

Big Boy Baby Sightings!



Vol. #2

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"

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Big Boy Baby Sightings!

Sightings of Older Boys Still in Diapers

From Tim T., Defiant Brother

I make no apologies or excuses, I'm a hopelessly happy big baby. My nickname as a toddler was "Baby Timmie" because I was the youngest of three children with a sister, Brittany, 7 years older and Robert, a brother, 6 years older. When I came along no one was happier than Robert because he had been pestering our parents for "a little brother he could play with." Yes, he really did want to have a brother to play boys games with because he had always been in the shadow of his older sister, who bossed him around endlessly and since she was not only older but taller and much stronger, he had to play her games which were often girly games like letting her dress him up like her own a real live baby.

But an even more important reason why Robert wanted a little brother was because he had always been called "Baby Bobbie" by everyone in the family. Even his birthday cards were addressed to "Baby Bobbie" with the "ie" ending to his name that he soon learned from his peers was a babyish or even a girlish spelling. So when I was born and got the nickname "Baby Timmie," Robert was delighted, even making sure everyone knew my name was to be spelled with the hated "ie" ending while at the same time, he demanded to be called simply "Bob" or at worst "Bobby" with a "y" ending. He exhibited such a show of force over this that everyone soon adapted.

I was innocent and ignorant of such political importance associated to the name I was called. As I grew, I became my sister's little doll to be dressed and fussed over. She relished treating me like a baby and if it were up to her,

she would have kept me as a baby forever! She was even successful in having our parents delay my potty training. She accomplished that by being my second mother. She took care of me constantly, fed me, bathed me, and took great joy in changing my diapers. It's easy to "love being loved" and I did; she showered me with love and I was the sweet little baby she wanted me to be.

When father finally put his foot down and demanded I be potty trained, my sister was slow to comply, but as she did, she lost interest in me more and more. I began to feel the huge void that the withdrawal of love leaves; I still wanted to be her baby in her loving arms. I did everything I could to resist toilet training. The rewards offered to me for "staying dry" meant nothing to me.

Defiantly, I'd stand right in the middle of the room and piss my underwear and pants whenever I felt like it. No one could understand why I made such little effort to grow up. Then the punishments started. I felt my father's hand or my mother's ruler beat on me for wetting myself. I would cry and Brittany would come to my aid and comfort me. But my parents and brother would just tease me for acting like a baby making my life miserable. My father, especially, would call me a sissy baby in front of friends and even strangers and joke with people saying things like, "You better put down a rubber sheet on that chair or this little pisser will wet himself like an overgrown baby."

In school, I was sent home a number of times for wetting my pants in the 1st grade. Mom would have to come to school with dry clothes for me, take me into the cloakroom and make me change, usually after delivering a dozen or more stinging blows to my naked butt with a short ruler she kept in her purse. I'd arrive back in the classroom crying and told if I wet myself again that I'd have to stay in my wet clothes for the rest of the day. That did happen on at least three occasions that I recall.

Then during the summer between my 1st and 2nd grade, I had wet my pants once too often for my father and he demanded that I be put back in diapers until I learned to

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control my bladder, even if it would take all summer. I couldn't believe he wanted me punished that way. I didn't resist. And I was so hoping to once again to win my sister's love. But it didn't turn out that way. My father not only decreed I had to wear diapers for the summer; I had to wear just diapers and plastic panties and nothing else! And he had my mom buy me just princess disposables and pink plastic panties to be used with cloth diapers. All else I was allowed to wear were girls' tops or blouses, my diapered condition always on view.

No matter where we went, I had to go in just my pink diapers and girly tops, plus lacy ankle socks and little booties. I even had to go that way to our little local church. Even the minister approved of my diaper discipline and a number of the other parents let my parents know they were doing the right thing. Of course, everyone young and old, male and female, teased me and did everything to shame me from calling me baby names, offering to babysit and being abusive like pinching my cheeks real hard and snapping the elastic legs of my plastic panties until I cried in pain.

Here, I thought it was going to be great wearing diapers and plastic panties again with my parents' full approval but all the pain and humiliation made me regret it.

I even tried staying dry but by then I had such poor control over my bladder that I screwed up all the time and found myself in situations trying not to pee but being unable to hold back. Worst of all, it did not work to win back my sister's love. She was getting older now and had a tight



group of girlfriends and she was embarrassed just to be seen with me.

One day that summer I got up the nerve to complain to my parents. I told them that I didn't want them to call my plastic pants "panties" anymore. I said girls wear panties

and boys wear pants. For some reason that really irritated my father and he took me over his lap, pulled down my plastic panties and diaper and spanked me with his big hand that was much harder than my mother's wooden ruler. I was so shocked and surprised by the instantly executed spanking that I began to pee all over my father's good suit pants! I got the licking of my life and it ended with him making me say that I loved my sissy panties because I was a baby. He made me say that ten times once my howling crying had slowed enough for me to be able to speak. Then I had to stand with my nose in the corner of the room, my bright red butt for everyone to see, and under the threat that if I dared to pee with my diaper off that I would get an even more severe thrashing. I was then rediapered, made to thank my father for my "pretty plastic panties" and sent to bed without dinner.

But that wasn't the end of it. In the morning I woke up and felt a bit strange. Then I opened my eyes and saw I had been dressed in one of my sister's nightgowns. Not only that, I felt down and my plastic panties had a soft, silky nylon covering and lace and ruffles and ribbon decorations. I jumped out of bed to look in the mirror. I was dressed like a baby girl!

I cried out loud and screamed for my mother. She came in and announced that father had directed her to go out to the store and buy me some girls' clothes. The nightgown wasn't my sister's it was mine along with a bunch of other girly clothes that she proceeded to show me. She explained that since I hated the word 'panties' because I thought it was too girly, therefore my father figured girls' clothes just might be the humiliation to cure me of wetting my pants. I cried and carried on but mother told me to stay in bed and when I got hungry enough to call her and she would come and help dress me in my new clothes. She told me to stay dressed in the nightie or risk another severe spanking.

