit up.

"I'm sleepy, Cwis," he confided. "I bet after this bottle I might be *out*..."

I was okay with that... after my last 'ritual', and Mikey's discomfort, his sleeping wouldn't be a huge problem.

I warmed up the bottle, and Mikey giggled when I pulled the bottle out and tested the temperature on my wrist. We went into the living room - me walking, Mikey crawling - and I sat down on the couch.

"Where should I sit?" he asked me. He'd kind of cosied up to me, kneeling as if expecting me to hold the bottle out. I told him to climb up and he started laughing, shaking his head.

"Like a real baby... wow," he said. I could tell he was a little bit embarrassed, but he climbed up and lay back, his head resting on my lap. I held the bottle out and, after a minute or so of both of us adjusting and trying to get comfortable on the couch, Mikey mouthed it and began sucking.

There is nothing cuter than watching one of your best friends suck on a baby bottle full of warm milk for the first time. I've given bottles to a lot of people, mostly ABDL, and I wasn't prepared for how adorable the look on Mikey's face would be... he looked so *happy*... so comfortable. He sucked and sucked, a satisfied smile on his face. I put my hand on his tummy and rubbed, and he giggled a little.

After a few minutes I pulled the bottle out of his mouth and set it on his stomach, rubbing it back and forth. He closed his eyes, still smiling.

"Has anyone ever found you wearing diapers?" Mikey asked after several minutes.

"You mean... *ever*?" I asked him. He nodded. "A couple times," I told him. "I could tell you some stories..."

"So tell me one," Mikey asked me, giggling. "I want to hear some diaper stories while I dwink." The way he said drink made me laugh, and I recounted a story as he sipped away on round two, telling him about the time my grandmother had walked down

the stairs to the cottage only to peer through the window and see me sleeping in a disposable. He started giggling, and choked on his milk. I pulled the bottle out and waited.

"I can't imagine what I'd do if your family came here and saw me wearing a diaper," Mikey told me. "Actually, I guess I do know... I'd want them to accept you wearing one, so I'd probably sit up, turn to them, and act like nothing was wrong..."

"I think they'd wonder why you were diapered and sucking on a baby bottle," I told him, laughing.

"That's just what I do," he told me casually. "I wear diapers and drink from baby bottles. Nothing to see here... no big deal, y'all."

Sure, he would...

Little did he know that level of acceptance was something I'd secretly wanted growing up...



After twenty minutes Mikey's bottle was almost empty, and his tummy full.

"Baby Mikey is gonna be gassy!" he told me, giggling. "I'm not used to milk..."

I asked him if he was lactose intolerant, and he nodded. I was surprised that he hadn't mentioned it sooner, and told him.

"I think you can handle a little gassy baby," he told me. "You've changed worse, I know..."

As we talked I rubbed his tummy. I wanted to rub his diaper but didn't want to freak him out. We talked about diapers, and he was asking questions about the reactions of my family and friends when we heard it - a vehicle slowing down and then, stopping - before pulling into the driveway.

I looked out the window and saw a truck come past.

"Someone is here," I told Mikey. He sat bolt upright, a look of panic on his face.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed. "Holy shit! Your parents are home! What do I do???"

I told Mikey to go into the bedroom and get into bed. I was annoyed - I'd planned an entire night of diaper fun, and my family had come home to ruin it all. Why had they told me that they would be out of town? Had something happened? Thoughts were racing through my head as I tried to clean up the evidence of babysitting - baby bottles, pacifiers, diapers on the chair.... damn.

I heard the porch door creak open, and footsteps. Then... knocking.

*Whew... it wasn't them.*

I went to the door and saw their friend standing there. He'd been given a truckload of supplies from the event, and had offered to drop them off.

"Can you help me unload the truck?" he asked me.

*Damn... Mikey could have been a big help here... and he was in a Pampers and laying in bed...*

We unloaded the truck, and my parents' friend left.

I walked down the hall. It was a very hot, very sticky night, and a thunderstorm was coming. I'd been sweating already, and after the near scare, and unloading a full pickup, I was a sweaty mess. Still, when I walked into the bedroom I saw *real* sweating... Mikey lay on the bed, his diaper only mostly covered, pretending to be asleep - and sweating profusely.

"Bob!" I yelled down the hall. "Mikey's in here... I think he's asleep, but I can wake him up..."

Mikey and Bob had worked together during the event, and had become friendly. I waited to see if Mikey would stir, but he continued to lay still. I walked in, ripped the blanket covering his bottom off of the bed, and then said "just kidding... Bob left." Mikey turned to face me and raised a fist as if he was going to punch me.

"Bro... that was a close call!" he exclaimed. "I thought your parents were gonna see me in Pampers for real!"

I laughed.

"What happened to just laying there telling them wearing diapers is just something you do?" I teased him, and he started laughing.

"Bro, your parents like me... all I could think of is... what will they think if they know I'm wearing a diaper with their son?"

I had to laugh.

It was ritual time, but first it was time for a few pictures. Mikey had agreed to pose for the blog, and even he agreed that the ABU Cushie was an "adorable" diaper.

Problem was... Mikey had scooted along his bottom, crawled across the floor, climbed onto the couch, curled up on me, and then sprinted into the bedroom.

And, he admitted, he'd briefly tried to remove the diaper before hiding under the covers.

"I knew your rule... *DON'T TAMPER WITH YOUR PAMPER*," Mikey admitted. "I didn't want to get that spanking tonight, so I decided to keep it on."

But, it was about to fall off.

I was disappointed, because I was running out of Cushies, and had been looking forward to using one as a pillow during 'ritual time'.

Mikey lay on his stomach and I lay next to him, trying to refasten the tapes before giving up.

"I'm going to re-diaper you," I told him. He frowned.

"Baby diaper?"

I shook my head. I was running out of Cushies, and had left them in the car.

"Big boy diaper."

"Wah!" Mikey's fake crying was cute as hell - and the fact that he was crying out for a realistic baby diaper was dope as fuck.

I diapered him up and spent some time rubbing his bottom before doing my thing.

After I'd squirted I moved up next to Mikey, laying on back my back and rubbing his stomach. To my surprise, he reached over and rubbed mine.

"Is Cwissy feeling relaxed now?" he asked me in a toddler voice. I couldn't help but smile, and he turned to me and looked very serious. "Before this vacation is over I want to give you a bottle," he told me. I beamed... I love being fed bottles, but have a hard time letting ABDLs get me into a regressed role, a mixture of my *abysitter* persona and trust issues. "Would Cwis wike that?" he continued, smiling too. I nodded, and he smiled. "Cool. But now, I need a favor," he told me. "One more bottle before bed..."



*Jactacio capitis nocturna...*

That's the scientific name termed for Mikey's condition: a need to rock oneself to sleep.

I'll talk more about it in a future blog entry.

For now, I will say... being rocked to sleep *rocks!*

How do I know?

Because, on this night, after two baby bottles, a 'ritual', and some time relaxing, Mikey and I lay next to each other, listening to thunder in the distance, sucking on pacifiers and talking about diapers.

And, as I began to drift off to sleep, Mikey began to rock.

I lay in bed, watching Mkey rock back and forth next to me - and found myself lulled into a state of relaxation as the motion of his entire body rocking back and forth caused me to feel rocked, as well.

For more than thirty minutes I lay there, feeling safe and secure. I wondered if this was what being rocked as a baby might have felt like - and it hurt me that Mikey had never had the experience that I had.

As I drifted off I thought about how much I had always loved falling asleep on my boat, diapered, with my baby bottle, as the boat rocked back and forth, giving me something of the same sensation.

*This was even better...*

"You're going to love the boat," I murmured to Mikey.

"I honestly can't wait," he replied.

Within minutes I was asleep.

Being "rocked" to sleep by a friend is something I can't really adequately describe. It feels... *awesome*.

It's a feeling I've wished I could feel every night since...

## **PART VI**

Our next stop was the boat. For anyone who doesn't know, I have a sailboat in upstate New York, which I lived on summers before I moved to FL and which I stay on when I return home during summer vacations. Mikey and I would be spending a few days on the boat. It had already been determined that these days would be diaper-free for Mikey, due in part to his excitement about spending time on a boat - something he'd never done - and the small size of the boat. I, myself, would be diapered nightly, however.



The boat is, for me, sort of a floating cradle. At night I'll close the curtains, shut the hatch, and Pamp up. Most nights are hot and, short of a hi-velocity fan and the breezes blowing through the marina, it can be sticky. Stripping down to a Pamper is a great way to beat the heat.

And, Pampers have a second side-benefit, as well: they let me avoid the trip to the restroom.

My boat has a 'head' - a toilet and sink. But I found out, in the very first year, that using it isn't worth it. Urine in a holding tank, when heated by the sun, begins to stink. Under way we piss over the side, or go in for a swim; in the marina, the long walk to the bathhouse (or the public bathroom at the other end of the marina) is a nightly tradition.

But not for me.

When some of my non-diaper friends come over

they prefer to piss in cups and throw them over the side. This is non-hygenic and probably illegal; still, I gave up trying to stop them a long time ago. It's something that a ton of boat owners do, which is especially funny when you see some of the same ones pouring piss into the marina swimming in it the next day.

I don't subscribe to the cup method. I diaper up, soak that motherfucker, and change in the morning. So convenient...

A gentleman in a neighboring boat asked me once if I have a bladder of steel... he was up four or five times overnight to use the bathroom, and didn't see me once. I wanted to tell him my secret - I felt bad for the guy. Plus, his stomping up and down the dock all night... so annoying.

Anyway, our first night on the boat, I diapered up, and Mikey stripped down to his boxers. We'd stopped for coffee - we probably had fifty cups each during the time he was in New York - and this kid had to pee less than ten minutes on the boat. I'd walked him to the bathhouse, and then to the public restroom, and showed him where the key was. I stepped off to take a piss before I diapered up, and Mikey did the same. Twenty minutes later I was laying in bed, but Mikey had to piss again. Off he went and, ten minutes later, he was back.

"Forgot to put on my flippy flops," he told me, grimacing. "Stepped on sharp rocks. Remind me the next time I gotta go..."

I was tired, but Mikey wanted to talk. We talked about his singing career, my job, and the boat. I shared stories about purchasing it - I'd found the boat and taken pictures of it, framing them and putting them on my wall before I even bought it, my incentive to work eighty hour weeks to pay for it. Mikey told me about saving for a studio, and we both talked about goals, goals we'd met and goals we want to meet. And things we wished we'd done differently...

Eventually the conversation turned to diapers.

Mikey was still curious... he wanted to know more. I'd let him read my *Message* blog entry, which Mikey hadn't seen, and he was interested.

"I like how you try to take a group of people who might have issues about their behavior and try to make them feel more... normal, I guess," Mikey told me. "I try to do the same thing with my music. I'm the abysitter of song..."

I laughed, and recounted some of the abies I've helped through difficult situations. Mikey told me about people who'd posted on his MySpace telling him about how his music had helped them through difficult times.

"Maybe I'm the Mikey of diapers," I corrected him, and he laughed.

"I want to do what you do, bro," he told me.

"Wear diapers?" I joked. "You *can*..."

"Already have, bro," he continued, laughing. "I want to do a blog."

I asked him what kind of blog he wanted to do, figuring he was talking about music. Then he explained that he wanted his to be about *rocking*.

"I want to be the abysitter for rockers. I want people who rock to come to my blog and feel better about themselves," he told me. "I've been thinking a lot about this. Your blog is for this tiny little community, but it's got so many readers -"

"There's thousands of us, bro," I corrected him, cutting him off. He raised his eyebrows.

"Thousands?!"

"Yessir," I nodded. "Thousands. There's a few dozen websites, and they all have hundreds of members. It's crazy."

I could see the wheels turning in Mikey's head.

"I don't think there's a single community for rockers," Mikey told me, sounding excited. "I could *start* our community..."

