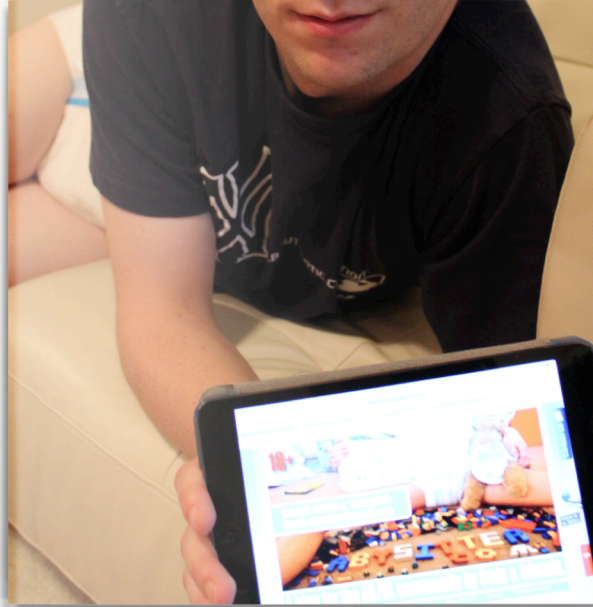


**ABYSITTER.COM PRESENTS**



**STORY TIME:  
“THE TRUCKER & THE CB RADIO”**

**WARNING: ADULT CONTENT  
18+**

## **“THE TRUCKER & THE CB RADIO”**

**[CWIS'S NOTE:] Check out the last paragraph of this story for a special note.**

Growing up, I often felt lost.

I was adopted, and while I have a great relationship with my family now - I'd say we're incredibly close despite a distance of thousands of miles - as a teenager it was not that way.

Not at all.

Diapers, for me, were probably a coping mechanism before I was old enough to know what a coping mechanism was.

I'd use evenings that my parents and brother were at various activities to sneak some Cwis time; I'd sometimes fake being sick and get a whole day. When I had a few hours, or an entire day, away from my family, that's probably when I felt closest to them. Because I'd diaper up - cloth diapers for a while, and then some homemade disposables I crafted from garbage bags, paper towels, toilet paper, and tape - and wind down. I'd be Cwis, and these free hours would be spent crawling around the house, laying outdoors in the sunshine, or even laying in the crib that had been set up for my cousins.

My family wasn't home - but in my imagination they were feeding me my bottle, coloring with me, rubbing my tummy as I lay in my crib... you get the idea.

When I was 13, 14, and 15 I got into cycling. It wasn't for fitness, although it left me incredibly fit at the time; it wasn't for competition, although I joined a competitive friend for Tuesday time trials every once in a while. It was so I could get the fuck out of my house.

I'd ride six miles each way into the area by my high school to hang out with friends. I'd ride even further to get to lifeguard classes. And, when I got my first job, I'd often ride 16 miles, each way, to get to work.

I could have gotten a ride. But I wanted so badly to be independent, to be separate from my family then. So I'd mount the bike - a hand-me-down, at first, and later a \$500 Cannondale racing bike I spent every penny I earned on - and I'd just ride.

Ride to get places.

Ride to get space between me and my family.

Ride to find freedom.

When I turned 16 I was finally old enough to drive. My grandfather had left me his car - an old, rusty, bright yellow Ford Escort station wagon he called The Buttercup. He'd told me it would be mine one day, and it seemed like that day would never come. Finally, it had. After some arguments with my parents, who apparently hadn't shared my grandfather's vision of me driving around, completely free, at sixteen, they agreed to put it back on the road for me.

**FREEDOM!**

My senior year of high school was spent everywhere but home. I worked in the high school in the morning, lifeguarding faculty swim. After school I had swim practice, and I'd round the night out with my part-time job teaching swimming lessons or supervising open swim at the pool. I'd get home around 10, and start over the next morning at 4:45. Weekends not spent at swim meets were spent running swimming lessons and weekend family swim.

In my desperation to break free of my family and find my own identity I sort of pushed myself into adulthood quicker than most. The majority of my friends were still spending their free hours playing basketball or video games all the way through senior year; I was working. Few had cars, or even wanted them; I considered mine the key to my survival.

I remember my parents worrying that I was trying to grow up and move out way too fast - "You'll spend the rest of your life working," they'd remind me. They didn't understand. But, over time, they came to accept my leaving at the crack of dawn, and coming home after the rest of my family was in bed. I think it might have even made them grow closer as a family.

Still, as I grew up, my need for regression grew stronger, as it does for many of us.

I was busy, and loving my life, but I would still find that need to experience my 'little side' bottling up, just like we all do. Sometimes I'd sneak a diaper into the house from my hiding spot in the back of the station wagon; I'd tape one on, rub one out, and sleep in it, completely at peace. Still, that alarm clock would ring at 4:45 and I'd be back to Chris. If you're AB like me, you know that six hours of baby time is not enough...

That's when my trips to the cottage began.

The first time I drove to the cottage by myself it was on a whim. I'd expected to have the house to myself and my family's plans had changed. I'd gotten diapers, powder, and wipes - plus the assorted accessories - all ready in my car, planning to bring them into the house the moment my family left. I'd had a particularly stressful week, and I needed some toddlerization! And then - bam - change of plans.

So I said fuck it. I had that night, and the next day, to do nothing. I had diapers and everything else I needed, all ready to go, in my wagon. So I let my parents know I'd be spending the night at a friend's, got in the car, and drove to the cottage.

An hour later, I was there; fifteen minutes after that I was stripped naked, laying on the couch underneath the screen window letting lake breezes sweep over me. I spent the rest of the day diapered, doing a combination of baby stuff and lake stuff. You can read the rest of the cottage series for more.

Moving on...

Cottage trips for toddlerization purposes became commonplace for me, and I got so I was spending weekends there as often as possible. I found myself diapering up at the cottage. Soon I'd gotten the balls to wear diapers out in the boat - under swimming trunks, of course. Eventually I was stripping down to just a diaper for a few minutes at a time, and loving every second of it. (There's a funny story here somewhere of a time I got caught in just a diaper in my sinking rowboat... if anyone can find it I'll give you a shoutout!) I eventually began wearing diapers into town. *Crinkle?* IDGAF! I was in a town an hour from where I grew up, and I knew almost nobody here... diapered day and night was now a possibility.

As fall came and the coldness began to settle in I decided I didn't want to give up my Cwis time... I'd grown to love diapers so much, and they were basically a part of me. I snuck some electric blankets to the cottage - if you've read the series you know that it was an unheated structure, save for a wood-burning stove - and I filled the dresser with the warmest pajamas and hoodies I could find.

And, since this was before cell phones were affordable - yea, I'm getting old lol - I put went to Radio Shack, bought a CB radio, and put it in my car.



### **THE ACTUAL STORY STARTS HERE... KINDA... LOL...**

Side note: I've always been obsessed with gadgets. When pagers came out I had one of the first ones - remember beeper codes ("143! 187!") and all? (If you don't... damn, I'm getting old.)

When alphanumeric pagers came out I had one of the first ones of those, too, complete with an operator answering my calls and typing out the message. (I loved that).

Cell phones became affordable and I got one. The flip phone came out, and I couldn't wait to get it. I had a Palm Pilot before PDA phones were a thing, and was looking into subscribing to a service that allows your Palm Pilot to check email - for \$50/month! Then Palm created their first phone, and I couldn't wait.

Today, many phones later, I'm typing this blog entry on an iPhone 5S.

But before all that, CB radios were the way people communicated on the road.

Today that seems corny - even truckers use laptops and cell phones in their cabs - but when I was in high school and college riding up and down the New York State Thruway hours at a time in all kinds of weather (blizzards and snowstorms? Yessir...) was made easier with a CB radio in my hand.

Plus, they were fun... rolling up and down the road talking to people I'd never meet... kind of like the internet today, I guess.

I still remember my first winter of driving to the cottage. Sometimes it would be *so cold*, and I'd pad up, get in the car, turn the heat on, and just drive around. I'd drive over by the Thruway, get a cup of hot cocoa at the gas station - I was too young for coffee then - and I'd sit by the highway, listening to passing truckers on the CB, sometimes for hours, as I lay back in my car, completely relaxed. Eventually my diaper would be flooded, I'd start to notice the freezing sensation on my ass, and I'd drive back to the cottage, happy as fuck, ready to change and curl up under the electric blanket.

At that time I still hadn't diapered very many people. A few friends (non-ABDL) had worn with me, but my efforts to meet up with actual ABDLs were met with flaking and fronting. (I've blogged about that here before).

I was spending plenty of time as Cwis, but no matter how close I felt to the people who were part of my regression fantasies, I was almost always alone in reality. In my car, though, sipping hot chocowate from a sippy cup, and flooding my diaper, the voices on the radio were connecting me with people. It wasn't as cool as being able to wear diapers in front of people, but it felt pretty close at the time.

Fast forward a few years...

As I mentioned, by the time I finished college I had a cell phone.

The CB radio was still in the car, but its technology was pretty much outdated by then, so its antenna looked like one of those cell phone antennas, and it hardly ever came out of the glove compartment.

One day I was at the gas station by the Thruway onramp closest to the cottage. I was coming from home, headed to the cottage for the weekend. A snowstorm was coming, and I had a limited amount of time to get in and get the car off the road before the snow began to fall. I'd pulled over to fill up and pick up some groceries in case I got snowed in for a day or two...

The gas station doubled as a truck stop, and it was always filled with tractor trailers, usually driven by the types of people you'd expect to see rolling through with big rigs: wizened old rednecks and the occasional rugged woman lol. I'd gotten to know this gas station well as a kid - it was always my first stop off the Thruway on my way to the cottage, and my gas fill-up stop on my way home. It was also the spot that I regularly threw out all of my wet diapers, hehe. Over the years I'd disposed of dozens there.

I was sitting in the parking lot checking the Thruway road report on their toll-free hotline... parts of the Thruway were already closed due to ice and snow, and it was headed towards us.

Then, out of nowhere, this kid walked out of the gas station.

He caught my eye immediately. He was hot as *FUCK*. College age, great shape, kind of tan (in winter), and a little thuggish.

He walked with kind of a swagger. He was wearing blue jeans and a t-shirt, even as the air had turned freezing. He was buff, and - oh, yea - he had a perfect ass.

OMFG. If you know me, you know I love a hot ass. I tried not to stare...

I didn't know many people from the area this gas station was in, but I'd become accustomed to seeing the same faces over and over in my travels around town, and I'd definitely never seen this face. Or ass. I watched this dude walk across the parking lot, and I figured we were just a quarter mile from the Thruway... I figured he was just passing through.

He passed the car I thought he was about to get in and glanced at me. I pretended to look at something that didn't exist in my car, but out of the corner of my eye I watched him walk past *all* the cars in the parking lot. That's when I realized that he was headed for a row of tractor trailers.

*Must be riding along with someone*, I thought.

But he wasn't. He hopped up into the driver's seat of a *USExpress* truck.

*Holy shit... this kid is about to steal an 18-wheeler!*

I watched him for a few minutes. He sat in the driver's seat, leaned back with his eyes closed. I figured whoever was driving his truck would come out to it soon. Nobody came. I wondered if they might be sleeping in the cab... this kid couldn't be a truck driver, he was too young... and too... hot. No fucking way...

I noticed that he'd sat up; he was looking around now, and had his CB mic in his hand.

I couldn't have gotten to my CB radio fast enough! It hadn't been used in a while, and the battery wasn't even charged - thank God I had a charging adapter for it in the car. I fished it out of the glove compartment so fast I practically threw the contents of the glove compartment onto the floor. Whatever this kid was saying might solve the mystery of what he was doing in the cab of this truck! And I had a CB radio and could hear it. I was 'lurking' in modern-day language... lol...

I turned the radio on and instantly heard a voice I knew must be his. He sounded light years younger than everyone else on the radio.

He had a little bit of a New York or New Jersey accent. He was asking for a weather forecast, and wasn't liking what he was hearing - other drivers had decided to stay at the truck stop to wait out a storm that was coming. I heard him swear, something you don't usually hear on a CB. The kid was trying to decide whether to make a break for it, or to batten down for the night. I was just chillin'... lurking... and forgot that I, myself, was supposed to be making a break for it as well.

He began asking for directions to a few different cities along his route. Most of the truckers were from out of town, and their directions, while close, were not exactly accurate. For example, they told him he could make Ithaca in 30 minutes - *no fucking way, even if it wasn't snowing*. They told him that he should head down Route 5 - they clearly didn't realize how horrible the plowing would be if it began to snow before he cleared it.

Eventually I picked up the radio and broke in, giving him some pretty solid directions.

HIM: *So if I try to make it to Syracuse, I can make PA by taking 81...*

ME: *Yes, but that road isn't plowed for whole stretches as you get close to the state line...*

HIM: *Damn. So if I ride along the lake, how is that road looking...*

ME: *Not passable for a truck of your size on the east side. On the west side you can do it, but it's way out of your way...*

The kid definitely seemed to be leaning towards spending the night at the truck stop, but he was still asking for directions when suddenly he stopped talking. I looked up and realized he was looking at me.

HIM: *You know, you can just come over to the truck and show me on the map...*

And so I did.



I'd never been in a tractor trailer before. The motherfucker was huge. I remember being shocked at how large the engine was - it was like looking over a ten-foot piece of steel stretched out in front of the driver.

