

I blearily opened my eyes. The room was quite bright with natural light meaning it was well into the morning, at least. My mouth felt like sandpaper, and my head ached. I was lying on the floor. I needed two ibuprofens and some liquid. I stood up and carefully got to my feet and shuffled to the bathroom. I shuffled through the cabinet and found the pills. I shook two into my mouth. I grabbed the cup and filled it with water and washed them down. Then I filled the cup again and drank more.

Coffee, I needed coffee. I went down and primed the pot and then leaned up against the fridge while it gurgled its brown liquid into the carafe. I grabbed a cup and stole a cup mid-cycle. After consuming half of it, I felt somewhat more alive. I headed into the hall and then caught a look at myself in the mirror. Hanging over my chest was a sash that said 2018. Down below was just a diaper.

I had no recollection of how I got like this. Had I driven home this way? I must have been the New Year's baby somewhere, but where? I pulled forward the waistband of the diaper. I was wearing nothing underneath. At least I hadn't apparently wet or soiled myself in the process.

I moved to the bedroom. On the unslept-in bed was a bag of adult diapers that had been torn open. That accounted for part of my attire, I guess. I went to the dresser and grabbed a pair of boxers. I tore the diaper off and pulled them on. I found my robe and put that on and went out for more coffee.

Just what had happened last night. I thought back to yesterday. Yes, I was going out with Allison. I remember she wanted to get dressed up and after some wheedling convinced me to put on my tux. I grabbed another cup of coffee and headed back to the bedroom. There was no sign of the tux in the room. I looked in the closet, and it wasn't there. I went back to the living room. No sign of it. Was it still wherever I was when I got dressed as the baby? I just couldn't remember.

And where was Allison? Almost certainly I would have tried to bring her back here afterward. There was no sign of her. The bed didn't appear to have been slept in, so it wasn't the case that she had stayed and left early. I had woken up on the floor. I looked for my phone. No dice. Must be in my tux. The same story was with my wallet. Great. I guess the first order of business was to find Allison. Maybe she had all my stuff. Had she just dumped me in my apartment and let me pass out on the floor?

I drained the last of the cup and was heading to refill it when I felt an odd sensation. I untied the robe and spread it open and looked. Sure enough, I had just wet my pants. What the hell? Was I still drunk? I'd never been so drunk that I'd pissed myself before. I went back to the bedroom and threw the wet shorts on top of the diaper and got another pair out. I had to figure out what was going on.

I had to find Allison. I didn't know her number off the top of my head. It was on my cell phone. I fired up my laptop and shot her an email. I stared at the screen for five minutes, but no response came. Great. I pulled on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt and went downstairs. Maybe my stuff was in my car. I looked in the carport. No car. Great, another thing missing. I must have Ubered home last night or something.

I stood there just staring at the empty parking space when I felt something again. I looked down. I'd wet my pants again. What the hell? I headed back to my apartment. My neighbor was taking her trash out.

"You look like you partied hard last night," she said cheerily.

"A bit too much, I think," I said.

She looked at my crotch and giggled. Great, now my neighbor knew I'd peed myself. I went back up to my apartment and looked at the computer again. Still nothing from Allison. I took stock of what was missing:

No girlfriend, no car, no keys, no cell phone, no wallet, no tux. Nothing else seemed out of place. Just everything that I had with me last night was missing. I tried to think about what I could do. The internet I had. My landline phone that I rarely used worked. I couldn't Uber, as I had no phone. I couldn't even call a cab as I didn't have my wallet to pay.

Where would I go? Allison's place? What if she wasn't there? If she was there, she'd surely answer my emails. Maybe if I could remember just where we were last night, I could go there. I could call them if I knew who they were. I sat there hard trying to puzzle things out. My crotch was cold and clammy. I'd need to do something about that first. I went back to the bedroom and peeled out of the wet clothes. I was about to pull another pair of underpants out of the dresser when I thought better of it. I went and pulled another diaper out of the bag. With great trepidation, I taped it in place. I scooped up all the wet clothes and tossed them in the washer. I added detergent and started the circle.

I went to my desk and tried to come up with a plan. I looked through the drawers. OK, I had a checkbook. I could write a check to someone if it came to that. I had a spare set of keys. I could lock up the apartment if I wanted to leave and I could get into my car if I could find it. I dug through a little further and found an envelope with a credit card inside it. It was an account I didn't use. I called the number on the little sticker to activate it, and it worked. Good, at least I had some resources. I had a passport. Not much use right now. I was just going through the bottom drawer when the doorbell rang.

Allison. I thought. I ran out to the door and flung it open. "Alli..."

"Hi, I just wanted to make sure you were OK," Bill said. It was one of my neighbors. "You were pretty wasted when you staggered in last night."

"Oh, yeah. Thanks, I'm OK," I thought about it. "You didn't see anybody with me. My girlfriend Allison?"

"Nope, just you. You were kind of staggering down the hall bumping into things."

"Sorry if I woke you," I said.

"Nope, we were still up ourselves. You were pretty much the way you are now. Except you weren't wearing a shirt."

I looked down at myself. Crap, I'd put on the diaper, but I hadn't put on pants over it.

"OK, well thanks for checking. I've got to see if I can find my girl, my car, and stuff."

“Well, if you need any help, just knock on our door.”

“Thanks.” I shut the door, thankful not to have to explain the diaper. I didn’t have one. At least he saw me come in last night probably with the sash on dressed as the New Year baby so while it was strange, not overly strange.”

