

ABYSITTER.COM PRESENTS



**STORY TIME:
“SCHAEFER’S FIRST TIME”**

**WARNING: ADULT CONTENT
18+**

“SCHAEFER’S FIRST TIME”

[CWIS'S NOTE:] The name has been changed in this story, as in most of my stories. The subject of the story has previewed it and given his approval for it to be published.

Schaefer sat scowling in his playpen.

He seemed to be taking great care not to look at me.

I sat on the sofa, alternating between looking at him – or, more accurately, at the top of his head as he stared at the floor – and looking outside.

This wasn’t exactly what I had had in mind.

“So. Did you want to – “ I began.

“I’m not sure yet,” Schaefer interrupted me. He looked up at me, and I could see that his face was red. He looked angry, almost. He looked away as quickly as he saw me look up.

I waited some more.

A few minutes went by, and a few minutes more. I made small talk, to no one. I picked up my phone and started scrolling through text messages, looking for one I might have missed – hoping there would be someone I could text with, anyone really, to kill this awkwardness.

More silence.

Finally, the kid spoke.

“My grandmother used to dress me up in a sailor suit.”

Well – that was random.

Or maybe not. I *had* asked him, when we’d first entered the room, what the littlest he’d ever felt was.

It was meant to be an icebreaker. It had, instead, almost broke off our little rendezvous – just the thought of sharing something like that seemed to make the kid so uncomfortable I half thought he’d head for the door, and was surprised he

obeyed my command to climb into the playpen at all.



Schaefer had hit me up via email as soon as he realized I was coming to the convention.

He had plans to go too, but had been having second thoughts, he’d said.

He told me that he was shy, but he thought that someone he knew being there would make it easier.

“Oh, you have a friend going?” I had asked him.

“No, I meant you,” he’d replied.

I sometimes forget that people read enough of my stories to feel like they know me. After blogging for eight years, I guess *I’m* the friend, sometimes.

I told him that I was honored that he considered me enough of a ‘friend’ that my attendance would make a difference in his comfort level.

As we talked I had scrolled through his Tumblr account. He was fly as shit – tan (in his summer pictures), toned, and kind of twinkly. His diaper pictures were adorable, and taken in a variety of settings: indoors, outdoors, on balconies, in a car. Most of his posts had 500 or more likes/reblogs, including a bunch from me. Based on everything I saw, I made some assumptions about the kid: popular, self-assured, and probably a member of a clique somewhere. Or at least another diaper friend or two to take all of these photos. So when I’d spotted him hanging out with a little clique of boys in the ball pit, I wasn’t surprised at all.

Still, Schaefer had asked me if I would spend a little time with him at the con. And the way he’d asked had made me feel like he felt like he was talking to a celebrity, someone who he would be lucky to get a few moments alone with. It hadn’t helped that, not knowing what these events are like, I couldn’t commit to anything before I got there. Would there be enough privacy? Would

there be enough time for individual hangout sessions? I had no idea.

It turned out that there was. So I messaged him and then, remembering phones aren't allowed on the convention floor for security reasons, went back out in search of him. He and his friends had moved to another spot. I had second thoughts about approaching him, not wanting to pull him away from his diaper bros, so I wandered the floor for a while.

I took in a class, hoping he might attend, too – no such luck.

I went back to the play area and found him, seemingly surrounded by a few admirers. I finally got up the nerve to approach him.

“Hey... I'm Cwis.”

“Cwis?!”

He stood up and gave me a hug so tight I thought he was going to leave a bruise on me.

“I'm glad you made it,” he told me. “Can we get out of here?”



“So in all the time since your grandmother put you in a sailor suit – “

“It's just that nobody has ever diapered me before,” Schaefer finally admitted.

“I thought you told me you've met a few – “

“I *did* meet a few people. It's just that we didn't do anything. We just hung out.”

“So... why didn't you...”

“I don't *know* why,” Schaefer answered, almost growling at me now.

I wanted to ask him who took all those pictures.

“So you've met a few – “

“Yes.”

“But you never – “

“No.”

I noticed that Schaefer was fond of interrupting, and it seemed as though this line of questioning was making him uncomfortable.

Too bad, I thought – if we could just skip words altogether and go straight to the diapering this kid would be okay. But I sensed that Schaefer wasn't there yet. Something about my question had triggered something.

“Obviously since it's your first time I'm going to take it slow.”

“That's not what your blog says,” Schaefer said, looking at me. “You talk about the Big Boy Bucket, and all of that. What is all that?”

“Do you want me to get the bucket?” I asked Schaefer. I was trying to be patient, here – Schaefer didn't even take his shirt off when I asked, so I had basically ruled out the bucket right from the beginning. What did this kid *want*?

“I don't know what I want,” Schaefer admitted. “I just want to feel... little.”

