

RESTRICTED LICENSE

I was heading home from work and became aware that I was seriously in need of using the bathroom. I pressed the accelerator and picked up the speed. A mile away from home and I figure there's no problem until I see the lights in my mirror. Great, what I need is another speeding ticket.

"License and registration" was what the officer said.

"I really have to go to the bathroom," I said as I passed the documents over. I figure I had to try something. I have enough points that this ticket is going to result in a license suspension. I get out of the car.

"Please get back in your car."

"I've got to go." I let loose. I fill my pants and then proceed to wet the front of my pants.

"That's a new one," the officer observing what had just transpired, "But please get back in your car."

Dejected I got back in the car. I settled down into the mess that was my pants. A few minutes later the officer returned and handed me the ticket. He pointed out that it was a mandatory appearance in court on the date specified. Great, not only do I have a ticket, but also have to appear in court, and I've ruined my shorts.

I sat in the court waiting for my case to be called. The judge seemed to be something of a hard ass from watching the cases ahead of mine. Great, no luck at me at all. My case was called. The officer begins.

"I observed the subjects car traveling at a rate of speed I estimate to be over 70 mph on Highway 12. I measured him with my radar unit and found him to be traveling at 73 mph in the 50-mile zone."

"Anything else?" the judge asked.

"The stated that he had to use the bathroom and subsequently soiled his pants."

There was snickering from others in the courtroom. The judge impatiently slammed his gavel. He turned to me.

"I'm sorry, your honor. I don't really have an excuse other than I was trying to make it home as I had to go pretty badly."

The judge leaned back in his chair and thought for a bit. “Well, that’s a new one on me. I might buy that excuse but looking over your driving record here it looks like you’re pretty disposed to speed even when you don’t have such an excuse. I’ll find you guilty. In addition, your license will be suspended for six months.”

Great, I thought. Now, what am I going to do?

“Given your situation, I’ll authorize a restricted license for you with the restriction that you wear a diaper when you drive....” More snickering and gavel slamming of the gavel. “\$100 fine and \$50 court costs.”

I can’t believe what just happened. Was he telling me I had to wear a diaper to drive? At the court clerk’s desk, I paid my fine and was handed instructions on how to get my restricted license at the DMV. The instructions warned that I must be equipped per the restrictions to obtain my license. I’m sure the writer was thinking glasses or a breathalyzer interlock, but I guess I know what it means to me.

Fortunately, the courthouse is downtown. I walk out on the street and find a pharmacy. I wander towards the back and start hunting. A clerk asks if she can help me.

“I guess I’m looking for adult diapers.”

She leads me down one aisle. “We’ve got a number of different products. We’ve got protective underwear in a couple of styles. They are like big pull-ups. Then we have this refastenable underwear which is more like a diaper.”

I pick up the latter and look at the size chart. The medium fits my waist size.

“Anything else I can help you with?”

“Do you have a men’s room.”

I lock myself in the restroom and read the instructions which seem simple enough. I pull out one diaper and look at it. I drop my trousers and pull the thing up between my legs and do up the tapes. Not the neatest job but I guess it will do. I pull my pants back up

I make it down two blocks to the DMV. I wait in line and get to the clerk. I tell her I am here to get my restricted license and hand over my court papers. I was sent over to wait in some chairs. A few minutes later a uniformed person calls me into an office.

“Are you able to show compliance with the restrictions now?” she asks.

I nod.

“Show me.”

I lower my pants showing the diaper. She smiles. "OK, you pass."

I'm red from embarrassment and pull my pants up. She writes something on my application and leads me out of the room. I stand in front of the camera and get my picture taken. After a few minutes wait, I am handed my new license. Right down on the bottom reads "RSTR: Must wear diaper."

I get home, and I strip out of the blasted thing. The next morning I get ready for work. I put the diaper back on and get in my car and drive to work. I duck into the bathroom and pull the thing off. That afternoon, I repeat the process of putting it back on. I settle into this silly grind. One day as I'm pulling out on my way to work, a cop pulls in behind me. "What did I do?" I think to myself. He doesn't offer any clues and just asks for license and registration. He regards my license and says, "It says 'Must Wear Diaper.'"

"I am," I reply.

"I'll need to see it."

Great, I step out of the car, unfasten my pants and slide them down enough to show it. He hands me back my registration and license and tells me to drive safely. I settle back down with a sigh of relief.

As the weeks pass I settle into the routine. Sometimes I don't bother taking the diaper off at work, sometimes I do. One night a bunch of guys are heading out to the local bar. I decide I don't need to diaper up for this short trip. We get to the bar, and I have a few beers with them. On the way home I get about half way there, and the lights hit. Crap, I think, I look over at my briefcase on the passenger seat. My diaper is in there. The officer comes over and asks for license and registration and for me to step out of the car.

He asks if I've been drinking and I tell him I've had a couple. He makes me touch my nose and walk the line. I guess I'm doing OK as he has me sit in my car. A minute later he comes back and asks me to step out of the car.

"I was going to turn you lose, but I see I have to check on your restriction."

I began to sweat now, "I'm not wearing it, it's on the passenger seat, I forgot to put it on when I left tonight. I see him looking in and seeing the diaper. For a second I think he might be turning me loose, but he has me turn around, and the handcuffs go on.

"You're under arrest for driving under suspension." I get shoved in the back of the police car and taken to the station. After a while, another officer leads me to a desk. I'm being released on my own recognizance. My license is being kept; they suggest I call a cab home.

Two weeks later I'm in court. It's the same judge as before, and my case gets called, and I stand before him.

"You again? Look I gave you a break before. You know that driving while suspended is a misdemeanor and breaking the restriction is driving while suspended."

I nod.

He made a clucking sound. "Still I don't see you needing to go to jail over this. Frankly, I'll give you a second chance. I'll put you on probation for 12 months. You don't screw up again, and I'll throw the charge away. Probation restriction as before." I don't know if he's talking to me, he's facing his clerk while he was saying it. "Probation office is on the third floor." I thank him, and the clerk hands me the paperwork.

I punch the elevator button and ride up to the third floor. A small window has another clerk behind it where I leave my paper. All sorts of people are waiting, tough guys, drugged girls, girls who look like hookers. Many are called back to offices. More arrive, some get called before I do. Finally, I hear my name.

A young woman leads me back to a small office. She hands me a sheet of paper. "These are your standard probation conditions: no drinking, no drugs, no weapons, no committing crimes. If you move or change or quit your job, you call me ASAP. Got it."

I nod.

She picks up the paperwork. "Ah, I see why you got assigned to me. Your probation conditions require you to wear a diaper. Do you have one on now?"

I nod again.

"Let me see it."

Sheepishly, I pull it down a little bit; She looks expectantly, so I pull my pants down all the way.

She makes a clucking noise and says, "That won't do. You can pretend that those might work if you're really not going to use them."

Going to use them? I thought to myself.

She was writing something down. "Go to this address. It's Center City Medical Supplies. Show this note to someone working there. You can pull your pants up. The only other thing is to set up a home visit. Are you going to be home tomorrow at six," she says consulting her day planner. I nod. Good, see you then.

I head over to the address she gave me. A middle-aged woman comes up to me and asks if she can help. I hand her the slip of paper, and she looks at it. "Waist Size?"

"32."

She disappears for a minute and comes back a minute later holding a single diaper. "Here try this on. There's a bathroom over there."

I go in and pull off the one I'm wearing and fasten this one up. It's a lot thicker than the other one, but it seems to fit OK. I pull my pants up and have to struggle to get them buttoned and zipped over the new one. If I'm going to be wearing these, I may need bigger pants.

I come back out and tell her that it fits fine. She lifts a large box on the table. "The case of 48 is \$70. Let us know if you want to set up regular delivery of these." I thank her and head back to my car and home. The pants are just way too tight, so I take them off. I grab a beer out of the fridge and sit there puzzling through my fate.

Am I going to be sitting in these things for a year? A second beer and then I decide I better pee. This is when I notice that these, unlike the ones I had before, don't easily undo. With some contortion, I manage to get my dick out the leg hole to pee. However, I do get the feeling that eventually, I'll have to actually use these things.

I wore my loosest pants over them to work the next day. I hustle home to be there well before six. The doorbell rang exactly at six. I open it, and the probation officer comes in and takes a look around. She looks in my kitchen, opens the fridge. Fortunately, I cleaned out the last of the beers the previous night. She then takes a glance at the bedroom and bathroom.

"OK, can you take your pants off for me. I figured this was coming and I dropped my pants. "All the way off, please." I step out of them entirely. She smiles and reaches into her bag and pulls out a small package.

"You're history puts you in the 'compliance risk' category. So this is going to help you out through the first part of your probation." I have no idea what she is going to do, but she tears open the package and holds it down by my feet. It's a pair of underwear of some sort. "Step in."

I step into the leg holes with each foot, and she slides the whole thing up my legs into position. They're plastic pants. What on earth? She reaches into her bag and pulls out another item. She asks me to turn around, and I hear a clicking noise.

"There," she announces. You're locked in. I tug at the waistband and she is right the pants are not going to slide off. I reach around back and feel the lump of a lock. "This is only until you get accustomed to your situation. I'm leaving now, but I'll be back in the morning. What time do you depart for work?"

“About 8:30,” I answer. “Tomorrow morning...what do I do until then?”

“Whatever you want as long as you don’t take the pants off.”

“What if I need to go?”

“You’re a smart boy...figure it out,” she said as she headed out the door. “I’ll be back at 8 AM.”

It took me a minute, but then I realized I had no choice but to use the diaper if I had to go.

I set about making my dinner to take my mind off the situation, but by bedtime, I knew I had to pee and better do so or I’d never get to sleep. I tried several positions, but I finally stood up and closed my eyes and got the stream started. I felt the warm wetness spread across me and get soaked up by the diaper. I got undressed and tried to sleep.

In the morning I woke and found I had to pee again. I was worried that the diaper was already wet but figured I’d give it a try. It was a little easier this time. I walked to the kitchen with the heavy weight of the twice-wet diaper pulling at my hips. I fixed breakfast and coffee and sat down to eat. I went and shaved and washed up as best I could.

