

ABYSITTER.COM PRESENTS



**STORY TIME :**  
**"NEAR MISS"**

**WARNING: ADULT CONTENT**  
**18+**

## “NEAR MISS”

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I don't even remember his name.

The first time I talked to another ABDL I was freshman in college.

I'd invested hours in talking - or, typing, I guess - to abies from all over upstate New York. All for nothing, it seemed. I'd found a bunch who just wanted to roleplay online - to "cyber". Some of the others "weren't gay". Or, they weren't really into diapers; they were just on the site "out of curiosity." Just checking it out.

Whatever.

There were a few I clicked with over time, but even they eventually would stop responding to messages. I'd get nothing, then finally get something from them two weeks later; they'd been "on vacation" or "busy with classes" or... well, you get the idea.

Truthfully, I was finding out, they just weren't comfortable with their ABDL sides; this part of their life came in spurts. Sometimes they were engaged - and often horny. Other times they were ashamed; they'd deny *really* being into diapers, or just disappear altogether.

Then, one day, a kid from Rochester told me his take on the ABDL scene.

It was the same as mine.

He was clued into all of the above, and then some.

What's more, he seemed... comfortable. With himself. With his ABDL urges.

We typed to each other for a few weeks. Long, rambling emails, about diapers, about growing up, about not wanting to grow up.

Those of you who have found someone else in this fetish online probably know what I mean.

After a while we were running out of things to type about, and he suggested we take it to the next level. "Let me call you," he suggested.

I remember being taken aback. I hadn't even *thought* of the possibility of talking to another diaper nug on the *phone*. Wasn't this something that was supposed to be restricted to sites like DPF.com?

This kid wanted to take it... real life.

Imagine spending a few days on the phone with a collegebaby from the next city over. You talk for hours, and its the first time you feel a real connection with someone. A diaper connection.

You probably know what I'm talking about.

You're all excited! You're actually speaking to someone who *gets* you.

It's kind of like being an American in a far-off land where nobody speaks English. You can't find your way around the city, let alone get to where you need to go. The natives all seem unfriendly, and the ones who appear to be sympathetic can't make out what you're trying to say. You're frustrated, and at times are feeling helpless. Then, in a little shop in the back corner of an alley, you hear a familiar accent, and words you can comprehend. It's another American...

That may be a little overdramatic, but think about it: you've had this love of feeling little for *so* long, and you've been able to share it with *nobody*. Now, for the first time, you're able to talk about it. And it feels fucking *good*.

You talk about the first time you realized you were into diapers. 'Addicted' to diapers, he calls it. He describes manufacturing diapers out of various materials, and you admit to making your own, as well. You both laugh about stories of getting caught, or almost-caught, by parents, siblings, friends.

You go on for hours, over a few days. He mentions wanting to bring up his interest to his girlfriend, and asks for your advice. You advise against it, and tell him how your best friend took it when *he* found out. That leads to discussion about the theories behind ABDL, and a debate over whether there's "anything wrong with it." You both take both sides; you're still young, and truthfully, you're not sure.

Then he suggests you meet.

"Just to hang out and talk," he says.

You mull it over. For about four seconds.

"I guess we could try that," you say. *Hell fucking yessssss!* you're thinking.

You bat around some dates and times. Nothing seems to work. It's your first time meeting someone - his too - and there's one thing you both need before you can agree to *anything*: total privacy. One night his parents are home; the next night your brother will be staying over. Just when it looks like it's not going to happen, a window of opportunity opens: nobody will be at your family's lakefront cottage for a few days, and it's halfway between you and him. Voila!

You're excited in the days leading up to the meeting. You try to imagine all of the things you're going to talk about. What if you're lucky enough to get past the talking stage? You might actually get to... diaper someone?!? Or maybe just wear in front of someone. *Whatever, it's another ABDL person!* You'll take what you can get.

The day finally comes. He calls you in the morning, and he's got a few rules. He doesn't want to be naked in front of another guy. He's straight, after all. You agree to his before-unmentioned concern, and you start to get nervous. *He didn't bring this up before...* you think. Then he throws out something about his sister being in town... he hopes she'll have a lot of time to visit with him, and that this afternoon won't be the only time she can... hmm...

You're supposed to meet at the Thruway exit at 3 p.m. You've packed a whole diaper bag, and the best of everything you have is in it... your favorite baby bottles, the preferred pacifier, a teething ring. All of this is packed away in a pocket on the side - just in case he winds up being more DL than AB. In the bag itself you've got a dozen diapers in a few different varieties, a t-shirt or two, and powder, wipes, oil... even diaper rash cream. (You want to have *everything* in your arsenal in that bag, you're thinking; what you bring is an extension of who you are as an ABDL, lol!)

At precisely 3 you drive through the toll booth, pay your toll, and pull over to the side of the exit. You sit, waiting. You're excited as hell. You watch an old guy in a Taurus pull up behind a younger guy in a

Mustang; they get out of their cars, hug, and talk for a while. You're wondering if they're here, too, for some sort of fun. Maybe father-son play. (Or maybe they're actually a father and his son, lol).

Could it be that other people meet at Thruway exits for the same type of thing you are?

You look at all of the cars. *Anyone else here waiting to diaper somebody today?* you ask aloud. To yourself.