“I can help with that,” I answered. “You just have to trust me...”

“I have trust issues, I told you that,” he retorted.

“Right.”

We sat across the room from each other, at an impasse. I was ready to diaper this kid and stick a baby bottle in his mouth. He, despite a *ton* of talking about all of the things he hoped to experience, didn't want to take his shirt off.

Sigh...



After a few minutes of silence – and more texting on my part – I tried a different tact.

“You know I’ve diapered over a hundred people, right?”

“I’ve read all your blog entries, Chris. I know your story.”

The way he drew out the word Chris – with a mixture of irritation and contempt – surprised me, and actually made me chuckle a bit. I did my best to suppress it, but he noticed and glared at me.

“This is funny for you, huh.”

“I’m just saying,” I continued, not taking the bait, “I’ve diapered more than 100 people, and some of them weren’t even ABDLs.”

“Again, I’ve read your blog, bro...”

“How many of them do you think were uncomfortable at first?”

“I don’t know.”

Schaefer answered me quickly, but I could see he was thinking about this now.

I shifted gears again.

“Out of all of them, I’d say that you probably rank right up – “

“I already know where I come in,” Schaefer interrupted. His face was redder, now.

“How could you possibly know that?” I asked him. “I don’t have stories about even half of them. I don’t have pictures of most of them posted. Especially not the diaper-for-dough guys. What makes you think – “

“I just *know*.”

I mulled this over for a minute. Schaefer was a certified hottie, the kind of diaperboy that will make possessive diaper daddies slapbox each other and to the winner go the spoils. Frankly, I

half expected him to be daddied up before I even had a chance to introduce myself. And yet, here he was, sitting sullenly and – I thought – talking *down* about himself.

“So you know I’d rank you way up at the top, you mean?”

Schaefer looked up at me for a few seconds, as if trying to decide what to say, then finally shook his head.

“Well, I would say that’s where you rank. But it doesn’t even matter, Schaefer. There are a few people I’ve met who I wished I could diapered but didn’t get to, and one of them had the worst acne you’d ever seen – “

“Okayyyyy...” Schaefer interrupted dryly.

“Another one had a huge nose. And I thought he was adorable.”

“I don’t get what you’re saying,” Schaefer replied. “What do *I* have wrong with me?”

“That’s my point, bro. I don’t see stuff like that as being... *wrong* with someone. But you’re a cutie. Half the guys here would put you in their suitcase and take you home if they could. More than half. Most.”

Schaefer was looking at the ground again. It almost seemed like he didn’t believe me. What had this kid been through to make him have such low self-image?

“Right now there are guys out there wondering where you are. They are going room-to-room, peeking into the windows, trying to find your ass.”

Schaefer finally smiled, for the first time since I met him. He looked up at me, shook his head, and looked back down. But he was still smiling.

“I feel like I should open the door a little, so your friends can find you. I’m sure they’re missing you. Probably gonna get one of those Amber Alert texts in a second.”

Schaefer grinned for a second, then stopped and looked up.

“I don’t actually have any friends here,” Schaefer retorted, the smile vanishing just as quickly as it had appeared.

“Who was that clique of diapered hotties I saw you sitting with?”

“I don’t know. I was just sitting in the play area, and they came over and sat down.”

“That’s how making friends starts,” I replied.

Schaefer furrowed his brow and looked at me. He looked around the hotel room and appeared to relax a little. Then he, ever so slowly, reached down, grabbed his t-shirt in his fingers, and slowly peeled it off.

“I guess that’s what we’re doing, then,” he said finally. “Making friends?”

I nodded as I got up from the sofa. Now we were getting somewhere.



“Climb out and crawl over to the bed.”

Schaefer did as he was told, albeit somewhat slowly and reluctantly. I followed, watching his Abercrombie undies poke up over the top of his jeans. I just hoped I’d be able to trade those out for a diaper. I still wasn’t sure.

“Climb up.”

Schaefer climbed onto my bed and lay on his back, staring up at the ceiling. I stood there, hesitant – I wasn’t sure which course to take next. This seemed to be a big step for Schaefer, laying in front of someone without a shirt on. Would pushing him to go further make him uncomfortable?

I decided to talk it out aloud.

“I can rub your tummy for a little bit, until you’re more comfortable. Or I can pull of your jeans and – “

“Rub my tummy,” Schaefer interrupted.

“The tummy it is then. Close your eyes.”

And Schaefer lay there, still and motionless, as I rubbed his stomach. He was in good shape, with something of a six pack, and I thought about how unlikely it was that I would ever be in this position – rubbing an attractive college kid’s stomach as he lay on my bed – without the ABDL component. Still, I wondered if we would even *make* it to that point. I was trying to figure out what *he* wanted. Big boy bucket? Tummy rub? Irritable conversation? What made Schaefer tick?