I tried to avoid looking in the back, but couldn't help myself. I'd expected to find a bunk bed like I'd seen on TV once, but there was a full bed back there, plus a sink, microwave, coffee maker, and TV! It was like a little hotel on wheels... He'd pulled out a map (no GPS yet, lol) and we went through various routes.

I'm not sure how much time had gone by, but by the time the kid was sure none of the routes we'd seen would be possible it was getting dark and had begun to snow outside. The CB radio continuously crackled, with truckers warning others not to try to take the Thruway - accidents and ice had resulted in the closing of sections of it closer and closer to us.

I probably should have been thinking of getting my own ass back to the cottage, but before I did I *had* to ask him how he came to find himself behind the

wheel of an 18-wheeler. So I did. And his story, which stretched on for nearly 45 minutes, was quite a story.

His name was Kyle, and he'd just turned 24. He'd grown up in New Jersey. He'd planned to go to college to be a pilot but his father had died when he was in high school and his family had been left practically broke.

His mother had given him two choices when he graduated high school: move in with friends or pay rent - she couldn't afford to keep the house. Kyle decided that college wasn't an option, so he called the number on an ad for trucking school and got his license by the end of that year. He spent the next two years driving daily deliveries in an oversized box truck and, when he turned 21, began applying at interstate trucking companies. USExpress had hired him at some point.

Three years later Kyle had paid off his mother's debt on her house and bought a Corvette. The car sat in the garage at his mother's house, and he drove it once a month - the only time he was home. He spent 27 days on the road, and between driving as many miles as legally possible and getting bonuses for making trips on time, he said he'd earned somewhere around \$100K in a single year the year before.

"I'm really not used to being stopped," he told me. "I pretty much keep it moving, and only stop to keep the log legal." He winked at me, and I guessed that meant he was driving more miles than was legal or safe. I wasn't sure, since I didn't know anything about trucking. "It kills me that I'm stuck here for the night. Of course, having someone to sit and chill with is pretty awesome."

I had to be honest... sitting there talking to him was pretty awesome, too. As he spoke I couldn't help but be turned on... this dude was young, in charge of his life, and he drove a HUGE TRUCK! I don't know why, but seeing him behind the wheel of this beast was a real turn-on. I tried to act as straight as possible so he wouldn't notice my hardon...

At some point it occurred to me that the snow was really starting to come down. I'd hoped to beat it, because the route I was taking would almost certainly be treacherous. Now I didn't know if I

could. DAMN.

"I should go," I told him. "I still have to drive in this..."

As I spoke the radio crackled to life. A trucker was reporting in: the road I'd be taking was unpassable - a tractor trailer had jackknifed and gone partly off the road, blocking most of it in the process. He looked at me, and we both looked outside. My car was no longer visible under inches of snow.

"I feel bad," he told me. "I shouldn't have kept you here... talking about myself for an hour... fuck!"

I could hear real concern in his voice, and it was cute as hell. I told him not to worry, and explained that there was another way home I could take, it would just take longer.

"Where?" he asked. I'd forgotten we'd spent some time looking at the map, but he pushed it toward me. I pointed out the route and he looked upset. "That's way far, Chris," he told me. "I wouldn't be comfortable with that. Not in this weather, bro. I think you should wait for the road to clear up."

I explained that we had no way of knowing how long it would take for the truck to be towed out of the ditch.

"Nah, I mean until it stops snowing," he told me. "Or at least until they get the roads under control."

I was starting to get worried. What *was* I going to do? This was dumb... I should have just driven away an hour ago...

"I can't, Kyle," I told him. "I'd be stuck here for a few hours at least, and my car is freezing."

"I didn't mean your car, man," he told me. "Your car isn't even there anymore." We both laughed as he pointed around the parking lot, pretending not to be able to find it. "I mean... just chill right here."

"You mean... in your truck?" I asked him, surprised.

"Hell yea," he told me. "Just stay here. I can't leave until morning anyway..."

Kyle was inviting me to spend the night?

"Does this seat go back?" I asked him. It was the only thing I could think of to say. I felt like an idiot. He shook his head and smiled, but told me I could even have the bed... he'd sleep in his seat.

"It'll be worth it to have some real, actual company for a little while," he told me.

I felt bad, but I knew that it was unlikely I'd be making it home. So I agreed...

I told Kyle I had to pee. I walked over to my car and grabbed my bag and cell phone, then walked into the truck stop and took a piss.

Then, for no explicable reason, I stepped into the shower area, grabbed a diaper out of my bag - I always carried a few with me back then - and put it on. I hoped that he wouldn't be able to hear it crinkle, but if I was going to be spending the night, I wanted to be comfortable.

I contemplated buying a cup of hot chocolate - I'd left mine in the car, and it was probably freezing by now - but knew I'd just have to piss again, and the snow in the parking lot was getting pretty fucking deep, besides. I hoped that the truck would be warm.

I walked back outside toward the truck and got scared a little when I couldn't see it - I wondered if Kyle had decided to make a break for it. Turns out it was just snowing harder now, and as I trudged through the parking lot I saw the line of trucks, including the bright red US Express truck. Kyle was sitting in the driver's seat, and he face lit up with a smile and he waved to me as I approached.

"I thought you might have gotten cold feet and left," he told me. I thought it was cute that he was worried about the same thing I was.

"The cold feet part is for sure," I told him, "but no... there's no driving in this."

"Good," he told me. "I'm looking forward to this. It's been a long time since I had someone to talk to..."

I took my seat on the passenger side of the truck. Kyle was wearing a sweatshirt now, and I was a little disappointed, since I'd been enjoying peeping his physique while we talked. Then I noticed that he'd changed into a pair of long underwear - tight, form-fitting long underwear - and I remembered that I have something of a long underwear fetish, too. SCORE!

He flipped a couple of switches, and the lights inside the cab dimmed, and the lights in the sleeper came on. It almost felt like we were in a hotel. I was actually pretty sleepy, and wondered if he'd really let me sleep on the bed... it looked comfortable. Truthfully, I was just happy to be warm again.

"I pretty much told you my whole life story," Kyle told me, and he put his seat back a notch and kind of stretched out. "I didn't really ask you anything about yourself, cept where you're headed. So tell me... what's your deal?"

I kind of told the kid a shortened version of my life story - growing up, high school, college. I tried to share with him some of the things that I'd been through, and how I'd dealt with them.

"That's kind of inspiring," he told me. He sounded serious. I couldn't tell. His story seemed *way* more inspiring than mine... maybe he was just trying to be nice.

And he'd come away with something else.

"You seem pretty lucky. You've got a pretty stable family who love you. And your grandpa left you that car, and the cottage..."

Lucky indeed. Even if I didn't see it very clearly at the time...

"You seem lucky, too," I told him. "And your mom seems lucky to have you. You paid off her house, and she lets you keep your car there... kind of a win/win, right?" (I was really just trying to deflect the conversation from me, something I've never been that comfortable talking about, even if I can write a one-million-word blog entry about it lol).

"Well, I felt lucky," he told me. "I was meant to be flying jets, not driving trucks. My dad wanted me to



be a pilot, he was going to help me..." and his voice trailed off.

"Sucks about that," I said. I wasn't really sure what to say.

"My mom had to use my college money to pay off debts after he died."

"He was in debt?" I asked. I was, again, not sure what to say. It seemed like we were getting way more personal than two people who'd met in the last hour. I was feeling a little uncomfortable...

"He was in an accident. He hurt someone," Kyle explained. "Her family sued."

"That sucks," I told him. We both just sat there for a little bit.

"I guess he was dating her," Kyle continued after a minute or two. "Me and my Mom had no idea. No idea at all. Then we got a call that he'd flipped his car."

Silence...

"So, yea... her family sued, and we almost had to sell our house. My mom sold her car and took the bus for a year or two. It really sucked to see..."

"Wow, man. That really sucks, bro," I told him. "I'm impressed how you kind of took a really shitty situation and turned it into a good one."

Kyle started to smile, and he re-told the story of how he'd decided to be a truck driver.

"We needed to get ahead, man. I knew driving truck paid okay, but I didn't realize how much you can make if you just stay out on the road and keep driving. It just keeps adding up. And when you don't have a place to live, because you don't need one, you really don't have any bills... it's a car payment, help with my mom's bills, and the rest goes into the bank..."

We talked some more, and I asked him if he thought he'd ever become a pilot. He had enough money in the bank to go to flight school, from what he'd told me...

"It's still my dream, bro," he told me. "I sometimes stop my truck near airports and watch planes come in. I know it should have been me at the controls. But for now I'm grounded..."

We talked about goals. I told him mine, and then he told me his. He wanted to become a pilot, of course. But if that didn't work out, he wanted to keep saving his salary until he had \$1 million in the bank. Someone had told him that you could comfortably retire if you had a million saved, and he was already more than one-tenth of the way there at 24.

"By 45, I should be finished with this life, and ready to start the next one," he told me.

I asked him if he wanted to start a family, and he looked at me with this look that made me feel like he'd never been asked the question before, much less thought about it on his own...

"I don't know," he kind of stammered. "I mean... I have a family. My mom is my family. You know?"

"You don't want to get married? Have kids?" I asked.

He shook his head and laughed.

"I live in this truck, man. Look around. Does this look like a place to raise a family?" He was leaving out the obvious solution of having a wife and kids *at home* - maybe at his mom's place, lol - but I didn't want to push it.

"What about you, Chris?" he asked me. "You got a girlfriend or... anything?"

I shook my head. I was still at that phase in my life where admitting that I was gay was not an option. Imagine if I shared how I'd recently almost had a meet-up with a guy from a diaper website but he'd stood me up. What a story that would be...

So, instead, I just shook my head.

"Yea," he told me, as if he understood exactly. "Families are overrated."





We talked more, and as we did the CB radio crackled softly in the background and the snow continued to fall. I barely noticed the weather outside - the cab was the perfect warmth, and I was as relaxed as I'd felt in a long time. We'd probably talked for three or four hours when Kyle asked if I wanted a cup of coffee.

"Nah, it's too cold out there," I told him. I instantly wondered if he'd trust me in the truck while he went and got one. He laughed, got up, and stepped into the sleeper cab. As he did his long underwear-clad ass brushed up against me, and I caught myself staring. He turned around, a coffee pot in his hand, and I think he caught me, too. Eek...

"Got coffee right here, bro," he told me. He held the pot under the sink - I wondered where the water was coming from - and in a minute or so coffee was brewing.

"Wow," I remarked. "This truck has everything. It's really like a rolling hotel on wheels..."

"Yea, I love it," he told me. "It has everything but a toilet and a shower. If it had those two things I'd never even have to get out at truck stops." He then explained to me how some of the trucks being build that year actually had a porta-john in the sleeper, underneath the bed. "It's for taking a piss," he told me helpfully. "Nobody would ever drop a deuce in their own truck... that's just nasty. But for pissing, that would be nice."

"That must suck, having to find a truck stop every time you have to piss," I acknowledged. He looked at me kind of funny and chuckled.

"Trust me, a lot of guys don't do that. Truck stops can be hours apart, and sometimes you just can't pull in. People just pull over and go."

"Really?"

"Sure, bro," he continued. "You ever seen a trucker checking his tires?" He drew out the words 'checking his tires' and then winked at me. I realized I'd seen that a whole bunch of times. Wow. "And nearly every truck driver has a spare urinal or two for emergencies. Sometimes you can't check the tires. You ever seen a Big Gulp tossed out onto the side of the road?" He laughed as he said it. Wow.

As he talked it occurred to me that diapers for truckers might be the perfect solution. I didn't mention it, of course. But I pictured this dude rolling around in Pampers, and it instantly got me hard.

We sipped coffee and talked some more. I had just met this kid on some chance encounter a few hours before, but I felt like I was talking with an old friend. I was amazed at how much we seemed to have in common, even though we probably had almost nothing in common in actuality. A few times as we talked it occurred to me that, a day later, he'd be on his way down the highway, and I might never see him again... damn.

After a while I began to yawn, and then he did too. I stole a sideways glance at the bed in the back and Kyle chuckled.

"I'm getting sleepy too," he told me. "You read for bed?"

I nodded. Kyle got up and pulled the blankets down off the bed. I watched his ass the entire time... damn, it was perfect. He turned back towards me and I immediately looked away. He came back into the cab and bent forward over the dashboard, pulling curtains from each side to cover the windshield. As he bent over I couldn't help but steal one last look at his ass. I wanted to rub it through his long underwear... OMFG. All of a sudden I noticed our reflections in the window as the curtain closed over it - and the fact that he was looking at us, too. He started to laugh a little.

"So I know that I said you could have the bed," he told me. "I don't mind sleeping up here. But if you're okay with sharing... I mean, if that doesn't make you uncomfortable..."

"It's your truck, bro."

I couldn't believe my luck. This all seemed surreal. A few hours ago I had expected to be hunkered down in the bunks at the cottage, diapered and covered up by my electric blanket, trying to weather a storm. Now I was chilling in this amazing dude's truck, it felt like our friendship went back years, and he was asking if I wanted to share a bed with him. Fuck yes.

When I think back on it I realize that I was taking a gamble, one that I probably wouldn't take today. Back then, though, I was all about risks. This was exciting. So I stepped back into the sleeper cab, took off my shoes, and crawled into bed.

"Bro, do you want to borrow some long johns?" Kyle asked me. "Or you can sleep in your underwear or something, it's all good. I don't want you to have to sleep in your clothes..."

