

## ***MY STRANGE ATTRACTION &MY STRUGGLE WITH INFANTILISM***

I will start with my earliest memory of my attraction to diapers. I cannot clearly remember my age, however I must have been about 4 or 5 years old, and I was definitely potty trained. I was spending the night at my Grandma's house with my favorite cousin who was a year younger than I was. My memory of this event has become more and more abstract the older I get, but throughout my early childhood I remembered it so clearly and with so much fondness.

It was coming close to bedtime and my grandma was prepping us both for bed. The usual routine of pulling out our pajamas and making us brush our teeth, and so on. My cousin at that time (as well as some time after) was a bedwetter; from what I remember my grandma took precautions to prevent him from wetting the bed like no drinks after a certain time, plastic sheets, and making him go pee right before going to bed. Even though I have no memory of ever wetting the bed she would always make me follow the same routine as him, possibly to make him not feel singled out or most likely because she never really knew me and just assumed I was a bedwetter as well.

Anyways this peculiar visit, she had diapers and was making my cousin wear them at bedtime. My cousin spent more time with my grandma than I had and for him it was part of the normal bedtime routine. I remember very clearly how odd it struck me when we dressed in our pajamas and she told us to go lay down in living room". I wasn't sure what she had meant, however my cousin knew the drill and wearing his PJ's laid on his back in the center of the living room, I may have known he was going to get diapered, but I also remember being somewhat oblivious as well, in fact I may have even felt some jealousy. It's hard remember the specific events that transpired, but I remember my cousin starting to whine "Is Nathan going to have to wear diaper too?" to which shocked me to the very core, my Grandma without batting an eye saying "Yes sweetheart, Nathan is going to wear a diaper too."Hearing this gave me mixed emotions, initially I asked her if she was kidding, when she assured that she wasn't, I then began to protest telling her I never ever wet the bed once in my life. Her reply was "I don't know if you wet the bed or not, and I want to better safe than sorry."I remember feeling offended like I was being punished, but at the same time my heart was fluttering for reasons I still cannot explain. I guess deep down I was finding out I wanted to be treated like a baby.

My Grandma walked into the living room with a package of disposable diapers under arm, and a package of baby wipes and baby powder in her hands. I stood in the over my cousin who was laying on his back already waiting for her. I watched every detailed moment as she knelt down in front of him, and reached into the already opened package of diapers, which I believe were Luv's because of the purple plastic package the came in. They were the size 6, since she had bought them specifically for him and already him being large for a 3 or 4 year year old. She then pulled down his pajama bottoms and knowing the drill he didn't bother putting on undies, she flattened out the diaper sliding it under him with the front part poking out , and pulling out a wipe she cleaned his diaper area topping him off with a sprinkle of baby powder. I continued to watch her intently the whole entire time with highly mixed feelings of embarrassment and excitement knowing I was next. I stood there waiting for her to direct me not wanting to seem eager and also out of last minute protest.

"Ok Nathan lay down" She said very sternly probably seeing my reaction and expecting me to protest. In fact I do remember giving her a last minute excuse "I haven't worn diapers since I was a baby!". But it was futile, she had grab my arm and coaxed me to lay in the same spot my cousin had. I watched her make the same motions as she had with my cousin. From my perspective of laying on my back and raising my head up to watch her I must have remembered an earlier memories before I was potty trained because this familiar feeling was rushing back to me. She pulled a fresh diaper from the package flattening like before, then she asked me to raise my butt which I did pushing my feet on the floor, she pulled my pajama bottoms down seeing that I was wearing my big boy undies. "You're going to have to take these off honey" She said pulling them off without warning leaving my bottom half completely naked. My heart was fluttering wondering if the diaper was even going to fit since I was much taller than my cousin, she asked me lift my butt again which I did with my feet on the ground and knees pointed in the air. I sat down on the soft cushiony inner part feeling it go floosh and the bottom part crinkle with my weight lowering into the softness.