I came to the growing realization that I had to poop. I looked at my watch, 7:45, almost time for the probation officer to visit. I’ll use the toilet as soon as she lets me out of this thing, I think.

The doorbell rings, and she comes in. She’s carrying something under her arm. “Do you have a spare diaper?” she asked.

I go to the bedroom and pull one out of the bag and hold it out to her.

“I’m going to change you now and then lock you back up. If you have to go, you’ll probably want to do it now.”

It sunk in that I was not going to be able to use the toilet. I knew I wouldn’t make it all day long. I leaned forward a bit and bore down and released the pent-up contents of my bowels in the diaper. At first, I felt relief and then I felt the mass mushroom around inside the diaper. For the second time in a month, I was crapping my pants. I stood up straight and said “Done.”

“Good,” she smiled. “Turn around.”

She fiddled with the lock and then she instructed me to lie down. She pulled the plastic pants down but not off and proceeded to untape the diaper. Carefully she removed it and rolled it up. She then took a box of wipes she had brought and proceeded to start cleaning me up. I

got red with embarrassment and just closed my eyes. Here I was having this woman wipe poop off my rear.

Satisfied with her job on my rear she started wiping the rest of my groin finishing with my now erect penis.

“See, this isn’t so bad,” she said. Soon a new diaper was in place, and the plastic pants were back up. I was ordered to stand. She locked the pants again and patted my rear. “There you go, big boy.”

I cringed a little bit, but there was a sweetness in the way she said it. I turned, and she was smiling.

“Do you have plans for tonight?” she asked.

I shook my head.

“Fine, I have so more things to go over with you. I’ll be here at six to change you again, and then we can go out to dinner.”

I nodded, not knowing what today. She made her way to the door.

“My name’s Helen, by the way.”

I got to work and set about trying to put this whole thing behind me. Still, it was hard every time I moved and felt the bulk between my legs. It wasn’t until after lunch that I had to pee strongly. I worked at my desk, and finally, I was able to relax and let loose in the diaper. I guess this was more convenient than heading down to the men’s room but still...

Quitting time came after a few hours of sitting in the squishy diaper. It hung a bit heavy as I got out to my car. Driving home I had to pee again, and this time I let it go in traffic. I thought it odd that I could do this now and it was what got me in trouble in the first place.

Walking up to my apartment, the diaper sagged heavy with the wettings. A few minutes later the doorbell rang. It was Helen.

“Need a change?” she asked.

“Of course,” I replied.

She unlocked the plastic pants and this time pulled them completely off. She changed my diaper efficiently. “I’m going to rinse these out real quick and hang them up. I’ll be watching you so that you won’t need them this evening.”

She lead me out to her car. She reached into the back and handed me something. It was a small backpack. "This is a present for you."

As she drove, I examined it. Outwardly it looked like a normal backpack. I opened the main zipper, and there were diapers inside it and a folded up changing pad. Ah, a diaper bag.

"You're going to need that. Eventually, you're going to get to the point where I can trust you to change your own diapers."

I mulled over that. Yes, I guess I will. I was just coming to realize that there was more to just wearing this diaper in the twelve months ahead.

We arrived at a small restaurant with booths. We sat down and ordered, and Helen started in on her questions. She started in on my personal history, where I was born, where I went to school if I had ever been sick as a child. "I'm allowed to ask these things," she stated matter of factly. The questioning followed through the meal to every aspect of my life.

After the meal was over, she nodded approvingly and said we were finished. Throughout this whole ordeal I had the growing urge to pee, and finally, as I stood, I paused and let it rip.

"Good," she said. You're getting acclimated well. She drove back to my apartment and said she'd change me. This time it wasn't as efficient and perfunctory. She spent a lot of time with the wipes and especially my penis which was as hard and erect as it could get. I thought maybe something embarrassing would happen, but soon she rediapered me. She left me lying there for a minute and disappeared and came back with the locking pants.

"I could put these on you now," she said with hesitation, "Or I could watch you some more."

I smiled and accepted the latter offer. We turned on the TV. "I don't have anything to offer you to drink...probation conditions you know." I winked.

"I'll take some hot tea if you have it," she replied.

I went into the kitchen and pulled out two cups and started the water boiling. I grabbed two teabags from a box and added them to the cups and poured the boiling water over them. I returned to the living room.

"So how long have you been doing this?" I asked. Now it was my turn to ask the questions.

"Probation officer? About three years."

"Do you get many diapered ones?"

"A few. Judge Green sends ones like you my way when he comes across them."

"Why?"

"Because he knows that I can handle it and because he's my daddy."

"Oh," I answered. It now seemed to make a little sense.

After the show, she reached over and undid my trousers. "I'm not wet," I answered.

"I just need to keep my eye on you," she said, carefully folding them up. I returned to the sofa sitting there in my diaper.

"You see, Daddy knows I like the idea of guys in diapers. When he can, he sends them my way."

"Oh,"

We had another cup of tea as we watched another show. It was funny entertaining a guest in just a diaper, but she seemed to enjoy it. She watched me continuously. Finally, she turned to me, "I can put the locking pants back on and go home...or...I can keep an eye on you all night."

"I'll take the latter," I smiled.

"Good," she said reaching forward to fondle my diapered crotch. We got up to head to the bedroom her patting my padded rear all the way.

Helen pushed me down on the bed and carefully peeled the tapes open on my diaper. She didn't remove it but just pulled it down out of the way and climbed on top of me. The sex was strong and furious, and afterward she collapsed on top of me for a good long time.

Finally, she kissed me and got to a kneeling position and carefully replaced the diaper. She snuggled up next to me. "That was fabulous," she said.

"Yes, it was," I replied, "But..."

"But, what?"

"Is there some sort of conflict of interest?"

"You mean screwing one of my clients? Well, not really. I do have to keep an eye on you. What better way. But let me be clear, if you want a different probation officer, you can have one. It won't affect this. Also, let me be clear. If you violate your probation, I'll be obliged to

report you. If daddy finds you aren't wearing your diapers either with me as a PO or someone else, you'll go to jail."

"Ok, Ok, I'll be good," I said.

We snuggled for a bit and drifted off to sleep. I awoke in the morning, and Helen was still snuggled up next to me, her hand on my crotch. I had to pee, but I really didn't want to disturb her. I tried for maybe a half an hour before I could, but I started soaking the diaper.

"Mmm...", she said sleepily. "That's nice." She must have felt the warming of my diaper. She started to massage the front of my diaper.

After a few minutes of kissing and cuddling, I decided to make coffee. I padded into the kitchen in just my saggy diaper and started to set up the coffee maker. The first drops were falling into the pot when Helen emerged from the bedroom wearing one of my shirts which came nearly to her knees.

She wrapped her arms around me snuggled her head into my chest.

"Got plans for the day?" she asked.

"Nope, it's Saturday, and I don't have anything set."

"I think we should go out for breakfast and we've got some shopping to do?"

"OK," I said. Anything to prolong the time with her. I went and poured the coffee, and we took our cups. She set hers down.

"Can you make a poopy for me?" she asked.

I thought about it. I would have to go, and she wasn't going to let me use the toilet I was sure. I bent over and pushed. It was a bit of strain at first, but a large mass was pushed out into the diaper. I stood up, and she reached around and massaged the lump in the diaper.

"Fine," she pronounced. "Let's drink our coffee."

She sat down, and I realized I'd need to do the same. Gingerly I sat down in the pile of poop feeling it squish both ways through my but crack. Yech. I looked at Helen, and she was intensely watching the whole process. She was getting off on this like crazy.

After coffee, she offered to clean me up.

"Umm," I started. "I didn't get a chance to shower yesterday being locked up in the diaper."

“Oh, yes. Normally, I’d supervise a bath for you. However, since I need a shower, too, I’ve got another idea.”

She took me into the bathroom and told me to lie on the floor. She started the water running and then disappeared and immediately returned with the diaper bag. With great care she cleaned me up, spending her usual additional time with my penis. We then stepped together into the shower. We took turns soaping each other up and having a great time doing so.

Coming out of the shower, we spent a great deal of time drying each other off and kissing. She set a diaper out and laid me down. Before getting too far, she pulled something out of the bag. Powder. She applied it liberally to me, and the baby scent was evocative. She then diapered me up and had me sit on the closed toilet.

She rummaged around in my medicine cabinet and came back with my shaving cream. She applied a little to her hand and while straddling me on my lap carefully massaged it into my face. She then grabbed my razor and started shaving me. This was unbelievably sensuous. I’d never had anybody else shave me. At the end, she took the washcloth and removed the last of the soap from my face.

We then got dressed for our morning adventure.

We headed for the breakfast place she recommended, a chic little coffee shop. She told me that the coffee cake they made was excellent, so I had that with some eggs. She just had the coffee cake. We talked and downed several cups of coffee. By the time the check came, I had to pee. I might as well I thought. A few seconds of lull while I paid the bill and I got the flow going in the diaper.

We headed off for the mall. She reminded me to take my diaper bag with me as we proceeded inside. We went down past many shops and stopped at Baby’s R Us. “You need a few things?” she said with a wink. I turned red.

Inside we got a cart and headed to the diapering section. She immediately lifted a large box. Looking at it, it said “Diaper Genie.” “You’ll find this more convenient to dispose of the dirties rather than those plastic bags you’re using now.” She continued down the shelves and picked up more powder. “You’ll need more of this.” She then picked up another small box and dropped it in the cart.

I picked it up. A smiling baby greeted me and the box read “Dr. Boudreaux’s Butt Paste”. “Butt Paste?”

“You don’t want to get a rash. Especially if you end up in a poopy diaper and you can’t get it changed right away.”

I guess she was right. We made our way towards the front of the store. I stopped and relieved myself again. This time it wasn't missed by Helen.

"Do you need a change?" she asked.

I sheepishly nodded.

"Go wait outside, I'll take care of this, and then we'll go take care of it."

A few minutes later she came out carrying the bag from the store plus the Diaper Genie box which she handed to me. "Let's go put this stuff in the car and come back."