I stayed in bed. Twice I got up and took a peek at some of those new clothes in my closet and dresser, I hated the sight of them. I gave up breakfast, and I wanted to give up lunch, but my wet diaper was really starting to chafe and I was starving hungry, so reluctantly, I called for my mother. She came into my room and in a very businesslike manner, changed my diaper, and again forced me into a pair of those fancy baby rhumba panties in shocking pink. Even my girly-girly sister never wore anything that sissy looking. Mother called me a pantywaist. That was the first time I had ever heard the word and I could guess what it meant. I was still called "Baby Timmie" -- the

name I had learned to hate like my brother before me, but starting that day I had a new nickname and everyone started calling me "pantywaist." Suddenly, I longed to be called "Baby Timmie" once again because I felt it was a lot less humiliating.

Much to my parents' delight and my father's smug attitude, the girls' clothes worked! I did everything in my power to stay dry and soon did!

It worked for them but left me without family or friends - I was very alone. I had simply wanted the love of my sister and the way she used to care for me. I miss it to this day! I did learn to control my wetting but I had grown so used to smelly, wet diapers that they made me feel comfortable in a strange kind of way, so in secret, I'd play with my old diapers, wearing them and peeing in them whenever I could.

But I had also learned to enjoy being humiliated. It took years for me to understand that about myself and then suddenly as I went into puberty, I craved being shamed and humiliated -- it became sexual. I let people know that I wore diapers and plastic "panties" -- I even got used to that humiliating word -- just the word panties would excite me, and I liked being girly. How I went from hating it as a child to loving the shame and embarrassment of babyish and girly things is a mystery to me, but I'm glad I crossed that bridge; I not only crossed it -- I developed a chip on my shoulder -- being a girly and babyish is who I had become and I didn't care what other people thought -- if you wanted to be my friend, be part of my family, do business with me -- you better love my girly diapers or I had no need for you!

Now, I regularly go to a restaurant wearing some mix of male, female, and baby clothes and no one bothers me -- it does help that I'm a big tipper! All the cute young waitresses vie to wait on me and they are happy to talk to me about girly and baby things! Many of them have told me stories about their husbands dressing up like babies on New Year's Eve or as girls on Halloween and some even have brought in pictures to show me. They tell me about sons and nephews and neighbors whenever one of them gets caught dressing like a girl, doing baby-like things or caught wetting their pants! I have a great life now! With my upbringing "who could have thunk!"

This brings me to another important chapter in my life: My family has finally accepted me -- simply because I told them to accept me as I am or I had no use for them.

I told them “you made me this way” -- so live with it or stay out of my life! No, I never used those exact terms when I told my parents, my bother or my sister -- I was much nicer about it -- but they all got the idea, and eventually they all came around to my way -- whether out of guilt or love I have no idea, but I have a good relationship with all of them now. Especially, my sister who indulges me; she gets a kick out of recalling our relationship when we were young.

*From Lois McB.
My Friend's Diapered Brother*

My account is a “sighting” that I’ve seen many times over the last few years. My friend Linda has a diapered 13-year-old brother named Taylor. Here’s what happened last Saturday. Now that school is out, Linda and I, along with three of our other friends, Kristy, Beth, and Jessica went shopping for new swimsuits and then went to Linda’s house to try them on because she has a pool. The day was warm so we laid out in the sun and then had to watch (babysit) Linda’s brother Taylor while her mother went out for the afternoon.

As we sunbathed, Taylor played in the shallow end of the pool. Eventually we all wanted to cool off and got into the water with him. When we had enough, we got out of the pool and Linda went into the house and brought out a blue gym bag. Kristy and I knew what was about to happen but Beth and Jessica didn’t, so we were excited to see how they were going to react.

Taylor got out of the pool when his sister told him his time was up. She began drying him. After drying his hair, Linda wrapped the towel around his shoulders and then tugged his wet swimsuit down to his ankles. He stepped out of it and Linda draped it over the rose arbor to dry as she pointed to a towel she had spread out on a nearby picnic table. Despite being naked from the chest on down, Taylor wasn’t shy and knew what to do. He climbed up on the table and lay down on the towel.

The boy has a cute little peepee, more like a little boy’s dick than a 13-year-old’s. Beth was talking to her boyfriend on her cell but stopped when Jessica called her attention to what was going on. The two girls then joined us as Linda took a small towel and dried his nubbins and his behind. Next she poured baby lotion on his diaper area, put some on her hands and then smoothed it so that it covered him completely, including giving his penis a good

rub. She pointed to his scrotum. “See, girls, Taylor’s balls haven’t dropped yet and that’s why he’s behind in the puberty department. Mom says if it doesn’t happen soon, she’ll have the doctor make it happen, but I keep begging her to keep Taylor as babyish as much as we can for as long as we can because this way he is so sweet and obedient. As you can see he likes it this way too, even likes being diapered, don’t you, my little Tay?”

His faced turned red but he was smiling broadly and nodding his head in agreement.

“See, girls, all girls should be lucky enough to have a little brother so sweet. He’ll do anything I ask and play any game I want. Lois and Kristy know all about my cute little Tay-Tay, but Beth and Jessica, I wanted you to know about him too since we’re all such good friends.

“Taylor even loves it when I dress him up in my clothes. We have tea parties and play with my dolls. Right, Tay?”

He pulled the towel up to halfway cover his face as he nodded “yes” and let out a devilish giggle.

“Yes, I know you girls have dolls gathering dust on shelves in your room and probably haven’t played with them in years, but I’m happy to admit that I still play with my dolls simply because I love doing it with a 13-year-old baby brother, who really gets into it. I love the superior and powerful feeling I get from teaching my brother the finer points of playing like a girl. Tay is the complete opposite of the jocks and jerks in high school; I wish more boys were like him. But we do more than girls’ games. Lois and Kristy know what I mean, huh?”

We smiled and nodded.