I mentioned that my community was driven in part by the fact that it was a fetish, and that most rockers probably didn't have the same motivation to join a community, but Mikey pointed out that rocking is something most people who rock do while they're



sleeping... so who knows. We both laughed.

"I have to piss," I told him. I was annoyed. I hadn't made the late-night walk to the boathouse in the two weeks before he'd come but now, due to my statement that I didn't mess in diapers being turned into not *using* diapers, I was forced to use a toilet. I put shorts on and Mikey joined me, and we walked to the bathroom together.

I stepped into a stall and pulled my diaper down a little. It crinkled loudly, and Mikey giggled.

"What's the crinkling, Cwis?" he asked me. He was loud, and I wondered if anyone outside could hear him. "Sounds like someone's got a Pamper and he's twying to be a big kid... I'm pwoud of you..."

I had to laugh. Mikey talking to me about potty training was adorable. He had a knack for making me feel little, even if he was just joking. I couldn't wait for my bottle, and I told him...

"Want one tonight?" he asked me, in seriousness. "I'll give you one..."

"Nah," I replied. "Thanks though. Got no milk, there's nothing to warm it with, and I don't want to waste my bottle feeding on the boat."

"Who says there's only gotta be one?" he asked me. "Want me to swing past Dunkin Donuts and ask them to warm up a bottle? I'll tell them I've got a colic-y baby who won't sleep..."

We both giggled, and as we walked out the door another boater was fumbling with his keys to the bathhouse. Mikey giggled uncontrollably as we walked back to the boat.

"That guy got an earful," Mikey laughed. "I wonder what he thought?"

I might have to see the guy again, and mentioned that fact to Mikey. Could be embarrassing, I told him.

"I bet it's more embarrassing when he walks down the dock and sees me giving you a baby bottle," he laughed. I told him to shush, and he repeated the words *baby bottle*, louder than before.

"Last chance to go get some milk," Mikey told me. I relished the fact that he seemed *eager* to be willing to give me a bottle, and told him so. He smiled. "I'm like a natural-born father, Chris," he told me, suddenly seeming very serious. "I have little cousins I've taken care of, and my ex had a kid. I've done a lot of diaper changes - don't get any ideas - and I've given a lot of bottles."

I told Mikey that, if his music career didn't work out, he might have a future in abysitting. He laughed.

"If it pays enough, I might just do it..."

Mikey explained that he wanted to be a father, but wanted to do music, too. Plus, his struggles with addiction had made him afraid to father any little Mikeys – probably a wise decision, I told him.

We lay back down, Mikey still talking about his parenting aspirations and addiction. I lay and listened, and got some real insight into Mikey, his life, and some of the reasons he'd had so many of the problems he'd had. One thing about the boat.... it brings out the conversation. After a while we went back into the cockpit, Mikey smoking and me listening to him talk. We watched some shooting stars, continued talking, and went belowdecks again. I lay down, Mikey lay in the berth across from mine and, as I began to doze off, Mikey picked up my iPhone, put the headphones in, and began to rock.

"Night Cwis," Mikey called out, and I said good night. I closed my eyes and, as Mikey rocked, the boat began to rock with him.

I wanted to stay awake to enjoy the rocking motion, but there's one thing about rocking... it puts you to sleep. Five or ten minutes of the boat rocking back and forth and I was *out*...



Around 3 a.m. I woke up having to piss.

*Grrrrrrrr.*

Another walk to the bathroom and, upon my return, Mikey was in the cockpit.

"You should have waited for me, bro," he told me.  
"I had to piss, too..."

I offered to walk back with him, but he shook his head.

"I peed in a cup and tossed it over," he whispered.  
"Don't be mad?"

I rolled my eyes, crawled back down to my berth, and went back to bed. Mikey finished his cigarette and came down, sitting next to me for a few minutes.

"Bet you're the only person wearing a diaper that just took a five-minute walk to use a toilet," he teased me, giggling. "You could just piss over the side, you know..."

I *wanted* to piss in my Pamper, like I always did, but I just mumbled something about not minding the walk.

Mikey began rocking, I was out again, and we both slept soundly til morning...

## PART VII

The days that me and Mikey spent on the boat were the hottest days of 2011. It was literally over 100° and the sun was beating down on the cabin turning it into an oven. We actually drove around in the air conditioned car and even went to see the new Harry Potter movie just to cool off. In short, it was fucking ridiculous.

After two days of complete uncomfortableness we decided to leave the boat and go spend some time at the cottage. I figured that being on the water and being able to go swimming would be nice, but air-conditioning would be even nicer. So we made the hour-long drive to the cottage, kicked my brother out for a few days, and made ourselves at home...

If you are a regular reader of my blog you probably know all about the cottage. It's the place that I spent my summers growing up, a place I've always loved - and the place that I discovered my diaper freedom starting as early as I was old enough to drive. At age

16 I would buy a package of Pampers and hit the road, heading to the cottage to spend a few days as the equivalent of a toddler. It has, in the years since, provided me with a place to transform myself into Cwis, as well as being a playground for myself and one or two lucky ABDLs.

Mikey and I had agreed that our time on the boat would be diaper-free for him. At the cottage, now, it was an entirely different story. We had only been there for a few hours when Mikey suggested that he banged out one of his diaper sessions that night.

"I want to get this out of the way," he told me.  
"Don't get me wrong, I don't have a problem with wearing diapers. But the ritual thing, I'd like to kind of get some of that done earlier in the trip rather than later..."

Mikey and I had spent a lot of time talking about our upbringings, my diaper fetish, his rocking, and a lot of other things related to all of this, so by this time I felt pretty comfortable. Still, each time he mentioned the ritual making him uncomfortable, it made me nervous. I was willing to not go through with it, but he would insist, and part of me really wanted to do it. When you have the opportunity to diaper one of your best friends, it's not something that you want to pass up. When you love a nice bottom, and your best friend happens to have one of the nicest bottoms you've ever seen, it's a double whammy... sigh...

So after a day of sitting in the air conditioning, and a dinner out in a nice air-conditioned restaurant, the two of us went back to the cottage and it was time to baby up.

Mikey decided that he wanted to go for a swim, which was funny because all day long he passed up the opportunity, choosing instead to sit in front of an air conditioning vent. Now that I had pulled out the diapers and announced that I was ready, he suddenly wanted to go swimming. Hmm...

"You trying to get out of doing this?" I asked him suspiciously.

"Fuck no, bro," he assured me. "I just want to go for a swim..."

I agreed to allow for a short swim, on the condition

that he agreed to allow me to pamper him the minute we returned to the cottage.

"I don't get it," Mikey said. "Why can't we put them on now and then go swimming?"

I had to laugh. I have been going swimming in nothing but a diaper for over 10 years, but very rarely is anyone willing to go with me. Most of my friends who wear with me are afraid to do so outside of the walls of the cottage. Even after dark, most are hesitant to go swimming diapered, and I never press the issue. And along comes Mikey, this kid who is willing to crinkle down a hotel hallway without fear of being discovered, and he is asking why I don't want to go swimming in a diaper. Is this little drug-addicted artificial-ABDL straight boy my soulmate?

I put a Pamper on Mikey, and one on myself, got flip-flops for him and water shoes for me, and grabbed a flashlight. The two of us made our way down a long set of stairs to the beach, diapered, with only one towel between us.

There was a full moon and the top of the water was lit up like daylight, so I was relieved that there didn't seem to be neighbors on either side of us.

There is nothing more beautiful than this huge deep lake filled with moonlight, and when you have a beautiful boy in a diaper with you, it's magnified tenfold. I can't even begin to tell you how lucky I felt at the moment - the two of us at the edge of the water, dipping our toes in, Mikey standing there, in all of his muscled glory, in nothing but a disposable diaper. Giggling the entire time...

"You know what's fucked up?" he asked me.

"What?"

"You probably didn't think you were going to get me in a wet diaper," he told me. He was still giggling. "Looks like you are, after all..."

I waded into the water, going as quickly as I could with my shower shoes. The water was cold, but it felt good after such a hot day, and I couldn't complain. I walked up to the point where my diaper was covered and the water was up to my belly button. I turned and saw Mikey standing with only

his feet in the water so far...

"You afraid?" I asked him. He shook his head and took a few more steps.

"This is freezing!"

I laughed. It was cold, and I was sure that the uncomfortableness of being in a diaper probably didn't help anything for him. Mikey was tiptoeing closer to me, and finally got up to the point where his diaper was just starting to fill with water...

"Oh... my... God..."

I could tell by the look on Mikey's face that the water had entered his diaper. He let out a little yelp, and I thought to myself how cute he sounded. He started to giggle even more, and mentioned that he thought his penis was going to shrivel up in the diaper.

"If I seem extra little when you're changing me after this, it's because of this water..."

Once our diapers were waterlogged it became easier to tolerate the coldness. Mikey floated on his stomach, sticking that beautiful little bottom in the air. He dove underneath the water a few times, and came up with a surprised look on his face each time.

"There's a ton of seaweed down there!"

Or,

"Holy shit, there's so many rocks down there!"

Mikey seemed to be having the time of his life, and watching it was fun.

And, on top of it all, Mikey had joined me in my lake, wearing diapers. As I alternated between gazing at the stars and the city lights - and stealing sideways glances at his ass - I marveled at how lucky I was to be in this situation.

"Bet I can kick your diapered ass in a swimming race," Mikey shouted. I laughed, and reminded him I'd been swim team captain when I was his age.

"Yea, but you're talking decades of time passing," Mikey teased. "But don't worry... just knowing I

could beat you is enough!"

Mikey persisted with the mind games, and I finally had to school him. He was impressed as I passed him, but once I stopped swimming he'd switched gears...

"Let's see who can swim farther out!"

Before I could stop him, Mikey had begun to swim out towards the middle of the lake. Thirty seconds later he turned to see me standing in the same spot.

"Guess I win this one," Mikey shouted. He took a breath and started swimming again. Thirty seconds later he stopped, breathing heavy now. "Seriously... are you coming out?"

Mikey went to stand up and sunk underneath. He bobbed back up and, sounding surprised, asked how deep it was.

"Where you are? Or the lake itself?"

"Both?" Mikey replied. I explained that he was floating twenty feet above the bottom, but that the lake itself was much deeper.

"Yea, right, Chris... there is no way this lake is that deep!"

I assured Mikey that I was being truthful, then explained that the lake's depth had been the cause of several drownings over the years.

"Get the fuck out!" Mikey replied, almost shouting. "People have died here?"

I explained that they had, and then continued...

"The lake is so deep they sometimes never find the bodies. These college kids' parents spent a few years paying divers, and even hired a sub. Nothing..."

I waited for Mikey to say something. Instead I heard breathing. Heavy breathing. The sound of someone hyperventilating...

"Chris... I can't touch..."

I swam out to Mikey and grabbed him, helping him

to shallower water. After a minute or two he calmed down.

"Chris... you can't say that."

I'd been upset when I'd first heard about college students whose bodies would probably never be found, too. But Mikey was tough and I hadn't been prepared for how hard he was going to take it...

But Mikey continued...

"I don't want to see a body, Chris. Let's go..."

Wait... what?

Mikey was still breathing heavy. I put my hands on his shoulders and told him to calm down - there would be no bodies we would see.

"Are you suuuuuure?" he asked me. I could tell he didn't believe me - and that he was scared.

"Give me a hug," I suggested. Mikey put his arms around my neck and pulled himself up, wrapping his legs around me. I put my hands on his diaper, supporting his bottom - and feeling his diapered behind at the same time.

If you've never felt a diaper underwater, I highly suggest it. The material in the diaper that absorbs wetness absorbs water; it becomes saturated and kind of hardens against the diaper wearer's bottom. It feels hot as fuck...

I held Mikey for at least five minutes, rubbing his back as he held on tightly, trembling a little. I wasn't sure if he was cold or scared, but he was quiet, so I was too. After five minutes he chastised me for giving him a scare.

