

AUBURN

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Chapter 1 - The Start

I was eight years old when I went with my Mom visiting one of her old army wife friends in Opelika, Alabama. Her husband, a retired Colonel, taught at nearby Auburn University. Their house reposed in the shade of tall tupelo trees with long windows and high ceilings letting a soft summer breeze make a pleasant experience.

One afternoon I had a rare headache. When I told my Mom she told me to go take a nap in a hammock in the backyard. The bright sunlight annoyed me at first before I fell sound asleep. I felt odd when I woke up and went into the kitchen where they were chatting around a table with tall glasses of iced tea. The older woman we were visiting, Mrs. McConnell, gave me a glass of iced tea with lots of sugar over my Mom's protests about the sugar.

I had become so thirsty I had another before returning to the toys they had provided in a corner of the living room floor. I had been having fun with those, and one of their adult sons had played there with me. He was fun too, but I had never had a friend his age before. At that moment he had gone somewhere.

As I sat there in the middle of the toy cars, trucks, and the Lincoln Logs, I had this weird feeling followed by a weirder idea. I intensely wanted to be in diapers again.

I returned to the kitchen and told my Mom whose stern face told me 'no' before she finished telling me 'no'.

Behind my Mom and out of her sight Mrs. McConnell frowned. But her disapproving eyes were on my Mom instead of on me.

Late the next morning as I played in the living room I heard voices in the kitchen. Those voices dropped to a low whisper and then came up strongly. In particular I heard Mrs. McConnell. "If he wants to try, let him. Otherwise, he might go secret on you."

My Mom lowered her voice where I couldn't hear her response. She shortened our visit. The next day we were back at the train station for home. As the train pulled in my Mom and Mrs. McConnell exchanged a very hard glance at each other.

At home in the evening my Mom checked at least weekly I wasn't in diapers.

After she went to bed I would use t-shirts inside my underpants for mimicking diapers. I would lie on my stomach and do things that made me feel more comfortable.

I developed several erotic fantasies. The best one with unlimited variations would have me taken to a wealthy Dragon Lady in Tibet who had quite a hidden empire and

ruled from her low lying Monastery. She had guards, servants, and male and female sex slaves. She kept me in diapers and almost always in chains. It didn't make sense as it didn't have to. I loved that fantasy.

I spent years thinking about what it would be like to be in diapers and wet them, or more. No other interest came close. Good grades and achievements didn't make much of a difference to me when the only thing I wanted was diapers. I had quickly learned to keep my big secret to myself.

My classmates talked about sports, cars, colleges, and parties. Their way of talking about themselves always seemed fixated on something else. They said little about themselves, and none of that held much interest for me. They were no help. There was no one I could turn to. Their enthusiasm for sports repelled me. I almost flunked gym class one year. Their statements about football offended me as "have to let the boys play." I intensely disliked the implied rule breaking. I never had a nickname.

The prospect of going to college seemed just as boring of the same ole academic chatter that never fixed anything. None of that told me anything I wanted to know, and never helped me understand me.