She then pulled the front out snug and lightly wiped my privates then shook a dash of baby powder

which stuck to my groin being damp from the baby wipe. My senses were heightened, the mixing aromas of the new diaper, the wipes and the overpowering baby powder, accompanied by the sounds of the plastic package, the wipe swiping from it's container and the unmistakable crinkle of the thin plastic back disposable diaper. Finally she pulled the front of diaper up over my nakedness feeling especially snug around my bottom like the most comfortable wedgie you could ever imagine, she reached down behind my back freeing one of the tapes pulling it free making the "kwicsh" sound she pulled the tape tightly placing it over the thicker plastic mickey mouse cartoons underneath my belly button, then she repeated the same thing with the tape on my other side again pulling nice and snug and sealing the diaper in place. The whole process may have been only 30 seconds long, but it was an intense and unforgettable. As I stood up I looked down and examined the size 6 Luv with Mickey and friends playing with blocks and realizing the diaper fit perfectly like I was just the right size. I quickly grabbed my pajama bottoms lying on the floor putting them back on gliding right over the diaper trying to conceal my confused embarrassment.

The rest of the evening I was overwhelmed with excitement for reasons difficult to explain. Part of me was still "pouty" about being ridiculed to being treated like a baby again, but then again that was exactly what I wanted as well. I remember taking the first few steps around the living room feel the extra cushion between my legs and hearing the crinkle sound along with each movement. I was beginning to enjoy the whole experience, and to add to my excitement my cousin was teasing me since he was unashamed that he wasn't the only one wearing a diaper. I believe my cousin was also excited that I had to wear a diaper too, since he kept on teasing each of us over the fact. We chased each other around the room before my Grandma made us settle down by putting in a movie. As the movie started we both sat on the couch under some blankets with the lights off, I wasn't paying much attention to the movie, every time I moved I was mesmerized by the feeling of the bulky crinkly diaper under all the layers. I kept pulling up the blankets and seeing the top part of the diaper ruffle out of the top of my pajama bottoms. I would even try and get a better look by leaning back and peeking into my bottoms to get a full view of the diaper seeing Mickey and even my legs taking in the full reality of it all.

We woke up the next morning and of course I was dry, since I had never wet the bed before then or ever. I remember my first feeling after getting out of bed was I wanted to keep wearing the diaper. Which for whatever reason my grandma had no problems with, she told us to keep wearing them as long as we want. This time I was wanting to get more of an experience of wearing a diaper, I think my cousin was picking up on my vibes for whatever reason because he suggested that we take our pajamas off, which again my Grandma completely condoned, and we ran around the house completely exposed in nothing but our diapers. I remember as we played all morning the diaper wasn't as fresh and bulky like it was the night before, it was getting worn in and starting the sag which gave me a whole new experience. After running around the house my cousin stopped right in his tracks and started peeing right in that spot, he wasn't paying any attention to me and was looking down watching his diaper sag even lower. When he was done he looked up at me smiling and I thought he was going to be in trouble, he told me not to tell Grandma which I agreed to because secretly I wanted to pee in mine.

We continued to play for some time, and when my Grandma saw his diaper was wet she scolded him for not using the toilet. He somehow blamed it on me, saying I dared him or something. Turns out she must not have been that mad, because he was pleading with her that he didn't want to take it off yet, and after bargaining she agreed she would change him into a fresh one. I immediately became jealous, not only did I want to pee in mine, I wanted to be changed into a fresh one too! I couldn't bring myself to ask such a ridiculous request, however again my cousin picking up my vibes went right ahead and asked for me "Can Nathan pee in diaper too?" A couple of reasons why I think she agreed: first is I think she had a thing for babying, because years later she ran a nursery and had no problems diapering older kids (later on I will explain how I found a pack of Goodnites in her spare bedroom), and then also because she was always catering to my cousin, hence why I had to wear a diaper in the first place.

The problem was (and a problem I still have) my shy bladder. It was ingrained in me to only pee in the toilet, not to mention she gave me a time limit because she said she wasn't going to spend all day changing diapers, and after she's done changing my cousin that's it. So the race against the clock I had to run around the corner for privacy as my cousin was getting his changed. I tensed up and tried to squeeze out the pee, and I had to pee. I went deeper in the hallway for more privacy and tried again, I was able to get a small squirt out, but I wasn't satisfied and I still had to pee. Then I looked into the bathroom and saw the toilet, using the toilet as a visual was the ticket, I began to relax by sighing and let the floodgates open. It was an indescribable and

fantastic feeling, with the warm liquid warming up all the right regions and looking down seeing the diaper sag lower I truly felt like a baby. My grandma called me over "Last chance Nathan to get a diaper change!" and I walked around the corner feeling ashamed wearing a wet soaked dirty saggy pee diaper, but it also felt so good feeling the droop rub between my legs.

