

Big Boy Baby **Sightings!**

Vol. #1



But, mom,
I'm a big boy ...
everyone will see
... they'll call me
a sissy baby!

Adults Only

Big Boy Baby Sightings will surely be some of the most entertaining reading and viewing you could imagine. You are about to discover that school age boys are sometimes kept in diapers either out of necessity or as a form of shameful punishment! Items rated from "G" to "M"

Since 1981

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Big Boy Baby Sightings!

Sightings of Older Boys Still in Diapers

From Chuck A., Cable TV Installer

It was my first call of the day. I arrived just after 8 AM to do an install in this family's new house and they were still moving in. A man with a U-Haul truck was about to pull out of the driveway as I was pulling in. He confirmed my appointment and what they needed done and then told me he was leaving to bring over another load of furniture. He mentioned his wife was inside and she'd show me where she wanted the connections to be placed and anything else she needed to be done. He asked me to try to keep the noise down because their little boy Johnny was still asleep on the couch because it had been a long night as they worked to get settled.

I ran my drop line from the tap at the pole, then mid-spanned it down the line about 50 feet and over to the corner of the house. After installing the ground-block I went inside to make the run from the outside wall to the TV. Inside, the man's wife said that in the living room they'd like to have the line fished in the wall and would be happy to pay me extra to do it.

As I got ready to cut the hole for the floating box, I noticed a boy, obviously "Johnny" on the couch. It looked like he had spent the night on the couch as the blankets were tossed about. I couldn't miss that the boy was wearing large clear plastic panties over thick cloth diapers. He must have been a heavy wetter as he was surely double diapered. The boy appeared to be about 12, quite old to still be wearing diapers. Being an installer, I've seen a lot of unusual stuff, but seeing Johnny sleeping like that certainly made me wonder if he had some kind of illness,

as I know people of all ages with a handicap sometimes have to wear diapers. Physically, he appeared to be 'normal' so it was weird to see him diapered like a baby. But what made it even weirder: He was snuggling up to a huge teddy bear.

I soon realized this job was going to take more time than usual since every time I cut a little with the sawzall, he'd stir and move about, exposing more and more of his plastic-covered bottom. I paused when he really started to stir, but then he sat up, looking as groggy as any toddler I've ever seen and yelled out, "Mommy ... I'm awake!"

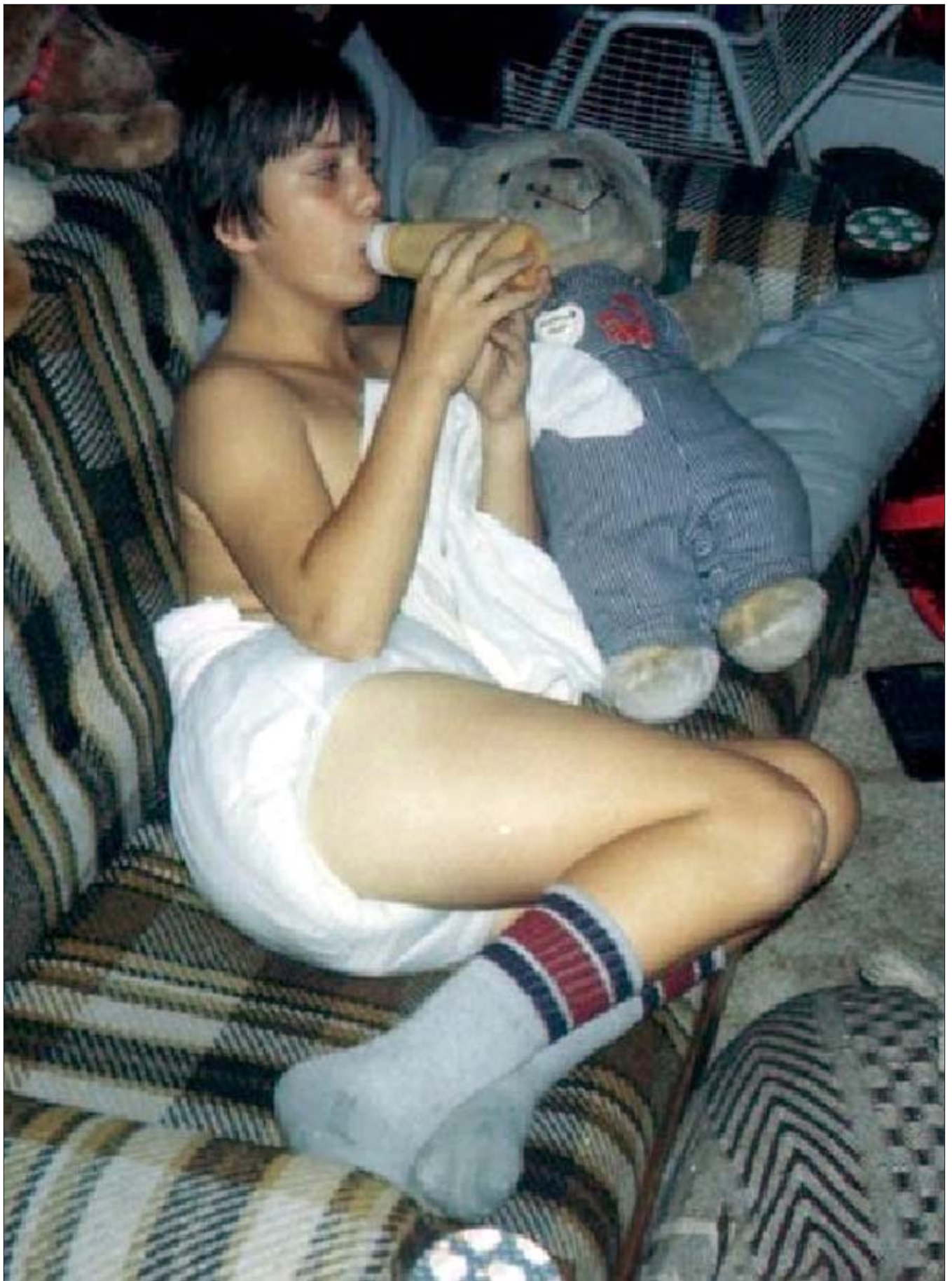
She yelled from the kitchen, "Johnny, come and get your breakfast." He answered, "I'm wet, Mommy--change me!" She answered, "I will -- after you have your breakfast and a warm bottle of milk."