Beth asked, “Gees, he doesn’t seem to mind being naked with us watching him?”

“Oh, gosh, no. In fact, he loves the attention!”

“And why are you putting diapers on him,” Jessica asked.

“Mom can’t stand his inability to stay dry at night and his drips and stains in his underpants during the day; she’s sick of that. So it’s diapers for him all the time at home and at all other times except when he goes to school. He just graduated from eighth grade. He was already picked on a lot at his Catholic elementary school. Thank goodness for the tough but understanding nuns; they protected him



pretty well. But this fall he'll start in public high school ... well, it might not work out so well. Mom said we might have to find some kind of special school for him or homeschool him with some other special needs kids."

Linda then made a trumpeting-like sound and said, "OK, girls, are you ready for even more sissy boy fun?"

Of course, we all clamored for more.

She didn't say anything, just started gently stroking Tay's penis. He giggled and squirmed in delight. "As you can see, my baby brother loves girls to play with his winkie. And all of you can join in."

She didn't need to say anything more as we pushed her out of the way and began touching the happy little boy all over. The poor kid couldn't hold off and he convulsed, shaking with a massive dry cum -- but the great thing about dry cums -- a boy's penis barely goes soft and goes right back to being erect! After two more dry cums over the next twenty minutes he was crying and begging for us to stop. Since we were all exhausted by then, we finally let up on the boy!

After a short rest, Linda sprinkling him with baby powder and then asked Kristy and me to hold his legs up while she slid a thick cloth diaper under his bottom and pinned it securely in place. Linda had Taylor get up as she held out a pair of bright blue plastic panties for him to wiggle into. Kristy helped pull up the plastic panties and settle them neatly up and over his thick diaper. He was as happy as any boy I had ever seen in my life. He lisped a "thank you" to us and kissed us each on the cheek.

For the rest of our stay, Taylor was even more obsequious than his usual sweet self. He looked so cute. For Beth and Jessica, the two new girls to our group, they couldn't stop talking about the experience and kept asking Linda and Taylor a million questions. It was obviously a very memorable experience for the both of them.

From Rita E., Professional Babysitter

I'm just nineteen but already a budding entrepreneur as I run a babysitting service here in the 'burbs of Tampa. The business pays all my bills at nursing school and more. I coordinate babysitting jobs for seven teenage girls. I do some sitting myself. Most recently, I have been sitting for a family of two problem boys whom I'm struggling to find a way to help! The boys are very immature, as many boys tend to be, but the boys are 13-year-old twins. They act more like toddlers than teenagers. Despite their age, their mother keeps them diapered like babies because they still wet the bed and can't be trusted without daytime diapers.

One night last week is a typical example of what it is like sitting for them. When I arrived, the boys were running around the house wearing only their diapers and plastic panties. Derek, the older of the two, had on thick diapers under pale yellow plastic panties while his twin, Daniel, also was heavily diapered but he had on pink plastic nursery print panties over his diapers. Most of their clothes are babyish or unisex to some degree, but their mother uses girls' diaper covers (like the pink plastic panties) and other girls' clothes whenever they upset her for any reason. The boys aren't retarded, actually, they are quite smart, but they've been intellectually deprived of so much and treated like babies for so long that they come off like they're half retarded. In their mother's eye's, just acting too grown up is reason for punishment, and the worst punishment for them is being made to wear girly clothes because it has been drummed into them that being made to wear their girly clothes is a totally humiliating punishment. So when I saw Daniel in his pink panties I knew he had done something wrong, and when he saw me, he ducked behind the couch, asking, "Miss Rita, please don't look at me."

I've been sitting for them now for over three months, and I'm amazed at how effective any bit of girlish clothing can instantly humble them. They work like magic to shame the boys and keep them totally subdued.

Despite his plea, I made Daniel get out from hiding and put them both into their playpen, which is permanently set up in the living room. I like them in the playpen because I can watch TV while I keep an eye on them. Their father has little regard for them; he considers them an embarrassment to the family and lets his wife baby them. He pretty much ignores them except when he can smell that one of them had peed or pooped, then he demands the guilty one gets his diaper changed and out of his sight. Their mother is downright weird but they are pretty well off and the money they pay me is good.

Only by chance did I get to sit for the boys that first time. Their father thought he was having a heart attack and was taken away in an ambulance. Their mother called my service so she could go along to the hospital. I was the only one available on such short notice and arrived to find the boys dressed in little boy style shorts and T-shirts

and playing on the floor with toy cars and trucks. Their mother hurriedly explained they were “mentally undeveloped” and had to be treated like toddlers even to the point that they had to be kept in diapers. That’s when I noticed their shorts bulging out with diapers.

Their mother was only gone for a couple of hours as the father didn’t have a heart attack even though the hospital did keep him overnight. The boys obviously had been under strict orders how to behave with me there. I took it for granted that they were mentally retarded. However, something didn’t seem right about them as in some ways they acted quite normal. Anyway, the mother was pleased with how I worked out and said she’s like to use my services again and of course, I agreed. She explained that she had tried other sitters but wasn’t very happy with any she had tried to employ.

Once I began to sit for them once or twice a week, the secrets of this strange household opened up to me; I got used to them and used to their mother. Why do I say “strange?” Well, these boys had been together since they were babies -- and I’m sure things hadn’t changed much since! They are in the house constantly, almost never go outside and have no friends or any outside stimulation except for one another -- and that is where the weird part comes in. Their mother is a religious nut and convinced they are devil children and need to be watched and disciplined. She homeschools them, but I don’t think she teaches them anything! I don’t know how she gets away with it but she passes the State certification every year. She has the State inspectors convinced the boys are mentally handicapped and unable to take care of themselves in any way, hence the diapers.

The boys know little of what is going on in the world, but from being with them, I know they are smarter than they appear. They’ve never learned anything of consequence so no wonder they don’t know anything except toddler games and acting like babies. And their mother won’t let me try to teach them anything. She doesn’t let them watch



TV except for Barney, the Teletubbies and Disney movies. I can watch TV while they are in the room, but their mother insists that their playpen has to be situated so they can’t see the TV, and they have to wear earphones so they can’t hear what’s going on.

