

The Extraordinary Events Of Late 1990,

“Adult Baby Costume Parties”

Fiction by Angela Bauer, Based on Actual Events

All of my life I have had bladder problems. This is also true of my three sisters, our mother, her sisters and their mother, our granny. We all started out with what now is called ‘Over-Active Bladder’.

Besides that, our bladders had hardly any capacity. At puberty we all reverted to bedwetting. By age twenty-one all of us had lost most of our daytime bladder control.

I am the third child and second daughter of John and Alice Bauer. Their oldest child is my big sister Penny, born in 1959. Next is John Junior, called Jack and JJ, who was born in 1960.

Mom rested up before getting pregnant with me. I was born on 12 July 1964. Our younger brother Edward was born in December 1965. Our next younger sister Ruth was born in 1967.

Finally our youngest sister, Missy was born on 28 June 1969.

Growing up Mom’s parents (Granny Vi and Gramps James Bremer) lived next door. Later Mom’s youngest sister Betsy, her husband Willard and their three children bought the house directly across the street from ours. Our Dad’s parents lived just a mile away.

Trips were always difficult, since Mom could not function without a diaper and vinyl panties. When Mom was a child, Granny Vi asked all of her daughters to wear ‘Just-in-Case’ diapers so the car only needed to stop on a schedule. Then wet diapers would be changed.

Mom carried out the same system. She added 'special events' when asking us nicely to wear the just-in-case diapers. By the way, those were all classic Curity flat gauze diapers. The entire family was anti-disposable.

In many ways we were lucky because growing-up in just-in-case diapers rendered us immune from diaper embarrassment. The only one of us who started day wetting before age twenty-one was Missy, the tallest and best looking of us all.

I never even dribbled when giggling post puberty, but at age fifteen Missy started wetting so often she needed diapers in school from then on.

I was the first person in our extended family to be accepted at a four-year university. I received a full-ride scholarship to major in pre-law at an Ivy League school in Upstate New York. Never before then had I been away from home for more than a day, so all I had known were pinned gauze diapers. I had just turned seventeen and had to learn to exist in Attends disposables since there was no convenient coin laundry near my dorm.

During my under-graduate studies I would wear an Attends to parties where alcohol would flow and to long lectures. Nobody ever teased me. My roommate all four years also wore diapers to bed and to parties.

It was the summer of 1985, when I was moving close to Boston for law school, that my serious day wetting started. I have been profoundly urinary incontinent since then.

Missy decided to attend Los Angeles Trade community college majoring in fashion design and production. She had managed to join the Costumers' union. Those are the folks who actually make costumes, fit them and repair them. Costume Designers have their own union.

At community college Missy met and fell deeply in love with John. He is a few years older and was then a recently returned veteran of the US Marine Corps. John accepted Missy's diapers. She gave birth to their daughter Karen in January 1990. Being pregnant did not change Missy's wetting one way or the other.

I graduated from law school in May 1988 and immediately began a year as a research law clerk with the US Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta. Neither of the young women I roomed with minded my diapers. After passing many bar exams, in 1989 I moved back to Los Angeles as an Associate Attorney with a major corporate law firm.

I rented a studio apartment from a managing partner of my firm. So did several other of our associate attorneys. None of us had autos and I had never driven. That building in East Hollywood had a coin laundry, but I did not dare wash gauze diapers there. The law firm provided us with a shuttle to our Downtown offices. Once or twice a week I would get off a few blocks from home to buy more Attends from a medical supply store.

All the logistics and energy needed to change my diapers began to depress me while I was in law school. It really caught my attention that Missy, who is five years younger than me, was very happy about her diapers while taking care of her daughter Karen.

There I was at twenty-six, a Second Year Associate Attorney on the Partnership Tract, and yet still soaked my diapers. It depressed me because Missy did not feel that way.

On Saturday 25 August 1990 I had an afternoon and evening off duty. Mom was delighted to babysit Karen. On her way to Missy's home Mom picked me up at my East Hollywood apartment which was on the way to the home John and Missy had bought in Studio City. John was away then on USMC deployment. He had graduated from USMC Officer Candidate School and was a Reserve First Lieutenant.

Mom had noticed but did not kid me about the backpack I used as a diaper bag. Mom had only just taken to wearing Attends during the day years after the rest of us were doing so.

While Mom entertained baby Karen in the yard and family room, Missy started telling me how she had embraced playing as an adult baby to cope with the stress of her diapers. Until then I never dreamed there were people who wore diapers just for fun.