"Oh, I always sleep in my clothes," I lied. It suddenly occurred to me that I was wearing a disposable diaper - a fact that I'd forgotten. (I felt so comfortable in my diaper, and so comfortable with Kyle, that it totally slipped my mind).

"Weird, but okay," he told me. "I always sleep in long johns. Except in summer, then I sleep in nothing."

Hardness, go away!

He flipped some switches and most of the lights were out. The sleeper was now pitch black, and he closed a curtain between the cab and the sleeper, shutting out dashboard lights and making it even darker. I felt him lay down on the other side of the bed. A minute or so went by and my eyes adjusted; the cab was lit by the light from the clock on the microwave, and by light filtering in from a pair of skylights. I could see that there was a good two feet of space between us - the bed was compact, but was apparently bigger than it looked. Which was why I was surprised when Kyle's bottom somehow pressed into my back - not that I was complaining.

*Crinkle, crinkle.* The two of us were laying side by side, our backs touching each other, and I was very cognizant that my diaper, which I'd not even remembered I was wearing just a little while ago, was now kind of obvious.

That made me nervous. But it didn't stop me from falling asleep...



I wasn't sure how much time had passed, but I woke up a little while later to the sight of Kyle pulling

jeans up over his long underwear.

"That coffee got to me," he told me. "I gotta go pee. You don't gotta, do you?"

I shook my head. I didn't have to go.

"Yea, I didn't think so," he told me, and I could see that he was smiling. "You probably already went, huh?" I looked surprised, and he laughed. "Bro, I don't care, honest."

"What do you mean?" I asked him, feeling a little queasy...

"That diaper, man," he said. I could feel my face getting red. "Don't be embarrassed, Chris!" he told me with a sense of urgency. "I mean, it's nothing to be embarrassed about. I just bumped into you and... I noticed, and..." and his voice trailed off.

"Bro, I don't know what you're thinking but..."

"I'm thinking I want to ask you about diapers when I come back," Kyle interrupted. "Fuck, I almost wish I was wearing one right now... this sucks! Be right back..."

And with that Kyle pushed the curtain aside, climbed over the seat, opened the door, and closed it. I sat bolt upright in bed, climbed up into the cab, and watched him trudge through what must be more than a foot of snow toward the truck stop.

My shoes were on the floor, and my bag right next to them. I thought about grabbing them and getting the fuck out before he returned. The fantasy of being "caught" in diapers, by a hot guy, is just that - a fantasy. The reality is that it is uncomfortable as fuck. Had it not been for a foot of snow, ice, and the fact that this kid just seemed dope as fuck, I would certainly have been out.

I sat in the passenger seat. A few minutes later he came back and climbed up into the cab.

"You're not thinking of leaving are you?" he asked me. He looked worried and sounded sad. I shook my head, but I *had* been mulling it over... it was snowing less now and it looked like cars were able to drive on the road that passed us.

"Nah, man..." I replied. "I don't think - "

"Good!" Kyle interrupted me, sounding relieved. "I'm glad, because I want to ask you a question. Is that okay?"

"A question?"

"A question. About that thing." He nodded towards my midsection. "Is that okay?"

I nodded. I honestly couldn't believe this was happening...

"I was wondering, since I invited you to spend the night, and made you coffee, and stuff... and since it's *my truck*..."



## PART II

"I was wondering, since I invited you to spend the night, and made you coffee, and stuff... and since it's *my truck*..."

"Yea?" I prodded. He'd let the word *truck* hang there for a moment. And he'd kind of drawn it out, more like *truccccck*. Almost like the thought I knew what he was going to ask. I had no fucking idea.

"Well... I mean, I've always been kind of curious about those things."

Kyle had come off as pretty confident, almost cocky to me up until this point. It was a *huge* turnon - he was in charge of his truck, in charge of his life, and our entire conversation had been, up until this point, Kyle kinda showing off his self-confidence.

Now, though, I could see he was a little bit embarrassed. His voice kind of trailed off, and even in mostly darkness I could see that his face was sort of red.

"Curious? In what way?" I asked him. He paused for nearly half a minute, trying to find the words.

"Well, I mean..." he finally spoke, "...like... just about them in general. I mean... can I ask you..."

what you have to wear one for?"

*Damn.* This was a tricky question. If I told him that I needed them I'd be lying; if I told him that it was a sexual fetish he might kick me right out of his truck. Either way I was probably going to come off as a weirdo. I could feel *my* face growing red, now.

Still, he *had* asked, and said he was curious about them. I thought this over for a moment. I wondered what he meant by "curious." I tried to decide which answer might be less likely to end this overnight friendship fast.

At some point, as I mulled over my response, Kyle must have gotten tired of waiting.

"I mean, if you need those for medical reasons then, forget I even brought it up. It's none of my business. But if you're one of those people who just likes to wear them, that's what I had a question about."

"Likes to wear them?" I pretended for a moment to be confused. Although, honestly, I wasn't even really thinking about my responses at this point... autopilot had kicked in.

"Yea bro. Like, I have a TV, obviously, and sometimes when I can't sleep I turn it on. And I only get network television, and there's nothing but trash on during the day, but sometimes I settle on Jerry Springer. I just love a good freak fight, you know?"

"Me too," I lied. I think Jerry Springer is obnoxiously fake. But I wanted to see where this was going.

"And so yea... you'd be surprised at how many shows he has about people who just... like, *like* to wear diapers. So when I saw yours, I thought maybe..."

His voice trailed off.

"It's called ABDL," I told him. His eyes lit up, and I could tell he recognized it right away.

*Was this kid ABDL???*

"Oh, I know," he told me. "When I saw that shit on television I couldn't *wait* to get on the internet. I

searched for it, and found some... sites."

"Which ones?" I asked him. I was genuinely interested.

"Oh, I don't remember. You had to sign up for them all."

"You didn't sign up?" I was disappointed.

"Well, nah," he told me. "I mean, I *thought* about it..."

Maybe there was hope?

"I thought about it. But it was a little bit much for me. I don't know. I just... looked."

I explained that, in the world of ABDL, that's known as lurking. And I used the term "ABDL community." He looked at me incredulously.

"There's a whole community?"

I nodded.

"Where?"

"Online," I told him. He rolled his eyes and laughed.

"Oh, I thought you meant like... an actual community or something."

Now I had to laugh a little. And I was kind of relieved, because by his excitement I could tell that what we weren't talking about wasn't about to end our friendship. I felt relaxed again.

"So yea," he continued. "I didn't feel like I could just join up. But I definitely... *lurked*." He was still laughing. "But I've been wondering a lot about it. When I saw you had a diaper on, I was like... wow, I hope that he's not incontinent."

"Incontinent?" I asked, immediately feeling bad for correcting him. He looked confused for a minute, and then he asked me if that was really how it was pronounced. "Yes," I told him. "What you said actually means unhappy. Actually, I don't think it's a word at all..."

"Oh, shit! I'm just making up words over here," he laughed. "Well, ABDL seems like a made-up word, too.... I never would've thought that shit was real, either. IN-CON-TIN-ENT. Got it."

"Well, I'm not incontinent," I told him. "I wear these because..."

*A lie was coming.*

"Because they make me feel comfortable. They're just something I've always worn..."

*Actually, that wasn't a lie, really...*

"So what I wanted to ask you..." Kyle continued, and I was surprised that he hadn't already gotten to the question. "...I was wondering, well two things. First, would you let me see that? And also, do you have an extra one?"

*I could. not. believe. my. luck!*

"So you want me to like... take my pants off?" I asked.

He nodded, and when I looked a little uncertain he pointed out that he'd had *his* pants off for hours. He pointed to his long underwear - specifically, to the crotch - for emphasis.

"I know you don't really sleep in your clothes, Chris," he pointed out. "You just didn't want to show me that diaper. But I'm totally ok, so..."

I pulled my pants off. Now I was just sitting in my diaper and a t-shirt. I felt kind of funny, in an awkward way. But Kyle looked happy as hell. He had a big grin on his face. And then he reminded me...

"Do you have an extra one?"

I *did*. It was in the trunk of my car. I cringed and explained the situation.

"Damn, bro. You're gonna have to run as fast as you can across this parking lot, through all that snow, in a diaper and shirt. That's gonna be funny to watch."

I reached for my pants. I figured it would be worth trudging across the trundra if it meant bring an extra

diaper back to the truck.

"NO, NO NO! I WAS JUST KIDDING!" Kyle cried out. "Don't go! I was going to ask you if I could go get it?"

I quickly agreed. I gave him the keys to the car, and explained where the diapers were: in a bag in the trunk.

"Is it like... a *diaper bag*?" he asked me, and giggled.

"Well, it kind of is," I acknowledged. "I mean, it has diapers and baby powder and stuff..."

"Can I just grab the bag?" he asked me. I agreed. He jumped up, put his shoes on, grabbed the keys out of my hand, and practically leapt out of the truck. I watched him run across the parking lot, leaping through snow and jumping over snow piles, his long underwear sort of glowing in the lights of the parking lot. I hoped he wouldn't get hit.

As he fished around the trunk, I thought about how surreal this night had been. I was supposed to be laying under an electric blanket, drinking a hot beverage out of a thermos, just trying to stay warm enough to enjoy my 'toddler' time.' And now I was in a US Express truck, chilling with a hot-as-fuck OTR truck driver, and we were actually talking about my favorite subject. What was about to happen next?

I'd soon find out. Kyle climbed back into the truck, shivering and covered with a light dusting of snow, 'diaper bag' in hand. He closed the door, tossed it to me, and reached up to turn up the heat.

"*B-r.*"

I could see the weather was improving some, and it made me sad... Kyle's hot ass would soon be on its way down the highway, and I wondered if I'd ever see him again. His voice brought me back to reality.

"Gimme, gimme." He was seated across from me holding his hand out, opening and closing it quickly. He had kind of an excited look on his face, and that got me a li'l excited.

"Have you ever *seen* an adult diaper?" I asked him.

"There's one right there... durrrr." He pointed to the one I was wearing.

"No, I mean... like, besides this one?"

"Yea, bro. In stores. In bags."

"Did you pull one out of the bag?" I asked.

"And get arrested for breaking open a bag of diapers? That's the equivalent of shoplifting, bro. Where am I gonna leave my truck when they're hauling me off to jail?"

Okay, so the kid had jokes...

"No I mean... fuck, never mind." I took a diaper out of the bag and threw it to him.

"Holy shit, this is *freezing!*" he cried out, letting it drop to the floor.

"It's been in a car in a snowed-in parking lot for hours, dude," I told him. "What do you think, I have a special diaper warmer in the car?" Now it was my turn to be sarcastic. He smirked at me and bent over to pick the diaper back up.

"So I'm just going to be straight up with you, Chris," he told me, holding the diaper away from him like it was poison or something. "I have been interested in trying one of these ever since the day I first saw them on Jerry. I would never just walk into the store and buy a bag but..."

He didn't have to explain. This was something I totally understood. I cut him off, nodding, and he nodded, too, and trailed off.

"I just want to try one. Maybe I'll hate it, but... I mean, I want to wear one and see."

I asked him what he thought he wanted to wear one *for*. *Had he always wanted to be back in diapers?* He looked at me like I was insane and shook his head. *Did he want to regress back to a younger age?* He laughed out loud and shook his head. *Did he know why he wanted to wear one?* He nodded.

"I'm on the road for miles, dude. Like, days at a

time. I've always just felt like I should be wearing diapers. Every time I have to pull over to pee it makes me mad."

I nodded. He looked embarrassed again.

"Do *you* pee in them?" he asked me.

"Oh, hell yea," I replied. He looked relieved and laughed.

"Chris is like, *OH HELL YEA!!!* Haha bro... that's hilarious. Wait... is it wet now?" I shook my head. He continued. "The other thing is... I must jerk off 365 times a year. If you put a black light back there you'd be shocked." I instinctively picked my hands up off the mattress and looked around uneasily, and he laughed. "I mean... I try to aim carefully, and I clean up, but... yea. A diaper."

I understood completely.

"So try one tonight." It was more of a suggestion than an order, but he replied with a *YES, SIR!* and sounded pretty happy. He pulled down his long underwear without warning and I looked away.

"You don't have to not look," he told me, smiling. "I don't care. I think I saw you checking out my ass before. And I was checking out yours, if you didn't notice."

*Hmm, mine had been covered by a diaper. Maybe he'd known the whole time?*

"So... are you... not straight?" I asked him.

"Nope," he told me. "I thought that was kinda obvious. No?"

"No." It definitely hadn't been. I'd lay in bed, worried that his ass touching mine might be misconstrued as somehow being *my fault*. Maybe it was on purpose?

"Oh, well, cool then. So now you know my secret. Since I kinda found out yours, it's only fair." I looked back at him as he stood in front of me. He had an XXL cock, kind of surprisingly large, I thought, and I could tell that he was enjoying letting it flop around. He let the diaper flop open, and looked a little surprised. "Kinda bigger than I

expected." I had to laugh at the irony. "So... okay... I guess... I just put it on... like this..." and as he spoke Kyle lifted his left leg and tried to pull the diaper up underneath him. Without success. He tried again a different way, but struggled to get it held in two hands. I was enjoying watching, but I wanted to save this diaper before it was taped on wrong and ruined.

"Want me to put it on you?" I asked him. He stopped and looked at me.

"What are you, some kind of expert?" He laughed and tossed it to me. "I thought you'd never ask."