Instead, the boys just have to sit and play with blocks, toddler puzzles or diaper and rediaper their babydolls. Their mother is convinced that everything on TV is a bad influence and would just make them violent and disobedient. The boys have been taught that it is fine being a baby boy but that it is a supreme humiliation to be treated like a baby girl. Being put into their girly clothes and called girls’ names and made to do girly things they find horribly shameful. Their mother has brainwashed them quite well! I sit for them not only because the pay is good but because I think I am doing some good as I try to bring a little sunshine into their lives, but I can’t really teach them things, otherwise their mother will know I’m to blame.

She says the boys are devil children because they are “queers.” As toddlers she caught them playing with each other’s privates and it convinced her that they are homos.

From my schooling, I know such play between children is innocent and not detrimental to their development, but you can't tell that to her. She is a church crazy evangelical, a Bible thumper like you've never seen. That's where she gets all her ideas about the boys being possessed by the devil, and the way she treats the boys is nothing short of insane. She thinks that if the boys learn anything and get out into the outside world, they will do horrible, sinful and criminal things. So her way of dealing with them is to perpetually keep them as babies and prevent them from developing in any natural way. But she does encourage them to develop in weird ways! Since she is convinced they are faggots, she not only doesn't stop them from doing homosexual acts, she encourages it -- her theory is to keep them sexually drained because a horny boy is a danger to himself and society!

So she encourages the boys to play kissing games, wank on each other's penis and suck on penis-shaped pacifiers. That's as much as I've seen so far, but when I'm not there, she probably has them engage in even more perverse sex acts. But it is interesting how she has gotten them to fear their girly clothes and even just a simple thing like the difference between a baby blue diaper cover and a pink one is enough to completely humble them.

So what is it like as I care for them? Well, going back again to last Saturday night, one of the first things I did upon arrival was to stick my hand inside each boy's plastic panties to see if he was wet. The boy in the pink baby panties was wet, so I put him on a changing mat on the floor, took down his cute pink panties and changed him into dry cloth diapers. He was hard, which is typical, but what was really creepy is how his brother giggled, stared and pointed at Devin's erection the whole time he was naked as I changed him. I have nothing against gay boys or gay sex, but these boys have been groomed to be gay perverts and are horny constantly. Sometimes when I change them, there is more cum in their diapers than urine! The boys have no compunction about doing all kinds of sex things right in front of me. They French kiss like long lost lovers while using their hands to play inside each other's diaper.

The boys were heavy into making out as I watched TV. Their mother came in to tell me she was going shopping. She looked over at the boys, shook her head and mumbled "devil children!" She turned to me. "Put the boys to bed early and let them continue their sick sex games, but put them in their girly nighties and let them wank each other silly until they fall asleep of exhaustion; Satan will love it

and maybe it will keep that old devil busy and stop him from prowling around town and getting people to commit murder and mayhem. The Bible says Satan loves sex more than any other sin; so it's the best way to keep him occupied and stop him from creating havoc elsewhere.

Her weird ideas she thoroughly lives by and doesn't question her beliefs in anyway. She must find it a comfort to be so positive, so sure that she has the whole world including Heaven and Hell all figured out, but in my opinion, she IS the devil!

Before she left, she gave each boy a bear hug and sloppy kisses -- I could swear they both French kissed their mother -- I had never seen them kiss her like that before. Each time I sit for them I witness a little more of their perverse lives. Then when she was gone, I made the boys go up to their nursery-like bedroom and when I announced their mother had decreed they both had to be put into girlish nighties, they cried and said they did nothing wrong to be forced into nighties, but what their mother says goes so they let me put them in silky teen girl nighties: Derek in a sunshine yellow knee-length confection festooned with ruffles befitting a queen -- oh, yeah! "Queen" that's the right word! Since Daniel was still in pink plastic baby panties, I got out his pink babydoll nightie top made of a triple layer of chiffon nylon with dainty spaghetti shoulder straps and big ruffled flounces across the bodice and around the hem.

I want to find a way to help these boys and bring them into the real world but I'm not sure how. At some point, I have to tell someone. I keep sitting for them as I try to figure out a way I can help. I do know that if I don't do it, no one else will because I don't think anyone else in the world knows what goes on in this house of horrors -- well, that's what it is to me even though the mother, father and they boys surely consider it "normal!"

You might wonder why I haven't reported them to the police. I haven't for the sake of the boys. They know nothing else other than the life their mother has created for them, and surprisingly, they appear to be very happy when they are not being punished for some reason. I fear that locking up the parents and abruptly thrusting the boys into the outside world would be more than they could bear and destroy them. Somehow, I'll figure it out, but I don't want to be responsible for delivering them to a life that is even worse than the one they have now! One thing is for sure: They love their "Mommy" as they call her. Without her they could easily end up in the loony bin!

*From Jennifer J.
Babysitting Big Boys*

I didn't know much about the boys whose family lived down the block because they were homeschooled and didn't play with the other kids in the area. I only saw them occasionally out walking with their mother, and at those times, they seemed to be very shy because they kept their heads down and clung closely to their mother. Everyone knew I did babysitting in the neighborhood, so one day the mother called my mother and arranged for me to sit for the boys. Mom told me that the mother used to leave them with her mother who lived in the house with them but the grandmother recently died so the mother needed help. She did explain that even though the boys were 13 and 14 years old, they had a bladder disease and had to be constantly diapered. My mom assured the woman I could handle changing their diapers if necessary.

When I arrived the boys came trotting out of their room wearing just diapers and plastic panties with their hands held in front of themselves probably to help shield their diapered condition from my view. The woman formally introduced herself to me and then introduced Trent (the older one) and William. She pretty much repeated what she had told my mom on the phone. I said hi to the blushing twin boys who appeared to be quite shy as they huddled together and kept looking down a lot. I told their mom that I was sorry to hear about her mother's death.