My Grandma laid me down like the night before and administered the same routine, this time experiencing a diaper change. As I laid on my back with my feet on the floor and knees pointed I lifted my head up to watch her feeling the same ultimate fusion of embarrassment and excitement. She made a distinctable "Crack" sound pulling the tapes free from the plastic mickey print under my belly freeing the front of my diaper which she flopped over. I instantly felt a chill breeze over my nethers that were once just nice and warm from my urine. I continued to watch her taking in the whole moment as she pulled out a couple of wipes, this time firmly rubbing all around my groin. She then surprised me as she grabbed my feet pulling them into the air simultaneously lifting my butt up as she wiped it with the same firmness, this was especially enjoyable making me feel even more babyish than before. She reached into the purple package pulling a new crinkly white diaper flying it open spreading the sweet scent. Lifting up my feet again she flattened it out beneath me and layed me on as I felt the same sensation as last night feeling the floof then crinkle at the bottom. I laid my head back as she pulled the front over my groin feeling the snugness again between my legs and the tapes making the same "kwisch" sound as she sealed them over the hard plastic print with the ruffles poking at the top. She finished by giving me light tap with her palms over the tapes which to me was a luxury of added security and a way of showing she didn't mind she changed a 5 year old's diaper.

With me and my cousin in fresh diapers we continued to play around the house the rest of the morning right until lunch. During lunch our Grandma set up some food at the table, as we began eating the doorbell rang, my Grandma's friend decided to stop by for a visit. I remember I ran into the bedroom leaving my cousin alone at the table because I was too embarrassed for a stranger to see me in a diaper, but I heard my cousin out in the dining room laughing, and ran into the room to come grab me, for whatever reason my grandma's friend had brought some toys from the dollar store. I bashfully sauntered into the living room wearing just my diaper after spending some time debating whether I was going to put on clothes, or take my diaper off. I guess I was thinking I would never be able to have another time like this again, and I wanted to make it last as long as possible, so who cares if someone I don't know see's me. As I entered the living room I was still too embarrassed to look up at my Grandma's friend but he called my name and told me he bought me and my cousin sweet ninja swords, and my grandma made me thank him. Looking back he couldn't have cared less, as far he knew I could have been a toddler as old people can't determine age anyways.

After some time my Grandma told me my mom was on her way to come get me, so I needed to change into my regular clothes. Looking back I think my Mom may of freaked out if she knew what Grandma had done (but that's a different story) at that age I just thought I needed to be ready. So I went to the bedroom to change and my cousin followed me in, he was going to change as well, I guess wearing diapers by yourself wasn't as fun for him. But before I took the diaper off I was admiring myself in the mirror and wishing I could wear them all the time. Before I took them off my cousin had one more thing neither of had experienced before since we're potty trained- He dared me to go poop. I remember thinking initially that is so gross! but he kept egging me on and I started to think it would be the most babyest thing I could do. As I thought about it I then realized I would get trouble, so I dared him to do it which he said he would only do if I would do it. I thought about it more deeply, I was actually really wanting to see what it would feel like, so I squatted down by the mirror I was standing in front of and started pushing, as I saw myself in the mirror I really felt more magical and baby like. The only thing was I didn't really have to go, but cousin was there chearing me on or whatever so I kept squatting and pushing, just then I felt a little hard turd pushed out and fell into the seat of my diaper. The feeling was great! but I was disappointed because it was only a little bit and I wanted to know what it felt like to fill my whole diaper up. Just then as I was shaking my butt around looking in the mirror feeling the little turd bounce around in the seat of diaper my cousin was dying laughing "Ew I can smell it! I can smell it!", I was telling him he had to do it know, but my grandma walked in just then. I guess that was her limit, when my cousin dimed me out saying "Nathan pooped his diaper!" my grandma freaked "Ok that's enough! Nathan come over here!" Just then she grabbed my arm and pulled me to the bed, with my feet on the floor bent on her bed she began to swat my bottom. I started bawling of course, I loathed spankings more than anything, but I felt so embarrassed I was being spanked in a poopy diaper. She told me to go into the bathroom, I stood in there crying and walked in running the shower, she untapped my diaper standing up and I watched it fall to the floor with a little brown nugget sitting there. She began to violently wipe me down and

pulled me into the shower to wash off, and thus ending my first and most memorable moment wearing diapers after being potty trained.

