

Put In Nappies at 16 by My Best Friend's Parents – Mum Was All Part of The Plan!

by Don Buxton (Written in 2012)

Note for US readers: Nappy = Diaper, Dummy = Pacifier, Willy (slang) = Penis, Pants = Underpants, Trousers or Bottoms = Pants, Garden = Back Yard, Shopping Centre = Shopping Mall. This story is in British English.

Background

I am afraid this article is rather long but the background is important. I am writing it just five months before my 19th birthday and I am still in nappies (not out of necessity, I should stress) despite the fact that I am working a gap year before going to university. Since my Mum is prepared to finance my time at uni she has the upper hand, and anyway, I elected to be in my current situation.

I have quite a modest penis (and for that reason it will generally be referred to in a childish way as my willy), which works very well with nappy wearing and does afford a lot more opportunities to be humiliated (and then it really shrinks), which greatly excites me. When it is actually happening I often just want the ground to swallow me up at the same time as loving it!

There is only 7 weeks difference in age between my friend Duncan and myself. As will become clear, knowing Duncan is what got me into nappy wearing. He was born in February and I in April. We only live two doors apart and our mothers were friends long before we were born and, even more so being pregnant at the same time, attending some of the same pre and post-natal clinics etc. And of course they were able to help each other bringing us up as babies and youngsters.

The Beginnings

It followed that Duncan and I were friends from the beginning, went to school together and did practically everything else together. There was nothing unusual about our formative years; 'things' really had their roots from shortly after our 8th birthdays.

We were climbing trees in my back garden. Duncan went too far along a branch that then broke and he fell to the ground. He was badly injured and couldn't move. I told him to keep still and I would get help and ran back to the house and asked my Mum to call an ambulance, quickly explaining what had happened. She asked if he was awake and I confirmed he was. Fortunately she didn't waste time to check if I was right but called the ambulance. She said she would call Duncan's mum, and asked me to grab a couple of blankets and cover him but he mustn't move. I rushed up the garden followed shortly by my mum and within a few of minutes, Duncan's mum. He was crying and so was I. I was sent to the front of the house to direct the ambulance staff. Anyway, to cut a long story short Duncan spent several weeks in hospital, I believe he had a broken pelvis and other fractures in that area.

The outcome of the injury was that he can only walk unaided for short distances, but needs a stick or wheel chair depending on terrain and duration otherwise. He also lost control of his bladder and as a consequence he has to wear nappies. I looked after him at school by helping him walk or pushing him from class to class in his wheelchair, and to the playground. I would take him to be changed. There was no bullying; the other boys were more interested in his wheelchair than his nappies. At that age obviously I was too young to help change him, but later on I could.

He did have to go into hospital from time to time but with my help catching up with missed lessons and encouraged by his parents he did not have to drop down a year at school. After

the first year the hospital visits could be fitted in during school holidays. I think helping him keep up with the school syllabus reinforced my learning too.

By the time we were 11 he could actually change himself but it was fiddly he and couldn't do the best job with baby powder etc. He told me he liked his parents changing him and at some stage I asked if he would like me to help and he said he would and I quickly became pretty good at it and strangely liked doing it. He said he liked wearing nappies. Of course, when he was older he remarked that having the choice would be nice but he would not want to give them up. His parents learnt that I was helping when needed and thanked me, saying what a good friend I was. I don't think they knew I was rubbing the oil and baby powder into his private parts.

Once we were 12 I was allowed to take Duncan out by myself in his wheelchair as they regarded me as being a responsible boy. There was a wood almost opposite our houses and although it was fenced off from the road there was a gap in the hedge in a lane at the side that was wide enough for the wheel chair to go through. There was a good track to follow on the other side. It was pretty wide and pretty solid. My grandma had told me the Canadian Army was based over here (UK) during the Second World War and used the wood for exercises including the use of tanks. Indeed, close to the road was a large concreted area with two tank ramps at one end, which is where I learned to ride a bicycle, and often played cricket.

The track ultimately took us to twin lakes, via a farmyard, fields, and a stream – actually it was a brook – a slower speed of flow as I understand it. We never saw anyone in the yard and used to stop and drink some of the molasses out of a 45-gallon drum that stood upright on a stand and had a tap. Apparently this was used to feed to the cows. It probably wasn't deemed fit for human consumption but we never considered that and it tasted lovely.

Not really part of this story, but two memories that really stand out from the visits to the woods was seeing a cow being born in a field but most fantastically, watching some weasels play; diving into a tiny hole and seemingly folding their bodies in two to come out again; absolutely incredible. How I would love to see this magical site again.

And This is Where the Story Really Begins!

The brook attracted us and we used to hide the wheel chair in the bushes and I would help Duncan to the bank. It was totally shielded by trees and bushes so anyone would need to be very near to see us. We would strip naked so we didn't get our clothes wet. At least that is what we told ourselves. I think mostly it was just because we liked to be naked with one another. We weren't sexually aware at that age but we both got a thrill out of it so no doubt there was a latent sexual element.

One day we found a large tree root floating along in the brook and were able to use it as a raft. The brook was only about 3 or 4 metres wide and the water only came up to around our dangly bits. I would climb aboard and then assist Duncan to get on. I steered it with a stick. It was a favourite activity in the school summer holidays. We tied up the 'raft' when we left and it was always there when we returned. No one ever saw us in the several summers we have gone there. We just had to tell our parents we were going to the woods; they would tell us what time to be back and that was it.

I often used to put on one of Duncan's spare nappies and pee in it. I say often, actually it was whenever I got the chance. I loved the feel of them hugging me tight, and then that of the pee filling them. I usually wore the DryNites for 8-15 year olds. (They still fit me, going on 19). They are mainly blue in colour and patterned with cars and things. The problem for Duncan was that he was very well endowed, even then, and when he got erect it could poke out, so he had to be selective about when he wore them.

Duncan and I were at the brook the summer after we had become 14 and he told me he had ejaculated for the first time a few days previously and it felt fantastic. He was in bed asleep and woke up to feel himself coming in his nappy, uncertain what was happening initially, but loving the sensation as it dawned on him what was occurring.

I was very interested and he started to play with himself and got hard and asked me if I would like to touch him. I took hold of his massive willy, three inches longer than mine both erect! I played with him for a little while and masturbated him, as I got aroused. He shot in great excitement and asked if I would like to try and took me in hand without awaiting an answer. He didn't seem to mind that my cock was so much smaller. I came for the first time. There was a slight pain and then ecstasy as my sperm shot into the stream. After that we played with one another a lot both in the woods and at home when our parents were out.

We had a friend called Simon who was in our class at school and he started coming to the stream with us from the second year of discovering it. After an initial reticence he undressed. I think he was shy about his willy when he saw Duncan's but when I undressed he lost his reticence and enjoyed being both naked and wearing and peeing a nappy. He said he would tell his sister that he liked nappies and she might get him some and let him wear them when their mum was away. I knew he was close to his sister, but the fact that he felt at ease telling her this I thought was pretty fantastic. I should mention that his mum was away on business a lot, including travelling abroad.

Later Simon said Anita loved babying him and when he said he would like to wear nappies she agreed immediately. As soon as his mum was away she purchased nappies and decided she would put him in them, change him when needed and bath him. Of course, he proffered no objection.

The Transition to Full Time Nappy Wearing!

Of course we had plenty of adventures in the meantime but a couple of years later, during the Easter holiday (I had turned 16 a few of days before) Duncan phoned excitedly to say that his Mum was going away on a four day course the next Monday and wondered if I would like to stay over to help look after him. His parents still changed his nappy most of the time, seeming to enjoy it, and he was very happy for them to do it.

Very oddly he said we could share his bed but his parents thought I ought to wear a nappy at night too, if we did. I had no idea if this was their suggestion or if he asked but I was thrilled at the thought and certainly did not spend any time analysing it. If I had, I am sure I would have found it very strange indeed. Fortunately I didn't or the events related here may never have happened.