I pointed to the bed, and he obediently lay down on it - face down. His ass was straight sculpture status - beautiful as FUCK. I stared at it helplessly for a minute, until he turned his head around to look at me. He squeezed his ass a few times and laughed. "I thought you'd enjoy that," he told me. "Looks better when you don't have to catch it in the window reflection, huh?"

"Looks better not covered by long underwear," I told him. He laughed and shook his head. "Turn over," I told him, and he did.

I slid the diaper up underneath his bottom, snapping my fingers a little as I did it; he instinctively lifted his ass off the diaper, giving me enough room.

I walked over to the diaper bag and pulled out wipes and powder. He started laughing, and I could see his face get red; I hoped this wouldn't be too much for him. I pulled a wipe out and tossed his on his penis, causing him to wince.

"Holy cold, dude," he told me. "Why are you throwing icy stuff on my junk?"

"Sorry, bro... gotta wipe you down and powder you, part of the process." He nodded and braced for the next swipe. I got him wiped - skipping some areas, really - and then I squirted a blast of baby powder up his asscrack.

"Wow. Wow, wow, wow!" he kind of cried out, and it occurred to me that he'd probably just got a bast of icy on his asshole. "That is... wow." He kind of wiggled around, and the powder that hadn't settled yet got diverted onto the mattress next to him. I

warned him to be careful, explaining that the powder would make the tape less effective. "Oh, so it might not stick?" he asked me. I nodded, and he added helpfully, "I've got some tape in my toolbox that will make *anything* stick, so if I ruined that one, don't feel like you have to get out a whole new one, okay?"

I was reasonably confident that it would stick. I taped each tape on, making it snug as possible, and then patted the diaper.

"That's it?" he asked me. I nodded. "So can I move? Will it rip it?"

"Roll around," I told him. He did, rolling back and forth across the mattress a few times. I watched the diaper, hugging his bottom tightly, and marveled at how lucky I was. This dude was semi-tanned, toned, beautiful - and experiencing being diapered for the first time. With *me*.

FUCK YES.

Kyle sat up and kind of tested his diaper. Once he was comfortable that it was not going to rip he sat up and checked it some more.

"These are quality diapers, huh?" he joked. Then he jumped up off his bed and sort of leapt into the driver's seat. He pretended to drive the truck, even making some adorable *vroom vroom* noises.

"Breaker 1-9. Breaker 1-9. Kyle In Diapers to Christopher In Diapers. Breaker 1-9!" He was fake talking on the CB now - *at least, I hoped it was fake* - and I had to laugh. He turned back to me, a big dopey smile on his face. "Man, I can *totally* see myself wearing these while I'm driving!"

"Just those?" I asked hesitantly. He looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then nodded. "These... these under long underwear... just don't get into an accident, huh?"

Kyle came back into the sleeper cab, crawled onto the bed, and pushed me back until I was laying down. He jumped up, ass to me (fuck yea, again!), and flipped off most of the lights. He then kind of jumped on top of me, falling alongside me, and lay there. I lay still, and he put his arm across my chest and made a snoring sound.

"You're sleeping?" I asked him. He stopped snoring and started laughing.

"Nah, but I should be, huh?"

Then he asked me a question about diapers - what *I* got out of wearing them.

I found myself explaining them. In detail. For almost thirty minutes. I told him a lot of what I've told you, my blog readers. Allowed to play in diapers as a small child. Reluctantly stopped wearing them once I was taken out of them. Made homemade diapers... needed to have some 'little time' to feel comfortable...

"So you're the *little side*, huh?" he asked me at some point. "I saw that on Springer. Do you like to be rocked to sleep, and fed from a bottle, and spanked, stuff like that?" I nodded, and he reached over, patted around my diaper until he felt my ass, and then smacked it. Hard. "Nice!" I had to laugh.

"So what about you?" I asked. "Why the curiosity?"

There was a pause.

"Well, Chris," he finally said. "I've always kind of had an aversion to using the toilet. Ever since I was a little kid. Hated it."

"Really?"

"Yea, man," he continued. "I mean, when I was little I thought it was going to swallow my junk. I was potty trained late because I would refuse to use the toilet. My parents didn't keep me in diapers, but they had me using a potty chair right up until I went to kindergarten." He paused, and kind of laughed to himself. I could tell that explaining this was kind of difficult for him; as he spoke I put my arm around him, and it seemed to put him at ease. "So when I was in kindergarten I used to refuse to go, and try to hold it until I would get home, back to my chair. Well, sometimes I wouldn't make it..."

I let that sink in.

"So, did they ever put you back into diapers?" I asked him. I thought I could see where this was

going.

"Oh, hell no," he told me. "I wouldn't have let them then, anyway. But I wouldn't use the toilet, I always thought that it would flush my junk. I just wouldn't use it. Then one day I grew out of that. I don't even remember it. I just started going on the john, and that was it."

"What was that, like last year?" I joked, and he laughed and smacked my ass again, harder. I wasn't complaining. "So like... if you've been using the toilet all this time... why diapers, now?"

"Oh," he told me. "Well, I started using it, but I never stopped hating it. I would never shit in my pants, but as for pissing... why the fuck are you pissing in *water*? There's a drought in parts of this country, man. Why the FUCK are we pissing in a huge bowl of water, and then FLUSHING that shit, and wasting gallons of water with every flush? What kind of society is this?"

I had to admit that I didn't have the answer. Unless that answer was diapers. We both laughed aloud and, as we did, he put his hand on my diaper. Right on the front. I felt my penis started to harden, and I went with it... I moved my hand from his back to the backside of his diaper. He didn't object. It felt great.

"I think diapers just might be," he told me. "But up til now you know what I do? I piss outside whenever I can."

"Really?" I asked him.

"Yep!" he replied, and I could tell he was proud of himself. "Fuck toilets bro. I piss outdoors. At truck stops I just walk to the back of the truck. Or I pull over to the side of the road and move over to the passenger seat, lean out, and *go*. Even at my mom's place, I just walk onto her back deck and whip it out..."

"I bet the neighbors love *that*," I joked.

"They love her flower garden," he replied, mostly serious. "Nicest on the block. Well, the secret ingredient comes from this." I could tell he was pointing to his ween. "My dad used to get annoyed, but you know what? I never cared." He paused for a

moment, and started to shake a little, laughing to himself. My hand was kind of rubbing his bottom as he spoke, and his hand was rubbing the front of my diaper. It didn't even feel strange. "I even pissed on his grave," he finally said.

"Really?" I asked him. I was kind of surprised. I'd heard the expression, but I'd never heard of anyone actually *doing it*.

"Yea, man," he told me. "I was angry after he died. He was cheating on my mom, man. On *me*. On *us*. On our *family*. So I used to drive out to the cemetery, wait til there was nobody around, and just whip it out and pee."

"Wow," I replied. "I'm surprised. I mean, not... surprised, but... you know..."

(I really didn't know what to say).

"Pissed *everywhere*, dude. On his headstone. On *him*. I figured he was going to miss the best years of my life... I was going to leave some of the best of me with him everytime I went to see him. But I'm not angry anymore..."

"Oh, so you've stopped doing that?" I surmised, kind of relieved. I felt bad, thinking of his dad, laying under the ground, his sun urinating all over him.

"Nah, still do. I just pee outdoors, bro. I'm just not angry anymore when I do it."

We both lay there, kind of leaning on each other now, me rubbing his bottom and Kyle rubbing my cock. I was hard, and I wondered if he was too.

"So... I get that, but... why diapers?" I was still trying to make the connection between urinating in nature and urinating in Pampers.

"Well," he told me, "the minute I saw that shit on Jerry I was like... I need to try that! I mean... I am sitting in this truck all day, and... here's a fucking diaper that I can just piss in *as I drive*. That's like a dream come true!"

"Really?" I asked, skeptical. "I mean... you'll be driving down the road in your own piss."



"Hmm," he replied, and I could tell he was thinking about this. "Well, do you think it will wash off in the shower? Or will it always be stuck to me. Like forever?"

"Sarcastic much?" I replied, and gave *his* ass a good hard smack. He laughed and yelped a little.

"Because I thought about that already, Chris. They don't just let any old retard drive an 18-wheeler, you know. I first thought I could just pee and then peel it off and toss it out the window. Then I realized that's wasteful, and here I am trying to further the water conservation cause and I'm going to *litter*?!? Nah, B. So instead I thought, I'll wet and wear. And then change in the truck stop. I don't care. I *think*..."

"You *think*?"

"Well, this is why I want to *try* them. And here I am.... ahhhhhh."

I had to laugh at his relieved sigh. As if I'd been a part of his plan all along, and he was just waiting for someone to show up with a bag of diapers to put his plan into action.

"And the masturbation... dude, truck drivers are a horny bunch of fuckers. I was reading online about how people just jerk in these things, and I thought... win/win!"

I laughed. I use that phrase all the time.

"Bro, can I put my hand on your dick?" he asked, kind of catching me off guard.

"I think it kind of... *is*," I replied. He snickered and reached into my diaper, putting his hand directly on my penis. I'd been wearing my diaper since earlier, and it wasn't snug anymore, so it wasn't hard for him to get his hand in there. My dick was hard, but as soon as he touched it I could feel it start to soften. I wondered if he noticed, too.

"Can I put my hand on your ass?" I asked him.

"I think it kind of... *ISSSSS!*" he replied, drawing out the word 'is' and obviously mocking my earlier answer. He started giggling and said, "please, grope away." I pulled the wasteband of his diaper away from his back and slid my hand in, pushing my

hand down towards the base of his bottom. He instinctively pulled his knees apart, and I let my hand settle at the bottom of his diaper. I started rubbing his balls gently, and he moaned a little.

"On top of my diaper," I told him. He stopped rubbing for a minute, and I repeated it. "On top." I could tell he was confused, but he pulled his hand out of my diaper and put it on the top before he resumed rubbing. "Harder, okay?" I didn't have to ask twice; Kyle's hand started rubbing up and down my shaft, through the diaper, with a friction I hadn't felt before.

"Feels good," he told me. I couldn't tell if he was disappointed that I'd asked him to take his hand out, but I've always had a problem with direct contact - almost every masturbatory experience I've ever had, and almost every sexual experience, has been dick-in-diaper. He continued to rub, and I continued to rub his ass.

"*Feels GREAT,*" I told him.

The rubbing went on for a while, and I could feel myself hardening. I wasn't sure if it was the constant friction, his body laying up against mine, or my hand practically fingering that perfect ass, but I was hard as fuck, and totally relaxed. As he rubbed I tried to reach around and feel for his penis, hoping to get him hard as well, but he stopped me.

"Ass, man. Keep on doing what you're doing." He sounded totally different, and I could tell that he was totally into it. I put my hand back on his ass, rubbing harder now. I played with his asshole a little, lightly at first, and then kind of getting into it. He started humping a little, and began rubbing my diaper up and down, side to side.

I'm not sure how long it went on, but after a little while I could feel that I was about to come. I didn't know whether to say anything, so I didn't. I was surprised... when I ejaculate it almost always comes from humping, and someone getting me to come by rubbing on my joint is a challenge. This dude was down for it, and he did it. I squirted, probably harder than I ever had before. It felt *great*.

"Dude..."

That was all I could muster. He understood, though,

because he started laughing a little, stopped rubbing, and changed up positions, spreading his knees wider and giving me room to play with his ass with my other hand.

And play with his ass I did.

I won't go further into detail, but at some point Kyle pulled his diaper down to the base of his penis, pulled his XXL stick out, hard as fuck, and announced that he was going to come. I stopped moving my hands and he urged me not to.

Then, he came.

I've seen porno movies where the dude comes straight up into the air, but I'd never seen it in real life. Until that day. But as I played with Kyle's anus, and he writhed around jerking his dick, a spurt of semen came out that squirted more than a foot into the air. It looked like one of those fountains at Walt Disney World, sorta following a track and coming in for a landing on his chest.

It was amazing to me; I'd only come in my diaper, and I'd seen guys come into their hands, into condoms, into diapers. Never straight up into the air.

It was... hot.

As soon as it was over Kyle pulled his diaper right back up over his penis. He straddled me and pulled my shirt off - a surprise to me, but I didn't object - and then he lay down on top of me, the cum on his stomach and chest sticking between the two of us. It felt... awesome.

"Is this okay?" he asked me. I nodded. He purred a little and I could feel him go limp.

"If you're going to use diapers to keep the truck clean, you're going to have to learn how to come *inside* the diaper," I told him. He laughed and shook his head.

"That's a lesson you can teach me the next time I see you," he told me. "Is that okay?"

I nodded. This dude had just come, *and* he wanted to see me again?

*FUCK. YES.*

We were both asleep within a few minutes.

A lot of times, when I'm laying beside some hot-as-fuck diaper boy - including, to be honest, many of you who're reading this blog, and you know who you are - I feel lucky as fuck. My thoughts race, and I realize how lucky I am to have had this fetish... and to have discovered this community... and to have found... well, *you*.

But this night, I just fell asleep. And I'm not sure about him, but in a tractor trailer sleeper cab, in a snowed-in parking lot, in the middle of a snowstorm, I had the best night's sleep I'd had in a long time.

I felt like I *belonged there*...



### PART III

I awoke to the sounds of clinking glass. The sun was shining, peeking through the curtains of the windshield, and I looked up to see Kyle's diaper-clad ass bent over the coffee maker, making a pot of coffee. *Nice!*

"Oh, you're awake," Kyle said, smiling. "Nice. I was just about to make us some coffee. Want breakfast?"