"You shouldn't tell people about the bodies while they're so deep," he told me.

I apologized.

"Thanks for rescuing my ass," he continued. I nodded and continued to rub his bottom as I started to walk us in.

"And now that we're in shallow water, I'll just say this once. I definitely do NOT want to see a dead

body. But if it meant we could call some kid's parents and tell them their son had been found... that'd be worth it..."

Awwwwww. This was a good kid.

We were in shallow water now, and I put Mikey down. He took one last look at the water, and pledged to return the next day - maybe during daylight hours, though.

"I'm ready to get a fresh diaper on and climb into bed," Mikey declared. "Swimming with Cwis tires a baby out!"

We started across the beach and Mikey stopped several times. In the moonlight I could see half of his ass - his diaper was waterlogged and drooping, almost to the point of falling off. He kept stopping, adjusting, and finally gave up, hiking it up with his hands.

"So diapers have a limit," he finally said, laughing.

"Yea," I replied. "And yours has met its..."

We both chuckled. I told Mikey to stop, and then reached around him, untaping his diaper tape by tape. His diaper fell to the ground, and he stood in front of me, nude.

"That diaper must have worn a pound," he declared. He turned and bent over, picking it up, and then wrung it out over the side of the deck. He handed me the remnants and I bagged it, doing the same with mine before heading inside.

"No damp bottoms on the furniture," I told Mikey, and he quickly scooted into the floor. I went in to the bedroom and put some shorts on, then grabbed diaper/powder/wipes and returned to the living room. Mikey lay on the floor, pulling on his penis, trying to make it longer.

"Told you it's be littler," he told me, giggling. "Shrinkage..."

"It's about to be covered with a Pampers, so little works," I told him. He'd said the word little several times, but when I said it Mikey's face turned red. I could see this was something he was sensitive about...

"Feet up," I ordered. Mikey looked hesitant but then complied. Still, he looked worried...

"You good?" I asked him.

"I'm good, Cwis. Except... I gotta go potty..."



## PART VIII

I sat down on the floor next to the couch. Mikey was freshly diapered, and had waited until this moment to announce that he had to pee. We had just been swimming in the lake, and he hadn't gone there. He had the chance to go coming up the stairs, and had chosen not to. And now that I put a brand-new diaper on him, he had chosen to let me know it was time. This kid who thought the idea of wetting in a diaper was disgusting... and now he was diapered and wanted to go potty?

"Bro," I told him, shaking my head, "those diapers are like \$3 each. Seriously?"

I had put him in a Cushie, and he was about to make me ruin it by removing the tapes? Bullshit!

Mikey laughed, and promised to do his best to hold it.

I put on a disposable diaper, an Attend, and lay down on the floor.

Mikey lay next to me, then scooted across the floor on his bum, resting his head on my stomach like a pillow. We both lay silently, watching the moon as it reflected across the water.

So peaceful.

The day had been hot, but our swim had cooled us down considerably. It was dark out now, and the air temperature was just becoming reasonable.

Mikey, as always, couldn't let the silence continue. He asked me to tell him some stories about diapering people.

So I told Mikey many of the same stories that you have read in this blog. At first I forgot that he has read the blog, as none of my other non-ABDL friends have. That ended when he started finishing my stories, and I realized he had read much more of the blog than he had originally let on. I told him about being robbed for \$100, for instance; he pointed out that I had had the opportunity to leave the scene and keep my money.

"You didn't so much get robbed, as you... made a donation," he corrected me, throwing up dramatic air quotes around the word donation. I laughed.

"It was for a good cause," I defended myself.

"Yea," Mikey continued teasing. "The Hotboy Pamper Fund."

"Nothing wrong with a little charity," I told him, and he laughed.

"Actually, I was going to talk to you about that," he told me. "So I'm glad you feel that way. You know

how I'm down to my last few cigarettes?"

"Yea?" I said, suspiciously. I had already paid for this dude's bus ticket...

"Well, have you ever given anyone money to do anything... extra?"

I was surprised. Mikey was straight. I already felt pretty lucky to just be able to hump while I rested my head on his beautiful ass... I didn't know how to tell him that I was already getting to do everything I wanted to do just by humping my diaper.

"You mean... sexual?"

"Eww, no," he interrupted me. "No, I mean... I wondered if you would be willing to trade a pack of cigarettes for..."

He trailed off, thoroughly embarrassed, and I waited to see what he was going to suggest.

"...a wet diaper."

He said it, and I could see in the moonlight that his face was red. I let it hang there for a minute. I already I had predicted he would be asking me to buy him a pack of cigarettes. One of my pet peeves is buying cigarettes for my friends, since I don't smoke them, and I had mentioned this to him when I told him to slow down on the ones he'd had at the beginning of the trip. If I could get a wet diaper out of the deal it would make it a little easier to bear.

"I'd consider that," I told him. And without having to be asked he slid over next to me and positioned his diaper within a few inches of my hand. I lifted my hand and put my fingers on the front of his diaper, and no sooner was I touching the outline of his penis then he began to flood it...

"Bro, I hope you are really appreciating this," he told me as he wet. "I haven't wet myself since I was a little kid."

Thirty seconds later Mikey was still going strong. His diaper was completely soaked in the front, and I had placed my other hand on the back of his diaper and began to feel the warmth headed in that direction as well.

Hot... so hot.

As Mikey lay soaking, I pulled him towards me and flipped him over onto his tummy. He lay, straddling me, the warmth of his soaked Pamper pressed against my leg. The sensation made me hard, and I rubbed his bottom, pushing the wetness around. So hot...

Damn, so hot.

As we lay uncomfortably on the floor, still feeling the effects of the day's heat, I pondered again how lucky I was. I had one of the hottest guys I've ever had the experience of diapering laying with me, and he was willing to abandon his stay-dry principles for a pack of cigarettes. He fiended for Newport's like I fiended for Huggies.

"How's it feel?" I asked him.

"Bro... my bottom is squishy as hell," he admitted. A big, dopey smile was on his face, and I could tell he was enjoying himself.

Correction: enjoying making me happy.

"How's it feel," he asked me, "to be the only person in the world who has the privilege of putting a future rock star back into diapers?"

I had to laugh.

"One day you will be a finalist on American Idol," I teased him. "And I will be able to say I pampered that dude as you're singing your final performance on TV."

"Correction, Cwis," Mikey interrupted me. "I fully expect you to be in the audience. After all, I'll probably need somebody to change me after performing in that big of a crowd..."

We both laughed, but I thought about how awesome it would be to have that job. Professional diaper changer to the rockstars... damn...

Mikey and I lay for another 30 minutes or so. I continued to move my hand around his padded bottom, and he continued to ask me to tell stories about some of my experiences, which I was only too happy to do.

After half an hour Mikey started to rock. He began slowly, moving ever so slightly on the floor. After a minute or two he was beginning to rock from side to side.

"Let's relocate this into the bedroom," I suggested. The floor was hard, and watching Mikey rock on it... not comfortable. He agreed, and we walked into the bedroom.

"Face down," I ordered. Mikey complied, flopping down hard on the mattress. He let out a big yawn, then stretched, sticking his soaked tush into the air. It was hot...

I lay down on the mattress behind Mikey, pushing his bottom down with my face. His Pamper was so wet, now. I watched him squeeze his bottom a few times, the diaper barely changing shape...

I pushed my thumbs into the leggings of Mikey's diaper, and pee squeezed out a little. This dude was soaked! I pushed my hands together under his penis, disappointed a little that he seemed to stay soft, and raised his bottom into the air...

I rested my head on Mikey's bottom. The air hung thick with the combination smell of urine and baby powder - a hard-on inducing combination if ever there was one. I inhaled deeply, taking it all in. Mikey's soaked bottom, beautiful body, and the moonlight flashing off his diaper were all too much... after a whole five minutes of humping I'd set some sort of personal record for shortest time to ejaculation.

"Damn!" Mikey exclaimed when he realized I'd finished already. "This is a lot more bearable when the other person is wearing a wet diaper, apparently! If you'd told me that I would've made arrangements to piss in these things before!"

I lay next to Mikey, satisfied. After a few minutes he reminded me that he was uncircumcised, and told me he felt like laying in his own piss would cause "penis chafing and irritation."

Reluctantly I changed him, trading the odor of pee-soaked diaper for the scent of baby powder.

"Can I sleep down here tonight?" Mikey asked me.

It was if he had read my mind, and I nodded.

As I drifted off to sleep Mikey was offering to spend the whole next day in diapers. I could hardly believe my luck: I was getting the opportunity to diaper my best friend - a hot, straight rock star status type who I was certain had never stripped for a dude, let alone Pamped up - and pissed on himself.

I drifted off to sleep still thinking about how lucky I had been...



## PART IX

The next morning I woke up to find Mikey already out of bed. I yawned and stretched, rolled over, and climbed out of bed. I stepped into the bathroom and through to the kitchen, expecting to see Mikey at the table; he'd taken to sitting in front of my computer on the internet getting caught up on social networking he hadn't been able to do from the homeless shelter. No Mikey.

I sighed, figuring he'd decided to move his sleeping up to the loft. I trudged up the spiral staircase and peered into the bedroom area - no Mikey. Hmm.

I walked back downstairs and looked around. A quick glance out the window found Mikey, seated in an Adirondack chair, laying back, smoking a

cigarette. I grabbed a pair of shorts and walked outside, and then did a double-take as I noticed Mikey wearing - only a diaper!

"Wow, bro," I said.

He looked at me with a quizzical look on his face, like he had no idea what I was surprised by.

"Morning, Cwis!" he said cheerfully.

"You're in... a diaper."

"I told you I'd wear it all day for you," he replied, smiling.

"No, I mean... *just* a diaper."

"Oh, yea!" he said, grinning. "Why fuck with clothes, bro? A diaper's all I need."

I have to admit, just seeing Mikey sitting outside in a diaper got me hard. If you've been reading my blog for a while, you *know* I love, love, *love* public pictures. I love wearing in public and, while I don't have the courage of some of y'all who wear *just a diaper* on the subway or at the beach - and the jury is still out on the wisdom of that - I *love* seeing those pictures. So seeing Mikey, diapered and just hanging around outside? Mmmmmhmmmm.

Still, I did most of my diaper-only time at night, after dark, when a diaper and a swimsuit aren't as distinguishable. Mikey was out in morning, the sun beating down on us. Wow. I wondered what my neighbors would think if they saw him.

I wouldn't have to wait long to find out.

I'd already stepped back inside and put on some coffee when Mikey shouted out "Morning!" I looked outside and saw him standing up, waving to someone. *Oh shit*. He stepped inside and started laughing uncontrollably.

"Bro... the look... on that old man's face... when he saw I'm wearing a diaper..."

"*Dude*," I said, looking concerned. He rolled his eyes.

"If he says anything, just tell him I'm incontinent,"



Mikey told me. He pronounced the word wrong, and I had to laugh. I told him I didn't think the neighbor would believe me. "Who gives a fuck?" Mikey asked. "My health problems are none of his business. Besides, that dude looks ninety... he probably wears these, too!" He was still laughing. I peeked out the window and saw my neighbor looking over, trying to catch another glimpse of Mikey. Before I could warn against it Mikey walked outside, all the way to the edge of the deck, looking out over the lake. *Fuck it.* I joined him outside, kind of standing between him and the neighbor. The old man shouted out good morning to me, and I could see that at least he wasn't on the phone with 911. Sigh...

Mikey returned to his seat.

"I don't see the big deal," he told me. "You only get to come to the cottage a few weeks a year. If I were you I wouldn't be holding back anything. Just wear diapers bro. Let these people not look if they don't like it."

I tried to explain to him how diapers, as a sexual fetish, could be offensive to some people, and Mikey responded with *FUCK 'EM!* several times. I gave up. Besides, he looked adorable just chilling in his Pampers. I turned around and noticed him sucking on a pacifier, too, and it was too much - we both burst out laughing.