His mum had suggested I came over for the weekend before she went away (only a couple of days from the phone call). I checked with my mum (not mentioning bed sharing of course) who said that was fine. I only packed a few things. I didn't need to take a full change of clothes as I could nip home anytime. As Duncan's dad worked during the day I was hoping we could spend a lot of the time just wearing nappies and a top and making out. It wasn't quite warm enough to go without a top and certainly too cold to go near naked out doors. Duncan usually wore nothing over his nappy at home anyway, so long as it was warm enough and there were no strangers present. This improved his chances of reaching the toilet first, which he sometimes could.

Duncan had found some nappy wearing friends the previous year aged from 14 to about 23 via the internet and we had been to some nappy parties. Duncan's dad actually drove the three of us, and provided the hotel for the overnight stays. Simon gave the same reason to his mum as me – looking after Duncan. Since Duncan's dad was always the one taking us it wasn't a problem. We were just meeting some of Duncan's friends and looking after him so far as parents were concerned. I think Duncan's dad just thought it was a party of people

who were in a similar situation to Duncan, and was comfortable that Simon and I were going to look after him (which basically meant wheel him around as need be), as they would not really want a parent around.

So far as I am aware none of our parents knew we all spent our time just in nappies, which was the common bond at these parties. It was all organised some of the adults but there was no improper conduct by any of them. Some at the party were secret wearers. Some in their late teens and early twenties were still being changed by their mums and dads! There was a handful in the same situation as Duncan, that is, they had no control of their bladder. Surprisingly though, about 4 or 5 of the younger members of the group were allowed by their parents to wear them just because they wanted to. One was only 14 and his parents would take him to picnics in places where he could be outdoors in just his nappy. They would video him running around and he would love watching it back in his bedroom. How cool was that! Either his mum or dad would change him whenever needed. Simon and I wore nappies at the parties so fitted in fully.

I digress. . .

We agreed that I would actually go over on the Friday. I couldn't wait for bedtime but that was a few hours away and we had to have dinner first. Duncan's parents always said he had to go to bed a little earlier than normal for his age because he needed more rest than the average mid teenager, presumably because of the extra physical effort of moving around.

His parents thought, or at least used the ruse that I would disturb him if I didn't go to bed at the same time. They didn't need a reason; I would have been very disappointed not to do so. Bedtime was therefore 9:30 and just before then Duncan's dad said "I think we had better get the boys ready for bed darling." His wife agreed and we headed up stairs.

Duncan could make it up the stairs by himself, reasonably slowly, supported by the banister. I didn't actually equate the "getting the boys ready" to mean other than that they would change Duncan and give me a nappy to put on. I quickly discovered they had other ideas.

We went to Duncan's bedroom and as we approached his dad said to his wife "If you like to sort Duncan out I will see to Don." As soon as we got into the bedroom Duncan's Mum removed his nappy – not something that had never been done in my sight before even though they knew I changed him. Duncan's dad said, "Slip your top off Don." I simultaneously felt both shy and thrilled as he turned me towards him and started to undo my jeans. I was quite capable of doing this myself, and there I was just submitting, and feeling no need to do otherwise.

Fortunately I was nervous enough not to get an immediate erection as he slipped the jeans off, then my socks, followed by my briefs (I seem to be the only teenager that wears them but I prefer them to boxers). I moved my hands to cover my private bits in a half-hearted way but he gently moved them away so I now stood totally naked not only in front of Mr Arnold but also his wife!

Meanwhile Duncan had lain on the very nice changing table they had acquired for him many years previously, ready to clean him up and put a fresh nappy on.

Looking at my dangly bits, his dad said to me that although nappies were very absorbent they were still damp to the skin and they didn't feel it was hygienic to have pubic hairs continuously wet so it would be best if he shaved me. I am sure there was no foundation in fact for this reasoning.

What makes him think I was going to wet my nappy I thought!

Of course, I knew Duncan kept shaved, but had not given any thought to them doing the same to me. Anyway, I just said rather meekly "Yes sir." I didn't usually call anyone 'sir' other than schoolteachers, but it seemed more polite than just "Yes" and more appropriate than 'Mr Arnold'.

He picked up a nappy and off we went to the bathroom. I didn't have an awful lot of pubic hair so it wasn't a major task disposing of it but I did get partly aroused now and Mr Arnold just matter-of-factly moved my penis around to keep it from obstructing the razor. Shaved pubes transpired to be another big turn on, enhancing the babyishness of me little willy! He applied some baby cream then puffed some baby powder on me and rubbed it round my ball sac and in my groin. "I am going to try these DryNites slip-ons" he said, "They should fit you snugly and contain you adequately." I blushed and once again just meekly said, "Yes sir." He slid the nappy into place and then reached inside to adjust my willy. "There we are." He patted my bum adding, "Make sure your willy is pointing down before you go to sleep." We headed back to the bedroom. I put on my T-shirt style pyjama top whilst Mrs Arnold commented that the DryNites fitted perfectly, as she checked them by sliding her fingers around inside the leg bands. She picked up a pair of plastic waterproof see-through pants of the type that I had put on Duncan, and taken off, on many occasions. She just held them open at ground level for me to step into, which I seemed to do as though it was the most natural thing in the world. There was still this assumption that I would wet my nappy despite the fact that I was successfully potty trained by about the age of two. I joined Duncan in bed. His mum said "Goodnight darlings, see you in the morning."

"Goodnight." we said, and we were alone.

I immediately wanted to see what nappies Duncan had on. Of course he had already seen me in DryNites. He was wearing Tena Pants (adult pull-ups). He usually wore pull-ups at home – mostly the Tena Pants or DryNites (though not the latter if he was expecting to get an erection, as I mentioned earlier) as he could sometimes get to the toilet in time to pee. When out he mostly wore Tena Flex as they could be changed without the need to remove his trousers. These are Tena's top-of-the-range adult 'nappies'. A waistband comes round to the front, secured by Velcro. The nappy then comes up between the legs and two Velcro pads secure the front of it firmly to the waistband. Since we were both slim enough to wear the 8-15yo DryNites, the small size Tenas were the best fit.

Duncan's had the high capacity nappies, which was great as they could hold an awful lot of liquid. They eventually sagged from the weight especially if they were being worn without trousers to support them. In the summer when we were in the garden alone in just pull ups with the parents away we loved to wear them until they eventually slid down to be caught at the knees and we would waddle around until they dropped to our ankles.

We both slipped our hands into each other's nappy for a play with the intention of slipping them down, but decided we would not be able to whip them back up quickly enough if one of his parents came to check us, so after a little play we decided it was better to have fun during the day. I had visions of being caught, sent to a separate bedroom and my mum being told.

Duncan said it would be best if I did wet my nappy as his mum and dad obviously wanted me to and would enjoy changing me and I would like them doing it. Also, they might use it as an excuse to keep me in nappies during the day he reasoned. We fell asleep with an arm over each other. In the morning (Saturday) we were not aroused until nearly 9am, although we had been awake for some time.

When I did wake I was dry, unsurprisingly, and not desperate for a pee but ready for one. I considered going to the toilet but decided, after an internal debate with myself, just to give in and wet my nappy. As I mentioned previously, I had wet pairs of Duncan's on many occasions but then no one except Duncan and Simon would know. What if they told my mum I mused? Well, they would have to explain why I was wearing nappies and why I was in bed with Duncan. So, I plucked up the courage, ensured my willy was pointing downwards and let it out. The pee felt good as it percolated inside the nappy. I reached to feel if Duncan was wet. I could feel his nappy was swollen but it had obviously been filled

earlier as it was no longer 'pee warm' to the touch. He was facing away from me now so I don't know if I awakened him but his hand pressed mine down on the bulge and then he slid his hand back and under the waistband of my plastic pants to feel me. 'Brill' he said as he caressed the warm bulge.

We chatted until Duncan's Mum came in.

"Morning boys, time to get up."

Duncan was on the door side of the bed and he sat up first then stood, he couldn't just leap out of bed. His Mum could see straight away he was wet and expected nothing else. He automatically removed his pyjama top. She slid his waterproofs off, undid his nappy and slipped it off and into the little plastic bucket that stood beneath his changing table.

One part of me knew I was expected to be wet whilst another part was wondering if I had disgraced myself and would be in trouble. Either way I could not stay in bed all day so I gritted my teeth, stood up and turned to reveal my frontage. Duncan's mum looked immediately and said, "Hmm, looks as though we have two wet boys."