I decided I better get some pants on so I pulled some sweatpants out of the dresser and pulled them on over the diaper. I checked the computer. I wrote another, more urgent letter to Allison. I decided to kill some time. I brought up Facebook. There were messages. “Wild way to ring in the New Year.” “Way to party.” Pictures on the feed showed me dancing on the table in the diaper and sash. I guess I had a good time. I tried to see if I could figure out the venue but couldn’t make it out. No information led me to identify where it was.

It did, however, indicate that there were other friends of mine in attendance. I could call them. Wait, I only text most of them, and that’s all on my phone. I could message them on facebook. Well, if I get desperate, I could try that. I was on my fifth cup of coffee and was finally beginning to be able to think. I stood up and looked out the window. Where was my car? Where was Allison? I felt warm down low. I looked in the diaper, and it looked OK. I felt the front of it. No, I had used it. It just soaked it up well. I went back and looked at the diaper I woke up in. I realized I had been wrong. It was quite wet inside.

Great, in addition to the other mysteries, I had to wonder, why I was peeing myself and when this was going to stop. I went and got another diaper and changed. I bagged up the two dirty ones just as the doorbell rang.

“Allis...” I started as I swung it open. Again, it wasn’t her. This time it was a police officer in uniform.

“Can I help you, officer?” I asked nervously.

“Are you David Alexander?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Are you OK, sir?” he asked.

I thought long about this. What did he know that I didn’t? “I’m fine. Why do you ask?”

“Allison Moss thought you might not be.”

“Is Allison OK? I’ve been trying to reach her all morning.”

“We have her in the county lockup. We found her in an extremely intoxicated state, walking down Sixth Street in a diaper.”

A took a step back. Whatever was going on with me was also happening to some extent to her.

“She’ll be sobered up enough to release soon. She did tell us that you were with her and she lost you and feared you might be hurt.”

“I woke up passed out in my apartment,” I confessed. “My car isn’t here. I must have left it wherever I was last night and gotten home some other way.”

“OK, we just had to check,” the officer explained.

He was about to leave, and I thought about something. “Are you going back to the station? I’d kind of like to be there when Allison gets out.”

“Sure, I can give you a ride.” I ran back to the office and grabbed the passport, credit card, checkbook, and spare keys.

Allison was still being processed when I got there. I sat on a bench out front and pondered what to do. First I had to find out what Allison knew. Hopefully, she knew where we were last night. Given that, hopefully, we could find my car.

About a half an hour later Allison emerged from the station door. She was wearing an orange jumpsuit. “Oh, Allison. I’ve been really worried I said as we hugged.”

“This is all too strange,” she said. “They found me walking around in a diaper. They at least let me have this jumpsuit until I can get some clothes. I’m glad you’re OK.”

“Mostly. I woke up wearing just a diaper and a sash that said ‘2018’ on the floor of my apartment. I have no idea where my wallet, my clothes, or my car is. Do you have any idea?”

“All I remember is you saying we were going to have a great time. You picked me up, and you were wearing a tux. I sort of remember you convincing me to put on a diaper, but I’m fairly certain I had a dress on over it.”

“I’ve been emailing you all morning,” I said. “Then this cop came to my door.”

Allison took out her phone and poked at it. “They just gave me my phone back. They took it from me when they arrested me.”

“I have no idea where mine is. Probably still in my tux pocket.”

“Mine was tucked into my diaper,” she said. “Which by the way, I’ve seemed to have wet at some point. Let’s go to my apartment so I can get clothes.”

She called for an Uber, and in short order, we were at her apartment. I didn’t mention the fact that I was still wearing a diaper. Nor did I mention the one I was wearing was also in need of changing. Hopefully, she wasn’t experiencing that part.

She came out wearing jeans and a blouse. She had folded the jumpsuit up. “I have to take this back at some point.”

“Do you have any idea where we were last night?” I said.

“They found me walking down Sixth. I guess we can start looking for our stuff there.”

“Are there any clues on your phone?” I asked. She took her phone and started swiping through things. Then she stopped. She held it up. It was me on the table in the diaper and sash. “Any idea where that was taken.”

She looked back at it and then zoomed up the picture.

“It looks like RIO,” she said holding it back up for me to see. “See here.”

“Yes, I think you’re right.”

“Well let's go she said taking a step toward the door and then stopped.”

“Oh my gosh,” she said. I was going to ask what the problem was when I saw the stain growing at her crotch.

“I’ve been having that problem all morning, too,” I admitted. “I finally put another diaper on.”

She stared down at herself in disbelief. She ran off and came out with dry pants. “I put a pad in my underwear, but I don’t think it’s going to be enough. If you’ve got more diapers at your place, let’s go there first.” She held up her car keys. “At least I know where my car is.”

We got to my apartment, and Allison grabbed a diaper and went into the bathroom to put it on. She changed into dry jeans at the same time. We were back in her car in a few minutes and heading downtown. “I knew I shouldn’t have let you talk me into wearing a diaper last night,” she said. “Now look.”

“I don’t remember any of this,” I confessed. “I know I found the bag of diapers in my bedroom this morning, but I didn’t know why.”

“You said it would be neat if we took off our clothes at midnight and danced as the New Years babies. I don’t remember it happening, but it must have. I was found walking on Sixth street at four in the morning wearing just a diaper and a bra that had 20 on one cup and 18 on the other.”

“Cute,” I said. “I was wearing a sash that said 2018. You saw the picture.”

We got downtown, and I craned my neck back and forth scanning.

“RIO’s ahead on the right,” she said.

“Yeah, I’m just trying to spot my car.”

We parked in a lot diagonally across the street. Still no sign of my car. We walked over to the deserted bar. “I guess it’s a bit early for anybody to be here.” I tried the door and it was unlocked. I walked in to find a guy sweeping the floor.