"All day, bro," he reminded me. "You get this all day long. And I'm taking this with me everywhere we go."

After we finished our coffee Mikey asked if we could go around the city and take some pictures. He was back on Facebook, and he wanted to have some pictures of him by the lake, and some other shots, to post up. I agreed. I offered to change him but he told me his plan was to wear *the same diaper* all day long.

"It won't last that long," I warned him. It was, after all, an Attend. He challenged me, arguing that it would. He'd see, I figured. I changed my own diaper and we both dressed, and then trudged up to the car.

"I just realized you left that sopping wet diaper on the porch," he told me. I stopped for a moment, but

then realized that nobody was supposed to be visiting. Hopefully a wild animal wouldn't drag it away. We got in the car and headed into town...

As we drove Mikey asked me to regal him with a story about what an abysitting session might be like.

I'll be honest: I get asked this question *a lot*, and sometimes I get tired of answering it. I am usually more apt to link people to a blog entry I wrote about it in 2008 or 2009, and let them use their imagination for the rest. But sitting next to Mikey, who was riding around with a diaper on and a binky in his mouth, I decided to really share. I forgot for a moment that he actually read my blog, and I began from the beginning. I described a session from beginning to end, right down to the spanking I sometimes get into. Mikey had questions.

"So when you spank, does it... hurt?"

I laughed. I'd forgotten Mikey had promised to undergo a spanking. I nodded.

"A *lot*" I told him. I could hear him gulp for air.

"But I don't get it," he told me, serious for a moment. "Babies don't get spanked. At least, not if they have good parents. Why would someone who wants to feel like a baby come to you and then want you to spank them?"

"Well..." my voice trailed off. It was a complicated question.

"Unless they *don't* want you to, and you just do it because *you* want to?" Mikey continued.

"Nooooooo..." I said. Although I had to admit to myself, that had probably sometimes been the case. Diapers-for-dough notwithstanding, though, most of my spankees were willing participants...

"So I don't get it," he pressed on. "If someone is all about feeling like a baby, why would they want to be spanked? Being hit with a paddle seems like the total opposite of feeling infantile."

So I explained how there are many, many facets to our fetish. How, for some, it is a desire to achieve an infantile state. And, for others, simply a desire to achieve a lack of control. And, for some, a desire to

be humiliated, perhaps.

"I get that," Mikey told me. "I sometimes think it would be cool to be humiliated. By a girl. But what's so humiliating about diapers?"

I could see that Mikey was being totally serious, now, and I wanted to hug him. This was a dude who was willing to wear in public, noisily swishing down a hotel hallway. This was a dude who was willing to wear one out in the lake instead of a swim suit. This was a dude who was willing to stand up and wave to the neighbor wearing one. He wasn't humiliated *at all*. Wow...

I explained how some people *are* humiliated by diapers, and told him about the number of people whose parents use diapers to humiliate their children - and how that is one of the things that often manifests itself into a diaper fetish.

"I totally get that," Mikey interrupted at one point. "My mom used to try to use my rocking to embarrass me. She was frustrated that I wouldn't stop, so she'd bring it up in front of my younger brothers, in front of cousins and even my friends."

I suspected that the kind of humiliating experiences Mikey was thinking about probably paled in comparison to some of the stories I've heard from some of y'all, but I wasn't trying to make him feel bad, and I definitely didn't want to share those stories with him, so I simply nodded.

"Maybe that's why I still rock!" he told me, as though he'd had an epiphany. I nodded in agreement. "So like... your friends had to wear diapers as humiliation, and now they want to be humiliated by wearing diapers, I get that... but spanking?"

I tried my best to explain to him how a spanking can be one of the most humiliating things a person goes through. Mikey argued with me, telling me that he was pretty sure a spanking was just a spanking... nothing more. That didn't make sense to me, but I realized at one point he was talking tough... he was going to be experiencing a spanking soon.

By now we'd arrived at City Pier. It was time to go out for a walk on the pier. Mikey was dressed in

some pretty thuggish jean shorts and some type of jersey, and as we exited the car he pulled his jersey off and tossed it onto the front seat. I locked the doors and stepped around the car, only to see him sagging. Massively sagging. There were probably three inches of disposable diaper exposed - including one of the baby blue Attends tapes!

"Uh, bro... your diaper is showing."

Mikey rolled his eyes.

"Okay?" he replied. "So?"

"Don't you want to put on your jersey?" I asked him. He shook his head and took off for the pier in kind of a jog. His jeans sunk even lower. I laughed and followed him. Mikey had hardbody status, and as he ran past a bunch of girls one of them whistled to him. He turned around, smiled, and waited for me. I could see the girls all giggling and looking at Mikey, and I wondered if they were laughing because he was wearing a diaper. I decided as I passed them that they were just nervous or something, because I could hear them whispering about how hot he was. The diaper didn't faze them at all - or they didn't notice it, at least.

Mikey read my mind.

"See, Cwis?" he said, laughing, after we were out of earshot of the girls. "I don't think people hear have the problem with diapers that you think they do. I think you should just strip down."

I laughed and shook my head. *No...*

"Want me to run your pants back to the car?" he asked me, sounding dead serious. I thanked him but declined. By now we were both laughing. As we walked past a couple walking back toward us with fishing gear Mikey turned to me and, in a normal conversational voice, asked me: "Do you hear that swishing? Is that *your* diaper, or *mine*?" My face probably turned red, and I saw the woman kind of slow a moment, and then keep walking. I wondered if they were turning around to check out our rear ends as we passed. I didn't have to wonder for long; Mikey turned around and walked backwards, and then began giggling. "They looked!"

I told him to chill out a little, and he shook his head in mock sadness.

"I'm sorry that you are so humiliated by my having to wear diapers," he told me. "I'm not embarrassed by my condition at all. Just so you know."

"I just don't know if everyone needs to know about it," I told him, rolling my eyes. And with that Mikey pulled his jean shorts completely down, and began to pull them off. There was nobody right near us, but at any moment someone could turn and see, at the very least, that Mikey had no pants on. "If you take those off it better be because you're ready for your spanking," I told him. He quickly yanked his pants up and shook his head.

"I wanna feel babyish today, Cwis!" he told me, speaking baby talk, and it made me smile. "No spanking yet!" He walked ahead and then turned around and looked at me. His pacifier was back in his mouth. I couldn't help but laugh...

After we'd taken some photos - *no diaper pics, sorry haha* - Mikey asked me if I was hungry. It was almost lunch time, and our breakfast had consisted of coffee. He suggested the Chinese Buffet restaurant we'd been to his first night in town, and I agreed. It was still nearly 100 degrees, and Mikey admitted the reason he wanted to go there was because they let you get your own soda.

"And I'm thirsty as *fuck*, Cwis," he told me. "I'm about to go *ham* on that soda fountain..."

And go ham he did. We each had a couple of plates of food, and I had a soda. Mikey had four or five. He even mixed orange soda with vanilla ice cream at one point, making some kind of dessert concoction. As he slurped on it he leaned in and looked at me, looking around to see who could hear.

"Cwis... I gotta go potty."

I burst out laughing. He'd tried to be quiet, but it had suddenly gotten a little quieter in the restaurant at that moment for some reason, and I was fairly certain people behind him had heard. They stopped talking, and I put my finger to my lips.

*Shhhhhhh*, I scolded him. He feigned shame and looked down at the table.

"Sowwy," he whispered. "But I do. Want me to just... go?" Mikey mouthed the words, but I understood them perfectly.

I contemplated. I hadn't brought a diaper bag and, even if I had, I wasn't sure where I could even change Mikey. I hadn't really thought of him *needing* to go. Or being *willing* to wet a diaper again - I'd thought that was a one-shot deal. Hmm...

I shook my head. Kid had just drank five sodas... I pictured him peeing so much that his little Attend couldn't handle the pressure. There'd be a puddle of piss on the floor in no time.

"Wait til we get in the car," I told him, realizing right away how that probably sounded to the people behind him. He laughed and told me okay.

We walked to the car moments later and I looked sideways over at Mikey. He was back to sucking on his pacifier, and it was adorable. Part of me wanted to put my hand on the front of his diaper and tell him to go, but part realized that could mean a wet seat - and, with temperatures back into the 100s, that would be a stank proposition. I suggested that we go back to the cottage so I could change him. Could he hold it that long. He assured me he could - but asked that I drive fast. I did.

We were driving down the road to the cottage - kind of a bumpy affair - when Mikey told me that all of the bouncing around was making him have to go even more. He asked if he should just go in his diaper. We were so close, so I suggested that he wait. I really had no confidence in those Attends haha...

As we pulled up to the cottage driveway I spied it: a car. My cousin's car. My cousin must have decided to surprise me - *I fucking HATE surprises*, something my family has never been able to grasp - and he had just shown up.

Mikey looked panicked.

"Who's that?" he asked me. I explained that it was my cousin, and that I was pretty sure they wouldn't stay long. Mikey shook his head. "I can't wait, Cwis... but I *know* they're going to hear this thing swish!"

Mikey's bravado was gone now. The dude who'd walked down the pier diaper showing, making loud remarks about diapers - he seemed to lose his nerve where it came to my family. I could understand that.

"What should I do?" he asked me. "Come down with you? Go hide somewhere? I don't know what you want me to do."

"What do you want to do?" I asked him. I reminded him that we were *both* wearing diapers - and that I had no choice but to go down see my cousin - and his wife, who I could now see in the window. (Nice... they'd let themselves in...)

Mikey's bravery had returned.

"Well, then, fuck it," he told me. "If you're going down, I'm going down."

"Are you sure?" I asked him. He nodded.

"What do I care? I may never even see these people again..."

*That's what's up.*

The two of us walked down the long driveway and up onto the front porch. I unlocked the door and we stepped in. My cousin and his wife were embracing each other. I quickly scanned the room. *Powder on the couch. Pacifier on the table by the lamp. Baby wipes on the fridge. No diapers in sight... whew!*

My cousin and his wife hugged me, and I introduced Mikey. They'd seen him online, and had even listened to some of his music - and they wanted to talk to him. He stood there, answering their questions, and I couldn't help but think how cute he looked, being all polite and respectful to them - even though his need to piss was probably stronger than ever.

Finally, after nearly ten minutes of them asking him music questions, I realized I really needed to help him out.

"Don't you have to go to the bathroom?" I asked him.

Mikey shook his head.

"No?" he said, sounding surprised by the question. I was confused. But then, as my cousin and his wife began to talk to each other about whatever next question they wanted to ask Mikey he looked directly at me and mouthed the words: *I ALREADY WENT.*

Wow.

I looked at the floor beneath Mikey. *No puddle... whew!* I couldn't believe that he'd just stood there and pissed his pants in front of people as they talked. It was... *hot as fuck.* Yet, risky. He'd been wearing the same diaper since I'd changed him the night before - and it was a cheap-ass Attend. They aren't known for holding up to wear and tear. I was a little worried.

Then my cousin and his wife announced that they had to go. They actually wanted to give Mikey a hug, and as she pulled him closer I could hear the tell-tale crinkling. I wondered if they smelled urine. Mikey said goodbye and turned to walk out onto the deck and I spotted it: wetness - a *lot* of wetness - where the diaper had leaked onto the back of his pants.

If you're AB/DL you know what I'm talking about. The clear indication of a wet diaper we all recognize so well. I was relieved as he sat down in the Adirondack chair at the same time my cousin, his wife, and I all made it to the front door. After a hug goodbye they left, and I quickly made a beeline for the deck.

"Dude," I said. Mikey was opening his mouth to speak at the same time I was.

"You leaked," I said.

"I leaked," he said at the same time. We both burst out laughing.

"Do you think they noticed?" he asked me, his face turning red. I shook my head. "I don't know, Cwis," he told me, "she was hugging on me pretty hard. I think she grinded a little." I had to laugh - my cousins are very religious, and the very idea of my cousin's wife grinding on *anyone* was a little hard to imagine.