Phew, that was the worst part over and I was not in trouble. She gestured for me to move round the bed and take my top off. She slipped down the plastic pants and removed my nappy as I did so, commenting "That's a lot of wee from a little willy." I blushed, of course, but enjoyed the humiliation. It probably was not even meant to humiliate; they were no doubt well aware of the fact that penises come in a variety of lengths and thicknesses. In any case most boys had little penises relative to Duncan!

"OK you boys can shower together." I'm sure she had a good idea that that would not be the first time we had done things together in the nude. Perhaps with us now being 16 it was something that they did not need to pretend ignorance of. Now I thought about it; that made a lot of sense.

"We'll put your nappies on downstairs."

Perhaps that often happened with Duncan, I don't know, but he did not query it and I was not going to argue.

We headed downstairs in our birthday suits after the shower, where we had washed and dried each other, but managed to avoid getting erect. I was tempted to cover my willy as we were going to be 'displaying' together and I would be directly compared to Duncan full frontal. I did realise that this would be pretty silly; nevertheless, I did feel shy walking into the lounge. I had to accept that this was totally illogical, they had stripped me, shaved me, put me in nappies and taken me out of wet ones so there was no element of dignity left for me to concern myself about. I didn't realise that they had no plan to put our nappies on until after breakfast! How did they know Duncan wouldn't wet I wondered, but never asked.

We chatted with Duncan's parents as though everything was completely normal; the demeanour of his parents indicated nothing unusual. I am pleased to say that they didn't ask me how I liked wearing a nappy or wetting one. I would have been very embarrassed saying it was terrific.

With breakfast finished Duncan's mum asked if we would like to come to the shopping centre with them and we could have lunch out. I glanced at Duncan who gave me a little nod as he said "Yes, that would be nice."

"Thank you." I said, "I would like that."

I offered to see to the breakfast things – there was no point in using the dishwasher for the little there was to do. I had often either washed up or stacked the dishwasher before when I stayed for meals, having been taught impeccable manners. Duncan and I would do it together.

“That’s kind,” said Mrs Arnold, “there is no rush anyway.”

Duncan and I cleared the table and did the washing up – he didn’t have a problem walking and carrying things over short distances on flat surfaces. I started filling the kitchen sink with hot water as he put the last of the crockery into the sink and rubbed my willy and then pushed his against my bum as he went round the other side of me to stack things in the drying rack.

With the task completed we returned to the living room and Mr Arnold said, “Right let’s get you boys dressed, we don’t want Duncan having an accident.” We were each put into a Tena Flex standing up in the kitchen where it didn’t matter if some of the powder fell on the floor.

Now, the arrangement was that I would wear nappies in bed, so on a technicality there was no reason for me not to dress myself and not wear nappies, but it appeared if I didn’t let technicalities get in the way they were not going to.

“I suggest you wear just your nappies and tops until we are ready to leave, and you can put your plastic panties on then.” Said Mr Arnold. I noticed he referred to them as ‘panties’ and that both embarrassed me and turned me on a bit – I imagine for the usual reason that it was humiliating – it seemed to just brush over Duncan. Off went Mr Arnold. Duncan and I smiled at each other and followed.

‘Dad’ went and joined ‘Mum’ in the kitchen whilst Duncan and I sat on the settee. Duncan was about to turn on the television, when his mum could be heard saying in a quiet voice “Any problem?”

“No,” said Duncan’s dad, “Good as gold, meek as a lamb, no sign of the slightest objection to me putting his nappy on.”

Mrs Arnold announced her approval and said, “Well, let’s see if he is OK when you change them at the shopping centre. I think he has fully settled into the idea.”

Duncan’s mum brought us in a couple of big milk shakes, proper ones, made with ice cream whipped in. “There you are boys, I know you like these.” Whilst I loath plain milk, I love milk shakes but I am sure that the reason for these was to help ensure we peed our nappies, or at least that I did.

About 10:15 Mr Arnold asked if we were both dry and when we confirmed that we were he put us into the plastic pants and we slipped into our jeans. Oooh, I let out a little gasp.

“What’s wrong Don?” asked Mr Arnold. “My nappy is showing over my jeans Mr Arnold.”

“Well, you will be wearing a coat so that’s nothing to worry about is it?”

“Oh; no I replied.”

Later Duncan heard his mum whisper to his dad “Did you notice he called it ‘my nappy’ rather than ‘the nappy’, it’s all sounding promising.” I was rather puzzled at what was going on – not that it mattered that much, I was enjoying it all and I was not being forced to do anything I didn’t want to.

Off we went to the shopping centre, arriving before 11am which meant it would probably be a couple of hours before we had lunch so I possibly would need to pee by then.

We would split up from time to time, Duncan and I looking at things of interest to teenagers while his parents did what they wanted to. We would agree to meet at certain times in certain places.

We met some boys from school from time to time and girls we knew and stopped to chat. I had visions of them noticing I was wearing a nappy, but none did of course.

It was getting towards time to meet up again; we had agreed to rendezvous outside one of the department stores at 12:50. Duncan told me it would be a good time to wet myself because it would be close enough to lunchtime for them to say they would change us after

lunch. So, I wet my nappy just before we met up. I felt myself walking a bit bow legged though I tried not to and having the wheel chair in front of me helped to hide it. It didn't stop Duncan's mum noticing. "You've wet yourself have you darling?" she said quietly. "Never mind, we will change you after lunch, I expect Duncan will be ready by then too; if he isn't already." Duncan nodded.

I was still puzzled. Why were they not surprised that a boy with no problems of incontinence was wetting nappies? I didn't know the answer. I was recognising that they were enjoying it (and they were not the only ones) but the fact that they were expecting it – and, I have to confess, justified in doing so, was mysterious. I could have understood if I had been hypnotised!

We had lunch and as always chatted away and when that was finished, off we trotted all together to a different part of the centre – it has at least four miles of shop frontage, so there was plenty of walking to do. Well, except for Duncan that is, who had me to wheel him. That also meant there was adequate time to get another full bladder.

By 2pm, although I did not need to, I had wet again into my already wet nappy and I could feel its weight being supported by the crotch of my jeans. Eventually, Mrs Arnold said "Oh there are the disabled toilets darling, it would be a good time to change the boys." We headed off into the disabled toilet. Mr Arnold told me to slip my jeans and panties down – this showed the advantage of wearing a nappy rather than pull-ups when out. Duncan stood up having undone his already, and slipped them down. His dad removed my nappy and then Duncan's. He said he would do Duncan first – "Well, he is the oldest and there is more of him to do." He said it with a gentle smile and even though it was at my expense I thought it was funny and laughed.

Our nappies were pretty heavy. They were both saturated and very yellow inside with quite an amount having flowed up the backs by capillary action. Duncan was cleaned up with baby wipes, powdered and 're-napped' whilst I stood with my jeans round my ankles. I no longer felt embarrassed at all; it just seemed routine rather than strange. I was thinking I didn't want the school holiday to end. Would this happen again, perhaps in the summer holidays?

Once I had been seen to we re-joined Mrs Arnold. "All done?" she said. "Yes," replied her husband "you could have floated an aircraft carrier on the contents!" We all laughed and off we went home.

We removed our jeans almost immediately.

The weekend went well, and it was clear to both sides, although unspoken, that I would wear nappies full time for as long as I was there.

On the Monday morning Duncan's mum got us ready – breakfast in the nude, nappies and tops afterwards. She went off to her course, leaving us with a kiss, and Mr Arnold to work and we were free to do what we wanted. We had some fun together without our nappies. Simon phoned, and I excitedly told him we were at Duncan's and both in nappies and asked if he would like to pop round. He said his mum was away as usual so he was wearing nappies and would cycle round straight away.

He stripped to his nappy upon arrival. Then we had more naked fun before putting our nappies back on and all wetting them.

My mum phoned to see if everything was okay. I said I would pop round for fresh clothes in couple of days (I accounted for the fact that if I didn't fetch fresh pants she would wonder what was going on, so I would just have to pretend they had been worn). She said she would probably drop round before then and bring what I needed but would telephone first.