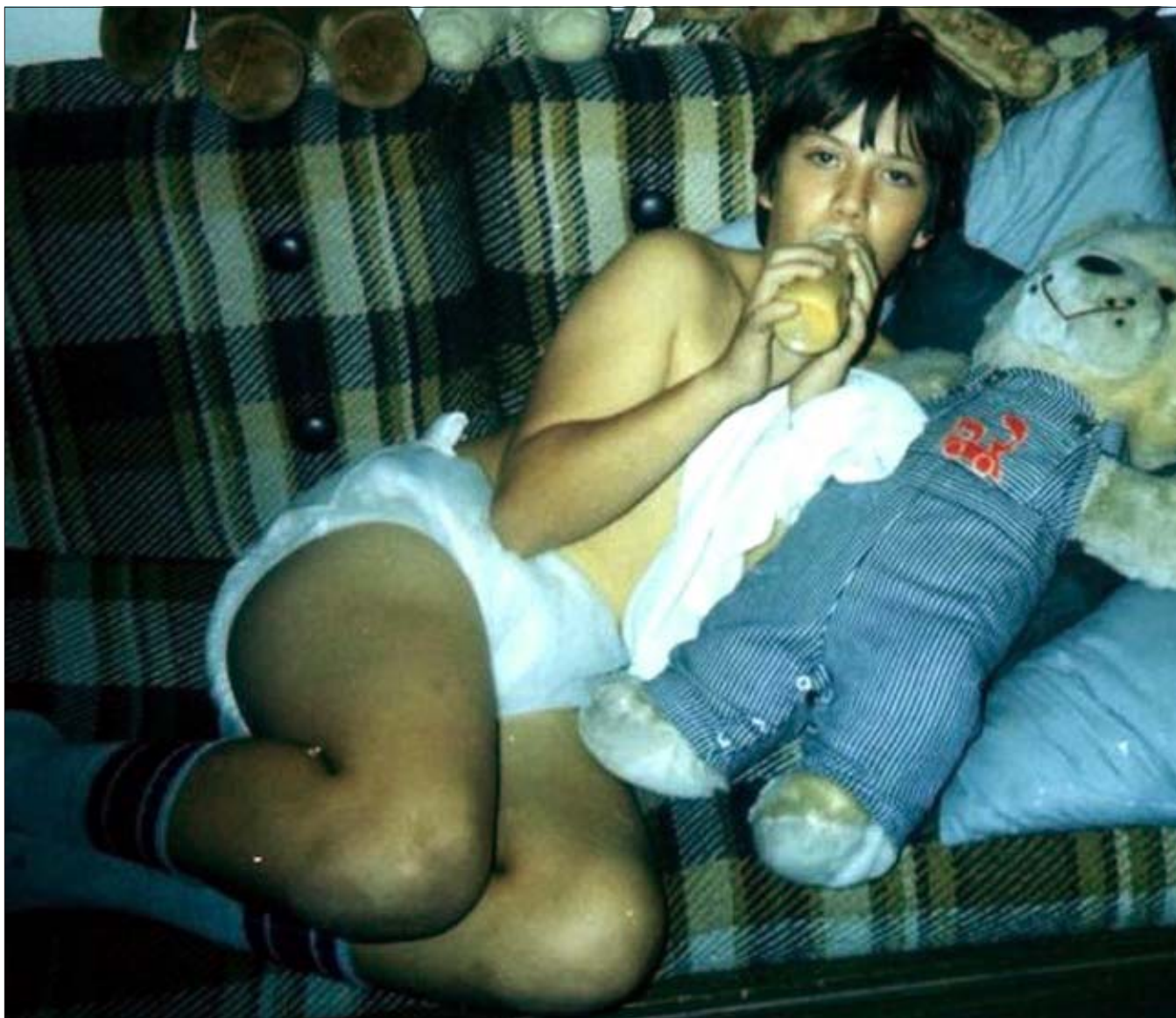
I was off to the side. I don't think he knew I was there as he sulked his way up from the couch and started across the room. Through his transparent plastic panties, I could see his diapers were absolutely soaked and were sagging heavily. About halfway to the kitchen archway he saw me working behind the TV set and dashed back to the sofa and hurriedly dove beneath the covers! He screamed and his mother came in to see what was the matter and saw him huddling with the covers up over his head. She realized he was trying to hide from me and began laughing at him, "Oh, Johnny, don't be so shy! It's just the cable guy. You want your cartoons, don't you?" A bit tearfully, he moaned, "But, but, Mom ..."