She said, "Thanks, it has been difficult. I appreciate you being able to help out; I just need to do a few errands. I should be back by 8 PM and you should have the boys in bed by then. I hope this works out since you are right in the neighborhood. My sons are good boys but they have this problem so it's hard for them to mix with most people socially. Don't worry their disease is not catchy but it's also not curable, so they will always be in diapers and quite behind mentally. I'm not going to be far, so if you have any problems, call me and I can come right home." She briefly showed me around the house so I knew where things were at, including their diaper supplies, and then she gave me her cell phone number and left.

The boys sat at a table playing checkers and when I told them they could watch TV with me, they got up and I could see they had wet their diapers as they started to sag in their plastic panties. I said, "Well, it looks like I'm going to have to change both of you now." They were a little nervous.

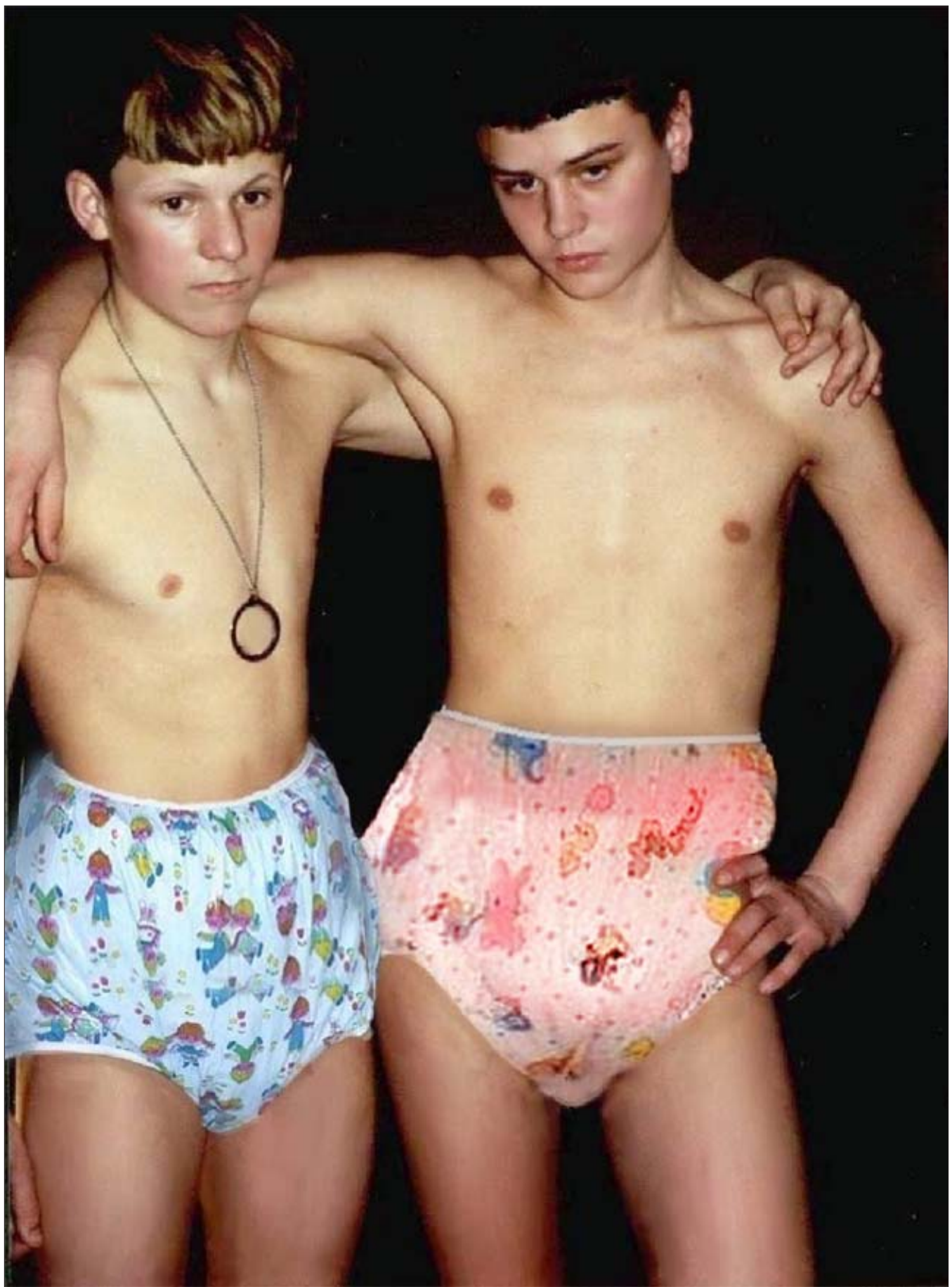
William mumbled that he didn't want me to see him naked. I simply told him that I had been babysitting since I was in middle school and that I've seen a lot of naked boys. I then led them to their bedroom and laid them on the floor on a rubber sheet.

Just as I had unpinning William's diaper, the 13-year-old started to pee so I hurriedly pushed his diaper back over his pisser until he had let it all out. He was obviously nervous; I tried to relax him a bit by just telling him it was nothing to worry about as I cleaned him up, put some baby lotion on him, and as I usually do with boys, I put some on his tight little balls and penis that erected in my hands. I just smiled at him to let him know it was OK and then powdered him before putting him into a fresh pre-fold night diaper and a pair of plastic panties. I gave him a little motherly like kiss on the forehead and had him sit up.

As I took off Trent's diapers and plastic panties, the 14-year-old tried hiding his face by turning to the side because he was sporting a big erection. He was quite pink with shame, but I didn't comment. I just put some baby lotion all over his diaper area, like I had done to his younger brother, including giving his testicles a good coating before moving up to gently rub the oil all over his penis; I had given him just three or four long, slow strokes before he shook wildly and shot his cum high into the air like a fountain; it took me by surprise. Him too, I suppose. He let out a huge, almost tearful groan and turned his head away. I comforted him. "Don't worry; it's perfectly natural for your penis to do that. I guess you really needed it."