After we were done, we went back inside, and she led me along to a side hallway which proclaimed "RESTROOMS." We went down that hall and came to a door marked "FAMILY RESTROOM." She led me inside. There were two doors, and she pushed into one and latched it behind us. It was a large stall with a toilet, a sink, and a counter.

She took the changing pad out of my diaper bag and placed it on the counter and then commanded: "Hop up." I looked at her, stunned. "It's plenty strong, come on."

So I got up and lay down on the pad. She reached into her purse and pulled out something and stuffed it in my mouth before I could react. A pacifier. "I got this for you when you weren't looking." Humming away, she started unfastening my pants and pulled them way down. She removed my wet diaper and did her usual thorough job cleaning me up which was getting me quite excited.

She then reached back into her purse and extracted the tube of butt paste. She squeezed some onto her hand and proceeded to liberally apply it to me. This time she was massaging harder than she was when she was wiping me. Still, it was exciting. I wondered if she was going to give me any release, but soon she pulled out a new diaper and did it up on me and pulled my pants back up mostly.

"You can finish that," she said as she dropped the butt paste into the diaper bag and the diaper into a trash can. She washed her hands and returned to me and asked: "Ready to go on?" Still having the pacifier in my mouth, I could just nod. She removed it and put it in one of the diaper bag pockets, and we left the bathroom.

"How are you set for trousers that fit over the diapers. I notice those jeans are a little snug."

I admitted that this was a problem with many of my pants and I'd worn my baggiest pants I had the day I went to work with the plastic pants on. She led me to one of the department stores, and we headed to the men's section. "What are you wearing now?"

"32x34," I replied.

She pulled a pair of 34 and a pair of 36 waist jeans off the shelf and directed me to the changing room. Try these. I went in and tried the 34. It was a lot better. The 36 appeared loose. I came out with the 36 on. She fussed at the waistband and patted my butt. Those look good. You'll need a little looser fit when you have the plastic pants on as well.

All in all, we got two pairs of jeans and four pairs of dockers that I could wear to work. We headed off to the food court. She got a salad with chicken, and I grabbed a couple of pieces of pizza.

"Did you have any other plans for today?"

"Well, I thought I might go to the baseball game."

"Do you have tickets yet?" she asked. I was assuming that she wanted to do something else and might suggest something else if I hadn't already invested. But still, I answered truthfully no.

"Great, mind if I come."

"I'd love it."

We finished lunch and headed back to my apartment. I switched into one of the new jeans and got online and bought tickets and had them held at will call. We had about an hour and a half until game time, and the stadium wasn't that far away.

"We can go early and catch batting practice," she said.

I love this girl I thought. We drove to the stadium and parked. Again as I got out of the car, she reminded me to take the diaper bag. I went up to the will call window and retrieved our tickets, and we made our way to the gate. The guard at the gate said he needed to check my bag. With a little trepidation I unzipped it and showed it to him. He peered inside at the diapers and stuff, got a little smile and waived me through. I was still turning red at this.

The game was great. During the later innings, we got hotdogs and cokes and had a great time. I said that this was one of the times I really regretted having the "no alcohol" prohibition in my probation conditions. She stated she might be able to get daddy to relax that one.

After the game, we went back to my place. My diaper was wet, and she took me to the bed and went through the change, stopping for some fabulous sex before rediapering me.

"Stay the night?" I asked.

"No sorry I can't. I have some errands to run early in the morning. She went to the bathroom and came back with the plastic pants. "I'm going to have to lock you up, though."

Disappointed, more because she wasn't staying than being locked up, I sighed. She pulled up the pants and locked me in them. I'll be by around ten. We kissed, and she left me standing there in nothing but my diaper and plastic pants

I hung out on the computer for a while. It was too early to go to bed. I decided to do some rearranging. I dug out an empty box I had in the closet and went to my dresser. Pulling open the top drawer where my underwear was, I cleaned it all out. No sense in wasting the space, I won't need this for a long time.

I went to the closet and retrieved the wipes and a bunch of diapers and placed them into the drawer. I went down to the car and retrieved the stuff we had purchased earlier. I set up the diaper genie in the closet and put the butt paste, powder, and wipes in the drawer. I stood there satisfied with my organization skills and wet myself.

Finally, after a little TV, I figured I'd go to sleep.

I woke up early and stared at the clock. It would be three hours before Helen got here, so I tried to go back to sleep. However, it was to no avail. After a half an hour I went out to the kitchen to make coffee.

I grabbed a pop tart out of the cabinet and stood there munching on it watching the coffee filter through the machine. I soon became aware that I was going to need to poop. It was still hours before I could get changed. Could I hold it?

I drank my coffee and peed. I worked at fighting the pressure in my gut, but finally, I said what the hell. I relaxed and let it come out. Yech. Now, what was I going to do? I stood around drinking the last of my cup and decided to lie down. With great care, I tried to lie down in a way that wasn't going to smooch things around too much. I turned on the TV and flipped it over to the news.

I must have dozed off as I woke up to the doorbell ringing. I looked over at the clock, and it was 10. I swung my legs out of bed and sat up. Squish. Oh yeah, I had a load in my diaper. I made my way to the front door and opened it.

Helen breezed through the door and planted a kiss on me. "Ready for a change?"

"Yeah, I had to poop a while ago. It's probably pretty ripe by now."

"That's OK," she said leading me to the bedroom. She looked around. "Where's your stuff," she asked.

"Top drawer," I replied.

“Oh, good.” She set out a changing pad on the bed and laid me down and took the wipes and went to work on me. She did her usual meticulous job, and it was all I could do to resist pulling her down on top of me. She rolled up the dirty diaper and took it over and put it in the genie.

“I’ll be right back,” she said disappearing out the door. I heard the water running in the bathroom. She came back a minute or two later and led me by the hand into the bathroom. The bathtub was full of suds, and she led me into it, and I sat down. I rarely took baths, and I’ve not had bubbles since I was a little kid.

She took a washcloth and started on my back. Soon she had cleaned me well. I got out of the tub, and she carefully dried me off. We went back to the bedroom, and she spent a good long time applying the butt paste and diapered me up. To my surprise, she put the plastic pants back on me.

“You’re not staying?” I asked.

“No, I still have more things to do today. Do you have things you need to do?”

“Yeah, I could clean up around here, and I have to pay some bills.”

“Good, can you come over to my place for dinner. Say about 8 PM; I should be done by then.”

“OK,” I said. Unhappy again for being locked up but happy I’d see her again this evening.

“Don’t forget your diaper bag.”

I did my best to occupy myself the rest of the day. I got out google and found the directions to her place. When I couldn’t stand it anymore, I grabbed the diaper bag and went down to my car and drove over.

She greeted me with a kiss at her apartment door and asked if I needed a change. I let her lead me to the bedroom. It was small and also had her desk and computer in it. After changing me, she told me that she was going to go rinse out the plastic pants and left the room a minute.

I looked over at her computer. The screen background was a pretty hunky looking guy reclining casually, naked, save wearing a diaper. Her browser was open to a site “Daily Diapers.”

She came back in and found me staring at the screen. “Who’s this guy? Another probationer?”

She blushed slightly. “No, just something I downloaded. Maybe I should take a picture of you and replace him.”

Now it was my turn to blush. We went back out to the combination kitchen and dining room where she had already set the table. Dinner was superb, and we spent a lot of time just chatting.

“Can you spend the night?” she asked.

“I love it, but I need to get out early in the morning.”

She said it was the same for her. So we went in and had a good time. She set the clock for an early alarm, and after carefully diapering me up, we went to sleep.

Monday morning I got up and shaved, and Helen came in and changed my diaper. She held the plastic pants for me to step into and I grimaced.

“It will only be a few days more with this. You’re making great progress.”

“Gee, thanks,” I said somewhat sarcastically.

She stood there with her hands on her hips giving me a look.

“I’m sorry,” I shouldn’t have said it that way.

“OK,” she said. “I’ll be here at six for your change.”

She grabbed her things and hustled out. I finished getting dressed grabbed a coffee and headed out the door. Work was fine that day. I held off having to pee until almost lunchtime but when I did I just relaxed, and it came naturally. Sheesh, was I getting used to this?

Quitting time and I started driving home. I had to pee again, and again it just came naturally. I got home and thought about dinner. I put on the TV and waited.

Six came and went, six thirty, six forty-five. Finally, there was a knock at the door. I opened it, and Helen pushed in.

“Sorry, I’m late. I got caught up with another client.”

“Messy change?” I asked.

She smiled at me. “No, that one wasn’t in diapers, but I suspect he may be going to jail if he doesn’t behave. He may wish he was in your shoes by the time he gets done with this.”

She led me into the bathroom and let me out of the plastic pants. “Dinner plans?” I asked.

She shook her head.

“I’ve got a frozen pizza. I wasn’t all that keen on going out.”

“Sounds great,” she said.

I pulled the pizza out of the freezer, noted the temperature, and set the oven to preheat.

“I’ve got some paperwork for work to do. Do you mind if I do that tonight?”

“Nope, I was just going to watch TV anyhow.”

So we ate pizza and drank soda, and I watched Sports Center as she spread out her papers on the coffee table. She referred back and forth to a typed paper (order of probation for some guy named Tyrone Shoemaker), her notebook with handwritten notes, and was writing something on a pad.

After an hour of that, she inquired as to the state of my diaper but before I could answer she stuffed her hand down the front of it. There was some wetness there as I had wet. I felt her hand move around and then grab my penis. As she held it, I felt myself getting larger in her hand.

“Looks like you need some attention,” she said.

Again she dragged me into the bedroom and made love to me over the open diaper. She needed attention as well.

We talked a bit and she said she couldn’t stay. She changed me and locked me up for the night pulling the blankets up over as to tuck me in and kissed me goodbye.

In the morning I got up and shaved and got ready for work. I was wondering where she was when she finally arrived to change me. “Sorry, I’m running late,” she said.

“Now, I’m running late, too.”

“Sorry.”