I cleared my throat and tried to defuse the situation. "It's OK. I see a lot of kids in diapers in the morning, and some of them are even older than your boy."

I guess that eased his fears a bit as he slowly got up and headed toward the kitchen as he struggled to keep the blanket wrapped around himself. In the kitchen, he was going to get his breakfast and -- had I heard right? -- a baby bottle of warm milk!

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About ten minutes later, I assumed he had finished his breakfast as he came back and sat on the sofa sucking on what was left in his bottle, but shyly, as he kept the bottle fairly well covered with his hands and the blanket as he watched me while I continued to work.

A few minutes later, he called out to his mother that he was finished and ready to be changed. She came in holding a rubber changing pad in one hand and a fresh diaper in the other. She spread the pad out on the couch and had him scoot over onto it. As she reached to remove his plastic panties, he tried to hold up the blanket to shield himself from my view, but his mom would have none of it, "Johnny, why are you acting so shyly. You heard the man, he's seen a lot of boys, some even older than you wearing diapers. He doesn't think anything about it."

She nodded toward me and I went from a trying-to-be-discreet sidelong glance to looking directly at them and nodding back. "Yep," I said, "you're fine, kid. Don't mind me," and then I slipped back into work mode, busying myself like I had better things to do than stare at a diapered preadolescent boy. But in truth, I was intrigued: I had to keep looking back in his direction as his mother noisily slid down his plastic panties, then unpinned the wet diapers and cleaned him up. As she was pinning a fresh diaper on him, she spoke loudly in my direction. "Johnny still wee-wees in his pants all the time so I can't trust him to go around without having a diaper on." I just nodded and gave them a reassuring smile.

Then I was surprised to see her directing him to get up off the couch and step into a fresh pair of plastic panties -- the surprising part was that they were very babyish --

pink plastic panties with little yellow ducks printed all over them. He whispered to his mother, but I still could hear him as he complained, "Oh, Mommy, not my panties with the duckies and not in front of him!"

She quickly shut him up as she said, "Johnny, Daddy told you last night you would be wearing your pink ducky panties today for how you acted last night." She turned to me. "Johnny sometimes acts like a naughty little toddler. His uncle and boy cousins unexpectedly stopped over last night for a quick visit and he didn't want to see them since we had him already dressed for bed and the boys began teasing him when they saw him in his Hannah Montana nightie with his plastic panties and diapers underneath. He ripped his nightie as he pulled it off and ran to hide. After all these years, I don't know why he still gets so embarrassed. His daddy and I keep telling him that if he just stops wetting himself, we'll stop treating him like a sissy baby and the diapers and girlish nighties will be history, but he doesn't stop, so what else can parents of a boy like Johnny do?"

Turning back to him, she hastened him to step into the ducky panties and then swiftly pulled them up his legs, all the way up until they were riding high on his waist. She let the waist band go with an audible snap. "Ouch!" he yelped. I guessed it was a little punishing blow as she acted like she was fed up with all his fooling around.

He was still sulking as she gave him back his bottle. "Here, you have a little milk left. Drink up, and no more whining like a baby unless you want me to get out your real sissy pink baby panties with the pretty lace and ribbon bows; I'm sure the cable man would get a kick out of seeing you in those! So straighten up, cuddle with your teddy and be happy that you only have to wear your ducky panties; things could get worse." She then looked at me and flashed me a big smile. All I could do was shrug my shoulders and give her a big smile back as Johnny moaned, pouted and sank back onto the couch, turning away from me as he suckled the remaining milk out of his bottle.

Yes, I had seen a lot of children in diapers, especially on my early morning calls, and some of them were in their teens or even older, but they were all handicapped. In all honesty, I had never seen an otherwise 'normal' boy as old as Johnny, not only diapered but treated like a baby as well. It was sure fun for me! I only wished I could have seen him in his nightie. I almost wished he had acted up some more so his mother would put him into his pink punishment panties!

From Cindy R., Home from College

Recently, my mother asked me if I'd take care of a 13-year-old boy named Alan on the weekend I got home from college for the summer. Mom didn't know much about the family but knew the kid's mother because they both serve on the library board. I didn't know them at all since they had moved into our Louisville neighborhood while I was doing my Masters in psychology at IU. With what I was studying, Mom thought it could be good for both me and the boy as she mentioned that the boy might be 'a little slow' or have an ailment of some kind because he never seemed to be outside, and when he was, he clung to his mother. Needing the money -- and it did pay well -- I accepted the job sight unseen.

The boy's parents were going to be gone for four days on a junket to Vegas to do some gambling and see Elton John. I got home from college that Friday and barely had time to get settled at home before I had to go over to the McNeil's house, a big house, one of the nicest in our tony subdivision.

When I got there, Alan's mother showed me around and supplied me with all the information I would need, like how to contact them in case of an emergency, etc. She showed me that the fridge was loaded and left me \$500 to cover anything we might need. She then took me aside and said she knew from my mother that I was a psychology major and had worked before as a nursing assistant at the hospital and that experience would probably come in handy as she explained that Alan has a bed-wetting problem and there were diapers in his room and told me she kept him in diapers most of the time and absolutely had to be put into one at bedtime. She further explained that Alan had been sulking all day because they were leaving so he had been moping in bed all day.

During our tour, as discreetly as possible, I asked if Alan had some sort of illness or if there was some other reason he was a bedwetter. She assured me he wasn't ill, and his bedwetting was just a result of wanting attention, according to his psychiatrist. She said just ignore it as much as possible and everything should be fine.