We prepared dinner so Duncan's dad would not have to do it when he got home. We were both well domesticated. Simon told us that his sister was putting him in nappies and

babying him every time their mum went away (entirely by his choice, it should be stressed). Although she was only three-and-a-half years older she was bathing him by the time she was 11.

Duncan's mum phoned in the evening to see how things were and to say that Duncan's aunt would pop round during the next day to see how we were getting on. I had met his aunt a few times and I knew she had looked after Duncan on occasions. Duncan said his mum would have told her about me so she would probably be expecting to change me.

Tuesday arrived and we had to get up a bit earlier so Duncan's dad could get us ready and 'dressed' before he left for work without the need to rush. More evidence that he liked doing it. We were not sure when Duncan's aunt would turn up beyond the fact that it would be late morning. Duncan and I got our nappies off and had our fun well before that and following Duncan's suggestion, I made sure I was wet in time for her arrival.

It was funny we were following this ritual because there was no reason for me to wet my nappy at all and no reason we could not change ourselves if we did. Certainly we did not need the attentions of a visiting aunt. We just accepted that that was what was going to happen. I could have told Duncan that I would go home and return when she left but it didn't occur to me to opt out. I was looking forward to it, though not without trepidation. I slipped on a pair of trousers as her car pulled onto the drive, it didn't make much sense to do so knowing that she would be changing me but then nothing made a lot of sense at the moment and anyway. I would have been rather shy at her seeing me in a nappy straight away. It could be that despite our conjecturing she just wanted to see Duncan. He didn't bother to cover his nappy of course, as she was well accustomed to seeing him in much less.

The aunt arrived sometime after 11am, "Hello Duncan." She said as she gave him a kiss. She removed his nappy and said she would get him cleaned and changed shortly. Turning to me as she did so saying "Hello Donald, how are you."

"Fine thank you miss." I'm not sure why I called her miss. It just seemed the right thing.

"Is your nappy wet?" She had obviously been fully primed.

"Yes miss." I replied somewhat weakly.

"Well get those trousers off so I can sort you out."

I meekly removed them.

"And you really are soaking too." She said, as she bounced the wet bulge of my nappy up and down. "And don't let me catch you wearing clothing over your nappy without plastic panties another time."

"Let's get these off. Put your hands on your head." This order came as she was removing my nappy. I felt myself blush bright red but did as I was instructed. It was not something Duncan was required to do, but then he had a reason for wetting. It did not pass my notice that she too referred to my waterproofs as panties.

"Come to the kitchen you two, stand there Donald while I clean Duncan up." She knew where to find the downstairs wipes, baby powder and nappies and cleaned him up and put him in a fresh nappy. "There you are my angel, you sit down whilst I deal with your young friend."

She turned to me. "Have you got a medical reason for wetting yourself love?"

"Ahhh I don't know miss." A pretty stupid answer, obviously I knew but the question was unexpected and I was too embarrassed to just blurt out a 'no'. The reply I made was accompanied with the customary blush.

"I hope you don't think because you have a little willy that's an excuse for acting like a baby?"

"No miss." I blushed again.

“Come here.”

I moved nearer.

“Over my knee.” She was forcing me over as she spoke.

“I think the cure for teenagers who wet themselves for no good reason is humiliation and corporal punishment. We are just going to have to settle with a spanking today, and time naked. I am more strict than Mr & Mrs Arnold.”

She proceeded to spank me pretty hard, I wriggled and writhed but did not try to get away. Strangely, although it hurt I was enjoying it. Again, I think it was the sheer humiliation.

“Stand up.”

She helped me up. “Hands on head. I expect you to do that without being told whenever I undress you, okay?” There were other occasions over the next couple of years.

“Yes miss.”

“The embarrassment of parading your little willy in public might help teach you not to wet yourself. Right, I would like you to make coffees for Duncan and me. You can put a cold drink in a plastic cup for yourself since you act like a two year old. I’ll get your nappy on once I have made lunch and you had better not pee meanwhile or you will get a serious spanking.”

I did as I was told. Duncan’s aunt put the lunch on the table and said “Nappy time. I am going to put you in DryNites as they are the most babyish ones I can see. If I was buying your nappies I would make you wear the girls’ version, they are a nice pink with girly patterns; that might cure you. I think I will recommend that to Mr & Mrs Arnold.” She put them on me and we had lunch.

After lunch we were asked if we were both dry and we were. “I must fly boys but I promised Duncan’s mum I would drop in. Be good.”

She gave us both a kiss and left.

Duncan asked if I liked the spanking and I confessed I did. We messed around on our laptops playing games and surfing the internet for an hour or two. Then I sat on the settee and Duncan laid on it with his head on my lap and we watched TV whilst I slid my hand between his waterproof pants and his nappy and gently caressed him. Later we prepared dinner.

We were wet by the time Duncan’s dad came home. He asked if he needed to do anything for dinner and we told him it was all prepared, it would take about half an hour.

“Well done boys. Time to get you changed then.”

As he was powdering me he said “we’ll try a Tena pull-up this evening for a change Don and see how they suit you, I think those are the only ones we’ve not tried. . . Those look fine, how do they feel.”

“Pretty good sir.”

“Excellent, you’ve got a few more days of nappy wearing to go yet. You won’t be changing your mind will you?”

“No, I won’t sir.”

“Good boy.”

“Oh, by the way boys, are you planning to go out tomorrow?”

“I don’t think so.” Duncan replied.

“That’s good. Don’s mum wants to come round and do lunch for you.”

“Great, we will definitely stay in.” I confirmed. Actually, we would have liked to have fun with Simon again but that was obviously not going to happen.

Mum Planned It All Along!

It was the usual procedure in the morning, getting up in time for Duncan's dad to attend to us. I was thinking that it must be a bit like having a couple of kids under 2 and quite a commitment. Duncan and I made out together around 9am to be sure my mum didn't walk in on us. I had my jeans close to hand so I could whip them on before she saw me and I did when she phoned to say she was on the way. Duncan suddenly noticed my nappy waistband was showing (again)!

"Shit." I blurted, and rushed up stairs to put a longer top on, and dashed down as Mum tapped on the door, simultaneously turning the key in the front door (both mums had keys to the other's house).

"Hi Mum." I gave her a kiss.

"Hi darling, hi Duncan." Mum said, giving him a kiss too.

Mum has changed Duncan many times and was accustomed to seeing him in his nappies so he did not need to share in my panic.

"You boys managing to fill your time OK."

"Yes thanks." We confirmed.

Bombshell coming up! . . .

Mum had nothing in her hand, so either she had left my clean clothes in the car or had forgotten them (which was unlikely).

"No clothes Mum?" I enquired.

"Darling, I've not brought you a change as I hear you are perfectly happy wearing nappies."

"Oh God!" I went bright red covered my face with my hands and buried my head in the settee cushions, haunches up in the air, with visions of having to kill myself or something. That immediately exposed my nappy waste band, not that that particularly mattered now.

"Donald, darling. It isn't a problem. That is why Duncan's mum and I engineered this. Not to trick you but to make sure that it was what you wished for. I want you to be happy and if you like to wear nappies that is absolutely fine, besides which I will enjoy getting my little boy back. I don't know how your dad would have taken it if he was still alive, but that is not a hurdle we have to cross."

"Come and give me a cuddle."

As I stood up I was crying. I don't know if it was from embarrassment or sheer relief. I hugged my Mum and she gave me a reassuring hug back; kissed me on the cheek and wiped my tears with her finger and then patted my nappied bum.

"There is nothing to cry about you silly boy." She smiled.

"How did you know Mum?" I sniffled.

"Well, I will tell you but slip your jeans off first, I would like to see you in your nappy."

I removed my jeans. I did feel embarrassed but at the same time liked doing it.

We all sat down and Mum began. . .

"Duncan's mum told me that she had noticed for a year or two that when you both went off to the woods Duncan would always take DryNites and Tena Pants with him, despite the fact that he only ever wears pull-ups at home, at our place and his aunt's place where he has a prospect of reaching the loo before an accident. Not to mention, that the amount he got through was disproportionate to the time he was away. So she concluded that Duncan was not the only one wearing them. She thought it was a pity if you had to suppress your desire if that is what it was."