I hurried to get dressed and decided to just grab coffee at Starbucks. Venti Latte. It was almost lunchtime when I realized that that wasn’t a good idea. My guts started churning. I had not had a bowel movement in advance of Helen’s arrival this morning. Now the milk in the latte was hitting me. I put it off as long as I could but soon had to surrender. I stood behind my desk and stopped fighting it. A squishy mass escaped in the diaper. Unlike my previous movements, this one seemed messy.

I quickly sent an email to my boss saying I was taking the rest of the afternoon off and made my way out of the building. Gingerly I sat in my car, and I felt the mess squirt everywhere in my

diaper. Yech. I drove home. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I couldn't work in the messy diaper. I just went in and laid down on my stomach in bed and waited.

I got tired of that, so I got up and gingerly moved to my desk chair. It didn't seem too bad; I guess it had all squished out as far as it was going to go. I opened my computer and tried to remember what that site was I saw at Helen's. Daily diapers was it?

The first thing I found was a list of pictures. Girls in diapers, some of them were cute, but frankly, I'd have liked them better not wearing diapers. A few guys including the hunk type that I saw on Helen's machine, some fat guys doing selfies, ugh.

I found the forums and started reading. I wondered what ID was Helen's. What did she say here? I started reading but didn't really find anything.

I lost track of time, and the doorbell rang. It was Helen. I told her that I'd messed at lunch and this time I'd really be ripe. She peeled me out of the diaper and cleaned me up, and I suggested a shower. She told me to go ahead and said she'd cook something.

I came out in just a towel to find her at the stove.

"I found the makings for some chili, sound OK?"

"Yes."

"OK, let me get you diapered back up." While she was doing so, she said, "I think you've progressed far enough that we can forgo the locking pants."

I was happy to hear that, and then I thought, "Does this mean you're not going to come over twice a day anymore?"

"Well, maybe not in the mornings anymore. I still have to keep my eye on you so I may show up from time to time unannounced and of course, we can still go out."

"OK, what about me using the toilet?"

"Well, as far as your probation is concerned, you only have to wear the diapers. You can take them off long enough to use the toilet if you like. Frankly, I'd be happier when we're together that you continued to use them rather than the toilet."

I thought about this. She really seemed to get off on the diaper thing; I guess I could live with it.

"Fair enough."

We had dinner and then moved on to the bedroom. After a while, she got dressed and said she'd see me soon.

The next morning I woke up. I had to pee, but I was oh, so tired. I pushed the snooze alarm button. That got rid of the alarm, but I did have to pee. Oh what the hell I thought, I might as well make use of these things when it was convenient. I relaxed and wet the diaper.

Eventually, I climbed out of bed, stuffed the diaper in the genie, and got into the shower. I let it run long and hot. I shaved, brushed my teeth, and returned to the bedroom and put a diaper on. It had been a while since I'd done this myself, but I did OK. I headed off to work.

I had to pee at work, so I went to the stall in the men's room, dropped my pants, untapped one side of the diaper and slid it down. I guess this wasn't that inconvenient. When I got back to my office, my phone chimed. It was the calendar reminding me I had a doctor's appointment at 2. Gosh, with all the goings-on of the past week I'd forgotten about my annual physical. I rushed out to the car and got over to the office.

I checked in with the desk and almost immediately was called back to an exam room. The nurse told me to get undressed down to my shorts. I pulled off my shirt and then kicked off my shoes went to drop my pants. I froze. I forgot I was wearing the diaper. What could I do? I pulled my pants off and sat on the table there in just my diaper.

The nurse turned around and saw me and just smiled. She had me stand on the scale and then took my blood pressure. She didn't say anything about the diaper, so I started to relax. Soon the doctor came in.

He looked at me. "Any problems?" he asked.

"Nope."

"What about that?" he said referring to the diaper.

What was I going to say? I figured I'd tell a half-truth. "Oh, nothing medical. It's just a game my girlfriend likes to play."

He gave me a skeptical look but went on with the examination. Still, I was nervous as hell during the whole thing.

That night I felt a little lonely not having Helen stop in to change me, but I decided to get back to doing some internet research. I got on the forums and read through the section on diapers themselves. Maybe I should try some others just to be sure. I searched around on the net and found a site that would sell me an assortment. I ordered these. I also found you could get some cute baby prints. I ordered some of these figuring Helen might get a kick out of this.

The week passed. Helen did show up unannounced at the office, and we went to lunch. I guess she wanted to make sure I was still wearing the diaper at work. She made arrangements to see me on Friday.

As the week progressed, I got into a routine. I'd poop in the toilet in the morning and shower, but I'd come to point where most times of the day I'd just wet the diaper if I had to. Why not? I had to admit it did have some convenience. Friday, I got home from work and found a package on my doorstep. The return address was obscure, but when I got it inside and opened it, I found it was the print diapers I had ordered. I glanced at my watch. Helen wasn't due for an hour. I had intended to wait for her to change me, but I figured I'd surprise her. I quickly changed into one of the new diapers.

Helen arrived, and we had some iced teas while we talked about our plans for the evening. After the second tea, I had to pee and paused to let go. This wasn't lost on Helen.

"Want a change before we go out?"

"Sure," I said. We headed to the bedroom, and she lowered my pants and saw the diaper and smiled.

"You've been shopping, I see," she said massaging the front of my cute teddy bear printed diaper. The smile got larger as she pushed me down on the bed and unfastened the diaper.

"I guess dinner is going to have to wait," I joked as she started on top of me.

Dinner did wait, but we eventually did get ready to go out. She reminded me to take my diaper bag. We had a great evening and ended back at my place.

The next morning she said, "I see you have a birthday coming up." She was right. It was in just a little under two weeks. "I'll have to find you a suitable present."

Helen would stop by periodically, and I was always happy to see her. I'm not sure if she was just checking up on me or whether she wanted to be with me, but I was certainly willing to take it either way. Finally, we made plans for my birthday weekend. She told me to meet her at her place after work.

I got there after work and headed up with my diaper bag and rang the bell. Helen was there with a cute short dress on, but she had an apron on over it. As I entered the apartment, I could smell dinner cooking, and it smelled good. The table was set and in the living room was a gift-wrapped box.

She kissed me and asked "Ready for your first present?"

I nodded.

“Well, this one is technically from daddy,” she said handing me an envelope.

I opened it, and it was an amendment of probation conditions. It removed the prohibition on alcohol and replaced it with drink in moderation. I smiled. While the judge signed it, I’m sure Helen greased the way.

Helen disappeared in the kitchen for a minute and came back holding a baby bottle. It had a golden fluid in it. “Here’s your beer. Don’t spill it!” I smiled. I sucked on the bottle for a bit. This was the first beer I’d had almost two months.

“Now for your next present.” She led me to the box. I tore open the wrapping and opened the box inside. Large pieces of soft cloth awaited me and underneath some plastic pants. “I thought you might find cloth more comfortable at times. Do you want to try one on?”

She led me to her bedroom. I kicked off my shoes, and she pulled off my pants. She peeled off the diaper and started after me with the wipes. I started to get hard, but she tapped my penis and said “We don’t have time for that. Dinner’s almost ready.”

She pulled the cloth diaper up between my legs and fanned out the rear. She fastened it with a couple of pins. She then slid the plastic pants up over the diaper. These plastic pants were a lot softer than the locking ones. They felt nice.

“Come, let’s go eat,” she said leading me by the hand. It was clear I wasn’t going to put my pants back on. She sat me down at the table and served up a salad, spaghetti, garlic bread and wine (this time in a glass). It looked fabulous, and I started to eat.

“You’re getting tomato sauce on your shirt,” she said at one point.

“Maybe you should get me a bib?”

“Perhaps, but I’ve got another idea. Take your shirt off.”

I complied, and we finished dinner with me wearing nothing but my diaper. Helen stared intently at me all through dinner. We took the remnants of the wine to the sofa and Helen continued to stare intently at me. She moved towards me, one hand on my chest and the other to the front of my plastic pants.

“This is your ideal outfit for a man I take it?” I asked.

“You’re so right,” she replied. She threw one arm around me and buried her head in my chest and started massaging the diaper with the other. When I didn’t think I was going to stand it anymore, I swooped her up and took her to her bedroom.

Again, she removed the plastic pants and unpinned the diaper leaving it folded flat below me and climbed on top.

“Pull the diaper up over us,” she said.

I thought about this for a second and reached down and caught the far end of the diaper and pulled it up between both our legs and held it snug against her rear as she proceeded to work her hips. What followed was unbelievable.

Waking up, we continued our games of the night before. Helen put a disposable diaper on me, and we headed out to drink coffee. Soon I knew I had to poop and much as I hated it, I knew it would get a great reaction out of her, so I leaned forward and kissed her. As she wrapped her arms around me, I moved her hand to rest on the rear of my diaper and pushed.

Her eyes grew wide and clung to me more, and we kissed passionately. She worked the sodden mass into me through the diaper, but it wasn't going to spoil my mood or increasing erection. She dragged me back to the bedroom and quickly cleaned me up paying careful attention to my penis as usual. It quickly transitioned to sex.

After a bit, we went in and showered together. This I could very much get used to. She dried me off.

“I'm sorry all I have is a rather feminine shave cream,” she said.

“That's OK.”

She applied it and then carefully shaved me. She led me back to the bedroom and again diapered me. She pulled out another package.

“More presents?” I asked.

“Yes, I have a few more. Put this on.”

I pulled it over my head. I thought it was a t-shirt, but it was longer than that, and the ends that hung down had snaps. She reached down and snapped the ends together under my diaper.

“It's a onesie,” she said. “It will keep you from getting diapered plumbers butt when you bend over.”

I could see her point, but it was strange and unusual. We went back to the kitchen, and she started to make breakfast. Over breakfast, she handed me an envelope.

“Another present?”

“Last one.”

I opened it, and there were two box seat tickets to today’s game inside. “Excellent,” I said. “This is the best birthday I’ve had in a long time.”

We ate breakfast, and I was still sitting at the table while she started to clear the dishes. She refused any assistance, so I drank some more of my coffee and watched. I had to pee, so I did.