“We’re not open,” he said without looking up.

“That’s OK. I just wanted to ask something. Was I here last night?” I said.

He looked up. No recognition. “There were a lot of people here last night,” he said.

I asked Alison for her phone. I showed him the picture. “This was taken here, wasn’t it?”

“Oh, yes. That’s this place.” He looked at the picture and then at me. “That’s you? You look different with your clothes on.”

“And me?” Allison asked.

“Oh yeah,” he said. “The two of you came in wearing diapers about two AM. You were drinking out of a mason jar, and this one jumped up on the table and started to dance. The bouncers came pretty quickly. You were pretty wasted, and we don’t allow people to bring in alcohol. It’s against the law.”

“Then what happened?”

“Well, you chugged the last of whatever it was in the jar. The other patrons were cheering you guys on, so the bouncers backed off. We let you hang for a bit, but you moved on about a half an hour later.”

“Did we leave anything here?”

“I don’t think so. You didn’t have much when you came in. If you’d had taken anything more off, we’d have had to call the cops.”

“Did you see which way we went?”

“I think you headed west, towards Lamar.”

“OK, thanks.”

We went back out to the street. “Well that wasn’t much help,” Allison said.

“Well, I think it was. Where did they find you?”

“By the Whole Foods... on Sixth and Lamar,” she said. It was beginning to dawn on her.

“Yeah, I think we started bar hopping. Most of the bars are east of here. Also, the diner is across from Whole Foods. I think I might have been heading to get something to eat. I’ve ended up there before, and they’ve called me cabs.”

“So you want to try that?”

“No, that would only explain how I got home. I want to know where my car and stuff is. Let’s start east and see if we can trace our path backward.”

We stared down Sixth looking for bars. All the while I was also looking down side streets and in lots for a sign of my car. Our biggest problem was most of the places were still closed. We did find one bar that remembered the diaper couple passing through. It was slightly earlier in the evening than RIO, so we felt we were headed in the right direction.

“Um... Dave?” Allison said.

“Yes?”

“I think my diaper is leaking.”

“Mine’s pretty wet too. We should have brought some with us. Do you want to go back to my place?”

“No, I think we’re on a roll here. There’s a CVS over there. Let’s go buy some there.”

We walked over the CVS and hunted around. We found the incontinence supply aisle and looked through the offerings. “What’s your waist size?” she asked me.

“34.”

“This looks like it will fit us both.” She looked up and found a package of cleansing wipes. We took those over to the pharmacy and paid for them. “Do you have a restroom?” Allison asked the clerk.

We were directed towards the restroom. Allison went in first and changed. She came out and handed me the bag, and I went in and pulled out the second diaper and changed into it. I balled up my wet diaper and threw it into the trash. I wondered how long this was going to persist.

We decided to put the bag in Allison's car and grab some lunch. Normally, I'd have had a beer or a big soda with my meal, but I figured it would be better at this point if I just had a little water. After lunch, we started out again.

"This is getting tedious," Allison said at one point. "We might have missed where we were in one of these clubs that was closed."

We stopped and sat down on a bus bench. I tried to put myself back in the frame of mind before New Years. If I were going to party on New Years, where would I go? "Let's try Maggie Mae's," I concluded.

We got to Maggie Mae's and again the door was open. A bartender was stacking glasses behind the bar. I went up to him. "We're not open yet," he said.

"I don't want a drink. I want to know if saw me here last night."

"There were a lot of people here last night." This was getting to be the standard answer.

"We were likely dressed only in a diaper."

He then turned and smiled at us. "Oh, it's you." Now we were getting someplace. "I've got your stuff behind the bar."

Allison and I looked at each other. We were getting somewhere. He reached down and retrieved a stack from under the bar and slid it over. It was my tux, Allison's dress, and her purse. She grabbed for the purse. I took the tux jacket and started going through the pockets.

"I figured you'd come looking for that. I was getting ready to see if I could find your number and let you know this was here," the bartender explained.

"What happened last night?" Allison blurted out.

"You don't remember?" the bartender asked. Allison just shook her head. "Well, you guys were here. Everything seemed normal until midnight. As the ball fell, you guys took your clothes off and started dancing around in diapers. You kissed each other and then you started kissing everybody else. People were taking pictures with you. Then you said you were moving on down the road. I tried to chase after you, but Sixth was a zoo at that point. I couldn't see where you went."

"Did we seem OK when we came in?" Allison asked.

"Yeah, nothing out of the ordinary until you got undressed. But you must have planned that, right? You had the diapers on. You had 2018 written on your bra. I mean, you had been drinking a little. I think you mentioned something about coming from the Nickel."

This was another clue. The Thirsty Nickel was a dive bar around the corner. I was beginning to have a better understanding. I'd have to investigate that further. I finished digging through my pockets.

"Find everything?" Allison asked.

"I've got my wallet and my phone. And this." I held up a parking stub.

"What is it."

"A parking stub for parking garage over by the Hilton. I bet that's where my car and keys are."

I pulled out a ten from my wallet and slipped it to the bartender. "Thanks for watching our stuff."

We headed out of the bar. Allison asked if we were getting my car. I told her I had one stop to make first. I went around the corner to the Nickel. Fortunately, they open early. I pushed in.

"Hi, Mac," I said to the bartender.

"Hey, Dave. How's it going?"

"I'm OK. Hey did I stop in here last night?"

"You were here early. You had a beer and your girl a white wine. You talked to Rat for a minute, and then you headed out."

"Thanks." We left, and we headed to the garage. I handed my stub to the cashier.