"I have no problem with you wearing nappies so I had a think about the best way of broaching the subject. If you only liked them when with Duncan then you would perhaps not want to admit it. If you were not interested in wearing them at all you would wonder if I was off my rocker. On the other hand, if you did fanaticise about them you may well have been far too embarrassed to admit it had I asked outright."

"Duncan's mum's need to go on a course, and being able to choose suitable dates, enabled us to come up with this cunning plan." We all laughed. Duncan and I had enjoyed watching repeats of 'Black Adder'.

"We thought you would be keen to sleep with Duncan and vice versa, so we came up with the idea of saying you could but with the caveat of needing to wear a nappy. You would be either repulsed, jump at the chance, or try to negotiate. Of course we didn't tell Duncan as it would be difficult for him not to slip up at some time and give the game away but the first test of the plan was how keen he was to share his bed with you and how comfortable he was to pass on the piece about you having to wear nappies. He was very enthusiastic about both so we were pretty certain we were on the right track."

"That was the main hurdle cleared. Next you didn't baulk at being undressed, nor even to having your pubic hairs shaved. Then, the next morning you were wet! Even after that you could have said you had only agreed to wear nappies at night. Instead, you raised not a squeak when you were put into them again. Not even when you were told you going out in them. And then you were perfectly happy for Duncan's aunt to change you and did not rebel when she spanked you."

"So, there you are. Now, lunch is at home including for you Duncan of course. You will be staying until Sunday. Make sure you bring your homework because it's back to school on Tuesday. Your mum and dad know of the arrangement."

"Donald, would you fetch your bits and pieces, and bring spare tops and socks down for Duncan with a spare pair of bottoms. Then, if you both slip your Jeans on we'll go."

It all made sense now. With Duncan's mum away and his dad working the obvious thing had always been for him to stay at my place. His mum had been on courses before and that is what always happened. "I'm an idiot." I said, "I should have worked out that there was something odd going on."

She laughed, "I knew you'd wonder why I'd not brought fresh clothing darling, although that could have just been because we were going home. Anyway whatever you are, you are far from being stupid."

Well, there you are, a compliment amidst all the twirling or my mind, both with regard to what had happened and what would happen.

Setting the Rules

Lunch was already laid awaiting our arrival. I had not wet myself in all the turmoil so this was a trigger for me to do so. If Mum was going to start changing me, she needed a reason. We started lunch and Mum said, "Now a few rules for you darling. Firstly you will wear nappies 24 hours a day unless I specifically permit you not to, such as if you need to visit the doctor. I will decide what nappies you will wear and you will never change them yourself if I am here or if Duncan's mum is in, or anyone I decide on. You must phone to ask her if she is available to change you if I can't – that has been agreed."

"You will wear nappies to school and if you choose to wet them you will have to do your changing when you take Duncan for his."

She went on to answer the burning question in my head before I had time to interject. "On Wednesdays when you have PE you will wear plain white briefs, not your nice designer ones. You are to change back into nappies before you return home if possible. You are my little

boy now, so instead of telling me where you are planning to go and checking that it is okay, you will ask if you are allowed. Understood?”

“Yes Mum.”

“I have confiscated your television and made some changes to your bedroom.” If you play with your computer when you have been sent to bed I will confiscate that too and you will get a spanking on your bare bottom, as you will if you do other things wrong. You’ve never had that before, have you?”

“No Mum.”

“Now, as from tonight I will bath you at 9:30; put you into your night nappies and send you to bed. You will keep a dummy in your mouth once you are in the bath. This will be known as your ‘dummy time’ and you will not engage in adult conversation. Make sure you have it in your mouth when you go to the bathroom in the morning. I’ll come and take it out and undress you so you can clean your teeth and shower. You will also use your dummy when you are doing your homework. During school time you go to bed for 10 anyway so by the time I have bathed you there won’t be a lot of difference. I do accept that during holidays you can’t tell your friends that your mum makes you go to bed at 9:30. Nevertheless that is your bedtime and so you will get spanked whenever you are late and the later you are the harder the spanking. Have you anything to say about that?”

“No Mum.”

“Does anyone else know about you wearing nappies?”

“Simon.”

“Simon; does he wear them too?”

“His Mum is away on business a lot and Anita looks after him. He wears them then, and she changes him and everything. She even spansks him. It is entirely his choice.” (Mum knew Anita is Simon’s sister’s name.)

“Hmm, I wonder if she would be interested in baby sitting” Mum mused aloud! What about his father?”

“I have never seen him and Simon has never mentioned him.”

“Two final things. You will ask to poo unless you can do it before your morning shower or your night time bath. I will take your nappies off. You will use the main bathroom toilet and not close the bathroom door. Also, I realise that you have certain needs to develop as a teenager so you will be allowed to masturbate once a week.” I blushed. “Not school days, let’s say Friday nights at bath time.” (This was not too much of a restriction as long as I still had the opportunities to do it with Duncan and Simon, although that could be difficult on school days, especially in the winter).

What actually happened was that she made me stand up in the bath each Friday to shave my pubes, or at least check if they needed doing. She would do some tidying up and fetch clean towels to make it easier for me. Of course, there were tiles on the wall. Afterwards I had to flush them with the shower rose so it all disappeared with the bath water. She would then clean my willy before getting me out the bath and drying me.

“I said they were the final things, but there is one more. Don’t think you can wet your nappy whenever you feel inclined and will get changed straight away. You will be changed when I feel like it so consider I may keep you in them for sometime. I may take you shopping with me and not change you until we get back.”

Neither of our parents seemed to have a problem with us making out together – I assume they had surmised this is what we were doing – and did not obstruct us meeting in any way. After all, we were unlikely to get girl friends as nappy wearers. They were probably rather more at ease now we were of legal age.

After lunch Mum decided to get my overnight bag sorted out. The dirty clothing was already bagged separately.

“Take your clean tops and socks back to the bedroom darling together with Duncan’s stuff. These pants are clean are they?”

“Yes.”

“You won’t be needing those.” She took them away as she spoke.

I took both Duncan’s over night stuff and my clothes up to my bedroom, expecting to transfer Duncan’s bits to his usual bedroom. As I walked in I was startled. There were now two beds, set about 5ft apart. I think Mr Arnold must have helped with that. The one that was obviously intended for me had a new duvet cover and pillowcases all had a Pooh Bear and his friends theme! This meant I was very limited on the friends I could invite, unless I could avoid taking them to my bedroom (which is the usual place for teenagers to hang out) – at this point that meant only Duncan or Simon. In truth, I rarely invited anyone else.

Where the television had stood was now converted into a changing surface with baby wipes, baby powder and dummies on clear display! Fortunately, my desktop computer remained.

I put away what few clean clothes I had come home with and then looked in my pants draw. There were two pairs of plain white briefs but apart from that it was now my nappy draw, stocked with packets of Tena Pants, Tena Flex and DryNites! There were some others I’d not seen before, they were Tena Slips, the ‘model’ down from the Flex, I came to learn. Only later did I discover the reason for these. They are secured by adhesive tapes, it is difficult to undo them without damaging the nappy and, unlike the Flex, doing them back up is rarely successful. This meant Mum could tell if I had removed them.

Duncan got a good proportion of his nappies by prescription through the National Health Service, which of course I couldn’t. I naturally had not given any thought to this but Mum kept it stocked without the cost appearing a problem. She purchased the DryNites with the normal weekly shop when needed. The Tenas came from *incontinencechoice.com* who do next day delivery. The boxes are anonymous so it wasn’t embarrassing receiving them.

Mum called up “Bring yourself down a DryNites darling – and a spare.”

“OK, Mum.” I was beginning to understand how different things would be but was feeling a thrill.

I picked up one of the sealed packets only then noticing they were girl’s ones – they were pink with butterflies and things on. I picked two out but was going to tell Mum she had got the wrong ones. When I got downstairs Mum pre-empted me by saying “If you are going to be a 16 year old in nappies that makes you my sissy boy so I chose the girly ones for you, and anyway they are nice and bright for wearing around the house!” Mum had clearly done plenty of research obviously taking advice from Duncan’s parents and also from his aunt I suspected.

We both had our nappies removed. I was rather shy of my mum seeing me naked, much more so than with the others who had changed me. I put my hands over my willy. Mum slapped my bum sharply.