## **EARLY CHILDHOOD.**

However reliving that memory had started to evolve into becoming my fantasy. Throughout my childhood I would always find myself reminiscing of that time and incorporating more fiction than fact making it hard to remember if ever happened at all. I had a couple of other instances growing up that would placemark my attraction to diapers, and also memories of actually wearing a diaper in my early childhood.

The first one was after my brother was born and my mom's boyfriend made me wear one of my brother's diaper as punishment for acting like a baby. He had use to punish me all the time for all sorts of things. Most of my punishments were horrible and awful things I would never want to relive again. The time he made me wear a diaper though was one of my better punishments, even though I was bawling my eyes out.

I guess he had been threatening me for sometime to wear a diaper if I continued acting whiny. Then one evening he lived up to his threat, he made me strip down naked and put it on in front of him. I wanted to run upstairs and hide, but he made me stop at the staircase, so I sat there crying for maybe a total of five minutes before he let me take it off. This was an unusual event all together because his favorite punishment was a belting and me by making me sit on my bed for hours on end.

Another memory I have is when I was 6 or 7 while I was visiting my Dad. It was during christmas and him and my step mom had lived in this apartment complex. One of the neighbor girl who was close to my age wore diapers, I knew it because she told me and she likes wearing them. I remember being jealous more than anything, but we were friendly To each other and played a few times. To ordinary people what I decided to do is not only strange but also disgusting, however what is strange to me is I barely remember any of the events leading up to it or afterwards.

One day I went outside to play like I had days before, I went over to the girl's apartment to see if she could play but no one answered, that's when I noticed one of the little girls dirty (as in wet) diaper was outside their front door. What caused me to do what I did I do not remember other than I wanted to wear diapers so I took it and tucked it under my coat. I ended up finding a secluded area down the basement area of the apartment. So after realizing I was alone I pulled down my pants and underwear just enough, and I untaped the diaper and slipped it under me being able to retape it snug on to me.

Looking back I really remember loving the feeling of the diaper being wet and cold, I peed a little more into it warming it up and making it sag even more. I took it off after a little bit not having anything to do but stand down there by myself. I even debated in keeping it on and going home, but I did not want to take the risk of getting in trouble so i decided I was going to hide it and come back later to wear it again. However when I came back later the tapes wouldn't re-stick so I threw it in the dumpster. Everyday after that I went outoutside I was hoping I would see another diaper over seeing her. I even went so far as to look in one of the trash bags to try and find one, after being caught by some neighbor who asked me why I digging in the trash, I realized that's where I needed to draw the line, what I was doing was not right.

My other memories of my attraction to diapers while i was a young kid came through in other ways besides just wanting to wear diapers. In fact I didn't actually have to wear diapers, I just began a general fascination with them. There was my obsession with cartoons wearing diapers, like Hugsand Tugsfrom the Care Bears and the Rugrats, specially the episode where Angelica wants to be a baby again. Also I had some strange attraction to my stuffed animals and diapering them, my favorite was the toy diapers for Cabbage Patch Kids that I only played with once and always looked again and again after discovering the made them.

## **PUBERTY**

Then when I was 12 years old when my fascination became clear to me in a more more sensual kind of way. My younger brother was 6 and also a bedwetter, my mom was dating another loser this time and he decided to make my brother wear pull ups to bed and to nap. I acted like it wasn't a big deal and sympathized with him, but secretly I was a little jealous.

My mom ended up breaking up with him and my brother wasn't wetting the bed anymore, but an

opened full package of pull ups were on the top shelf in the closet in his room. They stayed there for awhile and I didn't think about the much. It wasn't until a year or so later when my curiosity got the best of me. I had this toy alien that you blew up that we won at a fair. The alien was about the same size as my brother, and for whatever reason we would dress him up in his clothes.

