

DIAPER LADY

Bill arrived at the bar to find Jill already sitting at a high top table. She motioned him over. It was her idea to meet here after work. She was dressed casually, which was uncommon for coming out right after work, she normally wore business suits at her job. Still, she looked good.

Bill sat down, and a waitress appeared and took his drink order. Woodford on the rocks. After the waitress left, Jill started. "I think you know that things haven't been working out between us."

Bill felt like someone had kicked him. So this is what it was. She was breaking up with him. He started to say something. Say how he'd work harder at making it work, but she just held up her hands.

"We've been through this before. We had fun, but we're just not compatible. Things have been dead for a while. We were just coasting through on momentum."

The waitress set his drink before him, and he took a long tug on it. Jill slid a key across the table to him. "I moved my stuff out this afternoon." So that was why she wasn't dressed for work. She had decided to clear out of his apartment while he wasn't around. This was why the meeting in the bar. Neutral ground.

"I wish you the best," she said. "If you need a friend, just call." She got up and left. He just sat there stunned. He drained the rest of his drink. He caught the attention of the waitress holding up his empty glass, and she nodded.

So this is how it was. He sighed as he knew it was inevitable. He was back to living alone. The waitress brought the new drink, and he drank about half of it. He wasn't looking forward to going back on the singles scene hunting. He didn't much care for that before. It was pure luck he met Jill at a friend's party, and they had hit it off initially. It had been a good solid six months for them, but it had grown colder.

He finished the second drink. Enough feeling sorry for myself, he thought. He put down enough money for the drinks and a good tip and left the bar. He made his way home and opened the apartment. A quick look around showed that Jill was indeed gone. All trace of her was gone. Well not all. When he went into the bedroom, the framed picture of the two of them at a baseball game last year was still sitting on the dresser. He looked at it a second and then turned it face down.

He sat on the bed for a second and then made up his mind. He went into the back of his closet and pulled out a suitcase. He worked the combination on the lock and threw it open on the bed. He poked through it and pulled out an item. He took off his clothes and then laid down on the bed and pulled the item in place... a nice thick diaper.

The suitcase contained parts of his life from before Jill. Diapers and other items from his adult baby and diaper loving interests. He had locked them all up the weekend Jill had decided to move in. He

had tentatively felt out if she would be interested in any age play back before she had agreed to move in and it wasn't well received. Well, she was gone now, and this is what he was doing.

He made a quick inventory of the box. There was a couple of dozen diapers of various types, a couple of onesies he'd ordered off the internet, some wipes, almost certainly dried up by now. He spied a bottle and picked it up. He removed the cap and remembered he had enlarged the hole in the nipple. He headed to the kitchen and opened the fridge. A few beers remained on the shelf. He decanted one into the bottle.

He then went and sat in front of his computer. He took a draw on the bottle and reached down and patted his padded crotch. Yes, it had been a long time, and this was what he needed. He navigated to an adult baby website he had been a regular on and started reading through the messages. Yeah, maybe he would take a break from women for a bit and indulge this fantasy some. He finished the first bottle and went and refilled it.

About midway through the second bottle, he had to go, and he relaxed and let it happen. He felt the familiar warmth spread through his crotch. Yes, he had been missing this. He continued to read through stories on the site. He found a thread about people saying that they had gone to wearing diapers 24/7. He had heard of this before, but he had never given much thought to it.

Could he do it? He couldn't think why not. He had worn diapers to work a few times in the past. He had nobody living with him at the time. Nobody to tell him what he was doing was silly or sick or anything. But it was silly, wasn't it? I mean, he liked a diaper now and then, but to commit to them all the time?

He grabbed another bottle of beer, this time he skipped pouring it into the baby bottle and drank directly from the bottle. He didn't have to be a baby; he could just wear the diapers. The more he thought out about it, the more he was convinced this was something he wanted to try. How would he do it? Well, to start off, he needed more diapers.

He checked some sites online. He had heard good things about Dry247, so he ordered some. He found a site selling baby print diapers, so he ordered some of those. It would take a week or more for all those to arrive.

His diaper was soaked, so he went and got another one to change into. He balled up the used one and tried to figure out what to do with it. "If I'm going to wear diapers all the time, I'm going to need a pail or something." He got a trash bag out from under the kitchen sink and stuffed it inside and knotted it.

He plopped down in the bed and drifted off to sleep. He awoke in the middle of the night. He reached over to find Jill but then remembered she was gone. He reached down and felt the diaper. Yes, she was gone. He had to pee. He rolled over and wet the diaper. Good, he was done with her. He fell back to sleep.

In the morning he awoke, he realized he had been sleeping in a wet diaper. "Why the hell not?" he said to himself. He got up and resolved himself. Yes, he would do it. He needed diapers now. He got out

the phone book and looked up medical supplies. There were several companies listed. The first had no adult diapers in stock, suggesting Walmart, which Bill knew was a waste of time. The second had "First Quality" briefs, which he knew were rather generic ones that Medicaid would cover but not great. There were two entries left. The first had Tena Supers in stock. Now he was getting somewhere. He said he'd stop buy and pick up a case.

He then saw the last remaining entry on the page. He had missed it as it didn't have a large advertisement like the others. It just said "CB Enterprises – Diaper service for incontinence." He figured there was nothing wrong with trying. He dialed the number.

"Cotton Bottoms Diaper Service," a cheery female voice answered. He had begun to think he had made a mistake. This was a baby diaper service with that name. But he did notice that Cotton Bottoms and CB were the same initials.

"Umm," he stammered. "I'm looking for information on adult diapers."

"Oh, yes," the girl immediately responded. "We have a number of products for incontinence needs. Can I ask what you are currently using?"

Bill paused a second. He wasn't currently using anything, but he looked down at his wet diaper and then responded "Tena Supers" remembering he was going to pick those up today.

"Oh, you really shouldn't," she said with some concern. "Disposables are not the best for your skin. Our cotton diapers will be far better and more comfortable. In what part of the city do you live?"

Bill gave his approximate address. "We service that area on Thursday. Why don't I stop by Thursday morning, say around nine thirty, and I can show you what we have." Thursday was the day after next.

Bill thought this was all going too fast, but he again felt, what the hell. He said that would be fine. He looked at his watch. He had spent a bit of time indulging his fantasy, but he had to get to work now. It wasn't going to be a problem. His boss was accustomed to him coming in later in the morning and working later in the evening. It ended up being more productive all the way around.

Bill peeled off the diaper and added it to the previously bagged one. He showered and shaved quickly. He put another diaper on and selected a couple of extras and put them in the file compartment of his briefcase and headed to work. On the way, he stopped off at the medical supply store and picked up his Tena's.

The day was fairly busy, but when he had time to think about it, he just smiled as he squeezed his legs together and felt the padding of the diaper. He made it through most of the morning but then decided to wet it. He left the building for lunch and headed out to a local fast food place. He took the spare diaper out of his briefcase and went into the restroom and changed. He balled it up and came out a little nervous holding it and stuffed it in the trash. He washed his hands and pulled a few paper towels to dry and used those to cover the diaper.

The afternoon was uneventful, and he decided upon leaving work to do some shopping. He swung into Target and grabbed a cart. He made his way with some timidity to the baby section. He wandered the aisle until he came to the first item of his search. A diaper genie. Good, now he had a place to put the used ones. He picked it up and looked around guiltily and put it in his cart. He strolled the aisles looking at things.

A wide variety of creams, oils, and powders presented themselves. He was never that fond of baby powder, but he saw a smiling cartoon baby staring at him on a tube of "Dr. Boudreaux's Butt Paste." Sounded interesting, so he put that in the cart. He found some packages of baby wipes and put those in the cart as well. He passed baby bottles which he decided he didn't need anymore. He did grab a few baby snacks and some rice cereal and other food. Why not, I'll try anything.