“How am I going to clean and change you with your hands in the way darling. Anyway, you are not exactly going to frighten anyone with that are you! Your name is not Duncan. Put your hands on your head.” This was all said in front of Duncan of course.

I blushed a bright red but did as instructed.

We were both cleaned and changed. After that we were allowed to do what we wanted wearing just our nappies and tops.

A little before 9:30pm Mum disappeared upstairs. We could hear her running the bath – Duncan observed that he could not really get in a bath, or rather, he couldn’t get out.

“Bedtime boys.” Mum called from the top of the stairs.

“Let’s get you both undressed. I think you can work out which bed is yours Duncan.”

I was resigned to the obvious fact that Mum would be seeing me naked several times a day so gave up on trying to hide anything. I think Mum would have liked to be able to lift me into the bath but at my age that was not really practical without her risking injury. Duncan was told he could use the shower while I was being bathed.

Mum washed me all over, shampooing my hair first, down to my privates, bum and feet – rinsing with the shower rose so not being able to go in the shower was not particularly a problem. When I stood she pulled back my foreskin and hosed beneath to ensure it was clean, just as when I was little.

We were put into Tena Flexes and Mum slipped plastic pants on Duncan. Then she produced mine but they really were *panties*, the same material as the ones we had both been wearing but with the addition of rows and rows of pink and white lace covering the bum!

“I think these are more suited to a sissy boy.” Said Mum.

I was embarrassed at this in view of both my mum and Duncan. There was not a lot I felt embarrassed about with Duncan, but I certainly was about these. As it happened, when Mum left Duncan said; “I love those panties.” He rubbed my laced bum. “I suppose they are okay, pretty sexy.” I said. “They were a bit of a surprise.”

As a precaution Mum had put DryNites Bed sheets over our bottom bed sheets in case of any leakage. These were the same as the Duncan had, and cover a sufficient part of the sheet in the vicinity of the nappy area to avoid any problems.

The next night she decided that we did not go to bed to play with one another so to be sure she put us in Tena Slips. She closed the waistband, and pressed down on the adhesive tabs. It was now impossible to open or pull down the nappies without tearing them. This was a strategy she would routinely deploy on me – that is, until she came up with another idea.

In the mornings Mum would remove my dummy, panties and nappy (I was resigned to having to refer to them as panties and dropping the ‘plastic’; as Mum put it: “You are a sissy boy, so let’s not pretend otherwise – you will refer to them just as ‘my panties.’”) I was free to shower and clean my teeth. At this time I only needed to shave my ‘bum fluff’ as my facial hair growth was generally called, every couple of weeks at most. I did not shave my ‘pubes’; Mum kept a close eye on that area and attended to this at bath time as necessary.

We were well into our routine by Saturday when we were joined by Duncan’s parents (his mum having returned from her course) and taken shopping. I pulled my bottoms over the bulky lace panties (they were not as tight as my jeans), but not before the Arnolds had seen them on me. It still felt pretty tight and I was convinced someone would notice that my bum was suspiciously bulky.

The same routine as the previous week was followed except that it was my mum who changed us in the disabled toilet. I don’t know what people thought with two teenagers being taken in at once. I suppose, as Duncan was in his wheel chair, it was not given a second thought.

We all had dinner together in the evening. I was allowed the normal cutlery but was mostly given my liquids in a toddler’s cup from then on.

9:30 came and Duncan’s parents watched the bathing ritual, which included me having the dummy in my mouth. They seemed still to enjoy the spectacle of me in the lace panties. Mum explained to them about my ‘dummy time’. That rather appealed to them. They said they would remember it when I was staying with them.

On the Sunday Duncan and I were sat down at the dining table to do our homework. We were not allowed to talk and anyway I had the dummy in my mouth.

Mid-afternoon Duncan's dad came for him. He gave a tap on the door and Mum asked me to go upstairs to get Duncan's stuff. This was another conspiracy. I came back downstairs to find a new dining chair had arrived. I didn't notice the detail immediately, other than the fact that unlike our existing ones it had arms. Mum told me to sit in the chair saying that Mr Arnold had kindly modified it for me! I suppose you would call it a pseudo high chair. It was not really practical to put a 16yo in a high chair and it would be rather conspicuous to visitors unaware of the situation.

I sat in it as instructed – just in my nappy and top of course – and from under the left arm she pulled out a swivelling bar. She went round the other side and locked the bar under the other arm and wiggled the key in front of me! The bar came close enough to my tummy to ensure I could not get out, but as added insurance there were Velcro straps to secure my ankles – they were each fixed to the legs by about 8 inches of leather strap so I could move my legs reasonably well but restricted by the bar across my front there was no way I could reach down to undo them. Then (obviously keeping them hidden on purpose) Duncan's dad slid Velcro straps through brackets mounted on the underside of the chair arms.

Mum said; "This will be your 'high chair' for meals and homework. The hand straps are there so it can also serve as your naughty chair if needed. Thank Mr Arnold for his trouble. That was so kind."

Now I had the usual mixed feelings of fury and ecstasy. Nevertheless I knew what I was required to do.

"Thank you very much Mr Arnold."

"That's my pleasure Don. You have always been so good to Duncan I was delighted when I suddenly thought of this present being ideal for your new situation."

God! I thought to myself is he being sarcastic or genuinely thinking this was a nice present. In fairness, I couldn't decide that myself. In retrospect I think it was pretty nice.

By the time Monday evening came the new regime was running like clockwork. My mum's organisational skills are impressive. I seem to have inherited these, the only thing is that having surrendered control I cannot always implement them.

Bath time came. I stood naked ready to step in.

"Right darling, before we invoke dummy time listen carefully. You now know what is involved in being my little sissy boy. You have been very good and I approve of the way you have adapted. Now, the answer you give to my question in a moment directs the future. If you choose to carry on as things now are the option to change your mind ends. I will decide if and when to end it and that probably means no earlier than when you go to university. It is time for you to make your irrevocable choice – my young teenage sissy boy or my big teenage boy."

Well, that was clear. I probably would not go to uni' until the September following my 19th birthday, 3½ years away! Even if I did decide to go directly after my A-levels that was still 2½ years away. What would happen if I did not get good enough results to go to uni?

"Are you totally happy with the current arrangement Mum, I mean not just doing it to please me? Please be honest."

She gave me a kiss. "I am totally happy darling. I enjoy having my little boy back but I will love you just as much either way."

"Thanks Mum. In that case I will be your little sissy teenager." I did say it with quite a lot of trepidation, but I was enjoying what was going on.

“That’s my boy.” She smiled and slipped the dummy into my mouth. I had my bath and was ready to be put to bed. A girly DryNite was used together with a pair of the panties of course. These were to become my permanent ‘pyjama bottoms’. Mum produced a tape measure and measured my waist and hips but did not say why.

By the next weekend Mum had modified the waistbands of some of my panties; replacing the elastic with cord. There were little loops sticking out at the front and these were secured from retracting in some way. Mum slipped a pair on me; they were very tight as they were eased over my pert bum. It then became apparent what the loops were for. She pulled them together and then she secured them with a tiny luggage padlock. She showed me the tiny key that went with it. She said that this was to ensure I could not play with myself in bed, which was intended for sleeping. Now it did not matter which kind of nappy I was put in, I couldn’t get at it. Mercifully, I was allowed elasticated over panties during the day.

I did find that wearing nappies seemed to stimulate me to pee much more than I ever did before. I also tended to wake up more during the night wanting to pee in my head rather than physically, and doing it by exercising a bit of will power. In the mornings as soon as I stepped out of bed I did a full pee so my nappy was nicely saturated. I had to keep it on until Mum came into the bathroom – well there no choice until I was unlocked. I would carefully peel down my panties and then gingerly slip out of my nappy, folding it to ensure no spillage before depositing it into my nappy bucket, watched by Mum.

Mum found suitable ‘babysitters’ over next few months for keeping me to her regime in her absence. She was at home most evenings but did have some social life. This was often with Duncan’s parents so I could not always be deposited with them. However she found some very competent babysitters who were real experts in humiliation.