We finally ended up at Alan's bedroom. We walked in without knocking. I saw the boy on his bed, scrambling to get under the covers. His face was red and it appeared he had been crying. His mother introduced us and then told him, "Alan, are you going to stay in bed all day? Quit acting like a baby. I told Cindy all about you, so you



can put down the covers. In fact, I demand you do.” He lowered the blanket. “Now, Cindy knows all about your bedwetting so pull up your shirt and show her you are well diapered. After all, she is going to be putting you into diapers at bedtime and at other times if you can’t act your age. Now, up with your shirt. Let her see.”

Turning away from me he pulled up his shirt to show me he was very heavily diapered. There was a lot of pink decoration on the diaper. I realized it was a girls’ diaper. As she had me walk over to him and asked if she needed to show me how his diapering routine, she explained, “Oh, yeah, it’s a girls’ disposable he has on today. The last time I ordered them online, I accidentally got the wrong ones. (A mistake? Really!) Oh, well, serves him right to have to wear them. He’s not much of a boy, anyway.” Avoiding that subject, I assured her I knew all about using disposable diapers from taking care of children when I worked summers at the hospital. She was being pretty hard on him, so I reached out to him by saying, “I’ve taken care of boys even older than Alan. A lot of boys have ‘control’ problems.”

But his mother continued launching into him. “So, Alan dear, tell Cindy, how old are you. “Thirteen,” he mumbled. “Oh yeah? That’s not what you told me earlier today when you were moping around because your daddy and I are going away for a few days, what did you tell me?” He shrugged his shoulders. “You were acting like a three-year-old, right? Acting like a pants wetting toddler, right?” He shook his head ‘no’ and was now blushing, adding to the redness of his cheeks. “No, you say? What did I make you tell me when you refused to get out of bed and come down for lunch? Come on, tell me.”

He gathered himself and blurted out, “Mommy, can I have a bottle and stay in bed like a baby?” She then turned to me, gave me a ‘what-am-I-going-to-do-with-him’ look and said, “See what I have to deal with? Whenever things don’t go his way, he curls up in a ball and plays at being a baby. Don’t you, you little sissy? Oh, yeah, Alan is a sissy too. I call him ‘Alice’ whenever he seems to be acting more like a timid little girl than a teenage boy.” Turning back to him she said, “Do you want me to put you in your kilt outfit and have Cindy keep you in it for the weekend? Maybe take you for a stroll in the neighborhood in your kiltie, huh?” She tapped my shoulder and then pointed to his walkin closet and handing on the inside of the open door was an adorable kilt outfit; it looked more like a little girls’ kilt than something a true highlander man would wear. “We’re Scots so I thought it was appropriate

to have a nice little kilt made for him. He looks really cute in it, but since he hates it so much. I like to use it as a punishment outfit. If he doesn’t come around, you can put him in it.”

Well, no wonder this kid acted like he did. His mother, I’m sure, thought she was helping him, but she just was just making this whole baby scenario all that more entrenched, and I didn’t need a psychology degree to know that. I felt sorry for the kid. I knew from by studies that she was making every mistake in the book as far as how to raise a boy. It was going to take years to undo what she was doing. She then showed me around his room. His dresser drawers and walkin closet had a huge wardrobe of typical teenage clothes, but mixed in I also saw items in pink, lavender and other pastel colors peeking out here and there -- other punishment clothes, I guessed. To the side was a big changing table -- obviously custom-made, and it contained a complete supply of everything any baby might need including a huge stack of the girlish disposables, a stack of cloth diapers, plastic panties, wet wipes, talcum powder, Vaseline, diaper pins, and even a rectal thermometer and some pacifiers -- those last two I guessed were probably used as punishment items. There was also a stack of training panties -- that’s all I could call them since they were all in pastels and had princesses and girlish designs on them. “Oh, yes, Alan has some training panties here. They are a reward for when he’s been really good and promises me he can stay dry for a while like when we go out and he’s afraid his big diapers will show under his clothes.” I said to myself, ‘Girls’ training panties a reward? She must be joking! Was she trying to accomplish something by treating him like that? Maybe in her twisted mind -- I had just met her but I had no doubt that her mind was severely twisted.

Mrs. McNeil then excused herself to finish getting ready as they were about to leave. In her absence, I tried to talk nicely to Alan but he seemed embarrassed with me there and got back under the covers and stayed facing the wall. I gently rubbed his shoulder as I assured him that things would go fine while his folks were away and I was willing to do whatever it might take to make it easy on him, telling him, “I can tell you are a very nice young man, and I’ll try to make this time as good and as much fun for you as I can. I think you can use a little fun for a change.”

At 5 PM, his parents came into his room, saying they were waiting for a taxi to take them to the airport and would be leaving soon. His mother cuddled him in her arms and gave him little kisses goodbye and whispered



Big Boy Baby Sightings #1 - 8

to him, I heard the word 'baby' and 'sissy' but couldn't make out much else of what she was saying. His father was a quiet, slim man. Just from looking at him I could tell Mrs. McNeil was the boss in this house and surely over him too. The man then stepped over to his son gave him one of those 'be a good chap while were gone' good-byes like a Brit. Maybe he was from Britain, I didn't know.

Once they were gone, I realized he still needed a change, so I had him get up on the changing table. I took off his wet disposables and washed him. The boy had a sizeable erection the whole time, but trying to keep it on a professional level, I ignored it. He did have a bit of a diaper rash so I talcum powdered him and asked if he wanted to put on some of his training pants if he promised to stay day. He whispered OK, but then blushed and corrected me, "Mommy says I have to call them panties."