I guessed it had been a while since he had ejaculated since he came with such force and with a minimum of stimulation. His boy juice had landed mostly on his tummy and chest. I asked him, "Trent, have you ever tasted your semen? The stuff you shot out of your penis?" He just shrugged his shoulders. In response to his noncommittal answer, I put a drop on my finger and tasted it, "Mmmmm, good!" I then told him, "Boy cum is really quite good, a bit salty, but quite tasty." I tried another drop, "Mmmmm!" I was pleasantly surprised to watch Trent nervously stick out his finger, dab up some of his cum and then taste it. He surprised me even more as he scooped up two more globs and sucked on his slimy finger like a baby.

William was watching all of this with great interest, so I looked at him and said, "Have you ever tried it?" He didn't hesitate to follow his big brother's lead, slide his finger along Trent's lower stomach to gather up a good sized dollop of the gooey stuff and then lick his finger clean. I



made nothing more of it, but finished up by pinning two thick pre-fold diapers and a soaker on Trent followed by a pair of plastic panties.

With the boys in fresh diapers, I got them into their nighties (which were quite plain in style -- white polished rayon with little rosebuds printed on them and the smallest frill around the collar, hem and sleeve ends -- obviously purchased in the girls' department. We went downstairs and I let them watch an old Shirley Temple movie.

Seemingly, they were perfectly content appearing before me in nothing but their diapers, baby panties and femmy nighties. They are really sweet boys and I can see why their mom keeps them both in diapers -- such cute and obedient boys any mother would love.

I admit I'm a bit of a sex freak when it comes to giving kids a few sex lessons; I do it when I sit for kids whenever I can do it and make it look like they are doing it on their own. I've sat for the twins twice more since then and it looks like it will be a regular gig for me. I haven't had a chance to repeat that cum sampling evening with them but I think they will be open to doing a lot more sex things, especially with each other; I sense that they would be very happy in a homosexual relationship and I can help them achieve that!

*From Johnny S.
Bedwetter Loses One Friend,
but Finds an
Even Better Friend*

When I graduated to middle school, I met a lot of new friends. This boy named Calvin and I hit it off pretty well, and the first time I went over to my new friend's house, I came into the living room and I saw a boy a couple of years younger than Calvin; he was about 11, who looked ashamed when he saw me. Calvin waved in his direction and introduced me to him as "my stupid baby brother Billy."

I tried not to be obvious but I had to stare at Billy because he had a huge bulge under his pants like he was wearing diapers.

I immediately took notice because I was (and still am) a bed wetter and wore diapers every night and around the house a lot. Calvin saw



me staring and was out to embarrass his brother as he explained “Billy still wets the bed like a baby so mom makes him wear diapers to bed and at most other times for motivation to stop.”

I was entranced to finally meet another bedwetting older boy, but with me it wasn’t for punishment. My family just chalked it up to a weak bladder and not much else was said about it. It had been that way for so long, my parents and sister just accepted it as normal for me.

Just then, their mom came in with a big pile of diapers from the dryer. She saw me and Calvin casually introduced her, “That’s my mom.”

She said “hi” to me but my presence didn’t stop her from telling Billy to start folding HIS diapers, which she had him do on the dining room table that was nearby. I felt she was purposely having him do this chore to shame him in front of me.

I wanted to get to know Billy better but I didn’t know how. Then, a couple of weeks later, Calvin rang at the back door of my house one Saturday morning. My older sister opened the door and showed him into the kitchen where I was eating my cereal still in my wet diapers and plastic panties from the night before. (I don’t think she did it maliciously; she was just so used to me in diapers that she didn’t even think.) I almost died of embarrassment when Bobby saw me. All he said was, “Geez, you wear diapers too -- just like Billy. What a baby! You should get together with my brother and play baby games. You too could have fun together,” he said sarcastically as he left.

Calvin went home and told his mom and she called my mom. Well, soon after, Billy and I became best friends. Calvin, of course, would totally ignore us. After our moms talked, I think they blended their philosophies a bit because my mom began teasing me a little about being a big baby and the rest of my family picked up on it and started doing it too. On Billy’s side, he said his mother and family, even Calvin became more accepting of his wetting and eased up on teasing him. I began going over to Billy’s house a lot and we were like two big babies together, I even liked it when his mom did things to embarrass the two of us like talking openly about our diapers and baby ways even in front of his older sister and her high school friends who would come over to the house -- sometimes I’ll convinced just to see us and laugh! For me, at home, it was open season: mom and dad belittling me and my sister even laughing in my face, after years for her being totally oblivious to it. I was most afraid Calvin would tell all the other kids in our school, but I never detected he had told anyone -- I think he was too embarrassed to even admit knowing me.

From Mary Jo G. Volunteer Delivers with a Smile

As a volunteer for Meals on Wheels for going on 6 years, I’ve seen just about everything when I go into the homes of seniors and the handicapped to deliver them a nutritious meal.

Helen is one woman I have been delivering to for the last five weeks. She is in a wheelchair and lives alone but she watches Matthew, her 12-year-old nephew, for a few hours each day from the time he gets out of school until his mother can pick him up after she gets off of her job on the registration desk at the nearby Hilton.

He’s what you call “slow” and attends TMH classes. He’s permanently in diapers but he can’t control himself, but he’s also attracted to pretty frilly girls’ clothes, which he wears almost all the time. He wears simple, girlish tops and elastic-waist slacks to school but at home he loves to dress up his huge collection of girls’ clothes, and at Helen’s, she can get around enough to help him change into some of the frillies he loves so much after the school bus drops him off at her place.

Despite his short hair, when I first saw him, I thought he was a girl, but when his aunt called him Matthew, she saw me give a strange look so she then told me he was a boy and explained his situation. I found it fascinating, even exciting to see a boy so dressed and now I take a break from my deliveries and spend a few minutes with them each time I stop by just to enjoy the sight of him so prettily dressed.