There was a knock at the door followed almost immediately by a woman walking in.

“Hey, Helen. I dropped by to pick up that stuff we discussed.”

I was a little taken aback. It was one thing to be dressed like this in front of Helen, but who was this other woman.

“Hi, Joan. Just finishing up the breakfast dishes, I’ll be right with you.”

“OK, hey is this your new boyfriend?”

“Oh, yes, sorry. Joan, this is Bill. Bill, Joan,” she introduced us. I gave a little wave not wanting to stand up in case she hadn’t quite taken in how I was dressed.

“Hi,” Joan said to me. “I see you’ve managed to get this one in diapers.”

“Yes, it’s working out pretty well.”

So Joan knew something about me or at least Helen’s diaper interests. She moved over to the table.

“Are you wet, boy?”

Not knowing what else to do, I just nodded.

“Doesn’t talk much,” Joan commented.

“I’m almost done here, Bill. I’ll change you in a minute.”

“I can do it,” Joan answered. “You keep on with what you’re doing.” Joan reached out for my hand. “Come along, little boy.”

I turned red and looked at Helen for her to protest, but she was just humming along in the kitchen. I allowed Joan to lead me to the bedroom. She pushed me onto the bed and dug

around for the diapers and wipes. She found them and came to me and unsnapped the onesie and then started to undo the tapes on the diaper.

I was so embarrassed I couldn't look. I felt the diaper go and the wipes going around on my skin. I became more embarrassed as I felt myself growing erect.

Joan gave me a small slap on the head of my penis. "You're not supposed to get aroused by me. You're Helen's boy."

Soon the diaper was replaced and the onesie resnapped. We returned to the dining room, and Helen handed Joan a box.

"Here's your stuff," Helen said.

"Thanks," Joan said. "I see you tomorrow." She turned to me, "Nice meeting you, Billy."

That was definitely strange. Helen explained that Joan was her former roommate and just about her best girlfriend. She hadn't told her about me, but Joan did know about Helen's fascination with boys in diapers, and yes there had been a boyfriend or two she had managed to get to wear diapers on brief occasions.

I mulled this over as we prepared to head to the stadium. We decided I'd put my jeans back on, but since it was warm, I'd just wear the onesie as a shirt on top.

The seats were wonderful and the game exciting. Hot dogs went best with beer anyhow, and now I could enjoy one. Also, wearing the diaper meant I never had to leave the seat. Helen did, however.

Soon the game was over. We lingered in our seats until most of the ground had gone. It was a good day and a shame it was nearly over.

"You must be soaked," she said reaching down and needing the front of my pants.

"Yes."

"There are not any good changing areas here; let's go to the car."

I'm not sure what she meant by that. We got out to the car, and much of the lot was empty. She opened my diaper bag and pulled out a changing pad.

"Not here," I said.

"Sure, babies get their diapers changed in the back of cars all the time."

“I’m not a baby.”

“You’re my baby,” she said with a twinkle in her eye.

“What if someone sees?”

“Unlikely,” she spread the pad on the back seat and pushed me on it. Soon she had my pants down, and the onesie unsnapped. I looked as well as best I could. Would someone see me? Would they think we’re perverted? Would they think I’m some sort of retard that wet myself and needed mommy to change me? Maybe I was all of those things.

I was fully exposed, and while she did quick work with the wipes, I was growing larger. “That we can’t do in public,” she said and quickly taped up the replacement diaper.

My heart was pounding. What was happening? I got my pants up and moved into the passenger seat as she wrapped up the diaper and repacked my diaper bag. I’m not sure I liked this.

We drove back to her place in silence. “Did you have a nice time?” she said.

I admitted I did, well perhaps except for the last part I thought. I got in my car and headed home.

I reflected on what had happened to my life in the past months. Here I was wearing diapers all the time. OK, that I didn’t have any choice about. But I didn’t have to use them. That wasn’t a requirement of the court. Still, I was finding myself peeing more and more even when I wasn’t with Helen. And boy Helen sure took off when I did. I really could stand pooping given the reaction she always got when I did.

I was alone with my thoughts as I turned down my street and then I became aware of warmth in my crotch. In my preoccupation, I had wet myself without thinking about it.

I was getting apprehensive over all this diaper wearing. I mean the diapers were a court order and those I could deal with. I didn’t mind playing the game with Helen; she certainly got off on it. However, wetting myself when I was by myself was starting to border on absurdity. I also wasn’t too sure about Helen exposing me either to her friends or the public like this afternoons change in the car.

I decided I’d work hard on not just using the diapers for convenience and figured I’d play it by ear with Helen. I endeavored not to wet myself and certainly not to poop during my normal days. It was rough, as I had gotten used to just using the diaper if it was convenient. My former reasoning was I had the wear the blasted thing, why not use it when it suits me.

I still saw Helen, usually on weekends and used the diapers to incite her into lovemaking. It seemed to be a happy status quo.

A couple of months later, Helen asked me to come with her to the opening of an art exhibition for a friend of hers. It seemed reasonable. We got there, and it was one of those trendy little galleries. Lots of hanging space up front with some special pieces in the back in little rooms where they kowtowed to those with money to buy such things.

The little opening party was going in full swing as we arrived. People holding small plates and wine glasses stood around the various paintings. Helen introduced me to the artist, and I stated I was looking forward to seeing her works. We moved to the buffet and got a glass of wine, and we started to mill around the various pieces.

The work wasn't too bad. This friend did have some talent. Of course, that came with a price. A particularly nice piece I thought I might want had a discrete price listed of near \$2000. Still looking was free.

We made our way back to the buffet and picked up some appetizers and more wine. Helen moved us towards a small clique of women. I recognized her friend Joan and was introduced to the others. Joan leaned forward and gave me a little kiss on the cheek whispering "How are you doing, baby?" Of course, Joan knew I would be diapered.

After some conversation, I became quite aware that I would have to poop soon. Of course, Helen would be disappointed if I made my way to the restroom, so I held it in hopes that once we left, I could play it into something bigger. I fought the urges. I hoped we'd be leaving soon.

I guess my impatience started to show, Helen turned to me, "Am I keeping you from something, you're fidgeting badly."

I leaned forward and whispered to her, "I have to poop."

Helen smiled, "Just let it go, honey."

"Here?"

"Sure, why not. That's what diapers are for."

Joan whispered in my ear, "She's showing you off. Indulge her."

I looked at Helen who was staring at me expectantly. I looked around at the other women in the group. They had obviously heard Helen's statement and apparently, like Joanie, knew I was diapered. Some were watching others had turned away.

What could I do? I was on display like a trained puppy. I relented and looked off in the distance and pushed. As I had done before a large mass of poop erupted into my diaper, a second later a second wave hit. I heard giggling. The spectators had realized I had done it.

"I'll go out to the car and get your diaper bag so I can change you," Helen said.

"C'mon, Helen, let him enjoy it for a bit," one of the other women said. I turned red. Everybody now knew I was standing there with a loaded diaper.

Helen took my hand and led me to a bench by the restrooms. "Sit down here. I'll be right back."

I was more inclined to want to stand in my predicament, but Helen repeated, "Sit."

I sat. My rear squished fully into the pile of poo. I was almost on the verge of crying. Here I was sitting in a pile of my own shit just to appease a woman.

Joan sat next to me, "You did good, baby. It will be over soon."

Helen was back, and she led me to the ladies room.

"I can't go in there," I protested.

"Sure you can."

She took me inside. There was a cot there, and Helen laid out my changing pad on it. I laid down and turned my face to the wall as she proceeded to lower my pants and start to clean up the mess. She was probably half done when I heard a voice "Better you than me, Helen."

I turned, and one of her friends was standing there. Great. Not only do all her friends know I poop myself on command but they stood there and saw my ass being wiped off.

Soon, it was over. We said our goodbyes and of course I got a lot of sly smiles from Helen's friends. We started back to Helen's place. When we got there, she asked, "Do you want to come on up?"

"No, I'm really not in the mood right now."

I had to do some thinking about this whole situation.

Over the next couple of weeks, I saw Helen less frequently. We did go out on the weekends, and I did spend a night at her place, but I was careful not to place myself in any really public situations. I avoided making dates to go out for any extended periods.

While in my retrospective I got back on the computer. I started reading that diaper website I had seen on her computer. It was certainly strange to me, but boy it seemed that for a lot of participants I was living the life of their dreams.

Weeks passed. I even missed a weekend seeing Helen. I got an email from her the next week, "Are you avoiding me?"

I didn't answer and a few days later.

"Is there someone else?"

I responded that no, there wasn't, that I was just getting a little depressed over the diaper thing and that I was working it out.

I didn't get a response.

Another week passed. I spent it learning more about the scene that I was thrust into in a rather unwanted fashion. I was home one evening, and there was a knock at the door. I opened it to find Helen.

"It's good to see you," I said.

"This isn't a social call," she said sternly, "I'm here on business."

"Oh, come in," I said.

"Let's see them," she said.

I kicked off my shoes and peeled out of my pants.

"Good," she said patting my slightly damp crotch. She went through the apartment searching. "Gotta check for drugs and other contraband," she said. I followed her around without my pants.

She went through my dressers. "Where is your big boy underwear?" she asked finally with just a trace of her usual playful terminology rather than this being a regular probation officer visit.

"Threw them out. They were getting kind of old anyhow. Figured I'd just buy new stuff when my probation was up."

"OK, well you have three weeks to go. I'm writing the report for the judge, but it looks like you've been in full compliance. Your court session should be rather routine."

Three weeks...wow was it really coming up on a year, I thought. She was gathering up her things to go when I came up to her closely.

“Doing anything tonight?”

“I’m meeting some of the girls for drinks and dinner,” she said.

“Oh,” I said disappointedly.

She smiled a bit and asked, “You want to come?”

I thought about it a second; it had been a while since I was exposed to her friends. Friends who knew I was wearing diapers under Helen’s control. Oh, hell I thought.

“Let me put my pants back on and grab my diaper bag, and we can go.”

We headed downtown and hit a small bar where several of the girls were already waiting at a table. We ordered drinks and exchanged small talk. I was talking with Joan when I realized I was peeing. I stopped in mid-sentence.