To shut me up, Missy brought out what she insisted was a new and freshly boiled MAM pacifier and put it between my teeth. She took a different color MAM paci and used it herself. Missy asked me to suckle my paci for fifteen minutes before I passed judgment.

That paci was enjoyable. While I was suckling it Missy showed me that the nursery where Karen slept was adjacent to the master bedroom. It had an over-size changing table which John and his brother built. Karen shared that with her mother.

My Attends was wet so Missy offered me one of her gauze diapers and a pair of Gerber's Adult Vinyl Panties. She assured me it would be no problem to wash that along with all the other cloth diapers.

When we used to go on trips, after I turned eight I was assigned to change Missy. At home we shared a room, but she did not wet her bed so I did not change her at home. Therefore it felt weird to have Missy put me on a big changing table and pin me into gauze diapers like I had worn until I move to university.

Suckling my paci I enjoyed being changed and I really loved the comfort of that soft gauze diaper set. Even the vinyl panties felt natural. That was strange because it had been over nine years since I last wore anything but disposables.

To diaper me Missy had removed my skirt and blouse. My bust is puny. In those days I only wore bras when I dressed up for work. Missy handed me a cropped T-shirt with the wording 'Baby Girl Inside'. That left inches of my belly exposed above my vinyl panties.

Missy took off her own house dress, but retained her bra which was vital to support her huge breasts. While I watched in fascination Missy effortlessly changed her own diaper. Before leaving home I had changed my pinned diaper, but I had forgotten how.

Wearing a T-shirt similar to mine, just larger, Missy led me to see Mom and Karen. Mom smiled and looked very pleased. She was the one who had special-ordered the cropped T-shirts.

Missy showed me her layette of big baby clothing. She had taken the pattern Granny had long used to make our Onesies and improved the design. Her big innovation was extending the back-flap through the crotch so the snaps were easy to reach in front, not hidden in the crotch as with the actual Onesies for babies. Missy also had sunnysuits, rompers and babyish frilly party dresses.

When I got hungry, Missy filled what she assured me was a sterilized EvenFlo baby bottle with milk. That she warmed in the same warmer used for Karen's bottles. When Mom saw me suckling my baby bottle she said, "That was the way you did when you were an infant!"

After eating it was Mom who changed my diaper. Then she changed Missy. We were dressed in Onesies; clearly there had been planning. I am so much smaller than Missy. Both of our Onesies fit perfectly.

It was so much fun relaxing and playing Big Baby with Missy while both of us were assisted by our Mommy. Suddenly I felt I was having fun with my diapers; they were no longer a chore. Missy had been absolutely correct about that.

Missy and I crawled around on the floor playing with plushies. When I left my apartment I knew nothing about the adult baby and diaper lover community.

Fortunately I had brought with me my long-time plushie companion, Eukie. He is a Victorian koala who adopted me on my sixteenth birthday. The next year Missy crocheted Eukie a blue sweater so he would not get cold at my university which we all knew would be in the mountains of New York State.

Eukie enjoyed playing with all of Karen and Missy's plushies. With me Eukie was the only plushie, so he was rather starved for companionship.

Eventually all the AB play fun had to come to an end. Mom had to go home and she was my ride. Just before we left Missy and John's home, Mom changed my wet gauze diaper for a clean Attends. It was okay, but not as much fun as the pinned gauze diapers.

On the way to my apartment Mom stopped at a supermarket so I could buy another set of MAM pacifiers with clear silicone toddler 6+ month orthodontic nipples. I also bought six EvenFlo Pyrex baby bottles with PUR clear silicone orthodontic nipples, along with a baby bottle brush and drying rack.

I did not own a lot of cookware, but I had a nearly new pot with a lid big enough to boil baby bottles and pacifiers. Mom even parked and helped me carry my new purchases up to my apartment. There she taught me how to boil the bottles and pacifiers. We even filled a new bottle with milk so she could teach me how to use the baby bottle brush to clean it before boiling it.

Almost certainly when Missy was still young enough to use baby bottles I would not have been considered mature enough to participate in cleaning or boiling those.

The next Saturday of Labor Day Weekend (1 September 1990) I had to work until dinner time. John was home from USMC deployment so he looked after Karen while Missy came to play big baby with me at my apartment. She brought me two new plushies: a darling girl bear and a cat. They became great pals with Eukie.

During that week Missy had made me an absolutely adorable Onesies which was far more colorful than the real ones Gerber made for toddlers.