"What's for breakfast?" I asked groggily. He smiled and picked up a box of donuts, clearly from the gas station.

"Coffee and donuts," he replied. "Best I could do on short notice."

I looked across the parking lot, scanning the line of cars. I expected to see a huge mound of snow where my car sat, but instead I saw it, clear as day - with no snow on it at all. Beside it sat cars covered in snow mountains on both sides. Kyle saw the perplexed look on my face and laughed.

"I've been up since six," he told me. "I can't turn off my body clock just because of a snowstorm."

"Did you... brush off my car?" I asked him. He smiled and nodded. "Wow... thanks..."

"Don't mention it. That's what friends do, man."

It occurred to me that maybe Kyle was just in a hurry to leave. So I asked him, point blank, if he needed to hit the road.

"Not just yet," he said. "I have a few questions for you over breakfast..."

So Kyle poured two cups of coffee and we moved to the front of the truck, taking up our original positions on the seats. Kyle gave me my choice of donuts first - powdered or chocolate - and then took two for himself. We sat up high, looking out over the parking lot, sipping delicious coffee and stale donuts. I was still on a high from the night before, but wondering if Kyle had any regrets...

"So you said you had some questions for me?" I asked him. He nodded but kept sipping, then took another bite of donut, and then another sip. I wondered if he was hesitant, or just hungry.

Finally, he spoke.

"I was wondering... I know you wet them. But do you... you know..."

"Mess?" I completed his sentence. I knew even hard-core ABDLs have trouble with this question, so I wasn't as surprised that he did, as that he was asking it at all. "Hardly ever."

"Oh, for real?" He sounded surprised. "You mean... you *have*, then?"

"I think everyone who is into diapers has at least once," I told him. "But it's hard to clean up, so..."

I trailed off. I wondered why he was asking. He laughed wryly, and I could see him picturing me trying to clean up a messy diaper. I wondered if it was his or mine...

"I just wondered. I don't think I ever will but... there are times that you just can't find a bathroom. So I wondered if it was like, noticeable..."

"Very much so," I told him, hoping to dispel any notion in his mind that he could walk into a truck stop in a messy diaper and not be noticed. "It will stink up your truck, too. So... think of that..."

"Oh, I'm not going to ever do it, I don't think. I just wondered. But I had another question..."

"Shoot."

"I noticed that you have a bunch in that bag," he continued. "I was wondering if I could buy some from you?"

I had to laugh. I'd just had one of the best nights I'd had in a long time, followed by a semi-delicious breakfast. I'd just give him some, of course. I'd thought about it anyway.

"You can just have some," I told him.

"No, I wouldn't just take them," he cut me off. "I make enough money to afford my own, I just - well, since they're here, and you're here, I just wanted to try a few more times before I buy them..."

"Try before you buy?" I asked him, and we both laughed. I nodded. "But I'm not selling them to you. You gave me a comfortable place to stay, you fed me breakfast, *and* you brushed the snow off my car. You can have some." I counted out six from the bag, leaving me just one. He smiled.

"One for you. Want me to put it on you?" he asked.

"Well, I'm not really planning on wearing it - " I began, but then I stopped myself. *Chris, what the fuck are you DOING?* "I mean... sure, as long as I can put yours on you." He laughed, and explained that he was just going to wear the one he had on. But then he, too, seemed to think better of it.

"I mean... sure, bro."

I crawled into the back of the truck and lay on the bed. He peeled my diaper off, wadded it up, and tossed it into the wastebasket, and then proceeded to wipe me, slide my last diaper up underneath me, and diaper me like he'd done it hundreds of times before. He was a *natural*. I pulled my pants up and he switched positions with me, and you best believe I took my time powdering that beautiful bottom - it

might be the last time I'd ever see it.

Before he left he took my cell number. He didn't have a cell phone, he told me, and I wondered if that was really true, or if he just didn't want to give it to me. It made me kind of sad, thinking that maybe he just wanted to put this experience in his rear-view and drive away. His explanation made sense, though... too much money with all the roaming charges. (Some of y'all li'l abies don't even know what that means, probably). So I asked him to call me the next time he was in town.

"I'm not in New York that often," he told me.

*That's it, I thought. This will be the last time I see the kid.* I gazed at his ass one more time. I was sad, but at the same time I realized how lucky I'd been - I'd gotten to diaper someone cool as fuck, and beautiful too. And he was a nice person. *Of course* he'd want to drive away from this... it's not normal.

And, as I drove away myself, I was hit with that post-ejaculation diaper-guilt.

That depression that hits you after you've hung out with a cool diaperboy and they have to hit the road.

If you've met ABies from out of town you know what I'm talking about. I've felt it after visits from a few collegebabies in Orlando - you're in your element, hanging out in diapers with someone who totally *gets you*, and then - *BAM!* - they're gone.

The depression hits, even if you know you'll see them again.

When you don't know... it's kinda intense.



I didn't hear from Kyle that week. Or the next. Or the next.

That didn't stop me from thinking about him. *A lot.*

During my diaper time I replayed diapering him in my mind. I pictured his ass *a lot*. And I kept thinking about how he'd brushed off my car, and iced off the windshield and windows, and bought me breakfast, and made me coffee, and...

In other words, I thought about that night quite a bit.

I wondered if Kyle actually had worn the diapers I'd given him. Or if he'd had second thoughts, panged by guilt, and just thrown them in a trash bin down the road.

For at least a few weekends after my overnight I found reasons to break away, head down the Thruway, and - of course - listen to the CB radio as I drove. I thought I might hear his voice. I was hopeful, even though part of me figured if he wouldn't call, he wouldn't want to hear my voice on the radio, either.

Still, I was sad.

And then one day he called!

"Chris," said the voice on the phone, from a number I didn't recognize. "Guess who got the courage to buy a bag?"

"You?" I guessed, trying to contain my excitement at hearing his voice.

"You know it, man!"

"Wow," I replied. I probably sounded surprised that he'd bought his own bag of diapers, but I was more surprised that he'd called! "That's... awesome, Kyle."

"I know," he told me, clearly proud of himself. "I almost bought some twice. The third time was the charm. Attends. Size medium."

"Those are really good ones." (At the time, they *were*). "So did you wear the ones I left with you?"

"Pfffft. Those were gone in the first week. And I'll be honest, Chris... I kind of got used to having them on. When I didn't have one the day after I wore the last I almost pissed myself in my truck. I just pretty much forgot."

"I know that feeling," I told him.

"I'm going to be back in New York in a few weeks, and I want to see you," he told me. I almost jumped for joy. "I have a short stop, but if you come I'll

haul ass to get there, and then haul ass to make up the time."

"When? I'm down," I replied. He had *no idea* how down I was...



Our next visit was almost identical to the first, except for the snow. Spring had almost arrived, and it was unseasonably warm. So warm that he had vents open on the truck, and as we humped on each other and jerked we could hear the voices of truck drivers around us. It was surreal, but I get into being diapered in public so it was kind of hot, as well.

After we'd both ejaculated Kyle lay next to me and put his knee over me. He kind of cuddled me - *I love that* - and we lay there, just sort of breathing on each other. And then, to break the silence, I explained how hot I thought it was that people were right outside the truck when we were humping.

"So you... like it when people watch?" Kyle said in a mock sexy voice, and I had to laugh.

"Not so much when they watch me jacking in diapers," I explained. "That's kind of creepy. But I just like being so close to people when I'm in diapers period. I like to feel like it's normal, like I can just.... *wear them.*"

And with that I began explaining how much I loved wearing nothing but a diaper at the cottage. I told him stories about how I'd first discovered the freedom of stripping down to my diaper and walking around outside. And how I'd realized how natural it felt, like clothes were something meant to constrain us and diapers were all we were ever supposed to wear. I wondered if he'd think I was a weirdo, but I was on a roll, and he seemed to cuddle a little tighter as I went on.

"Have you ever gotten... *caught?*" he interrupted me at one point, and I realized I had a whole new batch of stories to tell. I told him about the time I'd fallen asleep on the dock, the sunshine warming my diapered bum, and woke up just in time to hear my neighbors coming down their driveway. And about the time that a fisherman had motored up to me as

my boat took on water, and found me in nothing but actual Huggies, just as I pulled my swim trunks up over my diapers. And about the time my grandmother had come down to the cottage and peered through the screen as I lay in just a diaper, and then left, thinking I was sleeping - I'd always wondered if she had realized what I was wearing, but never wanted to ask. Kyle laughed at this last story.

"I can't even imagine," he told me. "But I kind of know what you mean. A week ago I was in this shower stall in Mobile, and this guy walks into the showers and just walked up to the door and started shaking it. Before I could even tell him I was in it he door opens, and sure enough his mouth drops open, because I'm standing there in just a diaper." I had to laugh at the thought of that. "I mean, I was about to get into the shower, I was just setting my stuff out. So my diaper is soaked, and honestly Chris, it kind of reeked a little. And he just stares for a minute, and then he apologized and backed out. Honestly, I was glad I was wearing a diaper... serves his big beastly ass right for shaking the door like that."

"Honestly, Kyle, that's kind of hot," I told him.

"I knew you'd think so," he told me. "That's why I shared it with you."

Kyle and I had the occasion to meet several more times. Each time he would give me a week's notice, and then call me when he was in town. I'd never know where he was going to call me from - he either didn't want to give me his cell phone or really didn't have one - but I'd always get excited when I'd see some random area code on my phone, hoping it would be him. Sometimes it wasn't - talk about a letdown. But whenever it was, it pretty much made my week.

Each time that Kyle visited we'd diaper each other and jerk off. I'd share diaper stories from growing up, and he'd tell me more about his own, very recent diaper experiences. It was kind of fascinating, getting to talk to Kyle about his experiences. I knew he'd probably never be a true ABDL, but he seemed to be becoming a diaper fetishist, as evidenced by his last visit - he pulled a drawer out and showed me his 'stash' - the kid was picking up on the

terminology - and he confided that he'd started jerking off into his diapers - and loved it.



The last time we'd meet at a truck stop I, of course, had no idea it would be the last time.

I also had no idea that Kyle would be in town. He hadn't called. In fact, I hadn't heard from him in quite a while. I wasn't worried - we'd become close enough that I figured I'd hear from him again. I figured, in fact, that we'd be friends for life - we'd certainly shared enough sexual experiences and stories for it. But he hadn't called, and I was driving down the Thruway one day, CB radio on for no particular reason, when I heard his voice.

*"Diaper Kyle to Diaper Chris, c'mon."*

At first I thought I was hearing things. I turned the radio up and listened.

*"Diaper Kyle to Diaper Chris, c'mon."*

WTF?

I picked up the radio mic.

"Uhhhh... this is... Chris. Over."

*"Chris, this is Diaper Kyle. I've got a layover at the truck stop, c'mon."*

"I will... be... right... there."

I wondered why Kyle hadn't called. It was by sheer luck that I'd been on the Thruway, and by sheer luck that I'd had the CB radio on. I almost couldn't believe the chances that I'd heard his voice - the odds must have been a million to one that I'd be driving in the area the same time he was calling for me.

Still, I had to laugh at the fact that he was using the handles he'd given us the first night we'd met. That had been more than a year before, and he still remembered. I was a little ashamed for not having used mine when I replied. I still felt like I was in shock a little...

I pulled in to the truck stop and looked for Kyle's truck. I didn't see it.

*Maybe my mind had been playing tricks on me...*

Just then a USExpress truck pulled in behind me. I looked up into the cab and sure enough, it was Kyle. He gave me a huge smile and a wave, and then blasted the truck horn. I parked, got out, and walked over to him. He jumped down from the cab, walked over to me, threw his arms around me, and gave me a huge hug.

"Bro... I thought I was never going to see you again," he told me.

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused. I couldn't wait for this kid's visits.

"Bro... I lost your number. They gave me a new truck, and I forgot to take my pad out of the old one. And your number was gone."

*Shit...*

"I was just hoping you'd be on the radio, and then I realized I was about to pass your car!" he continued. (I had a vanity license plate that made my car stand out, which is how he'd recognized it). "And there you were! I was so relieved..."

It meant *a lot* to me that Kyle had been worried about not being able to see *me* again. It reminded me of how I'd felt the first time he'd driven away.

"Here, here's my card," I told him. I pulled my business card out of my wallet and handed him one. I explained how I did some freelance work and had printed business cards so I could try to expand my reach.

"Want me to pin them on truck stop bulletin boards across the country?" he asked me. "That will expand it. *PROFESSIONAL DIAPER-ER - JUST CALL DIAPER CHRIS!*"

This was before the 'abysitter' title, and I had to laugh at the idea of diapering people professionally. He laughed too, and I shook my head.

"Nah, but here, have another," I told him, flinging a card into the sleeper cab. I turned to look to see where it landed and realized that the setup in the back was much, *much* nicer. The bed was an island, and bigger, and the truck had real windows now, with curtains and everything. Kyle could see that I was impressed and he gave me a quick tour.

The tour consisted of showing me how everything was bigger - "bigger bed... bigger coffee maker... bigger microwave... bigger television... bigger windows..."

"Your last truck didn't have windows," I reminded him.



"It had vents. These are just bigger vents," he replied. I looked skeptical and he laughed. "Okay, well... did my old truck have this?" he lifted the mattress and pulled out part of the bed and I saw what was clearly a porta-toilet of some kind. I can only imagine that the look on my face was a mixture of horror and disgust, because he burst out laughing and assured me he'd never use it. "But bro... I have one of only a few trucks in this whole fleet with a toilet. I wasn't going to argue with them,

because this truck is sick but... they should've given it to one of the old guys. I'll never even use it." He winked at me, and I had to laugh.