I wanted to know how he felt about them. "You know these are girls' training panties, don't you? Soft cloth on the inside and silky on the outside and they are all in pink and other girly colors with hearts and flowers and ..." -- that's when I took a closer look -- they even had a hint of lace around each leg opening! I had never seen such training panties; they were probably custom-made too. "... so you know these are made for girls, right?" He nodded. "So do you still want to wear them?" He nodded. "You can speak; in fact I'd like to know why you don't mind wearing girls' panties."

He turned away but said in a gentle voice, "Because when I wear them Mommy is very nice to me and cuddles with me." "Wow!" I thought. "So, would you like me to put them on you?" He nodded and then added, "And cuddle."

So, against my professional judgement, I did! The kid still had that erection and in the training panties; it stood up in a very unladylike way. Interesting to say the least! He then scooted over in his bed to make room for me. I got in and we hugged and snuggled, his erection repeatedly poked at me as he squirmed around. Sorry, but I had to touch it! I wasn't going to be timid about it. I grabbed it like I was in charge and gave it a few quick strokes through the panties. Within seconds, Alan shot off round after round of boy juice. That kid must have been overdue for a good cum. Neither of us said anything. I hugged him to let him know it was OK. He cried gently on my shoulder but I sensed he was very happy, and I was convinced that he had been playing this baby role so long that he really learned to enjoy it!

At 8 PM, his designated bedtime, I told him it was time to brush his teeth and I'd help him get ready. He asked if I was going to put a diaper on him; I replied that his mother told me to do it as he still needed them at least at night. So I undressed him, took off his training panties that he did manage to keep dry and put a thick disposable diaper on him followed by his ski pajamas -- something at least a little bit manly for a change.

The next morning I woke him up and found his diaper soaked, so I took it off and sent him to the bathroom with his morning hard on leading the way. After giving him a bath, I put a cloth diaper on him instead of a disposable or his training panties. His mom had told me Alan would wet his panties whenever he became excited. (I recalled when she said that and now wondered exactly what she was referring to when she used the word 'excited!') I asked him what color of plastic panties he'd want to wear -- he had a stack of them in various colors. He said he didn't care, which I found interesting remembering how embarrassed he was the night before to wear his ducky panties in front of me.

I wasn't crazy about changing dirty diapers all day, every day, so while I was there I alternated between diapers and his training panties and got him to tell me when each was best -- that worked out pretty well, but he did seem to want the training panties a lot and then have more 'snuggle time!' That was fine with me. I got to practice my 'technique' on milking a penis! We spent our time watching TV together; I allowed him to play his video games (that his mother usually strictly limited), and I made him meals he enjoyed, most of them were things a little kid would want like PB&J sandwiches and 'mac and cheese.' I also introduced him to one of my favorite childhood sandwich treats, sliced bananas between two buttered Graham crackers. He loved them and would have eaten them at every meal if I had let him.

Over the summer, I sat for him two more times for a few hours each time. His mother said Alan had requested me! Then, back to school, I finished up and took a position in Indianapolis. I never saw Alan again, as the family moved away, but his mother did still serve on the library board and my mother she often got news of him. Within ten years, he had turned into a computer whiz kid, graduated from college and now worked designing custom computer systems. He has a wife and two kids! Boy, I'd love to do a clinical follow up on him, see what he is like today and learn how that all happened!

*From Bill C.
While on Vacation*

While I was at Yosemite Park last summer with my family, I saw a mom approach with three boys. The two older boys were about 14 and 16, but the youngest boy, who was about 12, caught my eye as he was wearing diapers and plastic panties!

He seemed oblivious to the fact that he was diapered. Even his brothers did not seem to be embarrassed about their little brother walking around in just a pullover shirt, diapers, plastic panties, knee-high socks and sandals.

Even more interesting is that his mother had the boy in tow with a leash attached to his wrist. He kept walking slightly ahead of the others, but his mother would gently jerk the leash back if the kid strayed too far.

I have learned from experience to always have my camera handy since I've missed other great sights over the years, but this time I'm glad I had my camera out and ready to shoot, otherwise no one would have believed me.

I told the mother that her three boys were "very nice looking young men" and asked if I could take a picture of their whole family. She agreed, and I did, but



for your publication I cut out the rest of the family and enlarged the diapered boy tethered to his wrist leash.

From John J., Shaming My Friend

When I was 14, I met a new best friend named Todd, who was in my homeroom in middle school. One Saturday, I called him up to see if he wanted to hang out with me at the park, but he said he was grounded and had to stay in. As he was about to hang up, I heard his mother in the background insisting that he invite me over and we could play at his house. He was sniffing a bit; I guessed he had been crying, maybe he had gotten a spanking. I knew his mother didn't let him get away with anything. Anyway, he managed to ask me over. I sensed in his voice that he didn't want me to, but my curiosity was up so I told him I'd be right over.

When I got there, it was no wonder why he wasn't anxious for me to come over; he opened the door for me wearing nothing but very thick cloth diapers, pink plastic panties and a pacifier in his mouth! His mother, with a stern look on her face, was standing just behind him. She said, "Todd, why don't you take your nice friend up to your room and play. He looked at her pleadingly, but she just pointed toward the stairs and what I assumed was the direction of his room. I followed him as he plodded along.