"One thing I *know* they noticed was *this*," Mikey told me, pointing to last night's soaking wet diaper on the chair next to him.

"What makes you think that they noticed that?" I asked him. I'd been relieved that we seemed to have left no adult diapers out - at least the pacifiers, baby powder, and wipes could be explained away with an elaborate story if need be.

Mikey laughed.

"Because when we left it was on the ground in front of the door. And when I walked out here, it was on the chair..."

EEK!!! Mikey and I sat out on the porch for more than an hour, talking about diapers, kinks, fetishes, and the need to keep them secret from the people who love you the most. Mikey was very introspective and, although he had no actual ABDL experience, Mikey summed up the issues related to it pretty succinctly.

"Did you ever wish you could just tell everyone in your family that you wish you could wear diapers?" he asked me. *This dude had NO idea*. I nodded. He laughed. "I know you wrote about wanting to be able to get diapers for Christmas when you were growing up," he told me. "I figured - "

I interrupted him.

"Dude... I wrote that in 2008. That was one of my first blog entries. How far back did you read?"

"I've read every entry," he told me, looking very serious for a moment. "I wanted to get to know who I was going to be coming to let toddlerize me." I had to laugh at his use of the term I've coined. I told him I didn't think he could read three years worth of entries in a few days, and he admitted that he'd been reading it for a long time. "But let's be fair - it hasn't been a full three years. You started in November 2008..."

I was impressed. Mikey's bottom was thoroughly soaked now and he stood up and walked in front of me, putting his ass in my face. The wet spot had grown to fill the back of his jeans. *These pants would need to be washed before I put dude on the bus*, I thought. Mikey dropped his pants and stepped

out of them, now in a very, *very* soaked diaper, and I had to laugh... his diaper had been pushed to its limits, and then some. Actual photo below:



Mikey insisted that I take a picture of his ass and then show him, and once I did he couldn't stop laughing. He must have laughed for five minutes.

"What on earth did you *put me in*, Cwis?" he finally asked me. "And to think I was gonna flood this thing at the Chinese Buffet??? That would have been - humiliating."

*For both of us*, I thought. *For both of us*.

"And how did this not spill all over your cousin's feet?" he asked, giggling, and we both lost it.

Now it was changing time...



## PART X

Night had fallen, and Mikey had gotten quiet.

He'd spent the entire afternoon on my laptop, working on his music website with my help. Sometime between my cousins' visit and dinnertime a creative bug had hit him, and he had decided to do a complete overhaul, a re-design.

I have to admit, I was impressed by his abilities on the computer. He was racing through programs on my laptop. One minute he was designing a logo, the next writing HTML code for his blog. I watched as he uploaded a few of the tracks I'd saved to a music site, and then pasted that code onto his own. Within a few hours his online presence was back. It would have taken me two or three days to do all of that, I thought.

"You're actually pretty good at this," I told him.

"If I had a laptop all the time imagine where I'd be," he replied.

"You could have had a laptop, bro..." I pointed out.

His face turned red and he turned to me, putting his hands on my shoulders and looking into my eyes in a most serious manner.

"You know I am mad ashamed of myself for that, right?" he asked me. I nodded. I hadn't even meant to bring it up again – I wasn't trying to kill the positive vibe Mikey was in. It had just – come out of my mouth. Still, he was right – and so was I. A laptop would have made a big difference in his musical efforts – and he would have had a laptop if he hadn't turned back to drugs. "I bet you can't wait to whip this ass tonight." Mikey's statement brought me back to reality – and yes, his spanking was just a few short hours away.

"I've been working on my arm strength waiting for this one," I quipped. Mikey looked at me suspiciously, and then realized that I was kidding. He laughed.

"C'mon, Chris – you could barely carry your own bag at the event. I'm not too worried about your arm strength."

"We'll see, bro," I said.

"I'm not worried."

Mikey dove back into his work, and I sat contentedly in my chair, watching him go. He was wearing nothing but a diaper and a t-shirt, a

paci clipped to it. Every once in a while he would walk his little padded ass into the kitchen and make another cup of coffee. He alternated between sucking on the pacifier and slurping down mugs. It was adorable, and I was totally relaxed, taking it all in.

As darkness began to fall I announced that it was nearing time for Mikey's spanking.

"Wait!" he called out, "didn't you want to go swimming in just diapers?"

I had said that, I admitted.

"Tonight is the perfect night!" he told me. "Your neighbors on the beach side aren't home, and the sky is perfectly clear. Let's do a little diapered swimming and star gazing, and you can pummel my ass when we come back up!"

I had to laugh. I agreed that would be acceptable, but warned Mikey that he'd better not be offering to swim in diapers just to avoid what was coming next. He looked at me as though I'd accused him of being a communist or something, and shook his head profusely.

"One thing you'll learn about me is that I'm a man of my word. Or, in this case, a baby of my word, Cwis. If I say I'm going to do something, I do it."

"Well, me too, Mikey," I replied. "And when we come back upstairs I'm going to light your asscheeks on fire. Let's go swim..."

"I'd like to say that worries me, but I'm more worried about being bit by a fish in the lake than by the prospect of my butt catching on fire, to be honest," Mikey told me.

Maybe this kid was tougher than I gave him credit for?

Mikey and I stripped down to our diapers and walked the 36 steps to the beach. There were no neighbors in sight, so we threw our towels onto the steps in front of the boathouse and walked directly over to the beach.

“Big bwo Cwis – carry me!” Mikey suddenly said, far too loudly. With that he put his hands around my neck and sort of started trying to climb up onto me.

“Stop, stop!” The walk into the lake was a gradual one, and the bottom was strewn with rocks – it was hard enough to walk into deeper water without falling down, let alone trying to carry a 150lb “baby” with you. That wasn’t happening...

“This is child neglect,” Mikey retorted, as he let go and began the long walk into the lake. I let him go first, and watched him and he gradually made his way to deeper water. I watched as the waterline slowly made its way up his diaper, and then over. “Fuck! Fuck! Forgot how cold it is!” he called out, turning around with a very annoyed – but adorable – look on his face. “The water is flooding into my Pamper!”

“You gotta go under, bro,” I reminded him. “Once you get used to it it’ll feel okay.”

“That’s what you said about wearing diapers,” he joked. I laughed.

“They don’t feel okay?”

“Nah, it’s cool... they feel normal now,” Mikey joked. “In fact, I’m probably going to have to remind myself to put on a swim suit before I go swimming wherever I get to next.”

“Afraid you might put a diaper on by accident?”

“Yea.”

Mikey was slowly backing into the water as we spoke, and a few seconds later he’d stepped on a big rock and took a tumble, going all the way under.

“It’s cold, it’s cold, it’s cold!” Mikey rushed to stand. He was up to his next now. I took a few giant steps out and dove in, careful to grab onto my own diaper to make sure it didn’t fall off...

Mikey and I spent more than an hour in the water. He was extremely playful, and kept showing me his best dolphin moves, jumping out

of the water and across it like a porpoise, careful to hold his diaper with both hands to keep it from falling off.

“This is getting *heavy*,” Mikey yelled across the water at one point. I remember looking around furtively, making sure there weren’t any neighbors out on their docks each time Mikey sailed up into the air. It was clear that he was wearing a diaper, and nothing but a diaper.

“Keep that ass underwater, bro,” I suggested several times. Mikey just rolled his eyes and jumped again each time.

A few times I told him I was getting tired, and each time he objected, telling me he was having fun and wasn’t ready to go up yet.

I began to question whether Mikey was just urging that we stay in the water because he knew a spanking awaited him upstairs. I finally asked him, and the sheepish look on his face said it all...

“Let’s go, Spanky,” I said sternly.

Mikey reluctantly plodded his way to the dock. He looked around – no neighbors in view anywhere – and began the long climb up the ladder from the lake to the top of the dock.



“Holy fuck, Chris – this is heavy!” he called out, stopping his climb on mid-rung. “It’s about to fall off, Chris – should I just take it off?”

I reached up, putting my hand square on the backside of Mikey’s diaper. It was filled with water, and super thick. As I pushed it against his bum water poured out all sides, cascading down his legs and pouring on top of me.

“You just had a golden shower, Cwis,” Mikey quipped, looking downward at me and laughing. “Well, it was pretty diluted with lakewater, I guess, so... you just had a regular shower laced with gold.” I had to laugh – I didn’t know Mikey knew anything about watersports.

“Just keep climbing,” I told him. He did, and was finally up on the dock and able to hold on to his own diaper. I climbed out, doing the same with mine. With nobody around to see I allowed mine to fall down most of the way, pulling it back up once I was on the dock.

“Dude, full moon,” Mikey said, laughing and covering his eyes. Once I’d covered up he pointed to the sky, where there actually *was* a full moon making its way over the horizon. “See?”

Mikey had to hike his diaper up all the way up the stairs and onto the deck, as did I. A diaper wet with lake water weighs *way more* than a wet diaper – even a Dry 24/7 after a full night of wettings stays on *somewhat*, but a ‘lake diaper’ – not even a little.

“Watch this.” Mikey stood in front of me on the deck to the cottage now, moving his hips around a few times, and we watched as his diaper fell to the floor with a loud thud. I immediately laughed – his little hula dance had been adorable, after all – but Mikey looked down at his penis, back up at me, and immediately covered himself with both hands. “Um, you know they get smaller in water, right?” he asked me.

I had to laugh. Shrinkage. Mikey’s face was red, now, so I just nodded.

“What was that you said about being a grower, not a shower?”

He was laughing now, too.

“Well, I’m about to get spanked, so I don’t think I’ll be showing anytime soon...”

I’d almost forgotten about that.

“Maybe we’ll pass on that tonight,” I suggested. Truthfully, I was having second thoughts about spanking him at all – more than an hour holding someone against you as they suck their thumb and wet themselves kind of brings out the nurturing instincts, and the idea of busting some ass right afterwards is less appealing.

“Oh, no, Cwis. We’re getting it *done*. I spent all day today dreading this and I don’t want to go through that again. Plus there’s not many nights left of your vacation. So... tonight, okay?”

I nodded in agreement, but I still wasn’t sure. I think Mikey could sense that, and a worried look came across his face.



"Honestly, bro, this is more for me than it is for you," he continued. "You've been so good to me this whole trip, and I've felt bad about this the whole time. Knowing you were going to paddle me made me feel a little better, so if you take that away from me..."

"Nah, I got you," I reassured him. "But you've been good to *me*, Mikey. This whole week has been one of the best weeks I've ever had. I mean – I got to diaper a friend, and – "

"Me too, bro," Mikey interrupted. "I got to get diapered by my big bro, and – " he trailed off, and we both laughed.

"Even if I didn't spank you, I sort of feel like you've made up for – "

"I'm taking that spanking, Chris," Mikey said. "No ifs, ands, or buts about it. Well, maybe a butt..."

Mikey had grabbed a towel off the porch railing and was rubbing his bottom with it, getting it nice and dry. I knew that a wet bum intensifies the spank effect, but didn't say anything – if he'd spent an hour clinging to me to try to avoid it, he'd be sorry shortly.

Before I could say anything Mikey asked me where the paddle was. (It was an acrylic cutting board that I'd had out on the counter but had stuck in a cupboard for the past few days – out of sight, out of mind.) I told him, and he walked across the living room, retrieving it and bringing it to me.

"Where are we gonna do this, bro?" he asked, putting the paddle in my hand. I pointed to the bed in the bedroom, and he obediently walked to it, sitting down.

"Stand up," I directed, and Mikey complied. I pulled on a pair of boxers and put on a t-shirt.

"Can I put on a – " Mikey began to ask, hopefully.

"No shirt," I told him. He laughed.

"I was about to ask for a diaper."

"Are you crazy? No... noooooo. Barebottom only."

"Now I'm starting to see why you said this might hurt a little," Mikey said. I could see a look of concern on his face, now. I couldn't be sure if he really thought I was going to spank him through a diaper or not, but I knew that would be pointless. "Underpants, Cwis?"