The first baby sitter was introduced in a very sneaky way. My mum asked me if I was wet and when I confirmed I was she said she would change me shortly, she just had to deal with something. She was texting on her phone. I think some ten minutes went by and she received what I assumed was a reply and was then ready to change me. Off came my nappy and she started with the baby wipes when the doorbell rang. She said; “Hands.” Giving a nod clearly indicating I was to put my hands on my head while she dealt with the caller.

There was talking out of my hearing then the lounge door started to open and Mum’s voice was saying “I was just in the middle of a nappy change when you called. Do come in while I finish sorting him out and then perhaps you would like a coffee?”

A lady of similar age to my Mum followed her in. Mum gave me a ‘keep your hands where they are’ look.

“Hello young man” said the visitor.

“This is Mrs Fitzpatrick.” Said Mum.

“Hello Mrs Fitzpatrick” I said, red in the face! I could have died. Yes, there was the thrill too, but when it was actually happening. . . Oh, was I embarrassed. It was as much as I could do to keep my hands on my head.

“I can see to him while you do the coffees if you like?”

“If you really don’t mind.” Responded Mum!

“I’ve changed plenty of nappies in my time.”

Mum went to the kitchen and Mrs F assessed the situation and said; “Let’s get this little winky cleaned up shall we.” I could feel myself blush bright red again. For those who don’t know, the UK term ‘winky’ really is the most baby term for a penis that tends to be only used for babies, by the time they can talk it is usually referred to as a willy. She cleaned me with baby wipes, rubbed on baby powder and put a nappy on me.

Mum brought in coffee and biscuits (mine was in a plastic cup of course).

They talked about me – what nappies Mum used, how often she had to change me, were there any leaking problems at night, whether I wore them to school and so on. She asked if I wore plastic over pants. Yet another conspiracy. Mum said she did not normally bother if I was home in just a nappy, but if I was wearing anything over them then she did, obviously in bed and also when I was locked in my baby chair. I was consoled that at least I had avoided the embarrassment of Mrs Fitzpatrick knowing I had to wear lace panties. That was short lived.

They finished their coffee and Mum told me to stand up. She then produced a pair of my lace panties for display in front of Mrs Fitzpatrick. My God, how much more embarrassment was possible? Nevertheless when they were lowered, I stepped into them, knowing I had no option, and they were slipped up over my nappy. I had to sit back in my chair and Mum moved the locking bar into place and securing the Velcro leg straps she said, “Mrs Fitzpatrick and I need to talk some business in the office (Mum worked a lot from home so had a proper office). You can play on your laptop darling.” She stuffed the dummy in my mouth and plonked the laptop in front of me. It didn’t escape me that it was unusual for her to have a business meeting on a weekend.

After, perhaps nearly an hour, they returned to the lounge. Mum removed the dummy and said “Alright darling, you still dry?”

“Yes thanks Mum.”

“Let’s get you out of here.”

She freed my legs and unlocked the bar. “Now, I’m just going to put some DryNites on you. Mrs Fitzpatrick is interested to see how well they fit. Off came my panties and nappy. I put my hands on my head as she did so – the ‘standard operating procedure’ whenever I was being changed in front of someone. She did not grab a DryNites before removing my Flex, ensuring I had to stand naked again whilst she fetched a pair at her leisure. When she did produce them I put a hand on her shoulder for support as usual and lifted each leg in turn. She pulled them up and adjusted my willy.

“Very snug” uttered Mrs F. “I assume from their colour they are intended for girls. Is that because he does not need much interior space?” There it was again!

Mum responded; “They’re meant for up to 15 year olds but fit him very snugly. The boys’ and girls’ ones, apart from the colour, are physically identical as far as I can tell. I like to think of him as my little sissy boy so the pink goes nicely with that. Anyway, they are much more colourful.” She removed the DryNite and again left me naked while she folded it up again and put it away. Of her own initiative (at least it was made to look like that) Mrs F picked up the nappy I had been wearing and put it back on me, moving my willy into place as she did so. She was about to put the panties back on me when Mum turned round.

“Oh, thanks for that, you can leave his panties off for now.” There we were again, using the personal possessive. They were *not* just a pair of waterproof panties; they were specifically *my* panties!

They exchanged the customary farewell niceties and Mum said; “Say goodbye to Mrs Fitzpatrick darling.”

“Goodbye Mrs Fitzpatrick.” I imparted obediently.

“Goodbye Donald.”

Mrs F did baby sit me subsequently. She believed in punishment for a wet nappy and when at my place would secure me naked in my ‘high chair’ and apply the naughty chair arm restraints, put a dummy in my mouth and put baby cartoons on the television. To ensure I paid attention I had to tell her the story afterwards. I didn’t know this the first time and was bent across the dining table spanked hard, a dozen times, and had to count out each one

aloud and then had to stand naked with my hands on my head and dummy in my mouth for half an hour.

So, I soon got to know what things to expect from different 'baby' sitters as a result of my chosen lifestyle.

With the summer holiday here Duncan had to go into hospital for about ten days as he did twice a year. I'm not sure quite what they did but it seemed to make him neither better nor worse. Presumably it would have been worse if he didn't go.

Having cleared it with my Mum, I asked Simon if he would like to stay over for a few days, he could wear nappies and follow my regime.

Mum suggested that she would take one day off and we all go to visit Duncan provided Simon's mum agreed. Duncan was in a regional hospital that was about 30 miles away and attending on a weekday was much better than the weekend.

Simon's mum was happy for him to stay over for as long as Mum was happy with that and thought it would be nice for him to be able to visit Duncan. Mum fortunately made no mention of nappies to Simon's mum.

A couple of days later Simon came for his stay. I was just in nappies and top and he asked if he should take his trousers off and Mum nodded. He was wearing the same girly DryNites as me. He didn't show embarrassment – no reason to since I was wearing them. He also came with spares courtesy of his sister.

Mum checked that Simon was dry – he wasn't, at my earlier suggestion I have to admit. She told me to take him up stairs, show him his bed and where to put his nappies and other clothes. I asked if she wanted me to bring a set or two of his nappies downstairs. She said she had plenty so not to worry. That was a bonus for Simon who is a size small the same as me.

When we got to my bedroom I found that the bedding on the spare bed had been changed to match mine – the Pooh Bear theme! Simon expressed pleasure and as I was helping him to unpack his things I noticed he had no boxers. I asked how he was going to explain the absence of them when his mum saw his laundry. He said Anita had thought of that, and had put several pairs in one of her bedroom drawers and would scrunch up the correct number and then they could be included with his dirty laundry when he returned, if his mum was not away. If she was, then it didn't matter. What a great sister I thought.

We kissed and groped each other through our nappies before returning down stairs.

Mum proceeded to change Simon. He put his hands on his head straight away. "Did your sister choose your nappies Simon?"

"I asked her for these ones when Don told me what he was wearing and she liked the idea."

"Well, the boys ones are rather dull so I will certainly like to see you both around the house in the brightly coloured ones."

Mum proceeded with the baby wipes and noticed the red marks on Simon's bum. "Have you been getting yourself spanked?"

"Yes Mrs Buxton. My sister is rather strict but I don't mind, she looks after me very well and buys my nappies."

"I see, would she be interested in babysitting another boy in nappies?"

"She baby sits me so I don't think she would mind. I can ask."

"Yes please, Donald can do with someone stricter than me from time to time."

I now had a vision of being paraded in my nappy before a 19-year-old girl and her removing it and making me stand naked. Given her humiliating comments to Simon when he was naked, I would expect her to take great delight in humiliating me!

We visited Duncan, making sure it did not clash with when his parents were going. He was cheerful but said the physiotherapy hurt. Mum very considerately went to buy some goodies from the hospital shop and this gave us time to tell him that Simon was staying over. I slipped my hand under his sheet and rubbed his cock through his nappy. He loved that, although I could not risk it for too long. He asked if we had made out together and I said that we couldn't at night because we both had padlocked waterproofs on but we had been allowed to go to the woods, and we had also had fun during the day when Mum was out. (She didn't usually produce a babysitter for two or three hours cover.)

In due course Simon's sister did baby sit the two of us. She took great delight in taking my nappy off and mocking my 'cute little willy', it really shrivelled up at the embarrassment having to expose myself to a girl. She said it was lucky I was shaved or she might not have been able to find it but it was a good idea, she would do the same to Simon. She spanked us both at each nappy change and we did get aroused.