Yikes! The place was decorated like a baby's nursery with a crib, changing table, and even a playpen, all looked like they were made for a pretty big child. My eyes were probably bugging out of my head as I said, "Um ... this is ... uh, your room?" He rambled on as he tried to make sense of it for me and make it not sound like it wasn't so bad. He said his mom always kept him in diapers and plastic pants at home because he still wets the bed and even wets his pants at times, but he assured me that only happens because a lot of times when he has to go, his mother makes him wait and wait, and then he wets his pants and she punishes him for doing that and then the whole routine goes on and on.

I asked him if he wears diapers to school too. He said he didn't but his mother would make him if he ever came home from school with wet underpants, and she checked his underwear as soon as he got home every day. Just then his mom walked in and she heard our conversation. "That's right, John, if Todd wets himself even once. He'll be a diapered big baby in school too! He swore he would never do that, but she just let out an emasculating huff and then insisted upon enlightening me further, even though I could see in my friend's pleasing eyes that he hoped she wouldn't say anymore.

"No, John, I let Todd wear little kid's panties when he's at school. In my mind I said, 'Panties! Child's panties? Like little girls' panties? Boys don't wear "panties!" Yikes!' But I pushed that thought out of my mind that was completely boggled already. I was numb just standing in this god-awful room.

His mom checked him by reaching her hand into his plastic panties -- they were pink! Yeah, I know I already said that, but I still couldn't believe it! She went on. "My Todd is still a baby so he has to sleep in a crib until he gets out of diapers." She then announced, "You're wet; get up on the changing table." He gasped, "But, Mom, not here, not now! Not with John here! Please." "You heard me, boy, do you want another spanking? I bet John would like to see you get paddled like a little kid." He shut up and crawled onto the table. I admonished myself, but I admitted that deep inside, YES! I would like to see him get spanked!

His mother pulled his plastic panties down, unpinned his wet diapers and wiped him dry. I tried not looking at his privates, but I couldn't help it. He was hard! That had to be embarrassing in front of his mother and with me there. She asked him, "Would my little baby like me to put him into a nice comfy fresh diaper or do you feel like you want to be a big boy and wear your panties while he is here?" When she said 'panties' again my mind called up mental pictures of panties. I knew some moms call all kids' underwear 'panties.' But, gosh, I did want to know! After all his plastic panties were pink so ...

"Fresh diapers, please, Mom." Wow! He just asked his mother for fresh diapers! Then my mind went back to the panties -- if he wanted the diapers and pink plastic panties -- his regular panties had to have been worse. I figured they were girls' panties -- wow, yes, that would be more humiliating than diapers and plastic panties -- even pink plastic panties! Damn, I was now using the word 'panties' in my mind instead of underwear, pants or other words!"

I was still too much in shock to giggle or react in any kind of way. As soon as his mom pulled his plastic panties back up -- pink again -- natch! -- she had Todd climb down off the changing table. She then told me to take off my pants and underpants and get up on the table. I backed away but then she laid into me: "Listen, buster, I made sure Todd invited you over when you called because one of reasons why he is grounded for is for you two pulling up the skirts of the little sixth grade girls at school. Your teacher called and told me all about it. Didn't she call



your parents too?" I nodded. "Well, how did they punish you?" I shrugged and said, "Um, they didn't." I felt I had to explain further. "My dad took the call and he just laughed and hung up." Then he told me I shouldn't do such things, but then he ..." I hesitated. "Well, go on." "Um, gees, my dad kind of laughed and asked me what kind of panties the girls were wearing." I regretted adding that tidbit the moment I said it.

Wow! That set her off! "I have a good mind to call your parents. Surely your mother wouldn't condone anything like that, and I think she should know all about your father! Get up on this table. If they won't punish you; I will, and don't try to avoid it. I know and you know that you deserve it. Acting like that. How do you think those little girls felt with you boys laughing at them? Do you have any idea how damaging that might have been to them? You're growing up to be another one of those disgusting males who have no regard for the feelings of others, especially women and girls -- well, that won't be the case if I can help it. Let's see how you like it with someone laughing at you and teasing you about your underwear."

She had cowed me, I knew I deserved it so I got out of my jeans and underpants and got up on the table. She powdered me -- and she handled my penis! No female, not even my mother had ever touched my penis, at least not since I was a little baby. But there was that 'baby' thought again and now I was going to be diapered like a baby! I couldn't look at her; I couldn't even look at Todd after one quick glimpse at him; he was grinning and giggling at me! I closed my eyes and let her do her thing.

Once the diaper was on me she slid plastic pants up my legs and tapped me on the hip to let me know to raise up so she could pull them all the way up -- and I did, like it was an automatic process still stuck in my mind from my toddler years! I prayed they weren't pink, but as she had me sit up and then get off the table she pulled them all the way up and I saw they were pink! She kept snapping the elastic waist and leg bands -- excessively so, I thought, as she was telling me she wanted to check the fit and make sure the diaper was completely covered.

She then sat me down on the floor with Todd and told us to play with some blocks and baby toys. She said if we were good she would let us play with some miniature cars and trucks, but warned us not to put them in our mouth because we could swallow and choke on them! She then added that if we didn't play nicely, she would make us play with Todd's baby dolls, and she's spank or

paddle us if we didn't. So playing with the blocks sounded pretty good to me. Next thing I knew she was standing over us and snapping pictures. I tried to get up but she made me sit right back down or the pictures she had already taken would be sent to my parents and then to the school. Todd warned me to mind her and I did.