He finally came down and saw a shelf full of diaper bags. He saw one in baby blue with little teddy bears on it. It had lots of pockets for things and looked sturdy. It was pretty juvenile. He wasn't sure he'd be seen carrying it. He saw another that was just a small black backpack. It had all the requisite pockets as well but didn't scream diaper bag. He put that in his cart.

He found the safety section and looked through the items until he found what he thought would work. It was a toilet seat safety lock. It worked by requiring the user to push on one side of a latch and pull on the other. Supposedly this would be too difficult for curious toddlers to do. He could make this work. He went to the hardware section and bought a small padlock.

He figured he had done enough damage for one day and started for the cashier. He stopped and went back to the baby department. He picked up the teddy bear diaper bag and added that to his cart as well.

He watched as the cashier rang up his purchases. He was ready to say how he was expecting a baby but the cashier seemed disinterested in asking about all this. He paid and drove home,.

He proceeded to put his purchases away. First, he unboxed the diaper genie and put that in the bathroom. He cleaned out some stuff from the shelves in the linen closet moving them to the guest room closet and stacked up a good number of Tena Supers there and a few of his other diapers. He put the tube of butt paste on the counter next to his shaving cream. He got out the toilet lock, read the instructions and installed it. He then got his drill and put a hole through the thing and put the lock through it.

He took the key back into his bedroom. He grabbed the suitcase of diaper stuff and transferred the contents to the bed. He'd put that away later. He went to his dresser and took all his underpants and put them in the suitcase. On top of that, he through the padlock key. He shut the suitcase, closed the latches, and spun the dials. He put the suitcase back in the back recesses of the closet.

"Well," he said out loud. It officially starts now. He'd be 24/7 for as long as he could stand it. He put away the rest of the stuff. Baby food and bottles in the cabinets. Diapers in the various closets. Some of the baby clothes in his former underwear drawer. He took some of the Tenas and loaded up both

diaper bags. He added a package of wipes to each and then went and hung them both on the hooks by his front door.

The next morning he grabbed the backpack diaper bag as he headed out to work. The day sped by uneventfully. That evening he went home and put some of the baby food in the microwave to heat up. He filled a baby bottle full of milk and Kahlua. That would make a suitable drink. He sat down and tried the food. It was pretty bland, and it wasn't enough. He went back to the kitchen and fixed another bottle and popped a french bread pizza in the microwave.

He got on the internet and started perusing the diaper sites. He thought about posting that he had made the leap to 24/7, but it hadn't yet even been 24 hours really. He just read on. He ate the pizza and made yet another bottle of the Kahlua mixture. He could get into this stuff. Of course, he wet the diaper without reservation.

He looked at his watch and realized it was now after midnight. He was really tired and made his way to bed lying there in just the wet diaper. He should change, but he just lay there feeling the swollen diaper. He started to rub methodically and brought himself to climax.

After a bit, he decided he really did need to change. He went to the bathroom and peeled off the diaper and stuffed it in the diaper genie. He took the tube of butt paste and liberally applied it to himself. He grabbed another diaper and put it on. He plopped back on the bed and drifted off to sleep. At one point that night he awoke and had to pee but convinced himself not to bother rising. He just wet the diaper.

He awoke to a banging. He opened one eye and looked at the clock. 9:35. Holy crap. He had overslept. The diaper lady was here. He grabbed a t-shirt and a pair of running shorts and moved to the door and let her in.

"Hi, I'm Cheryl from Cottom Bottoms," she said carrying in some items.

"Yes, sorry," Bill said. "I'm afraid I overslept."

"Oh, no problem." She set her stuff on the coffee table and sat down on the sofa. Bill sat opposite to her as she went on about multiple high-temperature wash cycles and other things that she obviously thought was important to him. He looked around and noticed he had left the empty yet dirty baby bottle on the desk with the computer along with the baby food containers. He hoped she wouldn't notice.

"Now let me show you what are products are." He now was paying attention. She pulled an article out of her bag. "Many of our customers where these medipants. They are an all in one product with six layers of cotton inside and a vinyl waterproof barrier." To Bill, these looked rather institutional. While they certainly would work, they weren't really what he had in mind when the thought diapers.

"But,..." she said with a smile and turned and looked at the items on the desk, "We have a few customers like you who are more interested in this product."

She pulled a large, white, cotton item from her bag. She unfolded it. "This is our pinnable prefold diaper. There are four layers of 100% cotton with an additional four layers in the center section for maximum absorbency. Of course, you'll need plastic pants to cover these. She pulled out a brief made of a milky white plastic. She had Bill's attention for sure.

"We deliver a number of these products to your door every week and pick up the dirties. You don't need to do anything but put them in the diaper pail, and we'll take them and put them through our wash process. The service doesn't include the plastic pants, but we can sell those to you if you need them. How many of the Tena's are you using a day?" she asked.

Bill did a quick count as to yesterday's diapers. "Five, he said."

OK, let's just go to six to be safe. We'll give you 42 diapers a week to start. She quoted him a price for the service plus an additional price for the briefs. He didn't know if he wanted to go this route, but she was pressing him. He hemmed.

"Would you like to try one on?" she asked. He couldn't refuse. She picked up the diaper and the plastic pants and pulled another item from her bag. "Where would you like to do this?" He then realized she was offering to put it on him.

"The bed?" he said. She followed him into the room, and he lied down on the edge of the bed. She undid the existing diaper and he was a bit nervous lying there naked in front of her. She balled it up.

"What do you do with these?" she asked.

"Diaper Genie in the bathroom." She left to dispose of the diaper, and he cursed when he remembered that the toilet lock was in place. She came back smiling at him. She folded the cotton diaper and threaded it underneath him and then quickly pinned it in place. She threaded the plastic pants over his legs, and he arched his back as she pulled it up over the diaper.

He stood looking at his reflection in the mirror. He was also getting extremely erect.

"So, shall we sign you up for the service?"

He agreed. She led him back to the living room and pulled out the paperwork. He sat there in the diaper and plastic pants and listened to her explanation and then signed it.

"Wonderful," she said. She told him to wait, and she went out and returned with a paper wrapped package. "These are your diapers," she said setting them down. She also set down a couple of packages of the plastic pants wrapped in their own wrappers. "These are your plastic pants."

She left again and returned carrying a pail. "This is your diaper pail." She reached into her bag and handed him several items. "These are a gift from us to you. These are diaper pins." He looked at them, and they had little blue teddy bears on them. "These are snappis. They're an alternative to pins." She explained how they worked and he said he would give them a try.

She shook his hand and left. He knew he was invested now.

He peed the cloth diaper. It was different, but not better or worse than the disposables. This was going to be an interesting time. He took the wet diaper off and dropped it in the diaper pail. He set the plastic pants aside. These were hardly used, he thought.

After a shower and shave, he started to get dressed. He thought about grabbing another cloth diaper, but he wasn't sure he was ready to work out the logistics of getting changed and bringing back a wet one yet, so he grabbed a disposable. He saw the cartoon baby on the butt paste tube smiling at him. He grabbed it, squeezed a liberal amount onto his hands and worked it all through his crotch area. Don't need a diaper rash, he thought to himself.

He put on another of the Tenas and go dressed. He made sure his bag was packed with two changes of diapers and headed to work.

He found carrying the bag to lunch that day facilitated his change well enough. He figured, he could try wearing the cloth diapers the next day. Arriving home he wet the disposable one last time and changed out of it into a cloth diaper. He decided not to put his trousers back on while he set to finding something for dinner.

He'd just finished warming up some left overs when his phone rang. "Hi Bill, this is Cheryl, just calling to see if everything is working well."