One day I was playing by myself and was in brother's room when I remembered the pull ups, and I decided to put one on the toy alien. I instantly felt jealous and wished I was small enough to wear the pull up. I was confused and kept stopping and was asking myself why am I feeling this way?. But it was like an uncontrollable urge and I decided to take one to bathroom. I was so nervous and excited as I examined the pull up, I wasn't sure exactly what I even wanted to do with it, and contemplated for sometime if I actually was going to put it on or not. I took off my pants and pulled it over my boxers, and immediately felt stupid and ashamed so I took it off, I even took the rest of the package and threw them away.

I did my best not to think about diapers again which worked until I was 15 years old. My sister's had just been born and I was sitting in the living room by myself when I was distracting myself with teddy bear, I don't know where the urge came from but I decided to put a diaper on the bear, I instantly got excited and confused why I was feeling jealous again and why I wished I could wear the diaper, so I took one to the bathroom again reliving the same memory just a few years earlier.

Unfortunately they were newborn diapers and I sat in the bathroom examining it. I was feeling brave enough to actually try it on even though I knew it would never fit. I took off my pants and underwear this time and wrapped as much of the diaper could around me, I then pulled up my underwear to try and hold it place. Then I started to remember wishing I never threw away those pull ups and wished I had actually gone through with actually wearing them and thinking it would have been a much better fit.

Fortunately within the next couple of months we were visiting the same grandma that diapered me while I was younger. This time she was living in a new home and running a daycare center. It was during the holidays and my cousin wasn't around so out of boredom I began to snoop around in the house. I had a feeling she had pull ups and going off my uncontrollable urges I went into her spare bedroom that she used a storage. I saw all of the daycare stuff that she kept away when visitors were over. What I also found were diapers of all different sizes, poking around I was expecting to find was a toddler size diaper or a pull up where I could remodel and wear, but what I found was a significantly better treasure.

Her spare bedroom had all kinds of diapers in it and I looked intently at all the packages until I saw a package of goodnites that stood out being a larger package. I couldn't believe it, at 15 years old I was less than a 100lbs and examining the package it was a perfect fit. I was shaking and flustered and couldn't believe something like this even existed. I immediately took one out of the package to further examine the fit. I was almost about to try it on right there on the spot however I came to my senses that the room was unsecure and I could have easily been barged in on. So I quickly spun into the bathroom with this newly discovered Jewell. I couldn't wait any longer, my fantasy was becoming real life. I kicked off my shoes and three down my pants and boxers, and opened the goodnite sliding both my legs through and pulling it up snugly over my groin. I looked down examining the size of the diaper and it fit like a glove. I was actually finally wearing a diaper again like when I was little. The whole feeling was so overwhelming and I didn't know what to do, so after five minutes or so I decided to wear it under my clothes for the rest of the day. It didn't take long before I began to feel dumb and ashamed and ended back up the bathroom to take it off. After some tough debating in my head I had decided I would not take another one to bring home with me, instead I would subdue all of these urges all together.

## **RESEARCHING ONLINE**

But a few months later I still couldn't get the thought out of my head. This time I was visiting my dad, and during my summer vacations would be the only time I had access to the internet. I felt like I being obsessed so I looked up goodnites on the internet I read that small website 10 times over and over wishing I was wearing one. It didn't take me long as I researched the internet about bedwetting and kids wearing diapers that I discovered the ABDL community. I spent hours at night that summer visiting page after page and finding out people had the same attraction that I had. That summer has introduced me to a whole other world.

## **EVOLVING INTO A FETISH**

So during my high school years I would go through what I later found out was called binge and purge cycles. I spent hours and even days contemplating to go to a store and buy a pack of goodnites. I had even built up enough courage to go through with it finally. Since we lived behind an Albertsons grocery store, I was frequently tasked to go shopping for the family. I would stroll the aisles and spot the different packages of goodnites right there in the baby aisle. It wasn't long until I had my saved up my own money and reconned the whole store to make sure I didn't recognize anybody, I swiftly swooped them off the shelf into my handheld basket and covered them up with other grocery items. Going through the checkout is unbearable, and I felt like waiting there an eternity before paying, of course the cashier didn't even suspect or care about my products I purchased, but it still felt like I was getting the side eye when they scanned the package. I even had a story scripted out in my head about how I was buying them for brother. When I got home I locked myself in my room and went through the routine of excitedly putting them on. I don't specifically remember to the first time I wet one, but I figured it was probably with that first pack I bought. I didn't really have an agenda after putting one on, so I was trying to find more exciting ways to keep the thrill of wearing them.