The next day Anita shaved Simon while I watched. He got very hard so she squirted a blast of cold water on it with the showerhead, quickly producing the desired deflationary effect. He told me afterwards he didn't know why he had not asked her to shave him before.

That evening she invited her boyfriend round and he watched everything, including when we were made to masturbate in the bath! We had to do this facing inwards so our spunk landed on one another. That was washed off and when we were dry she asked her boyfriend to put Simon's nappy on whilst she did mine. He seemed perfectly happy to do so, including the powdering. Simon told me he had done it before and was not averse to giving him a little grope occasionally. I have to confess to being jealous that I was not the only one to grope him.

There were lots of incidents over the next couple of years I would like to relate but I will never finish my story, but there is just one more, shocking and fantastic at the same time; that I must relate before the epilogue . . .

I had been in nappies for several months by this time. Mum said she had friends coming round for dinner so obviously I could put some trousers on before they arrived. By this time she had accumulated a selection of waterproof panties for me. I never had any say as to which waterproofs or nappies I would wear, so there was nothing unusual when Mum put me in the girly DryNites and pink panties with lace trim, in readiness for me having to don trousers.

I had never met these friends (a man and wife) before but I gave that no thought. I was introduced and we exchanged pleasantries and ate dinner. Afterwards Mum asked if I would mind clearing the plates, and I was happy to do so, and I asked if everyone would like coffee or tea. They all opted for coffee, so I stacked the dishwasher, set it running and then did the coffees. I took them into the lounge, distributed them and went to sit down on the settee where Mum was seated. As I was about to take my seat Mum felt between my legs in full view of the guests!

"Are you wet again already darling?" Pulling down my trousers as she was saying it, exposing my pink panties! Mum had clearly manipulated things to ensure I was in a wet nappy. She changed me at various stages of wetness as the whim took her, so I had noticed nothing untoward. I could feel the heat of my bright red face and was rooted to the spot with embarrassment. I felt my slippers, socks and trousers being eased off, as though in a trance. Off came the panties to expose (again, obviously planned) my pink girly DryNites. Off came the nappy – carefully! "Look at the state of these." Said Mum, displaying the yellow contents to me, and her purported friends.

Mum removed my top and rotated me as she gave the instruction to turn round exposing me to the full gaze of our visitors. Despite my training, I automatically placed my hands to cover my privates; after all, this was not a normal scenario! Thwack, Mum's hand landed on

my bare bum. "Put your hands on your head darling, I can't clean you up with your hands in the way now can I?" No reply was expected.

I was now presented naked, shaved and shrivelled, full frontal before these two strangers who showed no inclination to look away.

"Stay there." Mum ordered.

She took the wet nappy away to the kitchen, and came armed with the baby things – towel to prevent power falling on the carpet, oil, powder, wipes, fresh nappy; and, although I didn't spot it, a dummy; all done at a very leisurely pace. My willy was as shrunk as if I had been sitting in a bath of ice. It can't have been much more than 3cm long. Added to that, what with my ball bag tight, minimising the profile of my small balls, and being shaved; I was hard pushed to compete with a baby! I was cleaned up, oiled and powdered with Mum ensuring throughout this ritual that the visitor's view was not obstructed.

I was relieved as Mum slipped a fresh DryNites on me – which didn't make sense – was it really less embarrassing being in a pink nappy as a 16 year old boy than naked? I think not! I stepped into my panties and as Mum pulled them over my nappy she said, "Now, that's your last change. If you are wet at bath time I will put them back on and you will stay in them until the morning. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mum." I meekly replied.

Obviously this was aimed to keep up the humiliation - how many non-handicapped aged 16 year olds get bathed by their mum.

Mum stuck the dummy in my mouth and sat me down well they discussed my wetting, my nappies, why she put me in pink and lace (in the hope that the humiliation would cure me was the reason she gave), how I coped with school and so on. And, no doubt primed beforehand like everything else – from a nappy wearing point of view how convenient it was that I had a little penis that didn't try to pop out, a problem for her neighbour's boy, who had an excuse for wetting.

Then Mum said, "I think you can have an early bed tonight darling." And reached to indicate I needed to stand. Now, usually she would go and run the bath and call me up, undressing me in the bathroom. Not this time, she undressed me in front of the visitors once again and then told me to go and run the bath, saying they would follow in a moment. 'They', you will notice, not 'I'!

No sooner had I turned on the bath taps and up the three of them trooped, ensuring I could not get into the bath and hide my privates in the soapsuds before they arrived. So, I continued to be displayed naked before the strangers, then they watched me being bathed, seeing my mum wash my privates and check I was clean under my foreskin when I stood up. Then she checked, with undue diligence to ensure I had no visible pubic hair. "I keep him full shaved, I think it is more hygienic with him in nappies all the time." She announced this to my viewers as she continued, applying the baby lotion and powder and putting my night nappy on. She did everything in as baby a way as you could imagine and topped it all with the bulky and very babyish lace covered panties. Finally she locked my panties and put a fresh dummy in my mouth.

I was put to bed and tucked in like a baby, the guests getting full sight of my Pooh Bear bedding. Mum gave me a baby-like good night kiss and off they went. I eventually fell asleep reflecting in my mind that this was the most humiliating experience I had ever encountered whilst simultaneously appreciating what a fantastic the evening it had been.

In the morning Mum said she hoped she had judged correctly that I did enjoy the event despite appearances. I confessed that it was absolutely fantastic.

I did get to stay with this couple a few times and they did not ease off on the humiliation and significant spanking and the use of a leather strap specifically designed for corporal punishment. In due course Simon accompanied me and that was terrific.

How frequently I replay that original encounter in my mind, wishing the same could happen again. Of course, it would never be quite the same, as I would suspect what was going to happen.

So, time to come up to date . . .

As I mentioned at the start, I am 5 months short of my 19th birthday. I legally became an adult in April. I even voted in the May local government election and again just a few weeks ago in the first ever election in the UK of Police Commissioners. On both occasions I was walked to the polling station at the village hall a couple of hundred metres away in wet nappies. Mum certainly has no plans to regard me as an adult yet.

I have to go to work wearing a nappy. If for some reason my nappy wearing became known I would not be embarrassed to say that I have a slight incontinence problem. Explaining why I am wearing a pink one would be a challenge! I suspect any excuse I came up with would be unlikely to hold water – see, just because I am a sissy boy doesn't mean I can't do a double entendre.

In fairness, I was allowed to choose which type of nappy I wore to work, whether or not to wear the plastic panties, and to choose which. Once I return home I have to immediately put on the girly stuff if not already wearing it. I almost always wet my nappy on the way home so that Mum needs to change me.

I still have a love hate sensation about my situation but in truth I don't want to give it up. I just wonder what I will do when I go to uni. Will I just become 'normal'? What I need is a university where you have to attend lectures in a nappy and get strapped across the naked buttocks in front of the class if you become wet or don't pay attention! Mind you, that might be an incentive to disrupt the lecture.

As it is, I have just received my A-Level grades and am hoping to go to Cambridge, having been provisionally accepted although I have opted to take a gap year.

Duncan is still around and we still make out. Simon started uni a couple of months ago having decided not to take a gap year. We chat on the phone and share a little distance passion.

Hopefully next summer we may all get to visit the brook together. This summer was a virtual washout so we had few opportunities.

2014 Update – I've gone up to Cambridge now. I still wear DryNights and the plastic panties at night (and sometimes during the day) and always wake up to wet them and complete the soaking before I shower in the morning. I may have an odd fetish but I suggest it is better than taking drugs and excessive drink, which is how many of my compatriots behave. I have to be cautious about disposing of my nappies, and keeping everything out of site of course. Nobody at uni knows my secret. It would be nice if there were someone to change me, perhaps accompanied by a spanking.

When I go home I still wear nappies all the time and make out with Duncan and Simon whenever I can. Mum doesn't change me anymore but my friends and I are free to roam the house and garden in our nappies, or nothing at all if we want.

Simon and I still get bathed and changed by Anita and her boyfriend, and have great fun – that is what I look forward to most when I know vacations are coming up.

© 2012-14 Donald Buxton