"Cheryl?" he couldn't quite place the voice.

"From Cotton Bottoms," she added.

"Oh, yes. Hi, Cheryl. Yes, everything is great. Just put on a clean diaper a minute ago and couldn't be happier. "

"Great, if there's anything else I can do for you, just call."

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The next morning Bill got up. The cloth diaper was wet as he had awoken during the night and peed it in it and went back to sleep. He made it to the kitchen and made coffee and fixed his breakfast. He realized he needed to poop and figured it was as good a time as any. He pushed it out and then headed to the bathroom. He turned on the shower and stripped out of the diaper. He felt bad about soiling it, but Cheryl had told him that it would be fine. He dumped it in the diaper pail.

He showered off the poop and then washed himself well. After drying himself, he grabbed the tube of butt past and coated the diaper area of his skin well. He put on a clean diaper and plastic pants. He then set to shaving and brushing his teeth. He got dressed and headed to work.

Over the next few days, he refined schedule. Each morning he'd poop right after breakfast to get it out of the way. He'd diaper up and go to work. Some days he made it through the day on one diaper.

Some days he'd head out for lunch and change in the mall restroom. When he got home, he'd strip out of his pants and spend the evening sitting in a shirt and diaper.

Thursday came and he set out his diaper pail. When he came home he found a brown paper package on the porch. He took it inside and unwrapped it. Fresh, clean, white diapers were there and he put them away. This was working well.

The weekend came again and he thought about what he would do. He hadn't been to a baseball game for a long time. He packed the diaper knapsack bag and headed to the stadium. They were checking bags at the gate, he chose a line with a woman usher and handed it over. She unzipped it, looked inside, and then looked at him and smiled. He smiled back. She rezippered the bag and handed it back.

He went to a concession stand and grabbed a beer and a score card and made it down to his seat, placing the diaper bag under his chair. He downed the beer before the national anthem was played and during the first inning got another from a vendor coming through the stands.

By the third inning he had to pee. In the past, he'd miss at least a few at bats as he never could quite make it to the men's room, through the line, and back to the seat in time. He wet his diaper. There were definite advantages.

As the game was over he got to his car and his phone rang. It was work and they had a problem and they needed him to go check on a server. He got in his car and drove direct to the office. The place was deserted being a weekend. He set to work and realized he needed to restore the machine. He decided not to stop while he was getting it set up and wet his diaper again. It was now really saturated, he'd need a change soon.

When he got the point the machine needed a reboot he went back to the car and got the diaper bag. He didn't worry about changing in the work men's room since nobody else was around. Eventually, he hoped he'd have the nerve to do this any day at work. He went back and checked the machine and all was good. He called his boss to let him know.

"Great, thanks for coming in on the weekend. Take a day off next week, if you like, on the company."

He went out to the local pub, not one he and Jill had frequented, he did not want to see there. Again he had a few beers and wet his diaper. He decided he'd just go home and change.

The next morning he awoke a bit groggy. He stood up to head to the bathroom and then remembered he was wearing a diaper. What he then sensed was that it was already wet. Had he woken up and peed it again like the other night? He couldn't remember. Did he just spontaneously wet the bed? It was confusing to him.

The next week progressed and he had to work a bit late on Wednesday, so he told his boss he'd take Thursday off. He had some things he thought he'd like to do on the weekday. There were a few medical supply stores in town and they were only open 9-5 on the weekdays and he'd like to see what they actually had.

With no reason to get up early, he slept in. He was awakened by the door bell. He stumbled to the door and looked out. It was Cheryl. He had forgotten to set out the diaper pail. He cracked the door and apologized and told her he'd bring the pail right out. He turned and headed toward the bathroom. He came back to the living room and found Cheryl standing there. He had forgotten that he was wearing only a diaper.

"I just woke up," he said. "Today's a day off."

"No problem," Cheryl said. "Looks like that one needs a change. Let me get it off you so I can take it with me." She led him back to the bedroom and took off the diaper. "Are you using some kind of cream?" she asked.

"It's on the bathroom sink."

She retrieved the wipes and the butt paste. She cleaned him off and then applied the butt paste. Wow, he thought. This was getting really intimate. She put a clean diaper on him and carried the old one back and dropped it in the pail. He pulled on a pair of plastic pants as she returned.

"I need to ask you something," she said.

"Sure."

"I have another client. A woman, about your age. I know she's single. Can I tell her about you and see if she'd like to meet?"

This wasn't what he expected. He thought she was going to make a pass at him herself. "Um, sure," he replied. He wasn't sure that he wanted to get back in the dating scene but at least it wasn't likely someone that was going to complain about the diapers.

"OK, I will let you know if she's interested. I think you'd like her if she is."

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The next afternoon, he got a call from Cheryl. "She wants to meet you this evening. How about the Brogue at 7."

"Great," he said. "How will I know her?"

"Her name is Sarah. Just ask the hostess for her when you get there."

Bill took off early from work that evening and went home and took a shower. He put on a nice shirt and dress trousers and looked in the mirror. He hoped his diaper didn't show. Of course, not that Sarah was likely to care. He got a sports coat out of the closet and picked up the knapsack diaper bag and headed out.

He got to the Brogue, an Irish Bar he'd heard about but never visited. He went up to the hostess's stand. "My name's Bill. I'm meeting Sarah here."

The girl smiled and had him follow her. She led them to a booth in the back of the bar. A blond woman, very attractive was sitting on one side with a large purse beside her on the seat. She had a glass of white wine in front of her. The hostess took an order for a Guinness from Bill and Bill slipped into the bench opposite.

"You must be Sarah," he said.

"You're Bill?" she replied.

"Yes." He slid the knapsack off his shoulder and placed it on the seat.

"Is that your diaper bag?" she said with interest. She immediately put her hand to her mouth realizing that this was probably not the way to start a conversation. Both of them sat there in silence a second and then broke out laughing.

"Yes," Bill said. "Is that yours?" he said pointing to the large purse.

"Yes, among other things," Sarah replied. "Perhaps we should start again. Tell me about yourself."

"I'm a software engineer. I was in a long-term relationship until a few weeks ago. It didn't work out. I was taking a break from the dating scene when Cheryl said you might be interested."

"Yes, she said the same thing about you. I'm a production assistant at Mead Media. We do mostly commercials but some local TV show production."

They made idle chit chat for a bit and ordered another round of drinks. A phone rang, and Sarah pulled a cell out of her diaper bag/purse and answered it.

"No, it's going fine, Cheryl. Thanks. I'll let you know."

"What was that?" Bill asked.

"Cheryl. She promised a call to have me leave on an emergency in case you were a dud. You pass."

They smiled. They decided they were on a roll, so they ordered dinner.

"Can I see that bag?" Sarah asked. Bill handed it over. She looked at it. "Oh, it is a diaper bag."

"Yeah, but it doesn't scream out baby. It works pretty well."

"How long have you been a customer of Cheryl's?" she asked.

"Only a couple of weeks. I was wearing disposable briefs before that. You?"

"About a year now. I wore disposables, too. I then tried doing my cloth diaper washing but it got to be a drag, and then I saw Cheryl's company."

Fortunately, the topic changed. Bill didn't know why Sarah wore diapers, but he wasn't sure he wanted to explain he just wore them because he liked them. Surely, she wouldn't have a problem as Jill did.

After dinner and a final drink, Sarah suggested they get together for dinner and a movie tomorrow night. Bill agreed and paid the check. They walked to the exit. "Thanks, I'm looking forward to tomorrow," she said. Standing together he saw she was quite a bit shorter than he was even in heels but she reached up and gave him a solid kiss on the lips before turning away.