"You parked here yesterday?" she asked.

"Yeah, drank too much. Took a cab home," I explained. I paid, and in short order, my car was delivered. I drove Allison back to her car.

"Who's Rat? Are we going to see him next?"

"We won't find him at this hour. I might come back this evening to talk to him, but I've got a bad feeling about this. What do you want to do now?"

"I want to go home and sit in a hot bath. I'll call you later."

"OK, I could use a shower, too."

I headed home. I started the shower running while I peeled off the diaper. It was soaked through. Was this ever going to stop? I didn't want to alarm Allison earlier, but I needed to talk to Rat."

I got back to my apartment and hung my tux up in the closet. I peeled out of my clothes and started the shower running. I stood there waiting for the water to warm up and a weak stream of urine came from my penis. Gosh, when was this ever going to end. I grabbed some toilet paper and dried up the little puddle and then got in the shower.

I just let the steam envelop me and stood there in the hot blast. Maybe this could unfog my head. I tried to think. I remember daring Allison the day before to wear a diaper last night and that we should dance in them at midnight. I just couldn't remember anything about last night. No recollection of parking the car. No recollection of even the Nickel or talking to Rat.

My teeth started to clench with the tension of the matter. I've got to calm down. This is not the end of the world. I finished the shower and dried off. Remembering the incident before the shower, I went and put another diaper on. If this keeps up, I'm going to need another bag of diapers.

I stood there in just the diaper shaving and brushing my teeth. Still, my jaw was clenching. Relax, I told myself. I was thirsty. I had held off drinking much earlier because of uncertainty about the sudden incontinence, but after resigning myself to diapers for the short term, I decided to have a beer.

When the cold amber fluid hit my front teeth, I almost screamed in pain. What was it? Had I suddenly got cold sensitive? Crap. What else could go wrong? I thought about it a second and went into the cabinet and came up with a plastic sports cup. I pulled the flexible straw out of it and stuck it in the beer bottle. I took a sip. OK, I'd never had to drink beer with a straw before.

I made plans. I'd go back to the Nickel tonight and see if I could get a line on Rat. If not there, I'll try his other dives. He must know something about this. I must have said something to him before we headed over to Maggie Mae's. It had to be a clue

The phone rang. It was Allison "Have you seen the Chronicle web page?" she blurted out. I hadn't been near the computer. I brought it up.

"What am I looking for?"

"Just scroll down."

I saw it. The headline was "Revelers Bring In New Year." Below it was a picture of two diaper-clad people dancing on a bus bench with a crowd of other partying people cheering them on. "Big Babies on Sixth" the caption said. At least it didn't mention our names and the picture wasn't all that clear. Hopefully, nobody would make out our identities."

"I also checked the facebook pages of several of the bars. We're either the subject or in the background in a bunch of pictures, in multiple barzzzz." The last word sounded funny the way she said it.

"My teeth keep clenching," she said. "It must be the stress of all this." I kept my similar observations to myself. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going back tonight and see if I can find Rat. We seemed to be OK at the Nickel."

"Who is this Rat?"

"He's a guy I used to hang out with in college. We kind of went our separate ways. He spends a lot of his time in dives. He's got a hundred and one interests but never applies himself to any particular one to be successful. As long as he makes enough to clear his bar tab, he's happy."

"Do you think he knows what's going on?"

"I don't know, but he was there, so I want to talk to him."

"OK."

I waited until after ten and headed back to the Nickel.

"Hi, Mac," I said to the bartender. "You seen Rat tonight?"

"Not tonight. Think he's been hanging at Ginny's of late."

I made my way up the street. I took a peek in a few more of Rat's possible haunts on the way without spotting him. I got into Ginny's. Time had passed this place by. It's the only bar I know around, other than the high-end cigar bars, where you could still smoke. I made my way through the haze and saw Rat sitting on a stool, shot glass in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

"Hey, Dave," he said and then tossed back the shot.

"Hey, Rat. How's it going?" I started with some chit-chat. After a bit, I got down to business. "Rat, did we talk at nickel last night."

"Dude, you must be getting' old. Yeah, we talked. You and your lady was about to go out and paint the town red."

"That it?"

"Well, you were afraid she might chicken out. I offered some of my shine to help." Rat was what he referred to as an artisan distiller. He made small batches of moonshine. All illegal, but so small that it wasn't going to attract any attention with the law. He periodically shot me a mason jar of his latest production. Sometimes it wasn't bad. I then remembered the bartender saying that I was drinking out of a mason jar. I must have been carrying it with me.

"Yeah, we drank the whole thing down before the night was over."

"Whoa, dude. That stuff was potent. I put some special extract in it."

Now I was concerned. Rat loved to talk in euphemisms. "Extract?"

"Yeah, some mind-blowing stuff I picked up."

"There were drugs in that shine? What?"

"I'm not sure, had a name like Purple Rain or Deep Purple or some song like that."

"Damn it, Rat! You should have told me!"

"I told you it was special and would help with your girl."

I ordered a shot and a beer. What the hell, Rat? I threw back the shot. I questioned him further about what the nature of the drugs without getting anywhere. I pulled a swig on my beer and almost screamed. My damned teeth again. I wasn't going to ask for a straw here. I left the bottle on the bar and split.

I went home and changed my diaper. I looked at the contents of the bag. If this kept up, I'd need to buy more. I decided not to call Allison. I'd sleep on it. If things didn't get better in the morning, I'd call her and my doctor and figure out what we had to do.