“Are you wetting yourself now?” Joan asked.

I nodded sheepishly.

“Wow, that diaper must be soaked now, it was wet before,” Helen said. I turned red from the embarrassment that the topic of conversation of the group had changed from the latest movie to the state of my diaper.

Helen stood and stretched out her hand. I guess I was going to get changed now. I turned to Joan. “Hand me my diaper bag,” I said figuring I might as well play along. More giggles from the crowd as the bag was handed forward.

Fortunately, the bathrooms at this bar were two unisex singles, so Helen changed my diaper in privacy. By the time we returned to the table, and for the rest of the evening, the conversation moved to things other than my diapers.

Three weeks, I thought. Could I live through this? Would Helen still see me afterward?

We ended up back at my place. It was good to go to bed with Helen again. She told me to be sure to kick her out early, and we settled into sleep. Early morning I felt her hand on the front of my diaper.

“Mornin’” I said sleepily.

"You're wet," she said.

"Yeah, that's been happening. I'm going to have to work on my toilet training before I go back to underpants."

She smiled. "I'll change you before I go."

"OK, hold on a sec," I said. I figured I might as well go for broke. I pushed out a load into the diaper.

"Has that been happening, too?" she asked.

"Not so much. It's really easy for me to go, but I do have to think about it to do it. I've had some accidents when I've had diarrhea. "

"Well let me get to it," she said and got the supplies.

Lying there getting cleaned up I reflected on my life. Here I was, near totally incontinent with a girlfriend who loves to parade me around as her diapered boy. I had lots of uncertainty if I could live with this and what would happen after court in a couple of weeks. Would she still be interested in me? How long would it take me to get back to a normal life?

Still, I had to admit I loved her.

After, two weeks of heavy contemplation, I knew what I had to do. This was going to come to a showdown. It might even take a referee. I spent the last few days getting ready.

The day of my court hearing I showered, shaved, and probably officially for the last time diapered up. I put on my suit, grabbed what I had prepared and headed to the courthouse.

Helen was right. These hearings were by and large perfunctory. The judge would drone through his reading of the record and absent a statement from the probation officer indicating a problem to the contrary; the probations were discharged. Only one man ahead of me apparently didn't behave well on his probation and got a stern talking and 90 days more.

My name was called, and I stood.

"William Meade, you were sentenced to one year's probation, seeing nothing adverse in your file," he droned on without even looking at me.

"Your honor," I interrupted.

He stopped, apparently perturbed at the disruption. "Yes?"

“Your honor, I would like to make a request. I would like to ask that I remain under the supervision of my probation officer.”

“For how long?” now beginning to sound a bit curious. I doubt people had ever asked this sort of thing before.

“I believe the proper term would be ‘until death do us part.’”

He now was looking at me for sure. He looked down at the paperwork and then looked back up at me and smiled. “Oh, it’s you.”

“Yes, your honor.”

“Well, let’s see what your probation officer has to say about this. Helen?”

Helen was now standing looking at me but addressing her father. “Is the defendant stating that he is willing to wear diapers for the rest of his life?”

There she had placed it on the line, in open court. Now everybody was paying attention. There was a small murmur starting up, and the Judge started slamming his gavel to quiet things.

“Yes, your honor, I am willing.”

The judge turned his attention back to his daughter, “Well?”

“Can we approach the bench?”

Helen and I came up to the front. The judge gave a shrug to his daughter, “Well?”

“Are you asking what I think you’re asking?” she said to me.

I reached into my pocket and extracted the box and dropped to a knee. “Will you marry me, Helen?”

She smiled and said yes.

The judge, for the benefit of the court, slammed his gavel and said: “Request granted.”

I stood, and Helen and I kissed. The courtroom erupted into applause.

After a few seconds of applause, the judge banged his gavel and Helen said we had better go outside and led me out of the courtroom. She took me down the hall, and we ducked into a small unused conference room.

“Do I understand you correctly that you are willing to remain in diapers,” she asked.

“Yes, that is what I’m prepared to do.”

She smiled. “I’d figured you’d be out shopping for underpants at this point.”

“I love you,” I said in response.

“I guess we should figure out a date,” she said.

“Sure.”

“You look a little uneasy.”

“I need a change,” I confessed.

She walked over and locked the door and then opened up my bag and started taking the requisite stuff out and laying it on the table. “Hop up,” she said.

I smiled and did as requested.

A few days went by and Helen, and we were set to go out for a little celebratory dinner. She asked me to pick her up at her office. I drove over there around 5 and told the receptionist my name. I sat down, where I had sat waiting a year ago to meet her for the first time. I could hear the bustle of the busy probation office.

“...did you hear about Helen’s fiancé?” I heard someone say. My ears perked up; they were talking about me.

“Yeah, she’s got him wearing diapers,” another voice said.

“I don’t know how she puts up with the mess,” the first voice said.

I started to get embarrassed; everybody here seemed to know about me. However, they obviously didn’t know I was sitting right there, so I settled down.

Helen came out shortly. I told her what I had overheard. “I guess I’m the big topic of conversation here.”

Helen smiled, “Does it bother you?”

“I guess not; I’d probably need to get used to it.”

“Indeed,” she said.

We decided to head over to the local bar for drinks, but I confessed I needed a diaper change before we went too far. She told me to get my diaper bag. I jogged down to my car and grabbed it and returned. She led me into her office and shut the door. My pants were down, and the wet diaper was off in short order. She grabbed a wipe. She was wiping my penis down to near the point of climax when she stopped and grabbed a clean diaper. "We'll take care of that later."

I got my pants up, and Helen rolled up the wet diaper and stored it in my bag. I threw the bag over my shoulder and we headed out. I caught the stares of some of her coworkers. I stared back, and one started to chuckle. Yep, they all knew me as Helen's diaper boy here.

We walked down to the bar. We took up a table, and I slid my bag under the table. We talked about our plans. We decided to get married as soon as we could make the arrangements. We decided we'd like to try an outdoor venue and that her dad the Judge could perform the service.

We talked about a honeymoon.

"I don't have much time, no more than a week I can take off, so let's not go someplace too far away."

"I've kind of always wanted to go to the Keys," she said. "Key West?"

"Sure," I said.

We also decided that neither of our apartments was suitable and we should look for a new one. We ordered a second round of drinks and dinner.

"All set?" she said.

"Just a sec," I said. I relaxed and flooded my diaper. "I'm set now."

She smiled. "Do you want to change before the food comes?"

"No, I'm good," I said.

Plans progressed. We found a townhouse and planned to move in when we returned from our honeymoon. Joan had agreed to be Helen's maid of honor, and my brother Mike was flying in to be my best man. We rounded out the bridal party with other friends.

Neither Helen nor I were particularly religious, so we chose a local hotel for the wedding and the reception. The hotel had a terrace on the riverfront where we would hold the ceremony. We asked Helen's father to officiate.

Time raced on. Soon my brother was in town. He met Joan, and the two of them seemed to have hit it off. Soon he was planning my bachelor's party. A half dozen of us were planning to hit some bars, and we met up in my apartment to have a beer before we head out.

We were all talking when Helen came into the apartment. "Hi, boys," she said. "I need to see you for a minute before you go," she said to me.

We headed into the bedroom, and she closed the door. "Drop 'em." She went to my drawer and pulled out one of my heaviest diapers and tossed it my way. I stripped out of the one I was wearing, and she helped me into the new one. She then pulled something from her purse. The locking plastic pants. I'd not seen these for a while. "Just to keep you out of trouble,

I stood up and heard her clicking the lock behind me. I got my pants back on. It looked like I would be in this diaper for the duration.

The party was a blast. We hit a couple of bars and then hit the go-go place. Sitting down I flooded the diaper with the remains of the drinks I'd had so far. We watched the girls dance, periodically tipping them with bills slipped into their lingerie. Mike and the boys ultimately paid off one of the dancers to straddle over me as I sat. Gee gyrated and moved close to my face and then reached down and patted my crotch.

She got an odd look on her face. "What's this?" she mouthed.

My inhibitions dulled by many drinks I leaned forward and whispered, "My fiancé has me locked in a diaper."

"Locked?" she inquired.

I guided her hand to the back of the waistband so she could feel the small padlock. She gave me a pouty look, "Oh, you poor baby." And then she started to giggle and continued with her dance.

When she was done, she started working her way table to table looking for another taker but eventually made it to some other waiting performers. I saw her glance my way in conversation, and the other girls looked my way, too. A few minutes later one of the girls came over and offered me a shot. She plopped into my lap and held it to my lips. I felt her rear shimmy over my lap. She was verifying the diaper story. "Have a nice day tomorrow she said," standing up and giggling.

Eventually, we decided to move on. I had to pee again and worried that the diaper might not hold anymore but didn't have much of a choice. Over a year in diapers and my ability to hold things wasn't what it was. As I opened the door to my apartment, I wondered how long I'd be

locked up waiting for a change but on my dining room table was a note: "I thought you might need this." Under it was a small key.

I went to my room and stripped down. With some effort, I got the lock open, and the plastic pants peeled down. Indeed I had overflowed the diaper. Fortunately, the plastic pants contained the leakage. I was ready to collapse in bed but not before grabbing another heavy diaper to put on.

It was a good thing. Next morning after several minutes of the alarm blaring I rolled over and hit the snooze. I noticed my diaper was very wet.

I got a leisurely breakfast. Today was the big day. I showered, shaved, put on one of my most absorbent diapers and dressed in my tux. I packed my bags for our honeymoon: one with clothes, one with diapers, and my diaper bag as a carry on. Soon my brother was rapping at my door.

"Are you ready to do this, bro?" He asked

"Sure thing," I replied. We got into the car and drove us to the hotel. I had the bellman take care of storing the bags, and we headed off to the terrace. I paced nervously while my brother and my other groomsmen joked about my impending lack of freedom. Of course, I'd been bound up in another way for over a year now.

Soon it was time. The guests were taking their seats, and the murmur of their discussions ceased. The music started, and Helen's little niece and nephew led the procession in followed by the bridesmaids, then Joan, and the after a pause, Helen entered on her father's arm.