This Onesies had different parts made from cloth of vivid color. She also brought an identical Onesies in her larger size.

That was when Missy gave me a bunch of adult magazines and copies of *The Fetish Times* with articles about adult babies. Mentioned were addresses for Diaper Pail Friends (DPF) and Infantae Press.

While I started to read the story about DPF, Missy told me that she had been invited to several costume parties. Most of those parties were in West Hollywood, meaning there would be a lot of gay folks. Clearly Missy really wanted to participate. As she explained, many of the leading movie and TV costume designers would attend those parties. If some thought we were cross-dressers, so much the better.

It was more than just social; those pre-Halloween parties were functionally try-out or auditions giving costumers a chance to show what they could do to costume designers. Sometimes costumers who created really great costumes for the parties would be hired as assistants to costume designers. That is a first-step to becoming a member of The Costume Designers' Guild, their trade union.

The first of those invitation-only parties was actually co-sponsored by the Costumers' Local Union. It would be held at a West Hollywood night club on Santa Monica Boulevard which specialized in hosting adult 'special interest' events. That would be on Saturday 22 September.

For me the tricky thing was arranging enough evenings off duty. Second Year Associate Attorneys are expected to focus on billing clients maximum hours, not going to parties. As it turned out I was granted that afternoon and evening off.

Missy had a sensible diaper bag she had used for years and continued to use for Karen. But to really make our Adult Baby outfits spectacular, Mom and Granny created a totally outrageous pink diaper bag designed by Missy. It had pockets for not just baby bottles. A functional oval wooden hairbrush was in one such pocket. There was room for several gauze diaper sets, both dry and wet.

The plan was for Mom to pick me up and drive me to Missy's house. There we would change into our Onesies costumes, with really thick gauze diapers. We would each carry a plushie and a baby bottle. Mom would babysit Karen. Missy would drive us to the party.

Apparently the handful of others dressed as Halloween babies were not attempting to attract the attention of famous costume designers. Therefore Missy and I received far more than our fair share of attention.

Several people recognized Missy as being a union costumer. What I did not expect was being recognized as an attorney in a big baby costume. One fellow I had seen in the elevator of our building. He was a managing partner of another law firm. Another fellow was a staff attorney with a law firm.

He was not dressed as a baby. He walked over to talk to me. He introduced himself and explained that he was gay, so was not hitting on me. Clearly he liked biological women and did not think I was cross-dressing. It turned out he was one of the first members of DPF before that became a business enterprise. He was a close friend of Tommy, who founded DPF.

During the course of that party he introduced me to several other gay men who were active DPF members and too shy to dress as babies. They all admired the Onesies Missy and I were wearing. They also encouraged me to contact Tommy. By 1990 DPF actually had a few female members.

Best of all, those DPF fellows held private ABDL parties most months. They became my unofficial gay uncles, on the lookout for straight guys I could date. It made no difference that I explained I was focused on becoming a partner in my firm, so I seldom dated anyone.

Missy and I had more than one baby bottle during the party, so after a couple of hours we needed to change our diapers. There was no changing table in the ladies' room. Instead we spread the changing pad Missy made to match the diaper bag on a banquet table in a corner.

Several people watched those diaper changes. We had not expected to be party entertainment and were flattered by the attention. A half hour after our first public diaper change, a man wearing a beautiful Renaissance noble outfit introduced himself to Missy. He still is a major award-winning costume designer who runs a rental business.

Missy was invited to have a meeting at his office to discuss her future. She was beyond thrilled.

Important costume parties were scheduled for every Saturday until the week after Halloween, as well as the BIG Day itself. Missy understood that I simply could not take off all of those days.

Our second costume party was not until Saturday 13 October. It was held at the same West Hollywood nightclub. Both of the attorneys I had met at the first party attended. So did the costume designer who had been talking to Missy. The Saturday before she had been his guest at a party for which she did not dress as a baby.

Tommy's pal introduced me to a straight dentist who had recently joined DPF. Months later I actually went on a date with the dentist. We never became a couple, but he did do a great job on my teeth at a deep discount!

By that second party I had joined DPF and agreed to start writing for the DPF Newsletter and Roster.

The next party I could attend, my third in costume, was on Saturday 27 October. It was held at a different venue, but with a lot of the people from the previous parties, including the costume designer. Of course he had a million great outfits. Missy and I wore different Onesies and deliberately changed our diapers twice where we could be seen.