I woke up early the next morning to find my diaper soaked through. Great. I pulled the sheets off my bed and stuffed them in the wash. I put on a clean diaper and called my doctor. They weren't open yet, but I gave a brief explanation of my problem and that I thought I had been inadvertently drugged.

Forty-five minutes later the phone rang. It was the doctor. He discussed a few things with me and recommended I see a specialist. I called them and was lucky to get an appointment for eleven. I figured I better call Allison.

“How are you doing?”

“Still the same. Wetting like crazy. Still grinding my teeth and I don’t know if it’s because of the grinding, but my front teeth are really sensitive.”

“I got a hold of Rat last night.”

“And...”

“It seems he gave me some of his homemade hooch. The bad news was that he had doctored it with something and I apparently missed the cue that he had done that. I think we both drank a pretty healthy amount of whatever it was.”

There was silence for a long time on the phone.

“Allison?”

Nothing.

“Allison, I’ve got an appointment with a drug specialist at eleven. Hopefully, he’ll know what to do about this.”

“I’m coming with you.”

I met Allison in the lobby of the professional building. She was lugging a shoulder bag.

“Big purse?”

“It’s a fucking diaper bag, you idiot.”

OK, so there was a little hostility here. We got through the formalities and got into the doctor.

“A friend of mine slipped two of us some drugs last night. I’m pretty sure we consumed a substantial amount,” I explained to the doctor.

“Symptoms?”

“Well, for one we can’t remember anything about what happened that night. It took a bit of detective work to unravel what happens.”

“Hmm... sounds like one of the date rape drugs, GHB, Rohypnol, or Ketamine. Anything else?”

“Um, yes... we’ve both seemed to have developed incontinence as a result.”

“I’ve heard of that with long-term users of ketamine, but this was your first time, right?”

“Yes, and our jaws have also been clenching.”

“That occurs a lot with ecstasy, any chance this was a mix?”

“Don’t know. I don’t know if it is because of the grinding, but our teeth have been very temperature sensitive as well.”

The doctor sat back and thought for a minute. “Well, I’ll draw blood from both of you, and we’ll have it tested.” Any other information.

“The guy who slipped it to us said he thought it had a name like Purple Rain or Deep Purple or some song with purple in it.”

“Purple is one of the slang names for ketamine. But this doesn’t sound like a straight ketamine reaction. Let me check something.”

He turned around to a computer and started typing. “The street drugs change faster than legitimate drugs at times. We now have a database to keep up on it. I’m typing your symptoms in and the term ‘purple.’ and we’ll see.”

He pulled back from the keyboard and watched. He then made a few clicks. “OK, here it is, I think. It’s called methoxyketamine. It’s a new drug developed from ketamine. It goes by the name ‘Purple Haze.’”

There it was. Rat’s associative memory. Some song with Purple in it. Jimi Hendrix, not Prince or whoever.

“What do we do?”

“Well, we’ll test to make sure that’s what it is. Frankly, there’s no antidote. We can do some supportive treatment. You should take some magnesium supplement. That’s over the counter at the pharmacy. That will help with the clenching. You should try sleeping with a mouth guard. You can get those at the drug store as well. Some of the X users use a pacifier.”

“Great, diapers and a pacifier. Can it get any worse?” Allison chimed in.

“I guess a baby bottle might help you drink without hurting your teeth,” the doctor said with a smile. Allison was seething.

“I found a straw works just fine.”

Allison and I thanked the doctor and left. “Now what?”

“Off to the pharmacy,” she said. We found there was one in the building, so we went there. I found the oral care section; I grabbed to mouth guards and two tubes of Sensodyne toothpaste. I met at the cashier and traded Allison one of each for one of the two bottles of Magnesium pills she had.”

Allison addressed the clerk. “Do you have any absorbent adult diapers? I’ve got these from CVS, and they’re not all that good.”

The clerk got Allison some better diapers, Tena. I got a bag as well. I tried to engage Allison in conversation as we left the store, but she just turned and walked off. I guess I didn’t blame her for the hostility. I went home and knew I needed a diaper change. I decided to use up the existing diapers before opening the new package.

I went into the kitchen and popped a couple of magnesium pills. I hope this helps. I then tore open the mouthguard package. Reading the instructions, it said I had to boil it and then fit it. Just like my old high school football mouth protector I thought. While I stood

there waiting for the guard to soften I felt the now all too familiar feeling of my diaper getting warmer.

I decided to give Allison a few days to calm down. I got a phone call from the doctor a few days later. He said that the blood tests did confirm a fairly substantial dose of purple haze in both of us. He couldn't give us any prognosis on recovery. I called Allison.

"Allison, Dave." I tried to sound cheery.

"What?" came the icy response.

"I got the report from the doctor. "

Silence.

"It was purple haze. It was in both our blood. The doctor can't really give us any idea as to how long this will last."

There was a short pause and then. "Thank you." Still icy.

"Allison, I'm ..." I started to apologize again, but I realized she had hung up.

I was really hoping she'd have settled down a bit. I guess I couldn't blame her. She went out with me and now was wetting herself uncontrollably.

I decided I had to get on with my life. I put my sheets in the dryer and put a clean set on the bed. I'd sleep in the Tena tonight for sure. I dug around in my closet and came up with a larger computer case I'd not used in years. This would make an acceptable diaper bag. I got my keys and headed out to the market. I needed to get something for dinner. I searched and found a box of straws. I'll need these. I passed the baby section. I remember the doctor's recommendation for a pacifier and thought about it for a second and then passed. I got a pack of chewing gum instead.

I went to work the next day. By lunch I was wet, but the Tena held up well. I was nervous about changing in the men's room at the office, so I headed over to a local sub shop and ordered there. I popped into their bathroom and changed. That should get me through to the end of the day.