The next night they met at another restaurant and had dinner. They discussed movie options and chose a recent release. She got out her phone and found tickets on an app she had, and then they walked to the theatre. After, getting a couple of drinks, they settled into seats."

"Years ago, I'd have not got a large drink for fear I'd have to pee and miss part of the movie," she said. "I guess there are some positives to having to wear a diaper."

Bill agreed. Had to wear. Bill was guessing that she was genuinely incontinent, but he again dodged asking as he would have to explain his wearing.

The movie started, and they snuggled together. It was a romantic comedy, and during it he found her hand on his crotch. He reciprocated. Hers was as padded as his was. As the closing music started, she leaned towards him and started a long, open-mouthed kiss. He could feel his penis trying to straighten inside the confines of the diaper. "Let's go to my place," she said.

He left Bill's car at the restaurant and walked to Sarah's which was only a few blocks away, and she let them into the apartment. It was smartly furnished. Once inside and the door shut, Sarah turned her back towards him. "Unzip me, please."

He slid the zipper down the length of her back. She turned back and shook the dress off her shoulders and allowed it to fall to the floor. She was indeed quite pretty. A satin bra encased full round breasts and below was a pink all-in-one diaper. It was the style that Cheryl had shown him and he had rejected.

He removed his jacket and shirt, and Sarah reached out and undid his belt and pulled his pants down exposing the plastic pants over his diaper. She rubbed one hand over the plastic on the front. "Ooh, this is different," she said.

"Cheryl thought I'd might like these better than the kind you have," he said. She was up and kissing him again. She led him to the bedroom. He was now sure they were headed for sex but was unsure how this was going to work. He knew he wasn't going to have a problem, but what if she peed. They got to the bedroom, and she pulled back the covers of the bed. A pad was on the bed to protect that.

She climbed on the bed laid down on the pad. He came over and undid her diaper. She arched her back slightly so he could pull it from beneath her and he set it aside. He slid down his plastic pants revealing a wet diaper pinned on him. He set it aside and climbed on to her. They made a hurried but satisfying job of it. After resting a second, she got up and went to a dresser and pulled out a new diaper and put it on.

"I left my bag by the front door," he said.

"Wait here," she said. "I'll get it." She left and returned shortly. Leaving him on the pad, she took a clean diaper and worked it under him. She pinned it in place, frowned, and then redid it. Happier with the second attempt she then got a clean pair of plastic pants and guided his legs into them. As it got close to being in place, he arched his back, and she pulled it on him. She climbed on top of him and put her head on his chest. "That was wonderful."

After a bit of light talk, they went at it again. Her diaper was wet when he removed it, but his was dry. "You must have a bit more control than me," she said noting its condition as she removed it. He just nodded. Again, he dodged a discussion of why.

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Bill called Sarah the next day and indicated what a nice time they had. Sarah seemed definitely eager to hear from him. They planned to get together for drinks Tuesday evening. Sarah said she had early meetings on Wednesday, so this would be a purely platonic meeting. Bill said that was fine.

Their meeting Thursday was pleasant. Bill had some initial apprehension as this was how the break up with Jill had taken place, but they were soon bantering back and forth and making plans for the weekend. Sarah wanted to advise on a new computer and Bill was happy to offer to go with her to look at them. Bill hoped the evening would progress from there.

The next morning he set out his dirty diapers for the exchange. As he is was heading out to go to work, he saw Cheryl carrying up the brown paper package which he knew was going to be his clean diapers for the week.

Bill opened his door so that Cheryl could set the package down inside. "Sarah said you had a nice time."

"Yes, she seems very nice. We're getting together again this weekend."

"That's great. Well, see you next week. Keep me informed."

Bill wondered how much Cheryl did know since she was obviously talking to both of them while playing matchmaker. She wondered if she told Sarah anything detailed about his diaper wearing. He dismissed that as Cheryl hadn't told him anything about Sarah.

The weekend rolled around, and Sarah showed up at his place around two. He gave her a quick tour around the place and then they got in his car and drove over to the mall. They hit both the computer store and the Apple store, Bill trying to figure out what Sarah's needs were. She finally settled on a MacBook, and she bought that. They passed up on the store clerks helping set up as Bill said they could do that together at his place.

They did some other window shopping. Bill was thinking about directing them back to his house before dinner, but she suggested a restaurant at the mall. He hemmed a bit. "What's wrong?" she asked.

“That restaurant sounds good, but I’m going to need a diaper change first.”

“Oh, did you put your bag in the car,” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“OK, let’s go lock the computer in the car and get your bag. They’ve got a good place to change here. I’ve done it lots of times.”

After retrieving his diaper bag, she led him back through the mall to a sign marked “Family Bathroom.” She went through the door and then opened another door inside and motioned him in. She locked the door behind him.

“Hop up!” she said. Indicating a counter at one end. “It’s plenty strong.”

He got up, and she unfastened his pants and pulled them off. She got his plastic pants down and took off the wet diaper. She dug through his bag and found the plastic bag he kept for the wet ones. She took out his package of wipes and started cleaning him up. This was intensely erotic, and he was instantly erect.

“Now, now,” she mock scolded. “We’ll have time for that later.” He smiled as he then took a clean diaper and worked it under him and pinned it in place. She pulled up his plastic pants, and he grabbed his trousers and got them up.

He hopped down, and she got up on the counter. “I need a change, too.” She hiked up the skirt of her dress revealing the all in one. He picked up her oversized purse and extracted the supplies he needed. He unfastened the diaper and got it out of the way. He cleaned her up. This was exciting to him as well. Their rushing into sex the other night had precluded any elaborate foreplay.

He fastened a new diaper on her, and she hopped down. They washed their hands and collected their stuff and made their way to dinner. After dinner, they returned to his apartment. He pulled a couple of beers out of the fridge and gave her one. They unboxed the computer and set it up on his dining room table and drank and talked while they waited for it to go through its initialization.

After a bit, she stood up and took a look around and started down the hallway. Bill was still watching the computer for its next prompt, so he wasn’t quite paying attention. Suddenly he heard. “What the hell is this?”

He hustled down to the hall to find Sarah standing in his bathroom staring at the toilet. “What’s with your toilet.”

He stammered a bit. “I... I... don’t ever use it.”

“I need to go!” Sarah shouted.

“You have diapers,” he said without thinking.

"I don't poop in them!" Sarah said. "How do you open this thing?" she said trying to pry the lid up.

"I'll get the key," Bill said. He hustled into his bedroom and dug into the back of the closet for the suitcase. He fumbled with the locks trying to get it open. He could hear sounds of distress from Sarah. He got it open and rifled through his old underwear looking for the key. He found it and rushed back to the bathroom.

He heard Sarah gasp "Oh, my god." He knew he was too late. He unlocked the toilet lid anyhow, but it was apparent that Sarah had just filled her diaper. She was crying, and she was angry. It was an uncomfortable situation.

"Would you like to shower now?" he said. He reached into the linen closet and came out with a fresh towel and washcloth. She pushed him out of the bathroom and latched the door. He could hear the water running, so he went back to the living room. After nearly a half hour he heard the water stop, and then a few minutes later Sarah asked him to bring her purse to her.

She came out and started packing up the computer. "You're leaving?" Bill asked. "I'm sorry about the toilet being locked." She paused and stood there staring at him.

"Do you want to explain that?"

Bill sighed and realized it was time to come clean. "When I decided I wanted to wear diapers all the time, I decided to avoid temptation by putting the lock on the toilet. I put the key in the suitcase along with all my old underwear and locked it away. I didn't realize I'd need to get at it quickly. I'm sorry about that."