After about five minutes, my hands were starting to ache. I looked up at Schaefer. He seemed more relaxed, now – he wasn’t smiling, but his face looked... satisfied, I guess. I tickled his belly button and he grinned a little. I went back to rubbing, and decided it was time to go for it.

“I’m going to ask you to trust me while I put this Pampers on you,” I said softly. His face contorted into a look of concern almost immediately, but then went back to looking relaxed – although not as relaxed as before. I could tell he was faking it.

“Okay.”

That was all he said. I rubbed his stomach for a few more minutes and thought about what to do next. I moved my hand down to his inner thigh, and he startled a little, so I moved it back up. This had the potential to be a little bit of challenge...

Finally I stood up, tickling his belly button as a stood over him. I leaned over, gave his tummy a big kiss, and watched Schaefer’s mouth curve into a little smile.

Fuck it... here we go...

I put my fingers on the inside of Schaefer’s belt and gave it a little tug. It was on pretty loose. I

unfastened the buckle, unzipped the zipper, and unbuttoned the button.

“Easy peasy.”

Next I had to get the kid’s jeans off. I put my hands in the waistband underneath his ass, tugging a little.

“Lift your bottom up.”

Schaefer lifted his ass up off the mattress a little. As he did, I tugged his jeans down, exposing those A&F undies. I pulled the jeans slowly down his legs, and then off, folding them and tossing them across the room into a chair. Before I set his feet back down I pulled them to my face and gave each one a little kiss. Schaefer smiled, and he admitted that he liked that.

“Gonna go to town on these little dogs in a few,” I pledged. “First I have to trade these briefs for a Bambino, though.”

Schaefer nodded. He still looked relaxed, and was even smiling a little, still. I took that as my cue, reaching up, putting my fingers on both sides of the waistband, and slowly pulling them down.

By the time Schaefer’s penis flopped out of its protective covering the smile was gone. I watched him turn red again, as an expression of supreme discomfort appeared on his face. Still, he didn’t say anything.

To comfort him, I reached up and rubbed his tummy for a minute or two. He seemed to ease up, so I turned my attention back to his now-exposed midsection.

“I’m going to hit you up with a baby wipe, Schaefer.”

“I know,” he mumbled.

As Schaefer lay on my bed, I slowly, methodically hit every centimeter of his diaper area with a wipe. He winced at the initial coldness, and I slowed a little as I waited for him to object. He

didn’t, so I continued, covering every inch of everything.

“Feet up.”

Schaefer hesitated for a moment, then seemed to think better of it, obediently lifting his feet. I pulled a fresh wipe from the box and slid it up into his bum, giving him a thorough scrubbing. I watched as he opened one eye, seeming to wait for the verdict. I held the wipe out, letting it unroll until it was opened all the way. *Clean*. A look of satisfaction appeared on his face, and he closed his eye. I could see he was relaxing now.

“I’m going to pull you toward me a little.” Schaefer didn’t speak, so I gently grabbed his ankles and slid him toward me until he was closer to the edge of the bed, with him sort of wiggling to help a little.

“Snuggie, Cushie, Space, or Dry 24/7?” I asked.

“Space.” Schaefer didn’t even hesitate. He opened his eyes, smiles, and closed them again.

“I *do* have the old Dry 24/7, the blue one, too,” I pointed out, looking through my travel stash. “And the new one, the thick white one.”

“Space, please.”

“Also have some of the Rearz, actually. Not the Safaris, but the pink or blue...”

Schaefer opened his eyes and looked at me intently.

“I want to try the Space diapers, please.”

I was already opening up a Space diaper, I had just wanted him to know that he had lots of choices – that’s half the fun, right? Still, I had to chuckle at the look on his face – it was a mixture of annoyance and pleading, as if nothing less than a Space diaper would do in this moment.

“Okay, Space diapers it is.”

“I can’t wait to shoot the aliens,” Schaefer confessed. He was referring to a feature on the

diaper in which wetness makes the aliens disappear. I looked up and caught him grinning a little.

"Can't wait to see that, actually," I admitted. Schaefer was smiling now.

"Hell yea, bro."

"Lift your bottom up," I instructed, and Schaefer complied. I slid a Space diaper up under his bum, and began to pull the front between his legs when I realized I'd made a mistake. This was a large. Schaefer wore a medium. "Hold up, wrong diaper," I said, sliding it back out from underneath his rear.

"No, bro, please – Space!" Schaefer was definitely pleading with me now, and I laughed out loud.

"Just the wrong size. Calm down, bro." I walked over to the drawer and pulled out a medium. To fit a wide variety of diapers into my luggage I'd pulled them all out of their original bags, writing "S", "M", "L", and "XL" on them. Who knew who I might have the opportunity to diaper at this convention? I traded the "L" for an "M" and walked back over to the bed. Schaefer still had his (adorable) ass in the air, and I expertly slid the new diaper in place. Then, just for the fuck of it, I lifted his feet up and kissed them a little bit.