I got home at the end of the day and surveyed the stock of diapers. I was going to have to get more. For now, I'd use the cheap diapers awake at home and save the Tenas for work and sleeping. I texted Allison. No answer, which I guess didn't surprise me. She was still mad at me. I wondered if this was ever going to change. Had I blown my chance with her?

A week passed. I called the doctor, and he said that only time would tell if things would get better, but told me it was possible that they would not. He suggested that in a few weeks if there was no change that I could get a referral to a urologist and some other specialists to see what could be done medically.

I tried again to contact Allison. I got no response. Desperate, I headed over to her apartment. The door was open when I got there, and a man in white coveralls was painting. The place was deserted. "Do you know what happened to the woman who lived here?" I asked.

"She moved out last week," the painter offered, but that was it.

I texted Allison, "I went to your place and saw you moved. We need to talk."

A few seconds later an answer came back. "I'm not ready, yet."

Not ready? Well, that was terse, but at least she wasn't completely ignoring me. I guess I had little choice other than giving her time. I didn't even know where she lived now. I got a case of Tenax from the same store in the doctor's building. I went to see a urologist, and he had done some research into ketamine-induced bladder damage which he related in a real scary way. The good news, he insisted, is that this doesn't sound anything like that. I had appointments going forward, and he offered some info on various things other than diapers I might want to try.

Several didn't sound too promising. One was putting a clip across my penis to keep it from leaking. Didn't sound comfortable in the long run. Others were just variants on the diapers. Pads and guards to soak up the leakage. The last was an external catheter. This was essentially a condom with a drain on it that fed to a bag I would wear on my leg. I decided to give that one a try.

I got the package home. There was a recommendation that I might want to shave the area. I decided to forgo this at the outset. I worked the condom over my penis and squeezed it in place. I connected up the tubing and the leg bag. I looked at myself in the mirror. This was ridiculous looking, but it beat a diaper I guess. I wasn't going to wear shorts with this get up. A few minutes later yellow fluid ran down the tube to the bag. Temporary victory.

A few hours later I realized why they recommended shaving. Pubic hairs were getting snagged in the condom adhesive and being yanked on as I moved. OK, it was good advice. That evening I found out that the contraption didn't work well sleeping and I leaked. Back to sleeping in diapers for me.

Other than that, I settled into a routine. Drink with a straw and sleep with the night guard. Chewing gum covered up the fact I was having problems during the day. Still, I wondered how Allison was fairing. Here was a girl who had a pretty severe life change for no other reason that she chose to spend New Years with me.

I muddled through the next few weeks until I suddenly got a text. It was from Allison.

"I'm ready. 1407 E 3RD ST."

I didn't have to hesitate. I got in the car. I found the address. A cute little house in a modest residential neighborhood. I parked and went up to the front door and rang the bell. Moments later the door opened. Allison stood there in a short dress with poofy sleeves and skirt. She had a pacifier in her mouth. She turned slightly, and I could see the skirt didn't cover an obviously diapered rear under frilly panties. I just stood there.

She took the pacifier out of her mouth and stuffed it in mine. "Well, come in, silly," she said as she pulled me in and shut the door.

I grunted against the pacifier at the surprise. She smiled at me. "I'll explain as we go along. Let's get you dressed." She led me to the back bedroom and put me up on a padded table. My head was still swimming. She set to remove my clothes. Sex? Was she ready for that? I helped as I could get my shirt and pants off. I was lying there with my catheter and leg bag. She clucked. "This won't do."

She set about removing the condom, and its related material. She then pulled out a large piece of cloth and slid it under me. As she pulled it between my legs, I realized we weren't about to have sex. This was a cloth diaper she was putting on me. Once pinned in place, she threaded a pair of plastic pants over the top. She had me stand up, and I pulled them in place. She put a t-shirt over my head and pulled it down. Then she pulled it through my legs and snapped it in place. A baby's onesie!

"There. Now you're appropriately dressed. Would you like a beer?"

I nodded, and she left the room. I looked around the room I was in and realized it was a nursery. The table I was sitting on was an oversized changing table. There was a crib, a rocking chair, and a large rocking horse. All were sized for Allison to be able to use.

She returned with two baby bottles and handed me one. I spat out the pacifier and took a swig from it. The doctor was right. The nipple did help with the tooth sensitivity. I opened my mouth for the first time, "What?" Allison held up her hand.

"Let me explain," she said sitting down in the rocker. "If you have questions you can ask after I'm finished. You see, I was apprehensive about going out with you dressed as a baby that night. Not just because I was nervous being in public in just a diaper, but because secretly I had always wanted to do so. I was afraid that if I did it, somehow the fact that I had this inner desire would somehow expose itself."

I just nodded. I felt there was more coming.

"I've had this fantasy of being a little girl in diapers for a long time. I suppressed it, though New Years was not the first time I had a diaper on."

It occurred to me that when we were in the CVS and later in the pharmacy in the doctor's building, Allison was overly familiar with what she was buying. It just hadn't registered before.

"Then I woke up in jail. In jail, of all places, wearing a diaper. I was told I had been found wandering around Sixth in just a diaper. Shortly, after that, I realized I was now incontinent. Here I was one daydreaming about wearing diapers and the next I had to wear diapers. I had real mixed feelings. Mostly, I was angry. Angry at myself for letting myself get into the situation. Angry at you. Angry at Rat. Just angry."

I started to stutter out an apology, but again she held up a hand. I took another draw on the bottle.