She was stunning. The dress was silk and full, and she looked angelic. She slowly proceeded down the aisle and joined me. I beamed. She looked intently at me. Her father started the ceremony. It was fairly standard, but the judge gave me a wink on the "obey" part of the vow.

I'm not sure I remember much of anything else he said. Soon it was "You may kiss the bride." I took her in my arms, and we kissed for what was probably longer than typical time, and the guests erupted into applause.

We went through the formalities of photos taken with all combinations of the wedding party and family and moved inside for the reception. Helen and I sat together in our place of honor, and I took great pride in now being married to her. My brother said a few words, digging at me that he didn't think I'd ever get trapped by someone.

Joan got up and made some innuendo about special bonds between Helen and me and her efforts in changing me. Most people saw these as innocuous, but a few of Helen's friends in attendance caught the joke.

We danced together and Helen dance with her father. We ate and danced more. Eventually, Helen leaned over and whispered, "It's time." We were going to go change into our "travel" clothes and then come back for one farewell and leave for the airport.

We made our way to Helen's, well now our hotel room. I stripped out of the tux and was standing there in socks and a diaper when Helen said, "Help me get out of this thing."

I went behind her and unfastened the neck of the dress and then found and worked the zipper. Soon she was free of the dress. She had a set of poofy underskirts on, and she wriggled out of this to expose a diaper. My mouth dropped open.

"What? You've never heard of a bridal diaper? It was Joan who needled me into putting it on. She said I should find out how you felt. Still, it wasn't a bad idea seeing how I would have needed assistance if I needed to pee."

I reached down and felt her crotch. She had used it. I guided us over to the bed, "I guess we both need changes."

She reciprocated on my crotch. "We don't have time for what you're thinking about."

She stripped me out of my diaper and cleaned me off and put another large one on me. I stripped hers off and cleaned her up, but she went into her bag and pulled out a pair of lacy panties that matched the bra she was wearing. "You can think about this while we're flying."

"I'm thinking about removing them."

We got dressed and made our way downstairs, said our final goodbyes and got into the limousine.

"We're off!" I said.

Helen just smiled.

We got to the airport and checked our bags through. I headed to security, and then it struck me. I had ever worn a diaper through security before. I put my diaper bag on the conveyor belt and started through the screening. I stood into the scanner and held my arms up. A second later I was waived through. That was a relief. I moved to the conveyor belt where a woman screener was holding up my bag.

"Is this yours?" she asked.

I nodded, and she took me over to a table. "There's a bottle of something in here. Might be powder?" she said.

She opened the bag, and her eyes indicated a slight surprise at finding diapers in it. Indeed there was a small container of baby powder she extracted and replaced. "That's OK." She smiled at me and returned my bag.

The flight was otherwise uneventful, and we caught a cab to our hotel. It was late, and we hauled our stuff up the room. I pushed the bags in ahead using mine to block the door open.

"I guess this is traditional," I said sweeping Helen off the floor into my arms and carrying her across the threshold. I kicked my bag away from the door and took her over and placed her on the bed. "There's a pair of lacy panties that I was told I could remove."

I lifted up the skirt of the sundress past her waist and reached down and gave a gentle caress to the crotch of the panties. She worked the dress up over her head and then I started the panties slowly down her leg.

She sat up and unbuttoned my pants and gave them a good jerk down and reciprocated with my diaper. Soon we were well into consummating our marriage.

Afterward, we sat in bed and talked and decided we'd just turn in for the night. I was game for that. "I think you better get a diaper on me," I said.

"OK," she started up to get one from my bag. "Thought you might want to have another go."

"I could do that, but don't let me forget. Yesterday, I woke up wet. Don't know if it was all the drinking or if I'm just getting too accustomed to the diapers."

She smiled and put the diapers down and climbed on the bed and pushed me back down and climbed on top. We made love again and then she carefully diapered me up for the night.

The sun was streaming bright in the room when I awoke the next morning. Helen was up and buzzing around the room unpacking. I sat upright.

"Oh, you're up. Good. Breakfast is on order, and we have an 11 AM reservation for the jet ski tour of the island."

"Wow, you have been busy," I said. I felt down on my crotch. Yes, I was going to need a diaper change before anything else. I got up and looked around for my bag.

"Your diapers are in the bathroom," she said.

"Oh, OK," I said. I walked into the bathroom, and sure enough, a neat stack of diapers was on a shelf. My wipes were on the counter next to the sink. I peeled out of the one I was wearing, cleaned up, and put a new one on.

“There’s a plastic bag there for your dirty,” she said, and I found it and disposed of the one I was wearing. I went out and looked in the drawers and found a shirt to wear. I was looking for my pants when there was a knock at the door. Helen opened it, and a young Latina came in pushing a wheeled table with our breakfast. She looked at me and giggled, and I realized I was standing there in a diaper. Helen signed the slip, and the girl left.

After breakfast, I made my normal use of the diaper for pooping. Helen gave me a feel on my ass after I’d finished. I stripped of the diaper and got into the shower. After giving me a few minutes to get clean, she stepped in beside me. We spent a lot of time getting soapy, and it went on from there.

Helen wrapped a towel around herself and left the bathroom. I proceeded to shave and brush my teeth. I walked out of the bath to find Helen standing there with a rash guard with a bikini bottom below. It was quite a sexy look.

She handed me a small blue garment. I thought it as a speedo. I had been on the swim team in high school, but it was thicker and seemed to have a lot of elastic in it. “It’s a swim diaper,” she said. “We’re going on the jet ski’s this morning.”

I pulled it on. Looking in the mirror, it wasn’t the most stylish thing, but it didn’t scream diaper. I dug through the drawer and found a cool max t-shirt and put that on as well.

We made our way to the dock and were given life vests to put on. Helen and I climbed on the jet ski and spent a few minutes getting used to controlling it. Soon the tour formed up on the guide’s jet ski. We spent a couple of hours on the tour. When we got back to the dock, we tipped the guide.

We walked back towards the hotel. I needed to pee, and suddenly there was something running down my bare legs. “Crap,” I said.

Helen looked at me and started to laugh. “No, piss,” she said. “Swim diapers are only for poop containment,” she explained.

“Now you tell me,” I said.

“Perhaps you should take a quick dump in the Gulf,” she said. I did as she suggested. I came out thoroughly wet. “There, you don’t look like you peed yourself.”

I got back to the hotel room and peeled the swim diaper off and put a proper diaper back on. We spent the rest of the day popping in and out of art galleries, shops, and bars on Duval Street. After dinner, we ended up in bed early, but not sleeping. When we were finally ready to sleep, Helen made sure I was diapered tightly.

I woke up the next morning to find Helen moving around the room early. I sat up and realized I had to pee and just let it go. There were times that the diaper was convenient. Helen was pulling on a sweater over her bikini.

“You know, I really like that look on you with the bikini bottoms showing,” I said.

Helen smiled, “I was thinking about taking a walk on the beach and watching the sun come up. You want to come?”

“Sure,” I said digging in the drawer for a sweatshirt. “I guess I need a change first.”

She pushed me back on the bed and set about changing my diaper. As was usually the case, she took steps to encourage my arousal, but she declined to carry through, “We’ve better get going if we don’t want to miss it.”

She taped up the new diaper and then kicked my sandals over towards me.

“Let me find some shorts,” I said.

“You know, I really like that look on you with the diaper showing,” she said parodying my response.

“Don’t be silly,” I said.

“I’m serious.”

“I can’t go out wearing just a diaper.”

“Sure you can. Nobody’s going to notice at this hour, and even if they do, it’s Key West, nobody will care. And I do like that look on you.”

She had a point. Hell, I slipped into my sandals, and with my heart pounding, we headed out to the beach. After a few minutes of walking, I realized she was probably right. We walked along the beach, and indeed the sun came up. A few joggers passed but none apparently paid any attention to us.

After the sun was fully above the horizon, I felt the pressure building in my bowels. “Can we go back to the hotel now?”

“Why?” she said.

“I’ve got to take a dump.”

“Don’t let me stop you.”

I looked around, we were alone, and I realized I had little choice. I relaxed and let it go into the diaper. At least with nothing over it, the diaper was allowed to balloon out a bit lessening the smearing. We made our way back towards the hotel where there was increasing activity. As I entered the hotel, a pair of girls in bikinis exiting did a double take at us, and then I heard giggling as they headed out to the beach. Red faced I headed to the room. I'm sure they saw the diaper, but did they note I was carrying a load in it?

We got up to the room, and Helen pushed me onto the bed. I landed in the pile of my own poop, but soon she was tearing the diaper off. I was already erect from the excitement of the moment as she started to clean me off. Soon we were in the throws of powerful lovemaking.

Relaxing afterward, she said "That was pretty amazing. I may have to take you out in a diaper more often if that's the effect it's going to have on you."

I winced a little. That was not something I was looking forward to.

We got dressed and went out to a little café near the hotel for breakfast. We did our usual walking tour did a little shopping and found a place for lunch. We returned to the hotel for a quick change and quick romp in the bed. Afterward, Helen tossed my swim diaper to me.

"Let's go to the beach. Don't forget that thing won't hold pee."

I smiled. It was an odd thing not just going whenever I felt the whim. I wasn't fully incontinent I guess, but I really had to think to myself about not wetting when it wasn't appropriate.

We grabbed beach towels and headed out. After a while sunning ourselves, I came aware that I wasn't going to hold it much longer.

"I need to go into the water," I said.

Helen grabbed me by the hand, and we walked down to the water's edge, tested the temperature, and waded out. Once beyond waist deep, I felt Helen move her hand to my crotch. I paused and then let go. I suppose she felt the warmth because when the flow started, she smiled. When I finished, she squeezed me and removed her hand.

"You want to swim a bit?"

"Sure."

We strode out a bit and rode the waves in and repeated a few times.

"Ready to go back and dress for dinner?"

“Sure.”

“Can you make it or do you need to wait here a minute.”

“I can make it.”