"You decided you WANTED to wear diapers?" she said with the emphasis on 'wanted.' He paused to come up with an answer to this. He was afraid. This was how things went awry with Jill. Then a light went on in Sarah's face. "That's why you had control while we were screwing. You're not incontinent at all are you?"

He had no option. "No, I'm not. Didn't Cheryl tell you?"

"No, Cheryl didn't tell me," she said icily. "I'm going." She picked up her purse and the computer and headed out the door.

Bill cursed himself. Here he had a promising relationship, and he'd blown it. He moped around a bit and sent Sarah an email: "I'm sorry. Please, can we talk." He waited for a few minutes, but there was no immediate response. He went and got another beer.

Monday he tried calling her after work, but it rang through to voicemail. He left a similar message imploring her to call him back so they could talk, but he suspected nothing would happen. It was over as far as he could tell. He was as disappointed, perhaps even more disappointed, than he had been when Jill broke up with him. He had hopes for Sarah.

He went back and relocked the toilet. He put the key in the medicine cabinet and put the suitcase back in the closet. He'd stay in diapers, but just in case Sarah did come back, he'd be ready to unlock the toilet before she got anywhere near.

The week dragged on. Thursday came, and he set out the diapers. He returned home, and picked up the clean stack off the front porch and put them away. Oh well, back to square one.

The phone rang. He picked it up "Hello?"

"Hello," a female voice responded.

"Sarah?" he said with optimism.

"No, Cheryl. How are things going there?"

"Not so good. Sarah is upset with me. She won't return my calls or email."

"That's too bad. I thought you guys were getting to be an item. There was one of her diapers in your pail this week." Bill thought about it. When she changed that poopy diaper, she must have dropped it in his pail rather than taking it with her.

"Well, we were doing well I thought. Then she found out I wasn't incontinent." Bill said and then recounted the entire story.

"Let me see if I can talk to her," Cheryl coached. "You hit her with several things at once there. First, was her stressing over having to poop in her diaper. One of the major reasons she was in the all-in-ones was that she wanted something she could easily take off. Second, she had to realize that you went into diapers by choice. Finally, she's probably jealous."

"Jealous?" Bill said confused.

"You get to decide whether to pee or not in your diapers. She's wearing diapers to deal with the fact that she's had no choice since the accident."

"Accident?"

"I'm probably saying more than I should," Cheryl said. "But, several years ago she was riding in a car. She woke up in the hospital with no control over her urine and her boyfriend, who was driving at the time, dead."

"Oh," was all Bill could manage. Cheryl said goodbye and realized there was a lot to play here. Still, he had a glimmer of hope that Cheryl could at least get Sarah to listen to me.

Bill continued to mope around again. It was almost as bad as when as when Jill had dumped in. Maybe even worse. If he couldn't get it on with a girl who was wearing diapers herself, how would he ever find a girl who was at least tolerant of his peversion?

He decided to work from home on Thursday. He sat reading and dispatching work emails at his computer wearing nothing but a diaper when he heard a knock at the door. He went and looked through the peephole. It was Cheryl. Oh, right, it was Thursday. He opened the door and said he'd have the diaper pail right out.

He went back and fetched the dirties. Cheryl had already set the package of clean diapers down on the coffee table. He looked at her expectantly, but in retrospect, pretty pathetically standing there in just a diaper.

"I talked to Sarah. She'll talk to you. Meet her at six at Seasons. Do you know it?"

Yeah, I know it, Bill thought to himself. That's the bar Jill dumped me in. "Yeah, I know it."

Bill was getting bad vibes, and when he got to the bar, it got worse. She was sitting at the same table that Jill had chosen when he left her. He decided to be proactive. "I want to apologize for causing you to poop...," he began.

Sarah held up her hand to stop him. "Apology accepted," she said. "But let me start, and you should probably order a drink." The waitress had appeared at the table noting Bill's arrival. He ordered a Bourbon.

When the waitress moved away, he started to speak and again Sarah held up her hand. "Let me start. I never gave you my history, so I guess I can't fault you for not handling it."

"Cheryl said you'd been in an accident."

"Yes. My boyfriend and I were stopped at a traffic light, and a tractor-trailer rear-ended us. He was dead at the scene, and I wasn't in great shape. I woke up in the hospital. They thought I might have been paralyzed. In the end, the spinal cord was just heavily bruised. It took a lot of physical therapy to get me back on my feet. But the lasting effect was the urinary incontinence. I've been to specialists, and it's not likely to get better."

Bill just nodded. She went on. "After I was over the shock of the whole thing, I tried dating. Twice I got to the point of being intimate with a guy, and when he found that I was incontinent, that was all I heard of him. I decided I'd never find a guy who didn't regard me as defective."

"I don't regard you as defective. You're not defective," Bill interjected.

"I wish I could believe that. When Cheryl told me she had another customer that I might like, I figured here's a guy who won't think that way, or at least, we'd both be defective together. I was beginning to like you when I found out that you weren't in the same boat. I feared the rejection all over again."

"I should have told you at the outset," Bill started. "But I thought you wouldn't see me, seeing how I am defective."

"Defective?" she responded. "There's apparently nothing wrong with you."

"Well, I sort of feel that way. I mean, would a normal person wear and use diapers when they didn't have to? I knew I would have to tell you eventually, but I was afraid you'd think I was too weird."

"But I wear diapers, too."

"Yes, but you have a reason to wear them. I just do it by choice. Just too weird. I was sure you'd dump me when you found out. I feared that was what has happened."

The two gave each other a long silent contemplative look. It seemed to Bill like it was going to end up with her delivering the final blow when she reached out her hand. "Let's start this over. Hi, my name is Sarah. I was in a car accident, and I can't control my pee and wear diapers."

Bill took her hand. "Hi, I'm Bill. I like to wear diapers, so I do all the time. I haven't used the toilet in a long time."

They broke into laughter.

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"I still need my new laptop setup."

"Sure, bring it by tomorrow. I'll make sure the toilet is unlocked."

They laughed again.

Bill overslept the next morning and awoke to hear knocking at his door. Oh, right. Sarah. He hustled to answer the door. He looked out the peephole. It was her. He opened to the door and let her in. It was then he realized he was standing there in just his diaper.

"I do like the look on you," Sarah said with a smile.

"I'll go put something on."

"Suit yourself," she said.

He returned from throwing on a tracksuit and Sarah was unpacking her computer on his table. He made coffee for them and set to work. She stared impressed as he quickly moved through all the setup screens, only periodically asking her a question about something.

"So, tell me how you got started," she asked.

"I've always been interested in computers," he began.

“No, I mean diapers.”

He took a deep breath. “It started when I was a teenager. I had just started understanding sexuality and spent a lot of time jerking off. I guess all boys that age do. My mother caught me. She threatened to lock me up in a diaper to stop me from doing that. It was an idle threat, but somehow it both horrified me and intrigued me. I began to fantasize about being locked up like that.”

“I didn’t get to do anything about it until after I had my own apartment in college. I could then safely buy diapers and pretend I had no choice but to use them. I even bought a pair of plastic pants that had a chain around the waist and a little padlock. Of course, the real problem is what to do with the key. “

“Anyhow, I played around with diapers for years until I met Jill, my ex. She found the whole thing disgusting, so I went underground and locked all the diapers away in that suitcase. After she dumped me, I took the diapers out and put locked my underwear away. I also came up with the idea of the toilet lock. You know the rest.”

Sarah listened intently. Bill didn’t feel that she was critical, just curious. He got to a state in the setup of the computer where he said, “This next step will take a bit.”

Sarah excused herself and headed towards the back of the apartment. Bill assumed she was using the toilet, but she returned with his pair of locking plastic pants. “I found them,” she said with a smile.