I'd been planning on buying this house for a while, and I decided to go through with it. Further, I decided that if I was going to be stuck with the reality of being incontinent and having to drink from bottles, I was going to enjoy it, so I worked at getting the nursery set up. Come, let me show you around."

She bounced up, her skirt flapping up exposing more of her diaper cover. I began to get aroused. I followed around in the onesie. My legs were bare but spread with the thickness of the diaper. She explained the furnishing in the nursery. She then led me to another room. This was set up with a sewing machine and other notions. "I've been making a lot of clothes in here." She showed me another normal bedroom. "This is my big girl room,

for the days when I have to be an adult.” She showed me the kitchen and the living room. The living room was the furniture I remembered from her old apartment.

“You got all this done in three weeks?”

“Four,” she said. “And I had Roger to help me.”

“Roger?” I said.

“Silly, Roger Allen Thompson,” she said as if I was an idiot.

I thought for a second. “Rat!” I had forgotten his nickname originally came from his initials.

“He was more than happy to help. Especially when I intimated that I might tell the authorities about his amateur distilling and pharmaceutical hobbies. He’s quite handy. He did it out of friendship for you and for being sorry for messing us up like that.”

She came up to me and threw her arms around me and kissed me. “What do you think?” she said. She reached down to my crotch and grabbed the front of my diaper detecting the massive erection contained inside. “Oh, I know what you think.”

She led me back to the nursery and opened the crib. She pulled a pad out and laid it on the mattress. She then unsnapped my onesie and pulled the plastic pants down yielding a damp diaper. She undid the pins, and my penis snapped to attention. I took her diaper cover down and unpinned her diaper. I set the wet cloth carefully on top of the diaper cover. She flopped on the crib, and I came over and lifted her skirt and proceeded to make love.

We laid there in the crib afterward. A trickle of urine ran over her leg. “This is why I have to put the pad down.” She got up and fastened a new diaper in place and a new pair of plastic pants. She came over and rediapered me as well.

“So?” she said. “What do you think? You think you could play with me?”

She moved to her rocking horse and mounted it. The skirt was hiked up showing her diaper. The sight was getting me aroused again. “Yeah, I can play with you.”

She kissed me, and we made arrangements to spend the next weekend together. She grabbed my clothes and my leg bag and dumped them into a grocery bag and handed them to me. See you Friday and pushed me out the door.

It felt odd being outside in the onesie. I hurried to my car and drove home. I wasn’t sure what I was feeling. At least Allison didn’t seem to be still mad at me, but had she gone over the edge? What did she have in mind? I fished my pants out of the bag and pulled them on before I went in. Once inside I pulled off my pants again and went to the bathroom mirror and looked. Yes, I was a big toddler. Frankly, I’d passed off the diapers as just a mechanical thing that I needed, but now there seemed to be more to it.

I unsnapped the crotch and lowered the plastic pants and unpinned the diaper. It was late enough that I didn’t want to put the leg bag back on so I grabbed one of my Tenas and taped that in place. I grabbed the diaper and stuffed it in a plastic bag. I looked carefully at the tag of the plastic pants. I could machine wash that as well. I snapped my crotch back and put my pants back on. I gathered up some other stuff that needed washing and brought it

all down to the laundry area. I started the machine and headed back to my apartment. An hour or so later I dumped everything into the drier.

I went back to my apartment and grabbed a beer and a straw and sat down on the couch and thought more about this whole situation. I downed that one and got another. Coming back to the couch I laid down. While the bendy straw helped me drink in that position, maybe Allison did have the right idea using a baby bottle.

I woke up the next morning still on the couch, still in the onesie. Crap I thought. I got out of the onesie got into the shower. After my shower, I grabbed a new condom for the catheter and pressed it in place. I was going to have to shave down there or just go to diapers all the time. I fished the leg bag and straps out of the plastic bag Allison had returned them to me, and then it occurred to me. My laundry!

I got dressed quickly and got down to the laundry room. Sitting on top of the dryer was my clothes neatly folded. Someone must have needed to run their load and taken mine out. Nicely folded right on the top were the diaper and plastic pants. Great, in addition to the one neighbor who saw me come in drunk and drugged in a diaper now someone knows I've got diapers in my laundry.

Friday, I got a text from Allison. It said to bring my shaving kit, but that was all I was going to need. I went home early and packed the kit. I pulled off the catheter and related stuff and put the cloth diaper and plastic pants on. I got into a warmup suit and went into the bathroom and retrieved my shaving kit. I guess I was ready as I ever would be.

I got to Allison's house and rang the bell.

Allison met me at the door. She was wearing a cute romper and sucking on a pacifier. She removed it from her mouth and placed it in mine and brought me inside. She set to pulling off my clothes. Having lowered my pants, she patted the diaper. "Good, I see you're better attired this time." She handed me a shirt to put on. Baby blue. "Baby Boy" it read.

"I'd thought we'd have dinner and watch a movie on TV and then we could get some crib time," she said. Sounded good to me, especially if "crib time" meant what I thought it did. She handed me a bottle with what appeared to be beer in it. I took a quick suck, and it was beer. She told me to sit down while she finished dinner.

A few minutes later she called me to the table. She wrapped a bib around my neck and then set a plate with steak and mashed potatoes in front of me. I reached for the fork, and she swatted down my hand. "No baby," she said.

She took the knife and fork and cut the steak into small pieces. She lifted the fork towards my mouth, and I opened my mouth, and she placed it inside. OK, so this was her game. I let her feed me the rest of the plate. "Now, my turn," she said pushing her plate towards me and sitting down. I got up and transferred the bib to her. I cut up her steak and fed it a bite at a time to her. I picked up a forkful of potatoes and right before it got to her mouth she closed it. The fork deposited the potatoes on her face. She giggled. I had to admit, it was funny. I laughed, too. I continued to play with her saying the fork was an airplane and she consumed the rest of the plate. I grabbed a napkin and wiped her face.