I rarely travel without diapers, but this was one of those occasions. I explained my predicament, and Kyle told me I didn't have to worry - he'd brought some.

"You shared yours with me, now it's time for me to return the favor."

And, with more room in the truck, his stash, he explained, had expanded. He pulled out his diaper drawer, and I was surprised to see diapers that I'd never seen before. He had Molicare diapers - you couldn't find them in any store *I'd* ever been to - and I instinctively grabbed one.

"So you're a Molicare guy, huh?" he asked me. I told him I'd never worn a Molicare before, and he told me I was in for a treat. "I used to be afraid to stop in and buy diapers at the drug store. Now I pull my truck right in front of this healthcare place in South Carolina and just stock up," he explained. "They have all kinds of diapers I bet you've never seen. I'll try to get a different bag every time I stop there, give you a selection."

This was before mail-order diaper services like XPMedical were popular. I was excited.

I was even more excited when Kyle informed me that he'd gotten ahead of schedule by almost a whole day.

"I can actually just hang out tomorrow," he explained. "I skipped some sleep so I could get here, I was hoping I'd somehow connect with you. I was ready to just sit on the radio and call you every five minutes for the whole day. I can't believe you were right in front of me."

"You were going to call out *Diaper Kyle to Diaper Chris* for a whole day?" I asked him. He laughed and rolled his eyes.

"I was going to lay down in the back and do it," he confided. "I know it'd get annoying after a while. But if nobody knows who Diaper Kyle is... I'm okay."

I had to laugh at that.

This was the last time Kyle and I would meet at a truck stop - and the second-to-last time we would meet. Neither of us knew it at the time, of course. But it's as if our penises did. Because Kyle not only diapered me, but he - for no explicable reason - kneeled over me and rubbed the front of my diaper. For something like thirty minutes. Then he got undressed, climbed back over me but in reverse, and continued to rub - I was *hard as fuck* - with that beautiful bottom right in my face. I played with his dick, getting *him* hard, and at some point I told him to lay down so I could hump. He lay on his stomach - no diaper - humping his bed, his ass right up in my face, and I humped the fuck out of that diaper.

I'm not sure if it was his bare bottom, or the fact that it was a molicare, or just knowing how lucky I'd been to connect with him - or maybe a combination of the three - but when I finally came, I came for what felt like five minutes, and it was fucking *explosive*. It took me back to that feeling I'd gotten the first time I ever ejaculated - it was *that good*. I felt myself trembling - *that almost never happens* - and I could feel myself squirting so hard that I was surprised none squirted up past the waistband.

"Intense, right?" Kyle asked me when I was done. I nodded. "Yeah, they really know how to make the material in those Molicares. It's like they know that we jerk off in them."

Kyle still wasn't diapered, and I half-heartedly asked him if he wanted me to put one on him. He shook his head and began to grip his joint, stroking it furiously. It had taken me something like thirty minutes to ejaculate - *I've always taken forever, something that's great when you want the pleasure to last, but not-so-great when you want the other person not to have to clear their calendar for a sexual encounter*. It took Kyle about thirty seconds. And he seemed to have just as strong a reaction as I did; he squirted higher and longer than he had before, and some of his semen actually came down and hit me in the face.

"Dude... what the fuck," I said, and we both started laughing.

"Blame yourself... you got me started," he told me. He wiped my face with his hand, and then grabbed

a diaper and baby wipe, hit my face and his penis in one swoop. He then lay next to me, pulled his diaper up underneath his ass, and taped it on.

"You got good at that," I told him. "When you first tried you had no idea..."

He nodded proudly.

"Practice makes perfect," he told me. "I pretty much wear these every night, and a lot during the day now."

I think the fact that we'd both Old Faithful'd just a little while before made us sleepy. We lay on top of each other, kind of cuddling, and both of us were asleep within a few minutes.

The next day Kyle and I walked across the street to the diner, both of us still diapered. We got to have a *real* breakfast, not from the gas station. As we downed pancakes and coffee Kyle asked me to share some stories about other encounters I'd had. I had not had very many then, but I shared some stories about my Pampz-for-pay episodes, and Kyle stopped me to let me know that, if he wasn't an OTR truck driver, I'd *never* have to pay to put someone in diapers.

"If I lived here, I'd be over every night," he told me. He laughed at the look on my face, a mixture of surprise and disbelief. *Did he like it that much?*

"You better believe I'd be down for that," I said. I was sad again - he'd be driving off, and it would probably be weeks, or months, before we'd see each other again.

Still, as we ate breakfast, and talked about diapered sexual encounters in a public place like nobody else was around us, I remembered, yet again, how lucky I was.

I wondered if I'd ever be lucky enough to have someone locally who was into diapers like I was.

Kyle and I returned to his truck and sat in the cab, talking for a bit. Then he suggested we go at it again. I couldn't say no. So I found myself, just half a day after one of the most powerful sexual experiences of my life thusfar (or probably since, lol), in the sleeper cab, humping the shit out of



Kyle's new island bed, using his beautiful bottom as my personal pillow.

Bam. It was over.

I started to rub Kyle's diaper and he stopped me.

"I don't want to come, man," he told me. "I just wanted you to be able to. I gotta drive in a while, best to be alert."

It felt awesome to know that Kyle had done that just for me.

But then he admitted he had an ulterior motive.

"After a half dozen cups of coffee I have to piss pretty hard," he told me. "I'm about to soak this thing. Can you change me after?"

I laughed.

"Bro... you don't even have to ask..."

I tried to think if I'd ever even seen him in a wet diaper. I didn't think I had. *This* would be hot.

A few minutes later he was soaked. A few minutes after that, so was I. Instead of changing him right away I pulled him on top of me. I love the feeling of someone else's soaked diaper all up on me, and it was *hot* - if I hadn't just ejaculated twice in twelve hours I might have gotten hard again. We lay there for what must have been an hour or two, neither of us talking. Finally Kyle's watch alarm went off. He shook his head sadly and announced that he had to hit the road to stay on schedule.

"Let me change your diaper first," I offered. He obediently turned over and pulled his knees up toward him, and I grabbed a diaper out of the drawer - I wasn't even sure what kind it was - and I tore his wet diaper off, wiped and powdered that amazing ass, and put the fresh diaper on him.

"Want me to change you?" he asked me.

I shook my head. I was headed home - I'd moved to the city near the truck stop by this time, so I was almost there, I explained. "Ah, you wanna drive away damp... I understand," he told me. Then he asked me if I would throw his wet diaper out on my

way. "I'll probably drive straight through about ten hours before I stop," he told me. "This diaper will be soaked by then... I don't need two wet diapers to deal with." I agreed.

I got dressed and stepped out of the truck. Kyle joined me on the pavement and gave me a huge hug. I walked over to the car, soaked Kyle diaper in my hand, kind of holding it like a trophy. It probably sounds weird, but some of you know might know what I'm talking about... I had the soaking wet diaper of someone I'd introduced to diapers in my hand, and it felt *good*. I didn't care who saw. If I didn't know that diaper would stink like a motherfucker the next day, I probably would've kept that shit.

I drove home with it, and tossed it into the trash bin in my kitchen. Before I went to bed I changed my own diaper, and, as I went to throw the old one into the trash, I caught a whiff of Kyle's diaper - it still smelled like Kyle, and made me hard. I went up to bed, lay down, and humped.

I came. It wasn't *nearly* as amazing as when I'd come with Kyle, and I sadly wondered if I'd ever experience something like that again.

Still, as I drifted off to sleep I realized, once again, how fucking lucky I am.

There are times when being ABDL has felt like a curse. But in this tiny little sliver of the universe, in the back of an OTR truck driver's sleeper cab, for those few hours every few weeks when it was parked at the truck stop, I felt like I was in heaven.

I wouldn't give up being addicted to diapers for *anything*.



#### **PART IV: THE END**

I awoke to the sound of a knock at the door.

At first I thought I must be dreaming. I checked my flip phone, plugged in on the table next to me. It was 1 a.m.

No missed calls.

Who could be at the door?

My first thought was my next door neighbor, Andrea. She'd told me that she was having a friend over while her children were out of town with their father... I doubted she'd be knocking on my door at 1 a.m., but the building was a mess, with basement flooding, electricity issues, and bats in the attic. (You may have read my story about that in a previous blog entry). Maybe something had happened.

I put pajamas over my diaper and stumbled around looking for a t-shirt. Finally finding one I put it on and made my way down the stairs to the front door. I peeked out of the blinds and could clearly make out the form of a male.

Hmm.

Andrea's friend?

Or could it be a prison guard from two doors down? The third apartment in our building was essentially a flop house for prison guards. It was occupied by at least ten guards who used it overnights on occasion, since all lived in another part of the state and were only working at the prison nearby until they could get re-assigned to one closer to home. This low seniority in the prison system meant that they were young, fit males; I'd hoped that one would knock on my door at 1 a.m. many times, but never thought it would actually happen.

Now I wondered... *wtf?* Wrong apartment?

I opened the door and, instead of finding a prison guard, I saw a trucker.

It was Kyle.

The look on my face must have been one of complete surprise, because he instantly started laughing. He held my business card up to my eye line, and there I caught it: my apartment address.

"Maybe I should have called first," he told me.

"Well... it's okay... I mean... what are you..." I mumbled.

"What am I doing here?" Kyle asked, a big smile forming on his face. "Waking you up, apparently. Can I come in?"

I was surprised, to say the least. I moved out of his way, and he stepped past me and flung a backpack onto the floor. I stepped out into the parking lot and looked around. A prison guard stood outside the apartment to the right, smoking a cigarette. He nodded. I nodded back. I looked around the parking lot, which was filled with vehicles, as it often was from midnight to morning. I didn't see a Corvette. I wondered where Kyle had parked. I turned around to ask him, and saw that he was butt naked in my kitchen. My train of thought now completely vanished, I simply closed the door.

Kyle walked up to me and patted my bottom. *Crinkle, crinkle, crinkle.*

"Good, I'm glad to see that you're wearing a diaper," he told me. "Now I know you're not just some fake who shows up at truck stops pretending to be into this diaper fetish thing." I laughed, because I'd told Kyle about my theory that some of the people in our community aren't really into diapers at all, that they pretend just to be to meet hot young diaperboys. Kyle had remembered.

"I am running low on diapers," I admitted. I lived at the time in an apartment more than an hour in two directions from my source of diapers, and I'd been picking up a lot of OT shifts. I had only a few left.

"Not to worry, bro," Kyle replied, pointing at his backpack. "I came prepared." With that he unzipped it and revealed Molicares, Attends, and some other diapers I'd never seen before.

Kyle zipped it up and tossed the bag at me, and I caught it. Then he dropped to his knees, lay on his back, and began kicking his feet in the air, sucking his thumb.

"Uhhh... let's go upstairs," I suggested. He nodded vigorously but made no attempt to move. I walked to the stairs, turned, and waited. He continued to lay on the floor.

"You have to carry me," he informed me. I had to laugh. Kyle was slim and fit, but muscular and I knew there was no way in hell I could lift him off

the ground, let alone carry him. I shook my head. "Then I'm not moving!" he told me. He was trying to use a little kid's voice, and while he didn't do a very good job his attempt was adorable. His legs continued to kick, and I had a thought. I walked over to him, bent over, and gave him about as hard a smack on his bottom as I could manage. He looked surprised, but instantly stopped kicking. "Oh yea," he said, in the voice of a grown-ass Kyle now. "Okay, I forgot you were into that, too. Yes, I will crawl..."

And with that he crawled across the floor, put one knee up onto the stairs, and began the long, slow crawl up to the top. I stood behind him, carrying his diaper bag, his amazing bottom in my face the whole way. *I love an amazing bottom.* I was in heaven. When we got to the top of the stairs he waited for me to point the way. I directed him into the bedroom and up onto my bed. It seemed a shame to cover that ass with a diaper, but I pulled out the mystery diaper and taped it on him.

The diaper turned out to be some cheap-o drugstore diaper. I immediately wished I'd picked the Attend; they were thicker and had a better quality covering. Still, the thin diaper I'd chosen made Kyle's ass show very nicely. I turned him over and pushed him toward the top of my bed, then lay down on the mattress between his legs. I put my face down on his diapered bum and began to hump. He let out a kind of yawn, stretched, and pushed his bottom up into my face a little.

*I love using an amazing diapered bottom as my pillow.*

I continued to hump. At some point I pushed my fingers into the leggings of his diaper and found his penis. It was hard. As I humped I began playing with his shaft, rubbing it back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. I felt it grow even more, and that made me get even harder. I was humping faster now, and Kyle spread his knees and kind of pushed his ass up into the air. I put my chin square in the center of his behind, rubbed the tip of his penis, and continued to hump. Kyle began to shudder, and after about thirty seconds told me that he was about to squirt. I immediately stopped what I was doing and let him go soft.

"Damn, bro," he said. "That's just mean." Kyle was

laughing, and I let him know I'd help him come after I was finished. He shook his head. "You're torturing me, huh?"

Then Kyle asked me if it was okay if he wet his diaper.

"You mean while I'm doing my thing?" I asked him. ("My thing" is code for humping, for anyone who hasn't yet figured that out). Kyle nodded. I'd never had someone wet their diaper while I was doing it, and I wondered how that would affect my whole humping routine. Still, I realized that I hadn't asked if Kyle had to use the bathroom before he'd arrived. I agreed.