"I don't use that."

I had opened a bottle of Johnson's Baby Powder, and was preparing to squirt it onto Schaefer's johnson when he stopped me.

"Okay... what do you *use*?" I asked him. I didn't mind giving this kid first crack at his favorite diaper brand, but I didn't carry a variety of baby powders with me.

"I don't use anything."

"What do you *mean*, you don't use *anything*?"

"I don't use baby powder," Schaefer told me.

"You don't use baby powder?" I asked him incredulously. My face was contorted into a

weird expression now. He might as well have told me he doesn't drive on the right side of the road.

"No."

"So what do you use? Lotion or something?"

"Nothing. I don't use anything."

"So... just the diaper?"

"Yes."

I'd heard about people like this, ABDL's who, for whatever reason, didn't partake in the powder. I wasn't sure if I could remember meeting one. I was fascinated.

"Why don't you use powder, Schaefer?"

"Just never have."

I'll be damned.

I contemplated what to do here. Was this some sort of diaper purist who believed anything between his penis and the diaper ruined the effect? Was he afraid of the cancer scare surrounding J&J powders? Had he just never had the chance to experience the effects of powder, and how much more *amazing* it makes everything?

I decided that must be it. I hoped that was it, anyway, as I informed Schaefer that I'd be introducing him to baby powder today.

"Okay."

That was all he said. I was glad he didn't object – I wouldn't have been satisfied diapering someone without powdering them first. What the fuck even *is* that?

I sprinkled a liberal amount of powder across Schaefer's front, and then began working it in, rubbing it between his legs and his scrotum, up and down his penis, and across his tummy, even working it into a little swirl ending up in his bellybutton. The little smirk on his face (and the

position of his penis) told me he liked that, so I squirted a ton into his ass crack, rubbing it in there, probably a little bit more thoroughly than necessary, as well.

“Isn’t that a lot of powder?” Schaefer finally spoke.

“Just the right amount,” I assured him. He nodded, closing his eyes again.

And then he put his thumb in his mouth.

We were making progress...



I taped the Space diaper up nice and snug. That’s how I like my diapers, and if the subject of my diapering efforts has a nice bottom, I like to be able to see the outline of it, and snugness helps there, too, especially if there is going to be any diaper humping involved.

As I diapered Schaefer I wondered how I had been so wrong about him.

I’d scrolled through a few dozen of his pictures and, based on his attractiveness to me and his popularity with others, I had assumed something about his level of self-assurance that I now realize had been completely incorrect.

Based on the fact that he was willing to diaper up in the woods, and wear out on a balcony, I assumed something about his level of confidence that, again, had been wrong.



I thought about sending Schaefer back to the playpen. Instead I invited him to get back onto the floor and crawl into the living room. I grabbed a baby bottle from the mini-fridge as I passed and took a seat on the couch.

“Climb up.”

Schaefer crawled to me, climbed up onto the sofa, nestled his head into in my lap, and opened his mouth expectantly.

“This bottle is for me, actually. This was BYOB, didn’t I mention that downstairs?”

Schaefer laughed, and I could see that he was chill, now. I popped the bottle into his mouth and he began slurping on it while I held it with one hand and rubbed his tummy with the other.

As he drank I thought back to myself at his age. I had never even met another ABDL. I hadn’t started *trying* yet.

To be fair, the community wasn’t what it is today – not even close, really.

Still, I found myself wondering: if we had the social media infrastructure then that we have now, would I have even been ready to fly out to a convention, pad up, and head for the ball pit?

Would I have had the courage to meet people in person, even?

Probably not, I thought.

Well over one hundred diaper experiences later it was pretty easy for me to roll my eyes at Schaefer’s discomfort with being diapered by another person. But at experience #1, I wouldn’t have let someone do it to me, either.

Still, the fact that he seemed to have it so... together... on his Tumblr account made me realize how little we really know each other. Until we get to *know* each other.

As I rubbed Schaefer’s tummy I thought about the fact that I was, he had said, the first person he’d actually allowed to diaper him.

I wondered if, years from now, he’d remember this experience as vividly as I remember *my* first time.

My mind replayed every single second of his trip to my room, and I kicked myself for chuckling, for cracking jokes.

Then I looked down at his face. He was looking up at me, but he closed his eyes quickly and continued to slurp. He looked totally relaxed and at ease, now.

Usually the trade-off for diapering someone, for me, is getting to rest your head on that diaper as you hump. Just exploring it with your hands is hot – I rarely diaper someone without spending a fair amount of time rubbing both sides of that diaper afterward.

I could tell that this wouldn't be one of those times. This was going to be a 'tummy rub' and baby bottle experience, only.

And, for the moment, that seemed perfect to me.