She pulled his pants down, and he stepped out of them. She held out the plastic pants, and he stepped into them. She pulled them up and tightened the chain and inserted the padlock in. “There,” she said. “Is the only key?” Bill nodded. She tucked it into her pocket. “How long will that take,” she said pointing at the computer.

Bill looked at the progress on the screen. “Probably about 45 minutes.”

“OK, I’ve got some errands to run. Stay just like that,” she said patting his locked butt and left.

Bill sat there and looked at his waist. He was locked up, and he had no control over the key. He smiled.

After a few minutes, he had to pee and wet the diaper. He’d been in this situation for weeks, not being able to use the toilet, but when he had finished, he realized he was locked in. He couldn’t change the diaper until Sarah got back. It was a little scary. What if she didn’t come back? What if she was in a wreck?

He started to get anxious as after an hour passed. Was she coming back? Then there was a knock at the door. He looked out the peephole and breathed a sigh of relief. It was Sarah.

“Miss me?” she said as he opened the door. She was carrying bags from a local restaurant. “I brought lunch.”

“Yes,” he said. Sarah smiled and started setting out the food she had brought. As they started to eat, Bill asked a question. “So, do you have any fantasies?”

“About diapers?” she asked.

“Sure, or any others.”

She contemplated for a second. “I don’t really have any fantasies about wearing diapers. Too much reality.” She paused. “But, you already helped me with one fantasy.”

“Really, what?”

“I wanted someone to change me.”

“I hope I did well.”

“You did. Perhaps this was one reason I chose to come back after my little blow-up. You had taken care of the change in a kind fashion without any fuss.”

“I was just following your lead when you changed me.”

“You learned quickly.”

The finished their lunch, and Sarah asked, “Do you need a change?” Bill nodded, and they headed off to the bedroom. Sarah dug the key out of her pocket and unlocked Bill’s pants and started to change him. He reciprocated being as loving as possible while cleaning her up. He picked up one of her diapers from her bag and slid it under her. He was about to fasten the diaper in place when she stopped him and pulled him down on top of her.

“I must be doing something right,” Bill thought to himself as they launched into sex.

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After they finished, Sarah relaxed on the bed. She was still on top of the open diaper feeling almost normal, though she knew soon she’d feel the trickle of pee coming out.

“Can I try one of your diapers?” she asked Bill.

Bill grabbed a diaper, pins, and plastic pants and did her up. He then picked up her diaper from the bed

“You don’t want to do that,” Sarah interjected.

“Why? Turnabout is fair play,” Bills said.

“I mean, I wet it a little while I was lying here.”

“Oh,” he paused. “That’s OK.” He finished snapping it in place.

She stood up and took a few steps. “Wow, these are even bulkier than mine.”

They talked for a bit and then Sarah announced she needed to go home. She had early meetings the next day. "I better put you back in one of your diapers," she said. She took him back to his room and pinned one of his diapers on him. She dumped the used one of hers into the Cotton Bottoms pail.

"Cheryl's going to know we're back together," Bill said. "She notices when your diapers show up in my pail." They laughed.

"This one will end up in my pail later," she said patting the one of Bill's she was wearing.

She went over and picked up the locking plastic pants and quickly pulled them up. "You should buy more of these. You can't just wear one pair all the time." She clicked the lock into place. Bill started to protest. "I'll be back at seven in the morning. Bye" She left.

Bill thought to himself. Now he was locked in. Not just for an hour but until the next morning. I started to feel some regrets. Still, it was what he had dreamed about. He got on the computer and read through some websites for a while. He soon had to pee. He held it for a while, but soon there was no choice. He wet himself. He looked at his watch. Nine PM. It would be another ten hours before Sarah returned. He stayed up a bit later and then turned in. He had gone to bed in a wet diaper before, but it had been his choice. He found it difficult to sleep.

He awoke. He was wet. He remembered he was locked up. He looked at the clock and saw it was just before six. Still another hour. He had to pee again. He got up and hoped that the diaper was absorbent enough. He also realized that he needed to poop badly. It was 45 minutes before Sarah would arrive. He'd have to do it. He gave a gentle push and filled his diaper. He moved out into the kitchen and put on the coffee and pondered the situation.

The coffee was ready, but he wasn't sure he wanted to drink it seeing how he'd already wet the diaper twice. He looked at the clock. Thirty minutes. He decided to have a cup. He stood there standing in the kitchen slowly sipping it. Time crawled. He hoped she'd be on time. His phone rang. He ran over and picked it up and sat down without thinking. He regretted that as soon as he made the first contact with the chair. The poop smooshed all over his rear. It was a wrong number.

He sat there sitting in his own poop. Was this what he wanted? He stared at the clock. Ten minutes to go. He could stick it out. He turned on the news. The top of the hour came up. Sarah should be here. He went and looked out the peephole. Nobody. The headlines started up. He watched the major stories and looked at the time again. 7:05. Now he was nervous. What if she didn't come. He'd have to find a way to cut this lock off. He didn't have anything to do that. He'd have to go out in a poopy diaper and all to buy one.

Still, he was getting quite aroused by the predicament. Then the knock came. He rushed to the door and opened it. Thank God it was Sarah. He hadn't even thought to check.

Sarah sniffed the air. "I see someone is more than ready for a change." Bill just nodded, and she led him back and pulled the key from her purse and unlocked him. She pulled down the plastic pants. She unpinned the diaper and then carefully cleaned him up. His penis was standing erect. "I see someone

likes getting changed, too," she said giving his penis repeated wipes. She stopped before he climaxed and slid a new diaper into place and pinned it on.

She looked at the plastic pants. "I should put these back on you," she said. "But they need to be washed. Like I said, if we are going to keep this up, you're going to need more pairs." She dug through his supplies and found a different pair of plastic pants. These had little teddy bears printed on the plastic. "Oh, how cute," she said. She slid them up his legs. "Now, can I trust you to keep these in place until after work?"

He nodded. "Do you need a change?" he asked.

"So nice of you to ask, but no. I've got to get to work. Meet me at my place at six. No taking your pants off before then." She gave him a long kiss and headed out the door. He was in a dither. She had taken him right to the brink and then left. Was it just the diaper situation? He thought about her lying on the bed the night before. He closed his eyes and started stroking the plastic. She said to keep them on, but she didn't say he couldn't get some relief. He came. He collapsed on the bed thinking about what had transpired. He thought about Sarah. He dreamed she was lying next to him. He dreamed of putting his hand on her plastic encased crotch.

It came to him. It was more than just the diaper play. He was definitely falling for this girl.

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Bill got to Sarah's place just on time. She was still wearing her work clothes and asked him to come change her. He did, and she reciprocated. She suggested he fix them a couple of drinks while she put on something more casual. He went to the living room and found a small bar cart. He examined her stock. "Anything in particular you want?" he called to her.

"What are you having?" she asked.

"Knob Creek, on the rocks."

"Make me one, too."

He picked up two glasses and went to the fridge and got some ice. He came back to the bar and poured to measures of the bourbon out.

She came out wearing a romper. She bounced up and gave him a long kiss before taking the drink. "I thought we'd have dinner at Clyde's and then see if anything is playing at the theater."

"Sounds good."

They talked a bit over their drinks. Now that the diaper subject was out in the open they fell into a very comfortable banter. They continued talking. They made their way to the theater and picked out a movie. Sitting down with popcorn and drinks Bill leaned over and whispered, "I guess we don't have to worry about getting up to go to the restroom while the movie's on." They both laughed.

As the movie progress, Bill put his arm around Sarah. Sarah put her hand on his crotch. When he finally peed, and she felt the warmth, she patted him. After the movie, he asked if she needed a change.

"I do, but let's do it at my place."