Have you ever felt someone wet their diaper? It's *hot as fuck*. I've since experienced it a few times, but this was my first. With my fingers still inside of Kyle's diaper, he flooded it. My fingers got soaked, and I removed them, placing my hands square underneath the front of his diaper.

I could feel the diaper get warm - almost hot - and get soggy soaking wet. It was an amazing feeling, and as I lay resting my head on his bottom I could feel the wetness travel up his asscrack and begin to change the consistency of the part of his diaper that was serving as my pillow.

"You really had to piss, huh bro?" I asked him. He nodded vigorously. "Wow, I'm not sure if I've ever felt such a wet diaper..."

"Fuck," he replied. "I think I leaked."

I pulled my hands out from underneath him and felt around. Sure enough, he had. My bed had a big wet spot on it.

"I'm sorry, Chris," he told me, and I could see that he was embarrassed. "I didn't mean to get your mattress wet. I'll pay for that to be cleaned, okay?"

*Nonsense!* I explained to Kyle that I had to do laundry anyway.

"Besides," I told him, "do you think this is the first time that my bed has gotten wet from a leaky diaper? *Really?*"

Kyle laughed and seemed to feel more comfortable

again. I pushed my hands back up under his joint and, as I did, I could feel the diaper leaking even more. I pushed my face back into his bum and noticed that it had a completely difference feeling now - no longer was it soft and padded - it was wet and kind of hard. I sort of preferred the softness of the dry diaper, but this was a new experience and I wanted to try it...

I continued to hump. Kyle smelled of pee, now. I couldn't tell whether to be turned on or disgusted. I've never gotten into water sports (although I've always been very curious about it), but something about a hot trucker with an amazing ass laying in a soaked diaper seemed *hot*. I busted just a few minutes later, and flipped an all-to-willing Kyle over so that I could play with *his* for a little.

Kyle was hard again, and it didn't take long for him to get even harder. But he had a special request.

"Yo, Chris... can I hump on *you* this time?" he asked. I agreed and began to turn over and move to his position on the bed, but he shook his head. "Just lay still," he told me. Kyle then proceeded to crawl up onto me, lining his soaking wet diaper up with my diaper. He humped for about two minutes, shivered, smiles, and lay still.

"That... was... amazing," he told me. I was glad that he'd had such an amazing experience, but I realized how one-sided diaper humping is. I was seeing it from the other side; the person doing the diaper humping is ejaculating and you're just laying there waiting for it to be over. Still, I couldn't complain; it was hot AF. The aww-so-cute smile on his face was the icing on the cake. Kyle still on top of me, I couldn't move. I asked him to turn off the light, and he reached over and did, then lay back on top of me, his head resting on my chest.

He put his thumb in his mouth. I knew he was just doing the 'little' thing to make me happy, since he'd never mentioned being into the AB side before, but it made my heart melt. As I lay in bed I stared at the ceiling, watching an orange glow from outside flickering - probably someone having a campfire on the beach across from the apartment, I thought. Kyle began to breath heavily, and I could tell that he was asleep. I pulled his legs apart so that he was straddling me, and tried to make myself a little more comfortable. A few minutes later, so was I.



*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!*

I was again awoken to the sound of knocking. This time it was louder and more deliberate. I looked around. Kyle was laying next to me, his soaked butt poking into my side. I rolled over and climbed out of bed, put on a pair of shorts over my still-dry diaper, and walked to the stairs. Kyle remained sleeping.

*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!*

"Coming!" I shouted. I wondered who could be at my door now. Had Kyle blocked someone in? Was Andrea's car broken down again? I looked at the clock on the stereo; it was after 8. I walked into the living room. The blinds were closed, but it still seemed dark. I hoped that it wasn't raining; I'd wanted to take Kyle across the street to the beach, maybe even go swimming before he left.

I opened the door. In front of me stood a sheriff's deputy. He looked at me. I was surprised to see law enforcement at the door. I stepped outside and looked around. Andrea was gone, as was her 'friend'. All the prison guards were gone as well. The parking lot was empty, save for the Sheriff vehicle. Nothing seemed to be going on. Hmm.

"I'm trying to figure out who belongs to the truck," the deputy explained.

I looked around. He was standing in front of an SUV with "XXXX SHERIFF" on the side. I looked at him, a little perplexed by the question.

"Isn't that yours?" I asked.

"Not the Tahoe," he told me. "The big rig."

I stepped outside and looked around again.

"Around front. Parked on the street," he said.

"Wait," I asked him. "Do you mean to tell me there's a...." my voice trailed off. I could hear Kyle stirring upstairs, and then heard his feet hit the floor.

"US Express?" the deputy offered, trying to be helpful.

"Uhhh... that might be my friend," I told him. I heard Kyle walking to the stairs. It occurred to me that he'd been wearing nothing but a very, very soaked disposable diaper just a few minutes before.

"Kyle," I called out. "There's a deputy sheriff here..."

I didn't know what else to say. I heard Kyle call out that he knew, and then he came bounding down the stairs. I saw that he was wearing long underwear - he must have carried those around all year, even in spring, I thought - and, underneath, a very thick, wet diaper was showing. He put on a small Abercrombie shirt, but it did nothing to cover the bulge. The deputy noticed and looked surprised, but said nothing. He did, however, ask if Kyle owned the Freightliner parked outside.

"Sure do," Kyle replied. "Why, did ya run into it?"

"Uhhh... no," the deputy said. "It's just that... this road isn't really wide enough for a tractor trailer to stay parked on it..."

"Oh, I won't be here for much longer," Kyle told him. "Just long enough for a shower, a shave, maybe a quick breakfast. Another hour or two tops."

"Well... okay..." the deputy answered. He seemed to not know how to address this. I was still shocked that Kyle had driven his fucking *truck* to my house. That explained why I hadn't seen his Corvette, or any other vehicle that belonged to him, although the lot was sometimes so full that it required people park on the side lawn, out of view of the apartment. I slowly walked to the front window and opened the blinds. There it was - Kyle's truck, *HUGE AS FUCK*, parked on the street, completely obscuring the view of the lake in front of the building - and the sun as well.

"That explains why it seems so dark," I mumbled. The deputy laughed.

"That truck is bigger than this building, I think," he said. Then he asked Kyle if he could put some more

flares out behind it. I immediately realized what I'd seen glowing through the window the night before - traffic flairs. And Kyle's blinking hazard lights, probably.

Kyle agreed, and grabbed his keys and walked outside. His diaper was obvious through his long underwear, and it kind of smelled a little. The deputy looked at me, and then back at Kyle, but apparently thought better of saying anything. I walked outside, too, and realized that the crinkle of *my* still-dry diaper was apparent. It didn't seem like the deputy noticed - or maybe he was just trying to be polite. Anyway, we followed Kyle's padded ass down the driveway and into the road, and watched him jump up into the cab. He came outside with two additional flares, placed them by the burned-out remnants of the other flares, and lit them.

"I just have a question," the deputy finally spoke. I hoped that his question wouldn't be about diapers.

"I'm incontinent," Kyle said, as if anticipating it.

"Incontinent?" the deputy corrected him, and Kyle looked at me and started to laugh. I could tell he didn't give fuck one about being seen in a diaper. Maybe because he didn't live in this town. I did, though, and I sort of wished that we'd both changed first. But that wasn't the deputy's question anyway. "I wasn't going to ask about that," he said. "I was just wondering... how did you get this truck down Lake Street?"

"Oh, that?" Kyle answered. "Let's just say... slowly and carefully. Slowly, and carefully."

Kyle climbed back into the cab, and the deputy turned to me with a confused look on his face.

"I'll be damned," he told me. "The railroad bridge is only 11' high. I have no idea how your friend made it under that. That's some amazing driving." With that he walked toward his truck and opened the door. I could see he was still shaking his head in wonderment. Kyle walked around the corner whistling. "Just have it off the road before it gets dark, okay?" the deputy said, and Kyle nodded.

"Of course!"

With that the deputy drove off.

"Sorry, bro," Kyle said, turning to me with an embarrassed look on his face. I couldn't tell if he was referring to the diaper or parking his truck on the road. It didn't matter - as long as there were no tickets to be written, I was okay with either.

"How *did* you get under the bridge?" I asked him.

"Fuck that," he replied. "That shit's 11 feet high. I could never drive underneath that. I just drove up to the other end of the street and backed this shit down the road."

"What the *fuck*?" I blurted out. "Dude... that's like a quarter-mile from the turn around."

"I know, Chris... I backed down it. It took me thirty minutes."

It occurred to me that Kyle probably hadn't called ahead because he figured I'd tell him not to come. An 18-wheeler really *wasn't* a good fit for Lake Street. The street was narrow, and on one side sat a cliff overlooking the lake - backing just a little crooked could result in catastrophe.

"I can tell what you're thinking, bro," Kyle told me. "I'm a good driver. Mad backing skills!"

"But that's at least a quarter mile, dude," I repeated. I was picturing how hard it must have been.

"Chris... I live my life a quarter mile at a time," Kyle said, in complete seriousness. "Nothing else matters. Not the mortgage. Not the store. Not my team and all their bullshit. For those thirty minutes to an hour, I'm free."

I had to laugh. I'd seen *The Fast and the Furious*, too.

"Besides," he told me. "I knew what was waiting at the end..."



I made pancakes for breakfast, and Kyle stepped into the bathroom, took a shower, and came out into the kitchen with nothing but a towel wrapped around his mid-section. He sat at the table just as I

was putting a plate of pancakes down.

"I'm hungry as *fuck*, bro."

We sat and ate in silence. Kyle was *beautiful*. I thought, again, at how lucky I was to have met him. The last time we'd seen each other Kyle had found me randomly on the CB. This time he'd just surprised me. I'd lucked out *both* times. I thought about the fact that he'd wanted to see me badly enough to back down a crazy-ass road in a huge-ass truck.

*I was lucky as fuck.*

Honestly, the night before had been an exercise in hotness that could not compare. But as I sat there watching Kyle across the table, chomping on our pancakes, I realized that, even if he hadn't wanted to wear a diaper, I wouldn't have cared. Just having him here was amazing. I'd first met him in the middle of a snowstorm, and our relationship had started off with me helping him find his way. Now he had become a friend.

*Lucky. As. Fuck.*

After we ate Kyle stood up and took his towel off.

"Let's go swimming!" he suggested. I could see how excited he looked. The lake in question is deep, and takes a *long* time to warm up in the spring; I started to explain to him that it would be too cold, but he interrupted me. "C'mon bro, I drove all this way to walk around diapered on the beach with you... let's do this."

"Let me get a swimsuit," I answered. I went upstairs and got two, changing in to one and bringing the other one back to Kyle. He grabbed his towel and a second one for me, and then grabbed a diaper out of his backpack.

"You aren't going to wear a diaper?" he asked me. He looked disappointed. I started to explain that the beach wasn't that private, but then thought better of it. The neighbors were all gone. Nobody ever used that beach except me, anyway - the prison guards only slept here, and Andrea and her kids couldn't swim.

"Let me go get one on," I answered. Kyle replied

that we could diaper each other, so we went upstairs and did just that.

"Cover up," I told him, throwing the swimsuit at him. He looked annoyed, but obeyed.

"Afraid to be seen parading around in your Pampers?" he asked me. "I understand. Just because one of us is proud to be diapered doesn't mean both of us are." I could tell he was joking but I did feel a little pang of embarrassment; I wished that wearing diapers outdoors was as normal for society as it felt for me.

Kyle and I walked down the driveway and around to the other side of his truck. I saw how close he was to the cliff - less than six inches away. A stiff breeze would blow this thing over. I shook my head. Then I realized that his truck completely blocked the view of the beach from the road. This could be *win/win...*

Kyle had I walked down the steps and stepped onto the beach. It was deserted, as it almost always was. The sunshine was warm now that we'd passed the truck blocking it. Kyle immediately stepped out of his swimming trunks and tossed them onto an adirondack chair.

"This what you've been dreaming about?" he asked me, and as I watched he posed in his diaper. I nodded. *There was that lucky feeling again.* "I remember you telling me about wearing diapers on the beach before," he told me. "I thought, *this is something I want to experience.*"

Kyle walked out toward the water and I watched him. I realized how things had seemed different in the sleeper cab of his truck. Like, even though I could tell he was amazing, I hadn't gotten the full experience. Seeing his stretched out, standing on the beach, in nothing but a diaper... holy fuck.

Kyle stepped into the water and stopped cold.

"What... the... FUCK, brah," he said, turning to look at me. "This water is like... ice."

"It just seems cold when you first get into it," I told him. "You get used to it."

He took a few more steps, and then turned back to

me. The look on his face was one of sheer discomfort.

"Are you coming in, Chris?" he asked me.

"Fuck no!" I replied. "That shit's like 50 degrees."

"Um, yea. Fuck that," he said, turning and walking back out. "I think we can enjoy the beach *from* the beach." With that he plopped his adorable ass into a lounge chair and turned over, the sun warming his bottom. *I knew that feeling.* I lay down in the lounge chair next to him and, reached over, putting my hand on his bum. I rubbed for a while, and then Kyle began to breathe heavy. I couldn't tell if he was sleeping, but I stopped rubbing and he mumbled for me to continue. I did, and after a while could hear him snoring. I lay there, aware of the stairs (in case someone came down them, lol) but mostly just enjoying the view.