We waded out of the ocean. My suit was wet but this time just from the ocean water.

In the morning I was awakened to a hand gently massaging my wet diaper. I opened my eyes to find my beautiful Helen staring intently at me. Soon she had the desired rise out of me and was tearing off the diaper. I sincerely hope this never gets old between us.

Afterward, she pulled a sweatshirt on and was stepping into her bikini bottoms again. “Walk on the beach?” she asked.

“Sure,” I said, and she found me a sweatshirt and then grabbed a diaper. This again. I dug around under the bed for my sandals and was putting them on as she was packing stuff, beach towels and the like into her canvas tote.

We headed out to the beach. As we neared the water, I took off my sandals and walked holding Helen’s hand and squishing my toes into the moist sand. We walked for a bit, and I had to go, so I let loose as usual. In short order, Helen stuffed a hand in my diaper and pronounced I needed a change.

I told her that I was OK, the diaper would hold, but she had other plans. She pulled me up onto the dry sand and spread out a towel. Oh my, I thought, looking around, but there was nobody in sight. I got down on the towel, and she soon was unfastening the tapes. I felt the breeze blow across my bare privates. I kept my eye’s closed in the feeling that if I didn’t see anybody that they didn’t see me.

I felt the dampness of the wipe working around and was nearly instantly fully erect.

“We probably can’t get away with that,” she said touching its tip. She extracted another diaper from the tote and slid it under me and did up the tabs. “There,” she said. “All clean.” I sat up and looked around. We were still apparently alone. She rolled up the used diaper and placed it in a plastic bag, tied it up, and dumped it in the tote.

“Today’s our last day,” she announced.

It seemed surreal that our honeymoon was coming to an end. “What do you want to do today,” I asked.

“Breakfast, sex, go out on the jet ski, sex, lunch, shopping, dinner, sex, maybe some bars, and oh yes,....sex,” she enumerated.

“Works for me,” I laughed. I really loved this girl.

We walked towards the hotel but rather than going inside, Helen led me to the outdoor café next door.

“But, but...” I stammered.

“It’s Key West,” she said to me. She pulled me to the hostess station and said “Two.” The hostess at first didn’t seem to give any indication then her eyes grew wide, and she smiled and led us to our table.

We were seated at our table, and a cheerful waitress approached. “How are you two today?”

“Enjoying the last day of our honeymoon,” Helen said.

“Oh, newlyweds. How nice,” she replied. She took our drink orders. I was still sitting there a bit self-conscious about having just a diaper on, but it didn’t seem to faze the waitress if she even noticed.

After a few minutes, I saw the waitress with the tray with our drinks coming talking to the hostess. She set Helen’s screwdriver down in front of her and then holding my drink, and peering way over at me set it down. She gave a slight smile and stood back to take our orders.

“Do you think she noticed?” Helen asked.

“I think the hostess clued her in and the way she was leaning over and staring she’d have been blind not to see.”

She came back and inquired if we needed a refill on our drink and then asked: “Is he wearing a diaper?”

Helen responded first, “Yes, he sure is.”

“I hope you won’t mind me asking. Not that it makes any difference, but why?”

“Because I told him to,” Helen said matter of factly.

“Oh, ok. I guess we know who wears the pants in this family,” she said with a giggle.

“We’re just having a little fun in Key West. I figured I could get away with parading him around like this here.”

“Yeah, that’s a bit tame. We get guys in thongs and g-strings all the time. Too bad they’re usually gay, though.” Helen and the waitress both got a chuckle out of that.

“So it’s back to pants after today?” she said.

“Well, he’ll get his trousers back. But he’ll be in diapers for a long time to come.”

“Really?” the waitress said.

“He’s worn them for quite some time already at my request,” Helen explained.

“Does he…” the waitress said and paused.

“Use them?” Helen completed. “Yes, he does.”

The waitress’s mouth dropped open wide in amazement. “I’ll go check on your food,” she said turning away.

I was progressively getting redder during this. Here was my whole life explained and on display for this waitress and anybody within earshot. I guess this was my life. I calmed down and took a long sip of my drink.

The rest of breakfast was uneventful. We ate, and after a couple of bloody marys I calmed down. Eventually, the check came, and I paid, and we left. Again rather than going back to the hotel she pulled me a row of shops.

“There’s a painting I saw in one of the galleries that I think we should get for the townhouse,” she stated. I continued with her down the street trying to avoid meeting anybody’s eye. There wasn’t any outward comment, but I did hear giggling behind me.

We found the appropriate gallery and went inside. The air conditioning chilled my bare legs. The saleslady regarded me with a stifled laugh, and Helen spoke up, “I’m interested in that landscape on the back wall.” Sensing a sale, the saleswoman became all professional and dealt with Helen. She took the picture down from the wall and propped it on an easel for us to look at it closely. I really didn’t have an opinion. What I did need to do was pee, so while Helen and the clerk were engaged in conversation, I let loose.

“What do you think, Baby?” Helen asked me. “Should we get it?”

“Sure,” I said. Helen and the saleswoman returned to their negotiations, and soon it was arranged that it would be shipped to us. The saleswoman said, “I’m sure the two of you will enjoy the painting.” She stopped and looked at me and smiled again, “It looks like baby needs his didie changed.”

I turned red, but there was no doubt that the front of the diaper that it had been used. Helen looked in her bag and frowned. "I only brought one extra diaper. I guess we better take you back to the hotel and clean you up."

We headed out the door, and I was relieved that this was going to be ending. We walked down the street to the hotel, and I caught some more giggling. Finally, we were back in the room. Helen pushed me onto the bed and ripped the diaper open. My already erect penis sprung up from its confinement, and soon Helen had her bikini bottoms off and was straddling me.

After our brief interlude she said "Wow, if that's the kind of sex you're going to give afterward, I'm going to have to parade you around in just a diaper more often. But not today. Put on your swim diaper; we've got a date on the jet ski."

We made it down to the docks, me in my swim diaper and Helen in her white bikini which I always found her exceedingly sexy in. We got a quick checkout having rented one on the tour earlier, and I powered away from the dock with Helen clinging to my back. We headed down the beach. I have to say my eye wandered to those on the shore a bit and Helen slapped me on the shoulder.

"Let me drive for a bit," she said.

We reversed positions. I wrapped my arms around her waist and slid close into her. I rested my chin on her shoulder. She started the ski up and after overcontrolling it for the first few minutes she got the hang of it, and we were blasting back and forth through the waves getting air from time to time.

After a while, I had to pee, and I just let it go before I remembered that I was only wearing the swim diaper. Soon Helen stopped the ski. "Are you peeing?"

"Yes," I said. "Sorry."

"I felt my butt getting wet, and since it was warm, I figured it wasn't the ocean water."

She stood up on the ski and looked down at her crotch. It was wet, and in fact, the white fabric was kind of yellow tinged. She grabbed on to my arm and jumped off the ski pulling me into the water. We splashed each other a bit, and Helen dumped a lot of water on to the seat to make sure it was cleaned off.

"Are you done?" she asked me.

"Yes," I smiled back.

"Let's mount up."

We continued playing on the jet ski for another hour and then headed back to the hotel room for a little sexual interlude and to dress for dinner.

We headed out to the Duval street bars for one last night. I had my diaper bag with me as I was sure to require some changes. Just about every time we entered a bar, Helen would reach to my crotch and ask if I needed a change. A couple of times I did. In one bar, I changed myself in the men's room. I have long gotten used to the concept of doing so. Exiting the stall with my balled up used diaper looking for a trash can I got noticed.

"Dude, good idea...I bet you can drink half the night without getting up with that on." I just smiled. In the other bar, Helen squeezed into the bathroom with me and took care of me. Eventually, we crawled into bed with just enough strength for one last encounter before falling asleep.

Our final day we packed up and headed to the airport. Security wasn't an issue this time, and soon we were on board. I decided to breach the question I'd not really asked. What was my status? Was I going to get paraded around in just a diaper like in the Keys?

"You're my diaper boy," Helen answered. "I don't care who knows it. In fact, I want people to know it. I'm not going to hide the issue. No, I'm not going to drag you around in places where it's not appropriate, but you should get used to people knowing I keep you diapered."

This is about what I figured, and I was OK with it. As we were retrieving our luggage, Helen got a text message. "Jane wants us to meet her at the townhouse."

"Our townhouse?"

"Apparently."

We headed over. As we approached the door, it opened, and Jane and my brother were inside. I picked Helen up and did the ceremonial carrying her across the threshold. We then got our surprise. Jane and Mike had moved all our stuff from our respective apartments and set up our new house for us. It was a fabulous gesture. We followed Jane on a tour of the house. The spare bedroom was set up as my office, but an odd piece of furniture occupied one side.

It was a medium height table with a cushion on the top. Underneath were shelves stacked with diapers, wipes, and various other supplies. A step stool stood to the side to provide easy access. I had my own changing table now.

"Jane tested it out on me," Mike said with a smile. I knew that meant that Jane had forced him into diapers. Helen and I thanked the two of them profusely. While Jane and Helen went to the kitchen to start dinner, Mike and I grabbed a couple of beers and headed to the deck.

"I'm going to be seeing a lot of Jane," Mike said.

"She's a nice girl. It will be good having you as her boyfriend."

"Thanks, I was hoping you'd think it was a good idea."

"So, does she have you in diapers?" I asked.

"No, she's not quite as into that as Helen, but she did decide my drab boxer shorts had to go. She gives me something different each day to wear. I've had tights, white tees, a diaper, bikini briefs, a jock strap, a thong, lacy panties...."

"Sounds like quite an adventure."

"Especially the way she handles it. Each morning I dress in my workout clothes and head to the gym. She packs my clothes for the day. I don't find out until I'm getting dressed what I have. It's attracted some odd looks in the locker room, but I suspect that's part of what Jane's after."

"Well, I'm glad you're having a good time."

And so our lives went. Mike and Jane did indeed get married. Periodically they'd come over, or we'd go to their place, and the women would have us strip down. I'd be in my diaper and Mike in whatever panty or brief Jane had come up for him to wear that day.

Our lives were complete.

THE END