The party on Halloween was held at The Magic Castle on Franklin Avenue in Hollywood. Arleen, the wife of founder Milt Larsen, is a respected member of the costumers' union. She had befriended Missy and gave us invitations. The famous costume designer was most impressed that we attended that party, where our matching Onesies and functional diapers (which we changed in private in a ladies' room) won a prize.

Our last of the 1990 Halloween Season parties, my fifth, was on Saturday 3 November at the primary event nightclub. This time Missy made me a cute frilly party dress which did not entirely hide my diapers. She dressed as my babysitter, which made sense because she is nine inches taller than me.

That November party did not involve many professional costumers or costume designers. Missy had already been hired as an assistant to the famous costume designer. We went to that party because I had become friends with the guys from DPF. As it turned out that party took a weird turn.

However, before I discuss the events of the party, I need to explain some facets of my family.

The bottom line is that my parents were opposed to punishing any of us while I lived at home. I do not remember any of us being grounded, put

in a corner or sent to our rooms. Daddy would say “I’m disappointed with you” as his style of stern lecture.

When Daddy was not home Mom might actually scold a little. Clearly Granny did not accept the anti-punishment theories. She delighted in telling us stories about how she got spanked growing up and how she had spanked our Mom and Aunt Betsy frequently, hard and with a hairbrush.

Aunt Betsy was still in middle school when our oldest sister, Penny, was born in 1959. Betsy still lived with Granny and Gramps next door and served as babysitter after school. When I was born Aunt Betsy moved in with us. She was attending nursing school from which she graduated weeks before I turned four. While babysitting apparently Aunt Betsy abided by the ‘no punishment’ policy.

In those days I am sure we were the only kids in our school who were not routinely spanked.

Once Aunt Betsy had children of her own, she adopted Granny’s discipline policy. It was quite the shock when Betsy and Willard moved across the street to find she spanked her daughter Carole (two years younger than Missy) and her older son Matthew (a year younger than Carole). Nathan was a baby and was not spanked.

The year they bought the house I had just turned twelve and Penny was almost seventeen and about to become a high school senior. That summer Penny was Betsy’s full-time babysitter, easily diapering and feeding baby Nathan.

When Penny observed Betsy spanking Carole or Matthew, she would tell me all about it. I was worried that Mom would change her mind because I knew I deserved to be spanked.

Penny shared a room with our younger sister Ruth. Normally Ruth did not talk to me, but the Saturday before school started Ruth delighted in telling me she had seen Penny crying when she returned from babysitting.

The reason for the tears was that Betsy had caught Penny smoking on the back porch. Betsy used the same heavy hairbrush she used to spank her kids and did so on Penny’s bare derriere, leaving marks. Of course Penny and I were very interested in keeping news of the spanking a secret from Mom.

Probably that was futile because the next day Granny told me about Penny getting spanked as a warning for me to never smoke. Later Penny

admitted several times during her senior year and even her first year at community college Betsy spanked her with the hairbrush.

I ran afoul of Aunt Betsy's hairbrush the first time when I was fourteen. She caught me sneaking out of our house late one night to go to a party. The choice was I accept the spanking or Betsy would tell Mom and Daddy. After that Aunt Betsy spanked me about once a month until I left home for university.

The first letter I received at university from Missy, who had just turned twelve, indignantly whined that Mom had bought a hairbrush and used it to spank her bare derrière. According to the letters from Missy, over the next five years Mom more than made up for lost spanking opportunities. I like to think Missy benefitted from all those spankings.

Okay, back to the final 1990 Halloween party.

Missy and I set up our usual table as my changing station. We had brought a lot of diapers. The plan was for her to change me in public every couple of hours, a total of at least four performances.

Just after my third diaper change, all of which had gone smoothly, a woman about my age started kidding me about wetting my diaper for real.

For some reason I was annoyed, so the next time Missy took my arm to lead me to be changed, I shook her off.

That was a big mistake. Missy marched me to the changing table and removed my wet diaper. She used the wet diaper pins to hold up the back of my childish frilly dress. Then she sat on a chair, picked up the oval hairbrush from the diaper bag and spanked the daylight out of me.

I shrieked, squirmed and sobbed. The entire party applauded Missy and laughed at me. It took me until the end of the party to find the humor in that spanking. I must say Missy spanked me much harder than Aunt Betsy ever had done.

As Missy drove me home we were laughing. I assured her that she gave me a really good spanking.