"Barebottom, Mikey."

"Well, then, I have a confession to make... I might not be as tough as I said before."

"I'm not worried about it," I told him, parroting his popular refrain back to him.

I closed the door to the bedroom and pointed to the bed.

"Okay, bro. Here are the rules."

"There are... *rules*?"

"Rules," I reiterated. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Yes, *sir*," I corrected. "That's rule #1. Forget and I add a swat. Understood?"

"Yes, *sir*," Mikey replied. "Wait – add? How many of these *are* there?"

"I'm not sure yet," I answered, honestly. "How many did you think there were?"

"One?" Mikey *couldn't* be serious. The look on my face must have been one of absolute astonishment, because he burst out laughing. "Okay, maybe two."

"Okay, maybe two, *SIR*," I corrected him. "So now we're up to *at least* three..."

"Sorry, *SIR!*" Mikey blurted out. He was still laughing, but less so, and I imagined that the difficulty of the task ahead was beginning to sink in. And I hadn't even gone over all of the rules with him yet...

“Rule number two. Keep your hands and elbows on the mattress. No matter how badly your bottom hurts, if you stand up or walk around the spanking you just got doesn’t count.”

“Oh, Goddddd,” Mikey blurted out.

“Oh, Goddddd, SIR,” I corrected.

“Damn. Damn, *sir*,” Mikey corrected himself.

“Rule number three: no swearing. Every swear gets you an extra swat.”

“Oh no. Yes, sir,” Mikey groaned.

“Rule number four, keep your eyes straight ahead. And rule number five – if you ask to get out of this, or try to wiggle that ass when the paddle is incoming to avoid a spank, you get an extra *two*.”

“Oh my... gosh! Sir!” Mikey responded. I could tell he was nervous now, and I was starting to have fun. “Sir, I’m not trying to get out of this. Not at all, sir.” Mikey had suddenly got very serious. “Sir, you loaned me money for a laptop, and I bought it – I swear I did! I even showed you, remember?” I nodded. “But then I did the same shit – fuck, I mean – damn it.” Mikey was realizing how fucked he really was – he had just swore three times in one sentence, and the gravity of the situation was clearly setting in. “I’m sorry for the swears, sir. I’ll take all the extra swats. I’m just trying to tell you how ashamed I am of my behavior. Before this begins.”

I assured him I understood.

“I appreciate you stepping up, bro,” I told him. “I was pretty demoralized after you pawned that laptop and disappeared. That money was money I had been saving for a trip to the beach, and loaning it to you for a laptop meant I couldn’t go on the trip. The same weekend I realized you’d fucked up was the weekend my friends went out to Cocoa Beach. It was so hot that weekend. And I stayed inside, sweating my ass off, thinking about where you might be, if you were even okay, and what might have gone wrong.”

“I wasn’t okay, and I thought about you a lot that weekend, too,” Mikey said. I figured he was lying – he probably was high as fuck that weekend. “I hope you were diapered, at least, sir,” Mikey replied.

I felt my face get red. Now I was annoyed.

“I had run out of diapers. That was part of your loan money, too.”

That part was a lie. But Mikey didn’t need to know that.

“Now I feel really shit – I mean, really awful, sir.”

“You can show me how bad you feel when you stand there and take every swat,” I countered. Mikey assured me he was going to take every single one.

“Every. Single. One.”

The way he drew the words out, I could see he was readying himself for this.

I snapped my fingers and pointed at the mattress. Mikey sat again, but I ordered him to stand and turn around, then to put his hands and elbows on the mattress and face forward. He obediently complied.

“After each swat, am I supposed to say ‘*thank you sir, may I have another?*’” he wanted to know.

“Sounds good,” I told him. I don’t usually do that, but I’d seen it in videos, and thought it sounded hot. I wondered if Mikey had seen spanking videos, too. Maybe he had watched some in preparation for this? “And count them out at the beginning. “One, two...”

“You mean *one, sir!*” Mikey corrected me, laughing.

Mikey stood prone, bent over, almost crouched over the mattress. I put my hands on his legs, putting them back toward me, putting them out a little so that his bottom was at the level my paddle would be landing. Then I put my hand in

between his legs, pushing them apart a little. Mikey didn't speak, and seemed hunkered down, ready for swat #1.

I put the paddle up against Mikey's bottom, rubbing it back and forth gently. As I did, I began a lecture about asking people for money they don't have, and then failing to repay them. I just sort of mumbled some stuff to make it seem more legit, but the truth was, I was ready to go ham on Mikey's behind.

And go ham I did.

*WHAM!!!*

The first swat landed with a force that even surprised me, making a *thwack* sound that filled the air in the little bedroom. Mikey jumped up into the air a little, but was very careful to keep his hands and elbows on the mattress, though he began rubbing his arms across the comforter vigorously, trying to disperse some of the energy that the nerve endings in his buttocks probably needed to release somewhere.

"Oh... my... God. Wow, sir," Mikey finally spoke. "Wow. Are they all going to be that hard, sir?"

"Harder," I replied, as sternly as possible. Mikey began shaking his head. "And what really sucks is, that one didn't even count."

"What do you mean, *didn't count*, sir?" Mikey asked, sounding alarmed.

"You didn't count it out," I reminded him. "One, sir... so we'll actually call that zero. Ready for number one?"

"You're serious, aren't you?" Mikey asked me incredulously. "Sir!" He almost yelped the word 'sir', trying to sneak it into the sentence he had just uttered. I wasn't going to hold that against him - I'd just told him the first swat he'd gotten hadn't counted. I didn't answer his question, but began rubbing the paddled across his bottom again. He winced the moment he felt it.

*CRACK!!!*

I landed the second swat just as hard as the first, but on his left cheek as opposed to the right. Mikey's bottom was turning red very quickly, and I wondered if that was because of the force of my paddle swats or if he just had a sensitive bum. I admired how the redness on one side was almost a mirror image of the other.

"One, sir! Thank you sir, may I please..." Mikey shuddered, sucking in air. It was clear that the second paddle swat had hurt *a lot*, but he hadn't felt the pain fully until he was in mid-sentence. "May I please... sir... may I... have... another?"

"Of course you can, little bro, just give me a minute," I answered, and Mikey sighed, shaking his head. I asked Mikey to give me an overview of what had happened to the laptop when he had disappeared. Then, as he searched his memory for the right words, I sat down in a chair and, my face inches from one of the most amazing bottoms I've ever seen, listened as Michael told his story: he'd bought the laptop and spent days making new music, even filming a video on the webcam, but his heroin friends had been sending him Facebook messages left and right, and it hadn't taken long before one thing led to another and he was hanging out with them again.

As Mikey spoke I stood up and began rubbing the paddle against his bottom again. He winced when he felt it touch, but continued his story. I let him finish, and then stepped back for swat #3.

*THWACK!!!*

The third spanking landed directly across the middle of Mikey's ass, a trifecta of reddening that made his left cheek, his buttcrack, and his right cheek uniformly red. I could tell that Mikey felt *this* one immediately - he tucked his legs up under his body and began writhing on the mattress, wagging his tail back and forth in pain.

"My hands... and elbows... touching... sir!" Mikey was having a hard time breathing now, taking little breaths in between pleading yelps. I let him writhe on the mattress for a minute before ordering him to lay still. "Two, sir - thank you, sir, may I please... have... another." I could see that he'd had trouble even getting the words out.

I sat down on the bed next to him, putting my hand on his bottom, rubbing it gently. His ass was *hot* – and I mean that in a temperature sense. It really *did* feel like he was on fire.

“Your bottom is red as hell right now, bro,” I told him. He had it up in the air, as though a cross breeze from the sliding glass door might cool it off.

“I... don’t know... if I can do... all of these, sir.”

Mikey’s statement came out as more of a plea for mercy. I had just connected three of the most effective bottom swats I’d ever given. I was like a professional baseball player trying to hit one over the fence – these were the hardest spankings I had ever given, and I was sure he was feeling it, now. So I really didn’t need to give him a *ton* of these, right?

“Well, if you can’t continue...” I said, and Mikey put his hand up into the air to stop me.

“I can. I can. I can, sir,” Mikey replied. I noted that it seemed like he was more trying to convince *himself*, not me. “I’m not welshing on an agreement, sir. You brought me out here under the condition that I take a spanking, and I am *taking* it, sir.”

To me, the diapering was much, much more important than any spanking in our verbal contract. To be honest, I couldn’t even remember if a spanking had been part of it. He had added that later, hadn’t he? Still, the fact that this was so important to Mikey, and his resolve to make it through to the end so strong, made me want to continue, just to see how far he would go.

“If you can’t, you need to tell me,” I told him. He nodded. I snapped my fingers and he obediently took the spanking position I’d put him in before.

I stepped back, took a step forward, and landed the next paddle swat with a force that put the first three to shame.

*BOOM!*

Mikey’s whole body contorted this time.

“Fuck! Fuck!” he yelped. “Sir! I’m so sorry for the swears. But I can’t! I can’t!”

“You can’t what, Mikey?” I asked him.

“I just can’t. I just can’t, sir!”

Mikey was breathing heavily now, and I thought he might start hyperventilating.

“You can’t take responsibility for your actions? You can’t follow through with the commitment you made to me? You can’t follow simple rules, including not forgetting to count these out and not swearing? What is it you *can’t do, bro?*”

Mikey was ashamed now, I could tell. He breathed in deeply, stopped writhing around, and slowly returned to spanking position.

“Two sir! Maybe I please have another one, sir?”

“That was three,” I told him.

“No, sir,” he argued with me. “I swore. I’m so, so, so, so sorry.”

“That’s right,” I replied. “Okay, here comes number three.” I rubbed the paddle against his bottom, which was swollen just a little bit now. He was slowly shaking his head, and his bottom was trembling now. He started to put a hand on his butt, to feel it, but seemed to think better of it and put it back on the bed.

“Sir, I don’t know if – “

“If what, Michael?”

“Sir, I don’t know if I can do this. But I am *going* to do it. I promised you. And this is what I need to do to make that up to you, sir. So I am going to do it. If it’s the last thing I do...”

Mikey’s pep talk to himself notwithstanding, I had to chuckle at his last remark.

“Sir,” he continued. “How many swats more, do you think?”

“Does that really matter?” I asked him.

"No, sir" he replied dejectedly, hanging his head.

I knew that this would be ending soon – his bottom was red and puffy now, with several distinct paddle markings. I wasn't looking to turn the kid's ass into hamburger meat, but I didn't want to come off as easy, either.

"Probably just another dozen or so," I told him.

Mikey gasped for a breath of air almost exactly as my next paddle swat rained the fire across his backside. It almost sounded like the wind had been knocked out of him.

"Twelve more, sir?" he yelped out incredulously. "Oh... my... fucking... God!" He was beginning to cry, now, and the words coming out of his mouth were muffled as he put his face into his mattress. "I am so... so... so... sorry, sir. So sorry. So sorry. So sorry." As Mikey lay crying into the mattress he furiously waved his bottom back and forth.

"Sir, I'm *begging you*... please..."

"Please what, Mikey?" I demanded, feigning anger. I could see by the condition of the kid's butt that he'd taken his limit – any more would probably bruise his ass. No point in letting him know that, though. "Please what? Please stop and let you off with four?"

"Yes. No. Sir, I don't know. But this hurts so much, sir. I don't even remember what the count was. I can't even count past two right now, it hurts so bad." Mikey was still crying, doing his best to muffle it with the mattress, and wiggling his bottom in the air. I sat down on the mattress and reached over, putting my hand squarely on that ass. It was trembling nonstop – his whole body seemed to be, now – and he winced and pulled his bottom away when I touched it. I gently rubbed it, and he held still for a few minutes. The heat on my hand was noticeable.

"Just eleven more," I said, and he let out a little cry.

