

# AUBURN

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## Chapter 2 - Having Had It

When I graduated from high school ten years after that trip to Alabama, the only thing I wanted was to go someplace where I could wear diapers. I wanted to know what being in diapers full time would be like. With no one I could talk to about my interests, I would have to find a place on my own where I could be myself. It might be nowhere special as long as I could be me.

Thinking about finding out by going away I had gone from an empty vagueness to working afternoons and evenings in the last semester at high school. What started as 20 hours a week for \$180 became 30 hours a week with a typical net of \$200 a week, or \$800 a month. I took a weekend job and added another 20 hours a week for another \$800 a month. By mid July I had \$5,000 which I kept as cash and didn't tell anyone how much I had. I took the old battered red camping backpack down from the attic and had a concealed pocket sewn inside the bottom. It held my Five Thousand in cash.

Instead of going to any of the colleges that had accepted me, I told my Mom I wasn't ready. That I would hike cross the country on my own.

She threw a fit, but I was 18.

When I made test packings of clothes in the backpack I knew what I wanted, but of course, I couldn't tell anyone else. I measured a package of adult diapers at a store and had a special compartment added to the bottom of the backpack. That replaced what was normally tied underneath of a bed roll and a tent. There was no extra space for anything like shoes that wasn't the bare minimum essentials in the summertime. I had an expensive pair of sandals for my feet, and I could buy clothes along the way when something fell apart. A roll of plastic and a modern thermal blanket for sleeping outdoors took up space. A light jacket I loved had to be tied on top.

I kept trying to pack my computer, but the backpack's shoulder straps felt heavy when it had been included, and space was at a premium. I left it behind buying a tablet and transferring everything to it and a thumb drive including the accumulated pictures of adults in diapers. The tablet seemed almost feather weight and fit in the backpack much more easily.

I thought about turning in my cell phone, but that could be dangerous if there was trouble. Instead I set it to not ring and had a pouch made for it on the left of the backpack where my right hand could reach.

Mom went hard on herself when I decided it the time had come for me to leave. No tears; no hugs. I walked to the front door, waved goodbye at her in the dining room, and went outside. I hefted the backpack straps onto my shoulders. I walked a mile to

the subway, and took that to the railroad station.

I bought a pack of adult diapers when I arrived in Richmond, but just one of them bulged my jeans too much. I spent that night at a youth hostile, but that wasn't private enough. Fondly remembering my fantasies, the next day I bought a denim shirtdress telling them this was a gag for a party. They measured my chest and waist and told me what size to buy. It fit. My scruffy hair hadn't been cut for several months. I could wear diapers under that shirtdress without being so obvious.

That first night by myself at a cheap motel in a warm soaking wet diaper was almost heaven with several orgasms.

In the morning I walked outside in a fresh diaper and my shirtdress when I saw a flier for a gun show. I had walked half a block away when I thought about sleeping outdoors might be dangerous. I hustled back to that barber shop which had that flier in a window. A taxicab took me to the show.

My eighteen year old driver's license and ten dollars got me into that show. The array of guns for sale was bewildering. Some old bald guy with a ridiculous bushy white moustache almost as wide as his face asked me what I was looking for. He seemed nice.

"Something I can carry when I'm sleeping outdoors while backpacking across the country."

"Rifle or a handgun?"

"Wouldn't a rifle be too conspicuous?"

"Yep. How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Can't sell you a handgun. Show has rules about sales from a table."

My spirits fell flat. At least he didn't question why I wore a dress.

"You can buy privately. Walk around and see if anyone else walking around in here has a revolver for sale."

Several men had a rifle slung over their shoulders with a "for sale" sign taped to a stick stuck into the barrel. One of those men had a revolver for sale.

I asked. "That for sale?"

He scowled at me. "Not to a fag."

"I'm not a fag."

"Well, what are you?"

I blushed while thinking fast. "I'm wearing a dress to conceal a medical condition." I tilted my head just so. "What is it?"

"A 44."

"Does it work?"

"Yep."

"I don't know much. Can someone else look at it?"

"Who?"

"That guy with the big weird white moustache."

"Oh, him. Sure. He's honest. Let's go."

The owner knew that man's name as Randy, who listened, opened it, closed it, cocked it, and squeezed the trigger to a click. "Yep, that will do."

I interrupted. "How much?"

The owner looked me up and down again. Somebody behind me ran into my backpack almost knocking me off balance. I became frightened that no one would sell to me. I had to do something as my dress could cause trouble in there. "Show me how to load it."

Randy showed me how to open it, load it, and empty it. He handed it to me and showed my how to hold it and cock it. "Go ahead, point it high on a wall, and squeeze it off."