I received an invitation to a non-costume ABDL party for later in November. The hosts were several of the DPF fellows who had become friends with me. Unfortunately there was no way I could get another Saturday off, so I had to decline.

My membership in DPF had started. Tommy sent me all the previous 1990 Newsletters/Rosters. We had spoken by phone a couple of times. He asked me to write about meeting DPF members at parties and I agreed to do so. I also told Tommy that in January I would be in San Francisco for a week or so on a legal case and would be staying at the St. Francis Hotel. The tentative plan was for Tommy and his life-partner Marky to be my guests at dinner. We would coordinate details later. I sent off a one-page article about the costume parties and Tommy phoned back to say he enjoyed it and would print it in the next newsletter.

I really had to burry myself in work, so having my baby bottles and pacifiers at home was a major comfort.

Even my law firm gave us time-off on Thanksgiving Day. In 1990 the family dinner was still always held at my parents' home so Granny could share in the cooking. Mom phoned me to say she really hoped I could come very early for the meal. I reminded her I did not drive. Mom said that Missy would pick me up Thanksgiving morning. John would drive down later that day, bringing baby Karen.

Missy had no clue why Mommy wanted us so early. I could barely cook my own breakfast and had never been asked to anything more than wash dishes for a family meal.

It turned out Mommy had a special reason for asking us early and without Karen and John being around. Ruth, the sister between Missy and me in age had just lost still another job. Consequently Ruth wanted to move in with our parents.

There is no easy or polite way to explain Ruth. She has been a constant source of trouble since she started talking. As the eldest daughter Penny had always been promised a room of her own. That would mean I would have shared a room with both Ruth and Missy.

The problem was that Ruth was always so unpleasant that she did her best to make Missy miserable and tried to be mean to me. Dear Penny made the sacrifice of letting Ruth share a room with her. Missy and I got along so well that when Penny left home we let Ruth have a bedroom by herself. Missy and I shared a room until I left home.

Shortly after I move to university Mom changed her mind about never punishing. She started spanking Missy fairly often, but Mom never spanked Ruth. Missy used to write to me complaining about that. Missy admitted she deserved to be spanked, but felt Ruth deserved many more and harder spankings.

It turned out that Mommy was not then and never became a fool. As she explained that Thanksgiving morning the only basis for letting Ruth live at home was that she be subject to home rules and punishment from Mommy.

Mommy fully intended to spank Ruth on her bare derrière with a hairbrush. The problem was that it had been more than four years since Mommy last spanked Missy. “Girls, you are not exactly perfect angles. I am sure each of you deserves a spanking, so I have decided to practice on you two. Missy’s the younger so she gets to decide if she goes first or second!”

We were led by our hands to the master bedroom. Missy had told me that was where she was always spanked. Granny was left in charge of the cooking.

I had to wait, watch and fret as Mommy expertly pulled up Missy’s dress, and removed her diaper and vinyl panties. Once Missy assumed the position, Mommy spanked her so hard Missy was blubbering.

While Missy was still sobbing, Mommy spanked me equally hard. That was harder than Aunt Betsy or Missy had spanked me. We were left standing in separate corners with our skirts pinned up and our derrière very sore. To minimize dribbles, we were standing on piles of diapers.

While we were still standing there sniffing, Mommy returned, this time dragging Ruth. “Young Lady, can you see what I just did to your sisters who are nice women? I spanked them to practice so I can really punish you.

“Angela, will you take a pair of diaper pins and get Ruth’s dress out of the way? Missy, will you remove Ruth’s diaper?”

Ruth was not wearing an Attends. I know her diaper was wet and sagging, so it might have been a Depend or a store brand. Ruth blushed as her diaper came off.

Missy easily positioned Ruth over Mommy’s lap. I do not think I have ever seen a harder hairbrush spanking. Ruth was in hysterics immediately.

Ruth wriggled like a fish. “Missy, please hold her hands!” Mommy ordered.

The spanking went on and on until Ruth was limp and could no longer shriek. Mommy led her to the changing table and put her in a disposable

diaper to hold in the heat of the spanking. Missy and I were allowed to let our bottoms cool before we self-diapered.

Ruth was assigned the room with the changing table. She lived with our parents for a year and a half. For Ruth it must have seemed much longer. I have no clue how many times Mommy spanked Ruth.

In October 1991 I married Don Davis. Ruth was not invited. But under the discipline of Mommy, Ruth did become a much nicer woman. She learned how to hold onto a job. During the Spring of 1992 Ruth managed to move into a small apartment.