"I'm not going to try to stop you, sir. I have this coming. But I can't believe how much this hurts,

sir. I swear to everything that I love, I will never do something like this again..."

"Remember earlier when you said you weren't worried?" I asked him, teasing.

"Sir... I was so wrong. So, so, so wrong, sir." I had to chuckle. That much was obvious.

"Sir," he continued. "I didn't know that they were going to be bare-assed. Oh, sir! I mean, bare *bottom*. I'm sorry for the swear!"

Mikey let out a little sob, and I could tell the kid was done. I'd spanked other people before, and four was just my starting point. Sure, I'd applied an amazing amount of force to Mikey's little behind, but still – he either had the most sensitive ass I'd ever seen, or he was a *very* good actor.

"Sir, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry about all of this!" Mikey was still crying. "I'm sorry I asked to borrow money, I'm sorry I pawned that computer, I'm sorry I ruined your beach weekend, and I'm sorry that I had to ask you to pay for me to come out here. And I'm sorry that I didn't want to come up here before, I really did play in the water for an hour because I was scared and putting this off..."

"I figured that, bro," I said quietly, as Mikey continued to snifle. I reached over and pulled him toward me to give him a hug.

"May I please take my hands and elbows off your mattress, sir?" he asked. I agreed, and he crawled to me and gave me a hug.

"Corner, Mikey." I snapped my fingers and pointed to the corner of the bedroom, and he obediently walked over and faced it. I walked up behind him and put my hand on the back of his head, gently pulling him away from it an inch or two. "Don't get tears on that wall, or I'll give you some more to get rid of," I told him. "Now kneel."

Mikey dutifully got down onto one knee, then onto both. I swatted his butt with my hand and told him to kneel straight up. He did. I pulled the chair up behind him and sat there, while he

kneeled in what must have been a very uncomfortable position. I let him hold his position in silence for a few minutes as I admired the word I'd done on his bum. The redness was real, and it was kind of hot...

I should mention at this point that, while I enjoy giving a spanking sometimes, I rarely get to do it. As much as ABDL's are into spanking and being spanked, Mikey was right – it often does reduce the regression aspect of what we do. It's more for the humiliation factor, I think – and that's something not nearly enough ABDLs are into in person. As much as it sucked to see this kid cry, just knowing that he had wronged me – and especially knowing that it was important to make it up to me – having nailed this Mikey's tail gave me a sense of real satisfaction.

After about ten minutes Mikey raised his hand, requesting permission to speak. I hadn't said anything about that, and thought it was adorable.

“Yes, Mikey?”

“This fucking hurts, bro. I mean, sir.”

I stood up, picked up the paddle, walked over, and landed a good hard swat across his seat. I knew it wasn't nearly as hard as the other ones, but I was sure it added to the intensity. Mikey sucked in a little breath of air and began rubbing his bottom.

“Hands at your sides, Mikey. No swearing.”

Mikey put his hands at his sides and drooped his head. He was crying again, and I watched him clench his butt over and over, trying to disperse the pain.

Finally, he rose his hand again.

“Yes?”

What would come next would be a long-form confession – to so many things. Mikey told me stories about ways he'd fucked over his family when he was little. He told me about the first time he'd ever used drugs – he'd been eleven, and he'd gotten them from his mom. I heard stories about how he'd used drugs in junior high

school, and stories about the family members he'd stolen money from to get more.

Mikey then gave me a list of the many times he'd lied to me, confessing each individually. I could see him grow more relaxed with each story, and he apologized for each one, at one point mentioning the old adage that confession really is good for the soul.

I sat behind him, watching his little rosy bottom and listening to him try to make everything right with words. I could tell that he was trying to buy time before what he thought would be his next swat, but it was clear that he was really benefitting from this confession time, too.

“Sir... I want to finish this,” he finally admitted. “I don't even know how many spankings I have left, but I know it's a lot. But this hurts so bad. I don't know if I can *take* twelve more!”

“You can stop anytime, Michael. I'll be disappointed, but...”

“No, don't do it, sir!” Mikey blurted out, interrupting me. “I'm not welshing on this, sir. Just spank me over and over until you're done!”

“You mean... repeatedly?”

“Please, sir. Just give me all of them at once. I can take it. I mean, I don't know if I can take it, but I'm *going* to take it. Please... please, finish sir.”

Mikey was desperate to make it stop, but desperately trying to convince me to keep going, too. I'd never spanked anyone so hard that they'd shed real tears, and I was pretty surprised by all of this. I figured it was finally time to let Mikey in on the fact that I was done.

“You're done, bro,” I told him. “That's enough.”

Mikey turned around and looked at me with an alarmed look on his face. He started crying again – and those tears were 100% real. He shook his head and *begged* me to keep going.

“If you don't finish I'll always feel like I owe you, sir,” he told me. “I don't want to live with that

shit on my – oh, poop.” Mikey got scared a little. “I d-d-don’t want to have to l-l-live with feeling like I ch-ch-cheated you on my conscience, sir. Please finish.”

“No, I’m really done. As long as you’re done with the swear words,” I told him, chuckling.

“No, sir, please finish.”

“Seriously, Michael. I am done. You just got six, that’s all I am going to give you.”

“Sir, please – you said at least a dozen. Please don’t stop until you’re done. I don’t want to live with feeling like I welshed on our agreement.”

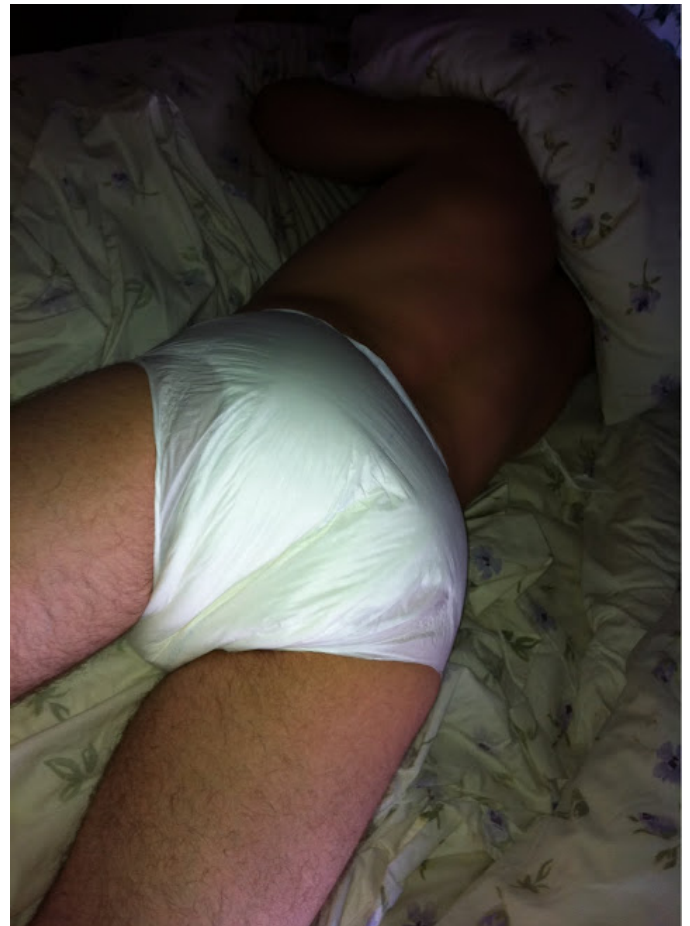
“No, Mikey, I’m finished. I can find other ways to punish you.”

“What other ways?” Mikey asked. “Because I want to finish this *so bad*, but I just don’t know if I can!”

I told Mikey he’d be spending more time in the corner, and then we’d go from there. He was still sniffing, and going on about not wanting me to feel cheated.

“Sir, anything you want me to do I will *do it*.”

“What do you have in mind, Michael?”



Mikey stood on my command, but remained facing the corner for quite some time. I watched his bottom intently, half in love and half horrified by how red it still was. I was glad there was no bruising – another swat or two probably would have left some, and I wouldn’t have felt good about that.

As he pitched his proposal to me, it became clear to me that this was something Mikey had been thinking about for a little bit.

His idea of a “punishment” to make up for the missing paddle swats? “Baby time” – he would spend as much time as I wanted acting like a baby.

“Total baby, sir. I’ll eat baby food. I’ll drink baby formula. I’ll use my diaper. Everything.”

“Goo goo and gaga?”

“Yes, sir!”

I called Mikey over to me and lay back on the bed, pulling him on top of me. He curled up onto me and I put my hands on his bottom, rubbing it intently. It was still warm, though not as hot as it was mid-spank. Mikey wrapped his legs and arms around me and clutched me almost as tightly as he had in the lake earlier. It felt amazing. Mikey was still trembling, and I got a sense that the spanking that he'd just received was cathartic for him – it had made him confess a whole bunch of secrets to me, and had made him want to be treated like an infant, too. This was a whole different Mikey than I'd seen for most of the trip.

"I'm going to think about this," I told Mikey. In truth I'd already decided, but I didn't want to come off as being able to be bought off so easily with a promise to wear diapers.

"May I add in something, sir?"

I nodded.

"You can do unlimited rituals until I leave."

I'd only had one left, and Mikey would be here for another few days.

"Every single day?" I asked him, doubtfully.

"As many as you want in a day," he told me. "Unlimited means no limits, sir."

We had a deal.



Mikey's spanking ended around 9, and his corner time lasted past 10. We still hadn't had dinner, and we were both hungry, so I diapered him and pulled him onto the floor, ordering him to crawl after me. I walked to the kitchen, pulled out a pizza from the freezer, and walked over to the oven, preheating it.

"I want Gerber!" Mikey cried out. "Pizza's for the big kids! Goo goo! I want Gerber!"

Mikey's mastery of the language of 'baby talk' was so perfect I burst out laughing. A huge smile spread across his face, and he started laughing too. It was refreshing to see after watching him sob or sniffle for so long.

"Gerber, Cwis! Gerber!"

And, with that, Mikey sat on the floor, banging two pots together and murmuring baby talk while I prepared the pizza. It was adorable, and – I had to admit – way more fun than the paddling.



After pizza it was time for a bottle.

I poured milk into a baby bottle and popped it into the microwave.

"Moo juice! Yay, Cwis! Moo juice!"

Once it was heated I walked over to the couch and sat down, motioning for Mikey to climb up. He was well-trained now, climbing right up and laying across my lap in perfect bottle-feeding position. I put the bottle into his mouth and, while he slurped away, rubbed his tummy. He closed his eyes and almost purred while I did.

After nearly fifty minutes of smacking away the bottle was done, and his diaper was wet. I was crazy relaxed, and the smile on his face said that he was too.



"Sing me a lullaby, Cwis!" he urged me.

"I'm not a very good singer," I admitted. "And I'm not sure I know a real lullaby."

"Hold up," he said, sitting up. The baby talk was gone, now. "Aren't you, like, the world's foremost expert on babysitting adult babies?"

"Well, I don't know if - "

"Aren't you the Dr. Spock of adult babies, bro? You have a blog about it. How do you not know how to sing a lullaby?"

"I could probably do *one*..."

He lay his head back down and smiled.

"Yay! Sing me! Sing me!"

So I began to sing.

"Hush little baby, don't you cry..."

Mikey looked at me, a very serious look on his face.

"Cwis is gonna sing you a lullaby..."

Mikey sat up, shaking his head.

"That's not how it even goes," he interrupted. "Those aren't even the words."

"Want another spanking?" I joked, looking at him sternly. He shook his head, and I put my head on his forehead, pushing him back down.

I sat there, studying my memory, trying to think of words to finish the song.

Then Mikey rolled over, plopping his little ass onto the floor.

"Lay down with me, Chris. I have an idea..."

"What?"

"Just trust me and do this for me."

So I lay down on the floor.

Mikey sat up, climbed on top of me, and lay on my chest. Then he looked into my eyes.

"Let me babysit *you* tonight."