A few days passed. Bill was sitting in his apartment in a t-shirt and diaper thinking about the good fortune his life had turned. He enjoyed spending time with Sarah. He even enjoyed changing her. It was fun when she locked him in. He was seriously contemplating taking her suggestion and buying more locking pants.

The doorbell rang. Could it be Sarah? He decided to take a look before putting on his pants. He looked out. Not Sarah, but Cheryl. What the hell he thought. He let her in.

"Cute," she said at his outfit. "I assume it's going better with Sarah?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I found her diapers in your pail and yours in hers. I figured you two were spending some time together."

"Oh, yeah. Sorry if that is confusing."

"Not a problem."

"Sarah even tried one of mine."

"Don't lose that girl. When's the wedding?"

Bill laughed. That was a ridiculous proposition. They hadn't been together that long.

"I'm serious," Cheryl reiterated. "You should propose to her."

Cheryl exchanged a package of clean diapers for his dirties and left. He chuckled. Propose to Sarah. That was a laugh. Sure they had fun together, and they had the common bond of the diapers but was something to base a relationship on. Hell, it almost broke them up.

Anyway, he decided to seriously consider getting more plastic pants. He started a hunt around the web. It had been several years since he had bought the original locking pair or most of his collection. His only recent purchases were for straight, white plastic ones. Quite utilitarian.

While most on the market were still the same ones he had, there were a few variations. By the time he was finished, he'd ordered four different ones. Then he saw some other plastic pants that looked interesting and ordered that. Can't have too many, he reasoned. That was enough for one day. He went and got dressed and headed into work.

Friday evening Sarah met Bill for drinks at the new bar they wanted to try, and then they headed out to dinner. The conversation was nice, and they decided to go back to Bill's place. When they got to Bill's a box was sitting on the doorstep. Bill scooped it up as he unlocked the apartment.

"What's that?" Sarah asked.

"Not sure," he said. He went to the kitchen and got a knife and sliced into the box. He immediately realized what it was. "My new plastic pants," he said.

"Let me see!" Sarah said with glee. They started pulling out the packages one by one and opening them. The first was a white pair of locking plastic pants very similar to the ones he already had. That was followed by a pair of light blue locking pants. The next pair had little teddy bears on them. "How cute," Sarah said. Bill looked a little embarrassed. "I'm going to put these on you as soon as we're done here."

The next pair was also locking but made of a clear plastic material. "I guess that won't leave anything to the imagination," Sarah smirked. She reached in and pulled out the next item. These weren't locking pants. She unfolded them from the package. White and sort of taffeta on the outside. Three layers of ruffles lined the backside.

Bill smiled. "I thought they would look good on you," he said, hoping he'd not crossed any lines. She turned them around a few times to examine them.

"OK. I'll play along. Besides, if I'm going to stay over, I'll need to use a few of your diapers. I only brought one spare of mine with me." Bill smiled. They made their way to the bedroom. Bill had Sarah down on the bed and was removing her diaper. He'd cleaned her up with wipes and grabbed one of his diapers to do her up. She stopped him. He worried for a second and then realized she was unfastening his pants. Seeing her in the plastic pants would have to wait.

After their sexual activity, he pinned a diaper on her and threaded the new plastic pants on her. She stood up and twirled around. "I was right. You do look cute in those." Sarah pushed him down on the bed and put a diaper on him. She chose the teddy bear plastic pants and slid those in place.

"These look cute on you," she said. She snapped the lock into place and looked at the key. "It may be tough keeping all the keys to these pants straight." She thought about it for a second and then took the key to one of the other pairs and tried it in the lock there. It opened. She tried the other pairs, including the old ones he had. The same key opened them all. "Well, this isn't very secure. We may have to visit a locksmith."

They both laughed.

The next morning after more diaper changes and sex, Sarah cooked breakfast with what she could find in Bill's refrigerator. There were eggs and a little bacon. She found a few potatoes in the pantry and fried of a scramble.

"I've got some errands to do today," Sarah said. "Can we meet up this evening."

"Sure," Bill said. Sarah got one more diaper change, this time putting on her usual all in ones. She changed Bill and snapped the lock in place on the plastic pants. She then went through and rounded up all the keys and put them in her purse. "See you at six."

Then she was gone. Here he was again. Locked up and the keys were all with Sarah. He thought about the situation. Exciting yet scary. He thought of Cheryl's suggestion. Maybe they could make a go of marriage. That was exciting yet scary as well. He had errands of his own to do and headed out.

Bill met Sarah at her place. He was carrying his diaper bag even though he had no way of changing himself. When she saw him toting that she said: "I presume that means you need a change." He nodded. They exchanged diaper changes, and then they went out, him locked up.

Dinner was nice, and they returned to Sarah's. Once inside and drinks poured, he turned to face her. "I have something important to ask you." She looked at him expectantly. He pulled a small box from his pocket and opened it exposing a ring. Her expression became one of surprise. "Will you marry me?"

Surprise turned to a look of concern and then panic. She had not expected this. She liked him well enough, but she was concerned. Did they have more in common than just diapers? She paused.

Now, Bill got the look of concerned. He had hoped she'd give an immediate yes answer. But she hadn't said anything.

"This is so sudden," she finally said. She thought a minute. "I need time." Bill was a bit heartbroken. Had he screwed up asking so quickly? "I think I need to be alone to think about this."

Bill got the picture. No more activity tonight. He gathered up his things. "I do love you, Sarah," he said in parting. He headed to the door.

"Bill, wait," he heard her say. He turned expectantly. Had she made up her mind already? She came toward him and reached to his belt and undid it slightly. She put her key in and removed the lock. She kissed him. "I'll call you," she said.

Bill made his way out. Now he was concerned. The fact that she had unlocked his pants meant that she wasn't going to commit to seeing him again soon. He went home and poured himself a healthy shot of whiskey.

Sarah was sitting home stewing when the phone rang. She hoped that it wasn't Bill. She needed this time to think about things herself. She glanced at the phone. It wasn't Bill's number. She answered.

“Hi, Sarah. How’s it going?” Cheryl’s cheery voice came through.

Sarah groaned but didn’t answer.

“I thought you and Bill were getting on pretty well. I talked to him a few days ago.”

“Perhaps he thought we were,” Sarah said with a bit of sarcasm.

“Uh oh,” Cheryl responded. “What happened?”

“He proposed.”

“And...”

“I told him I had to think about it.”

Cheryl thought about this a bit. “Sarah, I’m going to have to confess I may have pushed Bill a bit on this. But you didn’t say no, and you didn’t say yes. What are your concerns? It’s not the inferiority thing again. I thought we got past that.”

Sarah thought a second. “Well, we’ve been having fun without fantasies. He wants to be locked up in diapers, and I like the idea of someone to change me. It’s about the only thing that makes this whole incontinence situation bearable.”

“So?”

“So, does he like me for me, or just because of the diapers.”

“So let me get this straight. First, you thought you couldn’t have a relationship because you thought he wouldn’t like you because you wear diapers, now you think you don’t have a relationship because you think he likes you because you do wear diapers.”

“OK, I guess it is silly.”

“Look, do you do anything else other than play diaper games?”

“Sure, we talk, we see movies, we go out.”

“So you don’t think that’s a relationship on its own right?”

“Umm...” Sarah hemmed.

“Look, you do know he practically gave up diapers for several years to please his former girlfriend.”

“Yes, he told me that.”

“Think about it. And try not to put yourself down. There’s more to you than diapers one way or the other. You need to get over that.”

“Thanks, Cheryl.”

A knock came at Bill’s door. He looked out the peephole. It was Sarah. He was both elated to see her and dreading it. He opened the door.

“Hi,” he said.

“I’m ready to make a decision,” she said walking in. “But I need to do a few things first.”

“OK.”

“What’s your diaper status?” she said.