It's 3:15, now. You've watched every car coming through those toll booths in your rear view mirror. *Could this be him?* The car passes by and keeps going. *Damn. Oh wait... there he is!* Vroooooom. Nope, not him, again.

Your eyes are getting tired from trying to make out people in driver seats in your tiny mirror, and you begin to turn around and actually watch people coming through. Just when you do, you catch it: the diaperboy you're supposed to be meeting. He's here. You laugh at the fact that you thought those other people were him; this is *definitely* the kid in those pictures. Yayyy!

You turn around and face the front again, not wanting to appear overeager. You're expecting him to pull in front of you - into the only available space on your side of the road. *Should I get out and walk up to his car... or let him get out and come to mine?* You don't want to fuck this up: this is your first chance at chillin' in a diaper with someone, and it's become much more important to you than some random meeting.

You wait, and nobody pulls up. Your stomach begins to sink. Your eyes avert to the rear-view; a pickup truck is now in place at the toll booth. It's some fat hick on big tires. *That's hardly an acceptable substitute!* you think. You turn your head to the side, see nobody, and then turn around in your seat.

And that's when you realize it.

Instead of driving up to your car, he's done a quick u-turn.

He's gotten off at the exit, paid his toll, and then got right back on.

He's going... away.

You sit in your car for twenty minutes, feeling sick. You're hoping he'll change his mind. The reality is that even if he does, the next exit is thirty minutes away, and it's unlikely he'd be able to turn around and be back at your exit in under an hour. And you know this. *Maybe he'll do an illegal u-turn in the median*, you think, hoping he's feeling as bad as you are about his 'mistake'. *Maybe it wasn't even him... maybe he's still coming...* and now you're officially in complete denial.

You look at the diaper bag on the floor next to you. You'd taken twenty minutes to fill that thing, making sure everything was in place. Plus, you're dressed in your dopest shit, wearing your best cologne; you've broken out the Oakleys, got your best watch on, and you're wearing your freshest kicks.

You've gone *all-out* for this. The diapers were just the final touch. And, now, none of it means shit.

You finally put the key in the ignition, vroom the engine, and start to drive.

You grab the bag and toss it into the back, where you won't have to see it. You don't even feel like putting on a diaper anymore. You've gone from sixty to zero in 6.8 seconds; you feel like you've hit a wall, like someone's punched you in the stomach. And it was another diaper nug.

This is more than a mere hookup not meeting up. This is way worse than a friend standing you up before a day at the mall. This is the first person you've gotten to talk about diapers with. You've shared stuff about yourself with this person that even your best friend doesn't know. He *understood* you. You *understood* him. He made you feel normal.

And now, he's had second thoughts.

And all the way home *you* have second thoughts, too. And third thoughts. And fourth thoughts. The thoughts are racing through your head. Is this wrong? Am I sick? Will I *ever* meet someone else like me?

You thought you were the shit, setting all of this up. In truth, you're a dumb little college kid, and you didn't prepare for the possibility that none of this would work out, even though the signs were there. It

didn't even cross your mind that you'd leave this feeling *worse*, not better.

You drive home. You put your diaper bag on a shelf, way back; you don't want to see it again for a while.

You sit down at the computer, consider going to a diaper website, change your mind, and change it back again.

You log in, open your mail, and there it is: a message.

At 4:02 p.m.

"*Yo, dude... don't be mad at me, I had a flat tire, I'm sorry. Can we try this again tomorrow?*"

He doesn't know you saw him. He probably didn't see you. And after getting all the way home he's realized that he's made a mistake. He wants to go Round 2 the next day.

At 3:15 p.m. you would have *welcomed* that.

Now, though, you've had 45 minutes to think.

You've had 45 minutes to reflect. To feel abnormal sick, dirty. To wonder what the fuck is wrong with you. To think of *him* as the smart one, who realized what a mistake meeting you would be before it was too late.

*You're* not ready to try it again. For a while.

You don't even bother replying to his email. Instead, you block him. You log out, turn off the computer, and climb into bed.

Diapers - for now, at least - are something you've outgrown.



My first experience meeting someone ABDL sucked. My second experience, where I actually *met* the person, wasn't much better.

For a long time I was pissed at the guy who left me sitting at the Thruway. He messaged me on Aby.com once, acting like he was trying to get to know me for

the first time, and I blocked his ass there, too; I later found nobody on my block list, which means he either deleted his account or became a moderator, lol.

To be honest, I don't remember his name, or even what he looked like anymore. I bet he doesn't look anything like that *now*; I may see his face staring at me from one of the little squares at the left side of Aby.com and not even know it. He's probably on at least one of the various diaper sites. Hell, he may even read my blog.

I understand better, now, why he diaper-ditched me. I've been on Aby.com, and the other sites, long enough to read about the many, many people who have been stood up. Many of us go back and forth between loving Luvs and hating Huggies. We can't accept who we are, even though we yearn to accept it. And, in the end, we fck each other over. A lot.

So if you recognize yourself as the other player in my sad little story... *I forgive you*. And I hope, you've come, at some point, to at least accept yourself.

My advice: if you've never met someone else into diapers, do it. It takes being AB or DL to a whole new level. But if you're *about* to meet someone into diapers, and you have second thoughts... share those thoughts with the other person, instead of diaper-ditching them, and see where it goes from there.

I bet you won't be sorry.