We played like that for a couple of hours. She left us alone a lot and finally, I asked Todd to see his underwear drawer. He didn't want to do it, and we were arguing about it when his mother appeared again and wanted to know what was going on. We finally admitted what we were fighting about, and she flashed a huge smile and said, "Why, of course, John, you can see Todd's panty drawer. You can even try on some of them if you want." She then made us go over to the dresser and she pulled open drawer after drawer of various 'panties' -- some were little boy briefs with pictures on them. Some were training panties with teddy bears and baby rattles on them, and in the last drawer, a big stack of girls' panties -- no doubt about it -- they were silky looking, lacy, and frilly, some had girly pictures on them and some had so much lace and ribbons that you couldn't even see the panties underneath. I turned down her offer to try on any one of those pairs of panties. She let it go, but then told me that my punishment wasn't over and commanded me to be there every Saturday or at least once a week for more baby time with Todd or she would call my parents and urge them to baby me, and she had pictures to show them how much I loved doing it!

That's how the next couple of weeks went, going through the school year and then through the summer. Todd and I went to different high schools because he was a real brainiac and got sent to a special school for especially smart kids. Not going to school together, we did grow apart, and his mother didn't give me any grief when I didn't want to come over any more. However, I do know that Todd had two other boys in his new school that came over all the time to play with him. I asked him if his mother had gotten those boys into some kind of situation and babified them too, but he didn't want to answer that question, so I let it slide. But just because he wouldn't answer, I was sure she had!

When I stopped playing with Todd; I was so relieved not to have to do the baby thing ever again, but then less than a year later; I became very interested in all things baby, and I wanted to experience it again, but it took me a couple of more years to get up the nerve, get the supplies and the wherewithal to do it. Now I'm a big time baby too!

*From Karen T.,
Babysitter*

I'm familiar with your web site and wanted to share this with you. My girlfriend, Tracy, and I are babysitters and get a lot of useful information from your site. I thought you'd be interested in hearing about what Tracy and I saw recently at the Calgary mall.

We went into the ladies' room and were surprised to see a boy of about 13 lying on the diaper changing table. He was completely naked and looked very embarrassed. A woman (probably his grandmother) was attempting to change his diaper, but she was unable to do it because the shamed boy had been squirming around so much that she had accidentally spilled baby powder on his disposable, which made it impossible to get the tabs to stick. He was lying there fully exposed and sobbing. When he saw Tracy and me come in, he began crying harder, probably out of shame with two girls not much older than he was staring at him. The woman asked us if we could help fix the diaper.

Since Tracy and I babysit all the time, Tracy just happened to have a couple of large diapers pins in her purse. As sitters you know it's wise to be prepared for all emergencies and sometimes when we sit a child and are out you need to replace a diaper pin or two. Tracy gave the pins to the lady and I calmed the big boy down as the two of them pulled his disposable together and got him redressed.

In the process, we got talking with the woman and discovered she was indeed his grandmother and was taking care of him for the day. David, the boy, was



undergoing punishment for hitting his four-year-old sister when she wouldn't stop bothering him. "The little girl," the grandmother explained, "was just trying to get him to play with her and he became abusive toward her. Well, their mother is a corporate executive at Rayton Oil here and she doesn't put up with any nonsense, so she decreed that for punishment he was to be dressed and treated like a baby for the month."

As Granny told us all these details, David complained; he didn't want people to know about him, but his granny simply pulled a bottle of milk out of his diaper bag and shoved it into his mouth to keep him quiet as she continued telling us the whole story.

This sweet woman said she was going to give us their address so we could come by and get the diaper pins back. Tracy was about to tell her that she could keep the pins, but I nudged her and asked if when we picked up the pins if we could see David again in his home environment as we are professional babysitters and would find it interesting. Granny assured us we could and added that maybe they could use our services sometime. David had more tears in his eyes and became quite restless when his granny told us that when we visited, we could see his whole baby setup at home and see if we approved. With a sly grin she said she's also show us all the all the pretty baby clothes he got to wear at home that were a little too sissy to wear whenever they had to go outside. The boy did look a little relieved after she said they had to get going because they were running late now and had to meet up with his mother. Tracy and I helped the woman dress David in his very cute little boy shorts and a T-shirt with a baby design the front. We'll be seeing David again this weekend.

From Robert R., Introduced into a New Lifestyle

Two days ago at my new job, Mary Jo, one of my coworkers invited me to her home for dinner just to get acquainted. I didn't know she had a son and when I got there she invited me into the living room and had me sit on the couch. Then she went into the kitchen to finish making dinner. I was looking at the TV that was already on when a boy came around the corner of the hallway and into the living room and he was wearing only a disposable diaper, not even a pull up, but one that gets taped on. I couldn't believe it.

He didn't seem to be concerned at all about me seeing him in just a diaper. He saw me, gave me a pleasant little smile and said hello. I nodded a greeting back, and hoped I wasn't sitting there with a dopey expression on my face. He went into the kitchen and I heard him tell his mom that he was soaking wet and needed a change. She told she was too busy as she was finishing making dinner so she told him to go and ask ME to change his diaper.

The boy simply said OK and then came back into the living room. "Hi, I'm Devin. I'm 11. My diaper's wet. My mom is too busy; will you please change it for me?" He smiled as he said it and seemed happy about it, not at all embarrassed. I was astounded at the whole scene because I thought a boy his age should have been out of diapers years ago -- or at least embarrassed about it. I was at a loss for words and just stared at him until he reached out, took my hand and said, "Come on, please? I'm wet."

I swallowed hard and said OK. He pulled on my arm saying, "OK, cool. Come with me!"