One time while I was delivering to Helen, I met the boy’s mother and I volunteered to sit with Matthew if she ever need someone to watch him whenever his Aunt Helen wasn’t able to do it.

Soon after, the boy’s mother called and explained that she had to attend an upcoming meeting and asked me to sit for him. I arrived in late afternoon and Mrs. Ryan and I were talking in the kitchen when her son, Matthew, walked into the room. My eyes widened because he had on a very frilly sheer pink nightgown -- prettier than anything I had seen him wearing at his auntie’s. I could see his diapers right through the thin chiffon babydoll nightgown.



His mom apologized to me for allowing her son dress as a girl, but she explained she let him do it because he loves his girls' clothes so much and is so very calm and happy when wearing them. Conversely, when years ago, she bowed to family pressure and made him wear boys' clothes for a time and he became miserable and was totally unmanageable, so she permitted him to go back to living in his beloved feminine clothes as much as possible ever since.

I told her no apologies were necessary. She pointed out that he was wearing his favorite nightie as she had him ready for bed since bedtime for him was early. She wondered if I had experience changing diapers and asked if I would change him just before I put him to bed. I told her I

had baby-sat many kids in the past who weren't potty trained, just not as old as Matthew. I assured her I would have no problems because I knew him to be a darling boy and he had gotten to know me at his auntie's and told his mommy, "I like Mary Jo lots and lots."

At his bedtime, I could see through his nightie and tell his diaper was soaked. I took him into the bathroom, untaped his diaper, disposed of it in the diaper pail, and cleaned him up with baby wipes. Then I got him into a fresh, thick nighttime disposal -- a pink princess girls' diaper -- and let him play for a few minutes before tucking him into bed and singing to him to relax him as he went to sleep. Matthew's mother pays me well and I've sat for him on three times so far; he's a beautiful and sweet boy and I love taking care of him.

*From Zack:
I Suffered Tony's Bedtime
Treatment*

Starting when I was 11, my mom and a woman from our same church became good friends and since we got together frequently, I ended up becoming a good friend of her son, Tony, even though he was a year younger than I was. The first time I had a sleepover at Tony's house, we wrestled in their basement and he was tickling me so I did it to him. He wet his pants and it showed; he was embarrassed and yelled at me that I should have stopped when he told me to.

His older sister Maggie (she's 14) was supposed to be watching us, but she was upstairs. Tony tried to sneak past her to change into dry clothes, but she saw him with his wet pants. She got mad and said, "You know what this means." She pushed him upstairs into his room.

I tried to tell her it's my fault. I thought he would just have to be grounded in his room



the rest of the night, but she made him lie on his bed so she could strip off his shorts and underpants. I started to leave but she told me to stay and watch. She was bigger than I am and quite bossy, so I stayed. I couldn't believe it when she got a diaper from Tony's dresser drawer along with baby lotion and powder and started diapering him. Since I could see a big supply of diapers, disposables as well as cloth diapers and baby plastic panties, I knew this was a punishment that he had endured before -- probably many times.

She made me watch and I saw him get a boner when she rubbed him there. He moaned and did a lot of heavy breathing as she jacked on his penis. Then I started to giggle causing him to cry of embarrassment. He rolled over to get her to stop but she spanked his bottom four times until he turned over again.

After she put the diaper on him, Tony asked me if I was going to tell anyone. I laughed and said, "Oh, yeah! I can't wait to tell all the guys at school."

But then Maggie said, "Oh, no you won't. And I'll make sure you won't tell because I'm going to make you wear a diaper too."

I started to run out of the room but she was too fast and too strong for me and she had me on the bed in an instant and I couldn't stop her from pulling off all my clothes. She put a thick disposable under me and then got out the lotion and applied it all over my butt and tummy, ending up smoothing the ointment all over my dick and balls.

Then she asked me, "So, Zack, are you going to tell the boys at school?" I tearfully answered, "No" but then she said, "But I have to make doubly sure. Tony, get over here. Put some lotion on your hands and then start jerking on your friend's penis."

I know he wanted to resist but she got him to do it. My screaming "no" only earned me a smack in the face. I was never so embarrassed in my whole life. When Maggie rubbed me, I didn't get an erection, but I did as Tony stroked me! Tears were running down Tony's face as well as mine! Then we heard a clicking sound and Maggie was quickly snapping pictures with her iPhone. I screamed louder and tried to cover myself. I was crying as I asked her if she would please delete those pictures. She thought for a moment and then said, "OK, I'll do it but only if you let Tony put your penis in his mouth and suck on it a bit."

Well, I didn't want anyone to ever see those pictures, so I said OK. Tony was wide-eyed with horror. I had to coax him to do it. "Come on, Tony, please, please suck my penis. It'll be a OK; just do it for a minute, OK? Please? Please suck my dick?"

He finally nodded OK. Maggie then showed us the pictures and one-by-one, we saw her delete each one. I felt so much better. Then Tony leaned over me and slowly put my penis into his mouth and began sucking like sucking a baby bottle. I felt his tears drip onto my stomach and his warm mouth milking me. I wondered if he had ever done it before because it really felt good, but I was too nervous to fully enjoy it very much. His sister commanded, "Tony, gently play with Zack's balls." He did and that felt good too. Then she said, "OK, both of you queers look up at me." Just as we turned toward her, we heard the camera clicking and the flash flashing again and again! I shoved Tony off of me and struggled to get up and go after her to get her camera but she was already in her room and locking the door.

Tony and I were miserable. Finally she came out of her room. We had a big fight about it. I told her she had promised to delete all those pictures, then she answered, "But Zack, I did delete them! You saw me. But I didn't say I wasn't going to take anymore pictures! Don't worry I won't show them to anyone -- unless you and my kid brother are real assholes to me. Both of you better do whatever I say whenever I say it or I just might let people see those cute pics. Oh, one more thing, I had switched on my iPhone voice recorder before you started and I picked up you begging my brother to suck your dick. That was so cool! Anyway, you now better do the things I tell you to do or the whole town will know you two are queer little diaper wearers. So right now, Zack, get back to the bedroom and let me finish diapering you; you'll be staying in the diapers all night long too, just like my faggot brother -- so get used to them!"