"Okay. Wait, what?" I asked, trying to sit up. Mikey stayed right on my chest, keeping me pinned down, and opened his mouth, letting spit drip onto me.

"It's your turn to be the baby," he repeated. "I've been diapered all week. You barely even put them on, just a few times when we went swimming and at night. You need some baby time."

"Yea... that's probably not going to work, bro. But I appreciate the offer." As I tried to explain that my trust issues keep me from being able to let other people regress me Mikey let a long string of saliva drip off his tongue. I stopped talking as I watched it come within an inch of his eye before he slurped it back into his mouth. He giggled, and then did it again. And again. And again. "Someone is being silly," I said, trying to transition back to baby talk, but Mikey sat up and, in a very serious - and very grownup - voice, told me that it was my turn to *get* silly.

"Twust me, Baby Cwis... you'll enjoy this."

The spanking I'd given Mikey had been fierce, and the time he'd spent in the corner had been intense. The bottle feeding and baby talk afterwards had been cathartic - I felt like we'd bonded in the time we'd spent on the couch doing tummy rubs and a few bars of a lullaby.

*Could* Mikey baby me? Probably not. But after he'd taken that spanking, I felt like I owed him. So I sighed and nodded my head.

Mikey scampered around, gathering supplies. He brought in a diaper, powder, and wipes, and then poured milk into his bottle and put it in the microwave.

"Feet up."

Mikey was looming over me now, and I realized he was planning to diaper me. I typically – and, actually, exclusively – put my diaper on myself. I told him that.

“Feet up.”

“No, seriously – I’ll just put it on. You can just hang out.”

“Feet up.”

I didn’t move very quickly, and Mikey pulled my feet up for me and gave me a smack across my ass. The surprised look on my face made him laugh, and before I could react he grabbed my shorts and gave them a tug. They came right off.

“Feet up.”

I lifted my feet, and Mikey pushed them apart and leaned over me, pushing a diaper underneath my ass. Within moments he had a baby wipe in his hand, and he very thoroughly got me everywhere. A moment later I was being powdered, and powder was being rubbed in.

“You’re actually pretty good at this,” I said, visibly surprised.

“I learned from the best!” he said, and I got a sense that he meant that.

Once my diaper was snug, Mikey leaned over and put his arms around me, pulling me up to him. He swung me around on my bottom, pulling me toward the couch, and then plopped himself onto it, motioning for me to climb up. I did, resting my head in his lap, and he held out the bottle. I closed my eyes, he popped it in, and I began to slurp away.

As I lay there, sucking on my bottle, Mikey put his fingers onto my tummy, tapping for a few moments, and then rubbing it. It was relaxing as *fuck*. I didn’t necessarily feel little, but I did feel – good.

So. Good.

And then he started singing.

“Hush, little Cwissy, don’t say a word...”

I opened my eyes and looked up. Mikey looked into my eyes, stopped rubbing my tummy, and put his free hand over my eyes, closing them.

“Big bro Mikey’s gonna buy you a Mockingbird.”

His singing was amazing. Which shouldn’t have been surprised, since he’s an amazing singer. But damn, this lullaby was on point.

“And if that Mockingbird won’t sing...  
...big bro is gonna buy you a diamond ring.”

I was so relaxed now that I felt like I might melt. My tummy was being stroked, a bottle held to my mouth, and an amazing ‘big bro’ – albeit half my age – was singing me a lullaby. And nailing every note.

“And if that diamond ring turns brass...  
Mikey’s gonna buy you a looking glass.”

“You know all the lines?” I asked, surprised.

“Shhhh...”

“And if that looking glass gets broke...  
...big bro is gonna buy you a big sailboat.”

I opened my eyes and looked at him quizzically. Those couldn’t be the actual lyrics could they?

Mikey giggled and whispered “Billy goat.”

The lullaby continued, and he did know every single line.

And he sang it like a pro. We’re talking American Idol status. His voice filled the *room*. I seriously wanted to cry...

As I lay there, my tummy full and with this amazing music filling my ears, I thought about the situation. Two months ago Mikey had been addicted to heroin. Two weeks ago, he had been living on the ground in the woods. Two hours ago, I’d been paddling the shit out of him while

he bawled like a baby. And now he was making me feel loved and cared for, taking care of me like it came naturally to him.

“I feel like you have practice with this,” I finally said.

“I sing a lot,” he told me.

“The babysitting part. Diapering. Bottle feeding. Lullaby singing...”

“Well, you know I have two younger brothers,” he said. “My mom didn’t get any better with them then she was with me.”

“So you did all of this for them?” I asked him.

“Well, I’m the only kid in the family who rocks...”

It wasn’t lost on me that the kid who was a natural at taking care of others had a lifetime struggle taking care of himself.



It was midnight before my toddler time was done.

I was exhausted, and so was Mikey. We’d crawled around, played with toys, and even wrestled a little. Most of the time I was just enjoying Mikey take on the role of a caregiver, but there were times that he really made me feel little.

A few times I mentioned that he could probably be an ‘abysitter’ professionally.

“People in my community might hire you to babysit,” I told him. “You’re really good at this.”

“Is that an actual job?” he asked, seeming interested.

“Probably not,” I told him. “But put an ad on my blog – who knows!”

We were winding down and getting ready for bed when he reminded me that I had one of my now-unlimited rituals.

“I’m not sure, bro – I might just go to sleep. Maybe we can just lay there or something. You can rock me to sleep...”

But Mikey was insistent. He told me he wouldn’t be able to fall asleep if he felt like I hadn’t gotten it out of the way. I reminded him that there wasn’t a limit anymore, and he told me that didn’t matter.

“You let me out of the rest of that spanking. Now you need to get what we agreed to.”

So, without further discussion, I followed Mikey into the bedroom. He lay down on the bed in his usual position, and I lay down in between his legs and started to hump.

I got hard quickly – surprisingly quick, I thought, probably on account of the toddlerization I’d just experienced. I lay there, pumping the mattress, and it felt so good. Some of you probably know what I’m talking about: when you diaper a hot boy and are doing stuff for the first time, it feels amazing – even more amazing than usual. This was one of the most amazing feelings I’d ever had in a diaper, and I wasn’t sure if it was the babysitting or the spanking that had taken place earlier, but I knew it was one of those.

“Put your hands under me,” Mikey blurted out.

“Where?” I asked him. My hands were already under his stomach.

“I’m going to wet. Put them under my diaper.”

Prior to tonight I’d avoided putting my hands on Mikey’s diaper area while I humped – I felt like he tensed up the first times that I did it, so I had decided not to do it again. Now he was asking me too. He didn’t need to ask twice. I put my hands there, cupping his groin in my hands. Within a second or two he was flooding his diaper – the wetness became noticeable right away, and felt good against my skin.

“I know you like that,” he told me. “I thought I could help you out.”

“Definitely like that, bro,” I told him. “Thank you.”

When he was done he relaxed. I kept my hands underneath him, cupping his penis, waiting to see what he would do next. He became quiet and lay there, still. I decided to put my thumbs into the leggings of his diaper, to get a better feel for the wetness – I wondered if he would object.

He didn't, so I rubbed him for a little bit. I felt him get rock hard, and he moved his body around, trying to get comfortable. As I lay there, humping the mattress, I pushed my chin into the crack of his ass, giving him a “diaper wedgie” – his words – and rubbing the front of his diaper with my fingers.

That went on for more than twenty minutes. I heard Mikey moaning, in between deep, heavy breaths. After a few more minutes he started moving his bottom up and down, pushing the front of his diaper against my hands. It was dark, the only light coming from the next room, but I could see the outline of that amazing bottom being pushed up into my face, and every time he raised it I got a little harder.

I was just a minute or two away from coming, and I wondered if he was going to come too. And then, out of the blue:

“Cwis. I need to take a shower.”

I stopped. Instantly went soft. What. The. Fuck.

“Mikey – I can finish first, right?”

“No, Cwis. I need a shower. Now.”

This kid couldn't be serious.

“Why right this minute?” I asked him. He could tell that I was irritated, but he was already moving, trying to get up, so I rolled off of him as he gave me some excuse about not wanting to wear a wet diaper against an uncircumcised

penis. Within seconds his diaper was on the ground and he was in the shower, water running.

And that's when it hit me. For all of the times I'd jerked off over the past week or so – at least four, according to my count – I hadn't seen Mikey masturbate at all.

In fact, he made it a point to try to stay soft while I humped.

Tonight had been weird for both of us. It was an amazing hour or so cuddling in the lake, one severe bare-bottom spanking, and hours of ‘baby time’. And then, some seriously hot diaper sex.

I realized that Mikey was about to come – and he didn't want to do it in front of me.

I couldn't blame him, I guess. He was straight, after all. I'd pushed this about as far as it could be pushed – as had he – but at the end of the day he needed to be able to move on to his next destination with his masculinity intact.

“Don't be mad, you know I love you big little bro! Or little big bro! Or – you know,” Mikey called out playfully.

I was annoyed, but as he did whatever he was doing in there I turned over and lay there, thinking about the day.

Did I really have any right to complain?

I'd just had one of the hottest – and best – days of my life.

By the time Mikey turned the water off and came back out he had his underwear on. I could tell that he wasn't feeling little anymore – ejaculating in the shower will do that to you.

“Do you want me to go out so you can finish?” he asked me.

I thought about that for a second. And then I decided against it.

“I don't need to finish. I just want you to rock me to sleep, if you're cool with that.”

"Fuck yea, little big bro," he said, smiling. "I got you."

And he lay down next to me, inches his way over, and started to rock.

As he did, he put an arm over me, and pushed me until I was sort of rocking along with him.

"Rock-a-bye baby, in the treetop...  
...when the wind blows, the cradle will rock.  
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall...  
...and down will come Cwissy, cradle and all!"  
I started writing the 'Mikey & Me' series in 2011. I'm wrapping it up in 2016.

**Why did it take me five years to finish this?**

Mikey is one of my best friends. And after the two weeks we spent together during the summer of 2011, our friendship was intensified exponentially.

Mikey took to calling me his 'big brother', and our contact was daily for a long, long time.

**But Mikey continued to battle heroin.**

The night after the story above, he begged me to let me come to Florida with me. He told me that I brought out the best of him. He didn't want the 'unlimited rituals' to continue forever, but he was willing to rock a diaper from time to time, split the rent, and cover his own expenses. He'd lived in Orlando before, and thought that he could do it now that he knew me better and knew the kind of influence I'd be in his life.

I wasn't set up to have a roommate at the moment, but I told him I'd consider it. Instead I put him on the bus - he'd been invited to stay with another musician, and perhaps even tour with that person's band. I thought making music would be good for him, and told him that. He told me he was worried that the person he'd be staying with - an ex-addict - would relapse, and take him down with him.

That's exactly what happened. And it only took a few weeks. Mikey spent more than two weeks with me, completely substance-free. After two weeks at his next destination he began calling me asking for financial help. Then I called his phone and the owner of the pawn shop he'd pawned it to answered. To say that I was devastated would be an understatement.

In the four years since, Mikey has moved several times, battling heroin addiction and homelessness. I cut him off financially, but a year ago I did pay for his plane ticket to the state he lives in now. And I'm happy to report that he's doing well - engaged with a baby on the way, working hard, substance free for more than a year, and working on music again.

During the times that he's been doing well I sit down to write the next installment of the story. During the times he's addicted, or just straight up missing, it's hard to even remember it, much less write the story for my blog.

This was one of the best weeks I've ever had. If I could do it over and over I would. But that's not practical, for a lot of reasons, the least of which is the fact that Mikey isn't really ABDL.

My ABDL goal now is to find a Mikey - perhaps a gay and ABDL version - and make a life with them. Because I would kill to have another two weeks like this. I once thought that a serious relationship wasn't for me, but two weeks with a straight, non-ABDL diaperboy was enough to wake me up to the reality. Life really *is* better together.

Thanks for letting me share the story, and being so patient as I struggled to write it.