I followed him to his bedroom and he got a package of Attends diapers and baby wipes and gave them to me. Then he took a big towel from his closet, put it on his bed and lay down on it. After I took his wet diaper off, he rolled onto his tummy and I cleaned his bottom and the backs of his legs. He said to put baby lotion and powder on him so I did. Then he rolled onto his back and he had a hard on staring right up at me. I couldn't believe it. I've never seen a boy his age like that. Then I had to clean all of his front side and powder him, being careful not to touch his penis. He smiled and laughed as I did it, but then said, "Don't forget my weewee. I need you to rub it with oil and then powder it too. I tried to do it in a businesslike manner, but he kept telling me "more" and thrusting his hips up to more firmly have my hand skin his dick. I was getting very nervous, so it was a relief to finally finish and put a clean diaper on him.

He then got up and helped me put away all the supplies and showed me the diaper service cannister where he disposes of his wet diapers. Then he kissed me, thanked me and asked me to pick him up and carry him out to the living room where he insisted upon sitting on my lap and watching TV as Mary Jo scurried about the kitchen and finished setting the dining room table.

When we went into the dining room to eat, I spotted a pink girls' pinafore apron on a dress form in the corner. Devin calmly went over, took it off the dress form and without the least bit of embarrassment, asked me to help him put it on. It was an old-fashioned pinafore-like apron in a girlish shade of pink. It was devoid of any lace or ribbon decoration but it did feature wide fluffy edges that made it distinctively feminine. He slipped his arms into it and then turned around and had me tie it up in back, which I did with a minimum of fumbling and his mom happily smiling as she looked on.



The pinafore looked like a dress on him, except I could clearly see his diapered bottom through the open back. He spread the apron out like a girl would as he sat down so he wouldn't wrinkle it, leaving him to sit on the hard, straight-back chair in just his diapered bottom.

After dinner, I untied the pinnie for him and he neatly replaced it on the dress form. Soon after it was his bedtime. Mary Jo changed his diaper in front of me and thanked me for doing it before as she oiled and powdered him and gave him some pleasure with a few long wanks to his hard dick. They both laughed happily as she did it.

After she tucked him into bed she explained Devin had always found it difficult controlling his bladder and that diapering him was the easiest way to deal with it.

I told her I thought she was handling the situation correctly, but then I asked about the pink pinafore. She giggled and said Devin was pretty much of a sissy and he willingly wears it and it did help to prevent food from falling onto his naked lap as he ate. She said he picked out the pinafore all on his own out of an online catalog so she ordered it. She added that he had a little collection of girls' clothes, even dresses, that he loves to wear any chance he gets. She confided in me that she was sure he was going to grow up to be gay and thought he was one already. She asked if he had goaded me into handling his penis while I was changing his diaper -- she assured me that she wasn't angry if I had done it because Devin already gets other little boys to touch him at school and he touches them. She has gotten a number of complaints from his teachers and cautions him not to do it because she doesn't want him to get into trouble, but she knows he ignores her warnings and is increasingly sexually active with boys. She said he falls in love with a new boy ever few days like a fickle schoolgirl.

I blushingly admitted that I did indeed touch him, but I tried to minimize it, yet he kept wanting more.

She laughed. "That's my boy. He is a queer little sissy, isn't he? I'm glad you did wank him a bit, maybe he'll stay away from the boys at school for a while. I'd like to homeschool him but can't afford it."

Mary Jo said she had tried dating several guys but they all pretty much ran away once they saw Devin in diapers and realized he was little fag. She then explained to me, "Don't take offense, but I have had my eye on you at the office, and I felt you might be the slightest bit effeminate,

maybe even gay and that is why I asked you over for dinner. One, I did it for Devin's sake, but even more than that, I did it because I am greatly attracted to you -- I detest macho men -- and if you aren't gay and you can handle Devin, it would make me a very happy woman. But if you are gay; that is OK too; just not quite as good for me."

She asked if I'd come over a couple of times a week and "help relieve his pressure!" I wasn't quite sure of her use of the word 'handle' but skipped over it at the moment and told her I am not gay, even though, I shamefully admitted, that other people had tabbed me as gay or effeminate throughout my life. I told her I didn't know why people sometimes see me that way; and I don't know what I'm doing that sends out that kind of signal.

She seemed happy with that and then leaned forward and kissed me, and in the process she let her hand slid over my lap. Yep! I was hard. She felt my erection and in reaction to it, kissed me harder, deeper and longer and gave my dick a few good wanks like she had done to Devin! Mary Jo really knew how to do it; I guess she had a lot of practice on her sissy son! I had to think: did I have a hard on because she was touching me? No, because I had it before she touched me -- or was I hard because I was still thinking about her cute little boy? I honestly couldn't answer that one. I had never been attracted to men or boys, but for a guy attracted to young boys, Devin had to rank as a heartbreaker!

As we ended the kiss and parted she said she hopes we become very good friends and maybe more. "I hope so too." I told her.

Yesterday, at the office, we played it cool since management discourages romance on the job, but that night we did talk on the phone. She had Devin say good night to me and then she excused herself to put him to bed. About twenty minutes later she called me back and we talked almost the entire night!

Today, we were both pretty worse for wear at the office. She wanted me to come over after work but we both realized we were too tired.

I started writing this to help myself calm down and relax so I can get some sleep, but I see I've already been writing for over two hours, so it's time I say good night. I'll write more after I get to know Mary Jo and Devin better. Wish me luck!