I did. "How much?"

The owner frowned. "Ain't that knife enough? You legal?"

I handed my driver's license to Randy. He scowled. "You ever been arrested?"

"No sir."

"Guess so. He asked you how much. He asked twice."

The owner frowned at Randy. "I thought you were a patriotic old fart like me."

Randy laughed. "He's going backpacking. Seems more patriotic than what most kids are doing these days. Wish I had done that when I was young. He may need a gun." He turned his attention on me. "Where are you going to carry it?"

I opened the flap on the side of the backpack for a water bottle I carried there in addition to an Army canteen on my hip. That bottle had a lanyard for hanging it from the backpack frame.

Randy twirled his finger around for me to turn. He reached over the table and put a finger in that pouch. "Yep. That'll work, but you be careful. Law might not like it being concealed and out of sight that way."

I turned facing the owner. "Gotta have something. How much?"

“Aw. \$800.”

“Randy?”

He fingered his moustache. “Up to you. That’s an old Smith and Wesson. Got collector value. Faded blue. Holster wear on the sights, barrel, and cylinder.” But his voice said something else. He had a doubt.

I had to guess. “\$600.”

The owner scowled.

“Cash.”

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Randy nod his head a little. “You’ll need patches, the right oil, and a short ramrod. It will all fit in that pouch. Oh, and a silicon cloth to protect it and keep it’s shape from being too visible in that pouch.” He flipped his head. “That guy in the corner sells those.”

The owner gave it a fond look. “Make it \$700, and I’ll throw in a partial box of ammo.”

“Stand still while I dig.” They waited as I dropped that backpack to the floor and went into it. I brought up a thick wad of twenties and counted out 35 of them. Randy’s face expressed his silent surprise as I handed him the money. “Here; hold this.” I had no idea where I summoned the courage to command him like that. “Let’s go buy that oil and stuff first.”

The owner took me over to that other table and told the man there what I needed. \$35 came out of my wallet.

Back at Randy’s table he wrapped it all up in two bundles. One bundle had the oil, patches, and half box of ammo. It all went in that compartment where it could sit in the hollow area under the gun’s barrel. He wrapped the revolver in that cloth. He pulled me around and glanced about the place before stuffing it all in and closed the flap. He handed the seller the money. “Good luck. Wish I could go with you. Enjoy your time out there.”

That night I took it all out and marveled at it. I practiced how it worked and loaded it leaving one bullet out which I aligned with the barrel when the cylinder closed. I practiced how to get at it with my right hand without removing the backpack. Each time that silicon cloth went on the floor. Clearly this had to be only for big emergencies.

On my tablet I found youth hostels, but I also found an inexpensive old hotel. Two days of unsuccessful job hunting taught me to put my guy clothes back on. I had spent almost another \$250 which brought me down a full thousand already. Two hours of cleaning a restaurant after closing didn’t pay for my room and food, but it brought my daily losses down. I asked the restaurant if there wasn’t something more I could do.

“Show up around 4 and we’ll see”. Their delivery service had annoyed them. Could I do those?

“If you lend me your car.”

He sent me to a car rental agency. They wanted a big cash deposit when I didn't have a credit card.

The tips that first night of deliveries were \$200. With more of that I was covering expenses and rebuilding my cash reserve. One night that owner became annoyed and mean to his staff. That's when I told him I quit. He yelled at me. I told him I had said don't be mean to me, and he had just been. He balled up a fist. I backed up and went out that door.

At the eleventh visit to more restaurants I found another delivery gig. With hundreds of restaurants in that city I decided the time had come. After several nights I told them I would be back the next night in a dress. He fired me.

I had restored my cash balance. At Salvation Army I bought an old woman's shoulder bag big enough for half my cash and a fresh diaper with my revolver below that. If someone stole my purse or my backpack that was only half of my cash, but my backpack stayed in the rented car's trunk.

One restaurant liked what I did well enough they told me looks don't count. Driver's wore all kinds of funny things. I wore my dress the next night.

The regional franchise manager didn't like my dress and sent me packing. He made me mad for the way he talked.

The next day I took the train to Atlanta as I wore a new diaper under that shirtdress. Nobody said a word.

I was disappointed there was no train any more to Opelika, Alabama.

I stayed in Atlanta for two months before I had been fired once too often.

I took the train to Birmingham, but got no where. New Orleans was more accepting.

Once a week or so I sent my Mom an e-mail. I didn't tell her my big issues, but I did open a g-mail account so she could send messages back. She pestered me in most of her messages which I learned to ignore, not answer, and delete quickly.