I would continually go through a cycle of stashing them away, then wear one or two for a couple hours maybe pee in them then frustrated I would take it off and throw it away. I was always freaking out about my hiding spots, I inherited my snoopiness though my mom, her and my brother gave me little privacy with my belongings. I would be at school and start to obsess whether they discovered my secret stash or not, and when I would come home I made up my mind that the juice was not worth the squeeze. I would throw away full packages. This was a continuous process I went through for a couple of years.

## **BECOMING AN ADULT**

My sexual peak had started later than everyone else. I was what everyone would call a late bloomer. I had no desires to either sex, other than my strange attraction to an inanimate object. I never really correlated it with anything sexual at first. There was no denying that I was completely turned on when it came to diapers. I would get fully aroused when wearing and sometimes even thinking about them but at the same time I had never done anything remotely sexual in any fashion.

In fact I began to worry I wasn't normal after awhile (actually I was worrying I wasn't normal long before) because I hadn't masturbated yet. I guess I always knew I was heterosexual because I wasn't attracted to men, but I was only interested in women from a naive point of view. The only time I ever ejaculated was when I was asleep, I had never thought to try and make myself do it. So as embarrassing as this story is, I finally was able to both masterbate and make myself ejaculate after I turned 18 and while wearing a diaper.

I'll go back, I was living with my friend from high school my senior year, he was the oldest out of three siblings. His youngest siblings were twins a brother and sister who were about 13 or 14. His sister I would later find out wore diapers to bed for being a chronic bedwetter. The first night I thought I noticed was while she walked past me while I was in the living room around bedtime. I heard an audible crinkle, and thought no way. As time went on I continued to hear the crinkle during the hours before bed but didn't think much of it. But one day I found myself home alone at the house, unusual for a big family to all be gone at the same time. I had been on the computer downstairs and got up to use the bathroom next to the sisters room being the closest to the computer and also sense no one was home. While I sitting on the toilet I saw a huge mass in the trashcan that peaked my attention. I initially thought was a maxi pad, having similar features in fact that's what I thought that was thinking was making the crinkle sounds. But further investigation it was clear to me it was definitely not a pad but the contents turned out to be an adult sized diaper.

My heart began to flutter and my body was shaking, I had never seen a diaper like this before. So I went into her room and snooped around until I found the package where it came from in her closet, they were Depends. From my previous research online while spending my summer at my dad's I had heard their were better products than Goodnites, but I couldn't get over the fact that these were the plastic backed and tape diapers that I remembered from my early childhood.

I couldn't dare steal one from the package, I wasn't sure if she accounted for them or not, however do

you think she would notice the one from the trash missing? Am I so perverted that I would do such a thing? Also I forgot to mention it was already wet from her nocturnal accident. My emotions got the better of my logic right then. I hurried up to the upstairs bathroom next to the bedroom I was staying in. I wasn't sure what the outcome was going to be, but when I put it on I had never felt more aroused before until that moment. I felt the same exact feeling as when I was visiting my dad that winter when I snuck away to wear the neighbor girl's diaper. It took only a few couple gentle swipes up and down the front and I could feel something I had never felt before like I was going to pee, so instinctively I swiped faster up and down until I couldn't hold what was coming out.

My immediate emotion was bliss, but seconds later I felt ashamed and perverted. So I washed up and threw away all the evidence.

## **MY UNDERSTANDING**

In summary I have learned to live with my Infantilism. Over the years I have done a fair share of researching my condition, and over the years I have accepted it more and more. I only have regrets about making it a sexual role over a therapeutic one. There are plenty of websites that help put things into perspective, and it comes down to two roles with sometimes are intertwined. A DL is someone in the community who is attracted to the diaper side and tends to be more of a sexual fetish than anything. An AB is someone who is attracted to the regression of a younger self and chooses comfort and security of that time in their life. Most people find themselves a little of both and I know I do personally. I believe when I was younger it was a regression thing, then in puberty and my early adulthood it was a sexual thing, but that I am older I would like it to be a regression thing, but have conditioned myself for it to be a sexual thing.

I have never been fully satisfied with getting off in this fashion. In fact I almost always feel ashamed even to this day, and I am afraid it's evolving into the only thing that peaks my sexual interest. That to me feels like a problem.