That's exactly what happened. My mother came over early in the morning to take me home and she came into the bedroom with Zack's mom and sister before we woke up and saw us both wearing just diapers, and we both had erections in our diapers. They laughed at us and said it looked like we loved wearing diapers. They wouldn't let us use the bathroom until we had peed in our diapers, saying we were both big babies so we had to wet the diapers. It took a while, but we finally let go and peed. I guess the wet diaper felt good on my dick because I got a hard on again. After they left us alone and told us to get dressed, I want to jack off in the wet diaper but didn't with Tony right there. However, I did see that he had a boner in his wet diaper too.

We had to listen to Tony's mother talk all about how well diaper discipline worked on her son as we looked at a hearty breakfast that we had no appetite to eat.

My mom saw diapering and treating me as a baby a good punishment and she got me some large child-size diapers and used them on me every once in a while when I did something wrong, but as a punishment it worked on me too, I hated the embarrassment that came along with it. Tony and I stayed good friends, but immediately after that night, it was scary to go over to Tony's house, never knowing what might happen.

Eventually, I found the whole episode very exciting and Tony finally admitted the same to me, and we got to the point when we could enjoy wearing diapers together whenever we were alone and sure not to be discovered. I still look back at it as one of the most erotic of my life.



*From Jason L.
I'm a Wimp & a Chicken*

(Photo on previous page.) I'm a lifelong diaper wearer, and still mad at myself for what happened to me two years ago when I was fifteen. I went to a classmate's house to work on a neat science project about UFOs. I was anxious to get started so I went to Brian's house early on a Saturday morning. We weren't close friends, just the guy I had been paired up with for this project. He was still in bed and his mom was busy doing laundry so she told me to go up to his room. I knocked and walked in, he was still in bed, his covers kicked down. Hiss pajama bottoms had slipped down revealing the shiny plastic of a diaper!

He looked around and saw me; maybe he was expecting his mom because he had an alarmed look on his face. He said hi and hurriedly pulled up his covers fumbled around under them. I guessed he was pulling up his pajama bottoms to cover his diaper. He told me to go look at something on his computer while he got dressed. I tried not to stare but I couldn't help it because I had never seen another boy, an older boy like me, in diapers. As he pulled off his covers and then walked over to the door, there was a big bulge under his jammies and I heard the unmistakable crinkling noise that thoroughly convinced me he was in a disposable diaper. It was so hot! While I waited in his room I looked around and spotted a package of Attends overnight youth diapers on a side table. I couldn't believe he was a bedwetter and wore diapers like I did. I wanted to say something but didn't and he didn't say anything about it either. I so desperately wanted to reveal myself to him but I was so scared that I never could bring myself to do it. After we finished the project together, he didn't seem to want to be friends or hang out with me. Now, I kick myself for not having the nerve to let him know of our mutual need to wear diapers. Maybe he didn't like wearing them and his mother made him or maybe he was being punished. I had so many doubts that I had no idea how to bring up the subject without making myself look like an idiot. Sadly, I had let this fabulous opportunity to share this special part of my life with someone because I didn't have the guts. I'm such a big wimp!



From Carrie K., Nursing School Graduate

Just after graduating from nursing school, I was asked to babysit for a neighbor's 12-year-old son. I hadn't yet landed a job so I agreed to do it. When I arrived, I was introduced to the boy and I immediately noticed a bulge in his pants. Because his parents had very little time, they gave me written instructions, kissed the boy, and left. You can imagine my surprise when I opened the paper and read that the boy Jeff still wore diapers because he had a bedwetting problem and, as his mother put it, "his immaturity."

Soon after, I checked the boy's diaper and found him wet. In his room I pulled down his plastic panties, laid him down on a rubber sheet on his bed and changed him. After I taped the fresh disposable on him, I let him play a video game until it was time for him to go to bed. After he had brushed his teeth I checked him again and he was wet again. As per his mom's instructions, I changed Jeff into an extra-thick night diaper and fresh plastic panties and then into a juvenile-looking set of pajamas and tucked him into bed. He soon fell asleep and his parents came home. The next day they phoned me and asked if I could be their regular baby sitter because the kid liked me. I told them I would whenever I can because I was looking for a full-time job but even after I found a position, I could surely do it at times I wasn't working.

*From Tim T.,
Son of a Friend*

While at a friend's ruckus 40th birthday party at his home in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, kids were running all around the place. Some of us guys opted for a break from all the noise and went into the den to watch the Cubs game on WGN. One man came in with his two boys about 11 and 9 and sat them on the floor in front of the TV. It was warm and the air-conditioning was on the fritz so the boys had their shirts off. The younger boy was sitting with his knees up and wearing a pair of those thin nylon wind pants. A bit of his underwear was sticking out above the waistband of his pants. I did a double-take because it looked like he had on a diaper.

The boys seemed bored and started to bicker with each other. Finally the older boy called his younger brother "Pampers Boy." His father smacked him on the head and yelled at him for calling his kid brother that name but it confirmed what I had guessed to be true. But I wanted to see better for myself so I got up to get some chips and got close to the boy and was able to clearly see that he did have on some Pampers; I guessed they were about a size 7. One guy took a lot of pictures at the party and he said he was going to post them all online and gave out his Facebook link. When those pics finally came up on his site, I saw pictures of the boy and his Pampers could easily be seen! Pretty cool, huh!



Greetings from the Williams Family

Girls definitely do grow up faster than boys! Our daughters Kara (13) and Jorie (10) do well in school and help around the house. Meanwhile our son Scott, who is almost 15, is still wearing diapers! He "still forgets" and wets his pants and his bed so all I can do for now is keep him in diapers. Kara is big enough now to babysit for Scott and change his diapers whenever he's wet.