“Wet.”

“OK, let’s go change you.” She had him on the bed with his diaper off and was wiping him. His mind leapt to sex. This would have been foreplay a week ago. He didn’t know if he should. Tentatively he put his hand on her leg. She didn’t seem to have an adverse reaction. He slid it up her leg. He got a surprise.

She lifted her skirt. No diaper. A pair of lacy panties were there. He moved up to touch them.

“You like?” she said.

“They’re very sexy, but... how?” he asked.

“I’ll tell you later.”

She got on top of him, and he slid the panties down and away, and they made love. Afterward, she did his diaper up and then went to the drawer where he stored the plastic pants and rifled through them. She came up with the locking pair that was clear plastic and put those on him. She then grabbed a diaper for herself and the ruffled panties he had bought for her.

He was optimistic, but she still hadn’t said anything about her decision. She got her dress back in place and told him to put his pants on. They had an errand to run. He did so and then followed her out to her car.

They drove in silence to a small shop. A1 Locksmithing was what it said on the door. She walked in and approached the woman sitting at the counter. “I called earlier.” The clerk came to attention.

“Something about a small, but secure padlock?” the clerk said. She slid a tray over. “I’ve selected these as possible products,” she said. She talked about the merits of each. Sarah picked up one.

“This one looks like it may fit.”

“Did you bring the item with you?” the clerk asked placing stress on the word item.

Sarah turned to Bill and nodded. Bill now knew what was up. He slowly unfastened his pants and then slid them down. There was a small chuckle. Sarah must have already described where the lock was going.

Sarah took the key out of her pocket and unlocked the existing lock and handed it to the clerk. "Oh, yes. These things are junk," the woman said. Sarah fitted the new lock to the briefs and snapped it shut.

"It looks like it fits great," she said

Bill's heart was beating strongly. This was so absurd but exciting. What was Sarah doing?

"Oh, my. He's peeing" Bill looked down. He hadn't realized he was doing it, but sure enough through the plastic of the brief, you could see the diaper becoming soaked. The clerk broke into giggles.

"I believe you had something to ask me," Sarah said. "Would you like to try again?"

Bill reached down to his pants. He had stowed something in the pocket in the hopes of needing it. However, he decided that rather than pulling his pants up he'd just take them the rest of the way off. He then fished two items out of the pocket before setting the pants aside.

Clad in the diaper, he got down on one knee and opened the first box. "Sarah, will you marry me?"

"Yes," she said and gave him a prolonged kiss. She patted his rear and then asked. "What's in the other box?"

He picked it up and opened it. It was a gold chain. On the chain was one of the diaper lock keys. "I thought you might want to keep this close to you. She kissed him again.

The clerk cleared her throat. They broke apart, and Bill put his pants back on. "I can change that key," the clerk said. Sarah handed her the box, and after a minute she came back. Sarah withdrew the chain and put it around her neck. "There's a spare key underneath."

"Thanks," Sarah said. "Can you take our picture?"

Sarah passed over her phone and Bill reenacted his proposal pose, this time fully clothed and the clerk to the picture.

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Bill and Sarah spent the next weeks planning the wedding. They decided that they'd have a small service at a local hotel with a reception to follow. Sarah had her family and Bill had his, along with a small group of friends. They picked a date. Of course, Sarah had an immediate selection for the maid of honor. Without Cheryl, they'd not have been together.

One item still to be resolved is where they were going to live. They both realized that Sarah's place was too small, lacking a room to use for a home office that Bill needed for his work. Sarah didn't like the location of Bill's place either. They started a hunt.

Bill got a call one day from Sarah. "You need to come to 115 Prospect Street right away. I may have found the perfect apartment."

"On my way," Bill replied and headed out the door. He found the building in a trendy section of downtown. He walked into the lobby and Sarah was there.

"One of my coworkers has a place here. She told me there was a unit available and I just saw it, come."

The manager led them to the apartment. He showed them a nice living room and kitchen. There were two bedrooms which was perfect. "Now here's the great part," Sarah said leading him through to the master bath. He stared at the bathroom not quite comprehending. Sarah swept her hand over the large vanity in the bath. "Look how large this is."

The landlord broke in explaining how convenient having the space was, especially with women and all their cosmetics and hair dryers and such. It didn't mean much to Bill. Sarah moved in closely and whispered, "Think, changing table." Bill looked again. There was easily six feet of clear space beyond the sink. Lots of drawers underneath. He smiled. "We'll take it."

After the landlord was out of earshot, Sarah pointed out there was a linen closet that could easily hold the diaper pail. "Just one?" Bill asked.

"We only need one," Sarah replied.

"Isn't sorting out yours versus mine going to be a problem for Cheryl?" Bill asked.

"I've decided to wear the same pinnable diapers like you. I'll need to get some plastic pants, but I can get started with the ones of yours that don't lock. I'll order more of both. We'll need them. Let me take care of it."

Bill just nodded his assent.

They proceeded to move their things from their respective apartments to the new place. Sarah had indeed made her switch away from the all in ones to the same diapers Bill used. Bill continued to change her any time they were together and she kept him locked up most of the time.

About two weeks before the wedding a large box arrived. Sarah opened it with glee. It contained more plastic pants, locking and not, in quite an assortment. She had spent a happy evening researching these and picking them out. Also, there as a selection of various disposable diapers. Bill came into Sarah spreading them out on the living room floor.

"That's quite a stash," he said.

“Well, it’s probably not practical to take Cheryl’s diapers on the honeymoon. We’d have to haul all the dirty ones back.”

“And the lock on mine will probably set off the metal detector, and that might take some explaining,” Bill said sheepishly. He looked through the piles. Not only were there plain white diapers like he had worn before, but a variety of others, some all black, some with juvenile prints on them, even some pink ones. Bill stared.

Sarah looked down and said, “I just thought they were cute. Besides I need the black ones for under certain of my dresses.”

Bill just nodded.

Soon, the wedding day came. Bill was banished from the house, so he headed over to his best man’s to get dressed. Cheryl was helping Sarah prepare for the ceremony. Bill made his way to the hotel with the best man. He stood near the front of the hall. A friend of Cheryl’s who happened to be a minister was standing ready to officiate. The music started. Cheryl entered in a very nice dress, but then all eyes turned as Sarah was led in by her father.

Bill smiled. She was lovely. He didn’t remember much of the service after that. He got through the vows and the I do’s, and in a heartbeat, it was “You may kiss the bride” time. Bill did so in earnest. They walked out of the room and headed over to get pictures taken while the rest of the guests headed for the reception.

Bill beamed. He leaned over to Sarah and asked her if she needed a change.

“I’m good. Cheryl double diapered me. Good thing this dress has a full skirt.” Then she paused and broke into laughter. “I guess I give credence to the rumor of bridal diapers.” They both laughed and headed into the reception.

Afterward, they headed back to their place. Bill helped Sarah out of her dress revealing a white satin pair of plastic pants with ruffles. They had added a small mat to the vanity in the bathroom to make a comfortable changing table. She climbed up, and he slid them down. “You are wet,” he said unpinning the first diaper and then the second. She sat up and started undressing him. She leaned down and used the key on her neck chain to unlock his pants and removed them. They headed off toward the bed.

The next morning they got ready to leave. Sarah had put on the pink diapers, and she pulled out another from the drawer. “These would look cute on them.” Bill made a mock scowl. “OK, how about this one.” She pulled out one with teddy bears. He got up on the changing table, and she fitted it to him.

They headed off to the airport to their honeymoon and to launch their married life. Sarah had packed plenty of diapers for the trip. And she was determined to get Bill into the pink ones at some point. She smiled at the idea.

Bill looked at his new bride and smiled back.

The End.