An hour or two later Kyle woke up.

"Was I *sleeping*?" he asked me, looking surprised.

"Yep."

"Damn, bro... that felt *so good*. The sun just warms your ass *up*."

"Yep."

Kyle asked me to tell him another diaper story. A whole bunch went through my mind. I couldn't remember if I'd told him about the time an old man had caught me diapered in my father's boat. Or the time that I'd been nearly seen laying on the dock in just a diaper. Or the time that my grandmother had walked downstairs and seen me, in my diaper, through the screen door. Or maybe I'd tell him about the first time I wore a diaper in front of a friend. Hmm.

Instead I told him a story about a more recent experience.

I told him about this time I was parked at a gas station in a snow storm, and had seen this amazing kid walk by. And he'd gotten into a truck, and I thought surely he was going to steal it, but no - he actually *drove* this thing. I told him how I'd raced to get my CB radio out, just wanting to hear his voice,

and how excited I was when he noticed me talking to him and inviting me to come over to this truck. I told him how, when he asked if I wanted to stay the night, I could barely contain my glee. And how, sleeping in that dude's truck that first time felt more amazing than I could even describe. How happy I'd gotten when the kid was curious about wearing diapers, and even happier when he asked to actually try one.

"I like this story," he interrupted me. "Keep going."

I explained how the dude had told me he didn't have a cell phone, but I wasn't sure if he really didn't or if he just didn't want to give me the number. Kyle's face soured and he looked like he wanted to interrupt, but just nodded. I continued, explaining how I'd been worried I'd never see the kid again, but had been surprised when we'd seen each other a bunch more times. I told him about how I'd once been surprised to hear a familiar voice over the CB radio when I was least expecting it, and how it had turned into what might have been the most amazing sexual experience I'd ever had. Kyle was nodding again. I told about how I'd been surprised at a surprise visit - a visit made way more meaningful once I found out that the kid had wanted to see me so much he'd put his truck, and possibly his career, at risk to back down the road and park in front of my building. Kyle nodded and sat up.

"It ends with me basically making what I hope will be a friend for life," I concluded.

"I'm going to give you a hug, bro," Kyle said after a few moments. "And yes... friends for life is definitely what we are going to be."

Kyle and I hugged for what must have been five minutes. It felt amazing. At some point he was kind of rubbing my back and I heard a car pull into the driveway overhead.

"Neighbors must be back," I said.

"Fuck the neighbors," Kyle said. We both laughed, and then he continued, "but I *do* have to hit the road again. Back to the schedule."

Kyle stood and pulled his bathing suit up over his diaper. We both walked up the steps, me enjoying Kyle's ass one more time - even in a diaper *and*

swimming trunks it was amazing. As we stepped around his truck I could see Andrea looking out her window. She was shaking her head and pointing to the truck, but she stopped when she caught a glimpse of Kyle.

"OH MY GOD" she mouthed through the window. I just smiled. As we rounded the building I saw her blinds open a peek, and I knew she was getting a good glimpse. Kyle and I walked back into the apartment and he gathered his things.

"I'm going to pee," he told me. We walked to the bathroom, and I sat down at the kitchen table as he walked in. He left the door open, and I saw him pull his penis through the legging of his diaper and piss. *Hot*. He removed his bathing suit, hanging it on the shower curtain rod, and pulled a pair of jeans up over his diaper.

"Walk me to my truck?" he asked me. Of course I would. We walked to the truck and stepped into the road in front of it. Kyle turned to me and spontaneously hugged me. It seemed to go on for five minutes. At one point a car drove slowly by, staring at this 18-wheeler parked in the road, and Kyle and I continued to hug. I glanced over and saw Andrea sitting on her bed just enjoying the view. I had to laugh; I bet she wouldn't be complaining about a tractor trailer obscuring it; she'd probably forgotten there was even a lake there, what with Kyle to distract her.

"So Chris," Kyle finally spoke. "This has honestly been one of the best days of my life."

I was touched. I'd only gotten to spend an hour or two with Kyle on the beach, but it had definitely been one of mine as well. I told him that.

"You thought I drove my Corvette, huh?" he was laughing now. "Well bro, how about this summer I actually *do* drive my 'vette up here, and we spend a few days hanging out. I'll even go swimming with you just in diapers. Would that be okay?"

*Okay? That would be a fucking dream...*

"Definitely," I told him.

Kyle stopped hugging me and stepped up into the truck. He closed the door and rolled the window



down, and then leaned out.

"Friends for life for sure, Chris."

I nodded. I was getting that sad feeling again, realizing it would be a while before we'd see each other again.

Little did I know it would be the last time we'd see each other.

"OH!" Kyle said. "I almost told you before, but I didn't want to interrupt your story. I'm getting a cell phone! My mom said she feels like she's getting older and there might be an emergency or something, so she got us each one on a family plan. I don't have it yet, but when I next go home I'll get it and call you with it. Then we can plan this stuff out!"

I was excited.

"And, Chris... I wouldn't lie about having a cell phone, bro. I really don't have one."

I nodded. I don't know why, but I suddenly felt bad about sharing that part of my 'story' - but also very good about knowing that I hadn't been deceived.

"I'll call you, bro," Kyle said. He started his truck and it roared to life. I heard him release the air brake, and I backed up across the road and into the driveway. He looked at me and smiled, this beautiful, melt-your-heart smile that literally gave me shivers. "Friends for life. I like that, man. Friends... for life."

"Thanks for everything, bro," I said. He pulled away and drove slowly down the road. I turned and watched him drive away, and as I did I could see that he was watching me in the side mirror of his truck. We both kind of watched each other until he'd rounded the bend and was out of view. I sighed, and walked back up to the apartment.

"Oh my fucking God, who was *that*?" Andrea stopped me. She'd been watching us the whole time and couldn't wait to ask me.

"That's my friend Kyle," I told her.

"He just drove that big rig down here and spent the

night with you?"

"Yep."

Andrea shook her head and told me how lucky I was.

She didn't need to tell me, though. I already knew.



I walked back into the apartment and saw how light it had become. Kyle's truck had really provided some shade for the sun. I thought about how much I enjoyed this apartment's view - I'd moved here because it had an amazing view of the lake, despite all of its other problems. Now I realized I'd probably happily trade that view in for a view of a US Express truck, if it meant that I could have Kyle here all the time.

I began to feel sad. I realized how lucky I was, but how unlucky, too - all at the same time. Because I'd found a friend - *a friend for life* - willing to wear diapers with me. But, once he was on the road again, until he was returned, I'd be lucky to find anything similar. I probably wouldn't. *Cursed this diaper fetish*, I said, probably aloud.

It was possible to feel like both the luckiest guy in the world, and the unluckiest, all at the same time.



I woke up with a start and sat bolt upright in bed.

It was 3 a.m.

It was maybe two weeks after Kyle's visit.

I'd moved to a house the next city over. There'd been a problem with bats - they were flying straight into the apartment through a hole in the ceiling, and the bat expert who'd come out quietly informed me that my landlord wasn't willing to pay to fix the problem - he'd asked for a board to be nailed over the hole in the house. In essence, I was about to get a whole bunch more bats inside.

I'd moved into a house. I'd notified the landlord

after I moved; he was angry that I'd left without a month's notice and demanded that I pay the next two month's rent. I refused. He began harassing me. I called the health department, who came out and quickly condemned the building. Now I was off the hook for any additional rent, but the harassing calls - mostly hangup calls - continued. The night before I'd called my phone carrier and changed my number.

*Oh. My. God.*

I'd moved. And then changed my number. Kyle now had a business card with zero current information on me. How would he get ahold of me?

I called my carrier. I asked them if I could change my number back.

"Once you've changed it, the old number cannot be retained," the customer service representative told me, apparently reading from a screen.

I asked for a supervisor.

"Once you've changed it, the old number cannot be retained," the supervisor told me.

I could see I would get nowhere.

The next day I found the corporate number for Kyle's trucking company. I called, and spoke with a receptionist who spent the entire time chewing gum (or something) in my ear.

"I'm looking for a driver named Kyle," I told her.

"Kyle who?" she asked.

I realized I had no idea. I'd never asked Kyle for his last name. I hadn't needed it, really. I told her that I wasn't sure.

"Sir, we have numerous employees by the name of Kyle. You'd need to know a last name."

"He's a driver," I told her. "He was just in my area a few weeks ago... maybe that will help?"

"I'm sorry, sir. We don't get messages to the drivers. Does he have a cell phone?"

I wasn't sure.

"Maybe you can just tell me his name?" I suggested. "He was just in upstate NY two weeks ago. I can be more specific."

"Sir, I'm not allowed to provide names of the drivers."

"It's important that I get ahold of him."

"Sir, I'm not allowed to provide names. We don't get messages to the drivers. Try him on his cell phone."

*Damn.*

I can't begin to tell you how depressed I felt. What was worse, I knew that, if Kyle drove his truck backwards on Lake Street for 30-60 minutes again, he'd do so for no reason. I thought about leaving my forwarding information taped to my now vacant door, but realized that would pretty much make paying to have my number changed meaningless. Besides, the landlord was pissed - he'd just rip it down. Damn.

I spent a lot of my free time over the next few months sitting at the truck stop, CB-radio in hand.

*Nothing.*

I even went up to a few drivers in US Express trucks and asked if they knew Kyle. None did. One told me that he'd pass along my contact information if he ever met a Kyle, so I wrote everything down. A few weeks later he called me. He explained that, every time he passed another US Express truck he called on the CB for Kyle. My mind took me back to the time that Kyle had been calling for *me*: 'Diaper Kyle to Diaper Chris' in the hopes that he'd find me. The trucker told me that he *had* found a Kyle, but when he went to pass the information to him the man told him he didn't know a Chris.

*Damn.*

A few months later I drove past the old apartment building. Summer was here, and I was feeling even more depressed that I'd nearly had a vacation with Diaper Kyle and was probably going to miss out. I saw someone sitting in front of the building and

slammed on the brakes. It was someone new. I backed up, instantly thinking of the time Kyle backed a whole 18-wheeler up, and parked at the base of the driveway. I got out of my car and walked up to the man sitting on the porch. He eyes me suspiciously.

"If you're selling something, we ain't buying," he told me pre-emptively. I shook my head. I could see that he was a redneck - there was even a confederate flag flapping behind the house. He was chewing on a piece of grass, and looked like he'd just got done doing some sort of sweat-inducing work.

"Look, sir," I began. "I used to live here. And I have this friend, and he only knows how to get ahold of me by coming here. I was wondering if..."

"What's he drive," the man interrupted, and I was immediately hopeful.

"A big truck," I told him.

"Like a Ford F-250?" he man asked.

"No," I told him, my heart beginning to fall. "Like a Freightliner. An 18-wheeler."

"Son," the man said, sort of condescendingly. "You couldn't get an 18-wheeler down this road. There's a bridge at the other end."

I knew that. I didn't want to explain the part about the backing up.

"Well, I don't know what he'll be driving," I told him. "I was just hoping he'd been here... left me a note... something like that."

"Are you the feller who reported this house to the health department and got it condemned?" he asked me.

*Shit.* I figured I might as well just walk away now. Instead I nodded.

"Well, then, I owe you a debt of gratitude," he told me. "I got this building for about one-third of what it's worth because of you. The landlord couldn't get rid of it, so he just wanted to get rid of it. Once we get that cellar patched up and the house straightened it's going to be our duck hunting cabin."

I wanted to tell him about the diaper magic that had happened inside. I imagined nothing like that would ever occur there again. How sad...

"I'll tell you what," he told me. "Write your information down on a piece of paper. If your friend ever stops by, I'll be sure to give it to him."

I did.

It's been nearly ten years, and I've never heard from Kyle.



*Friends for life.*

Since meeting Kyle I've moved to another state.

On my 'diaper road trip' in 2006 you better believe I watched for US Express trucks. I approached every once I saw at a truck stop. I never saw Kyle.

At some point I realized... it's probably not going to happen.

What kills me is wondering whether Kyle tried to get ahold of me and couldn't, or just somehow outgrew his desire to be diapered and didn't try.

*Friends for life.*

Kyle seemed so convincing when he said that.

I believed him. In fact, I still do.

So I have to believe that this kid tried to reach me and, because of my own fuckup, couldn't.

My last view of Kyle - and probably the last one that I'll ever have - was of him staring at me in the mirror as he drove off.

"Thanks for everything, bro."

I'm glad those were the last words I said to him, because I couldn't pick something more appropriate to say.

*Thanks for everything, bro.*

**FINAL THOUGHT:** If you're lucky enough to find a friend in our crazy community, be sure to get a couple of different ways to contact them. Cell phones get shut off, cell numbers change, email accounts close and new ones open. If we'd had Facebook back when Kyle and I became friends I have no doubt somehow we'd be in touch today. I still hope that one day he finds me and sends me a message. But it'll probably never happen. Don't let that shit happen to you, because it sucks.

**NOTE:** I normally change the names of the characters in my stories. In this case, I haven't. I have hoped for ten years that Kyle might join a diaper site and look for me. Or, even though my blog isn't searchable through Google, might stumble across it. So far, in almost a decade on diaper sites and more than five years of blogging, that hasn't happened.

It's doubtful that I'll ever see Kyle again. But if anyone out there does know a trucker named Kyle who's into diapers, please send him the link to this blog entry.

And Kyle... if you're reading this: *thanks for everything, bro. Friends for life?*