She told me to get the TV on, and she'd clean up. She told me she was hoping to get a high chair for the dining room. I turned on the TV and searched through the guide for a romantic comedy that was starting soon on HBO. She came in with two bottles. An off-white fluid was inside. Milk? I took a sip. There was a coffee flavor to it. I looked confused.

"White Russians," she said. Not exactly baby stuff. We cuddled and watched the movie. When it was over, she pulled me towards the bedroom. She spread out the pad on the bed and yanked my plastic pants off and unpinned the diaper. I reciprocated, and we were soon in the crib going at it. Afterward, she cleaned me up and put me in a new diaper. She went to the dresser and pulled out a pair of matching one-piece pajamas. I pulled mine on. There were feet attached. She zipped me up, and I zipped her up. The material was a soft microfiber. We got back into the crib and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning I awoke, and Allison was gone. I stepped out of the crib, and she appeared with a bottle. Straight coffee this time.

"I've been waiting for you to wake up," she said. "I need a change, and I can't get this thing unzipped by myself." I reached over and unzipped her. She slid the sleeper off and got up on the table. I took my cue to clean her up. She reached under the table and pulled out a disposable diaper with pink bears on it. I put it on her.

She hopped down and grabbed a pink shirt that said "Baby Girl." She asked me if I needed a change and I said I did. She changed me and gave me a baby blue diaper. She handed me my shirt from the previous evening to put on. It was then I realized we matched other than colors.

We went out and had breakfast. I was helping clean up when the doorbell rang. Allison yelled, "Come in, it's open." I froze. Through the door carrying a large item came Rat.

"He looked at me and then Allison and smiled." "Hi, Jason. Hey Allison, I got your high chair done." That was what he was carrying. He took it over and set it next to the table. "I wanted to bring it by yesterday, but the varnish wasn't dry."

"Thanks, Roger," she said and gave him a peck on the cheek. "It looks perfect."

"You want to try it out?" Rat asked. He pulled the tray away, and Alison hopped into the chair. Rat replaced the tray. Just then another person popped in. A woman.

"Like my new chair," Allison called to her. Rat stood back beaming at his craftsmanship being admired. I just stood there in my diaper and stupid shirt not sure what was going on.

"You look real cute in it," the woman said. She looked at me and smiled.

"Kate, this is my boyfriend, Jason. You've met Roger before. Jason, this is my next door neighbor, Kate," Allison made the introduction.

I feigned a polite hello. Still rather nervous that everybody was looking at us in our juvenile situation. It didn't last long. Kate and Rat made their departures.

"Does everybody know about this?" I asked.

“Not everybody, silly. But I told you Roger helped me set all this up, and Kate is a good friend.”

I settled down but another concern hit me. It was now ten AM, and I realized that I needed to poop. Maybe it was time to go. I made this suggestion to Allison.

“Aren’t you having fun? I thought we could get some more crib time in,” she smiled.

“I’d like that, but,” I trailed off. Finally, I worked my way up to it. “I gotta poop.”

“Well, go ahead,” she said. “That’s what diapers are for.”

I knew she was going to say that. She looked at me for a long second. “Well?”

I really didn’t want to do this. “Here, I’ll go first,” she said. She squatted down slightly and strained. She reached back and patted her rear. “All done!” she said. “Your turn.”

What could I do? I tried to relax and then pushed. Momentarily I felt relief. The pressure inside me had subsided, but then I felt the mass ballooning inside my diaper. Yech. Allison either saw or sensed I had done it. She came over and pressed her hand hard on the rear of my diaper, further smooshing the poop on me. “See that wasn’t so hard. Let’s get changed.”

Rather than the nursery, she took me to the bathroom. She started the shower going and then slipped down her diaper. A large mess of brown was in it. She carefully rolled it up. I saw much was still on her skin as she stepped into the shower. “Coming?” she asked. I likewise removed my diaper and joined her. We took turns exposing our rears to the spray. Brown water swirled at our feet, but eventually, things went clear.

She grabbed a bar of soap and started sudsing up my diaper area. I reciprocated with her. We continued to play with the soap until we were pretty much covered in soap. Our slipper bodies hugged together, and we kissed. It took me a second to get into position, but I entered her. We took it to climax. Afterward, still inside her, I felt a warm trickle that wasn’t the shower.

“Oops,” she said we pulled apart. She had peed on me a bit. We finished rinsing off and got dressed. She carefully picked up the diapers and took them to the pail in the nursery. We dried off, and she presented two very large diapers to put on.

“I’m hungry,” she said. “Let’s get dressed and go out.”

She went to the closet and came out with two outfits. A lilac colored dress for her and an outfit for me. “What’s this?” I asked.

“It’s a romper.” I stepped into it. A one piece with very short shorts. I looked like an oversized toddler. She had slipped the dress over her head, and she was pulling on a pair of matching panties. The hem of the dress just barely covered the panties, and any movement exposed them.

“We’re going out in public like this?” I asked.

“We walked around in just a diaper before,” she countered.

“Well, yeah, but that was different.”

“Nonsense, let’s go.”

She headed out the door, and I had little choice but to follow here. She spun when she got to the sidewalk, the skirt exposing the diaper cover. I followed her as she skipped down the street. At least the view was nice.

About two blocks away we stopped at a small café and sat down at an outside table. A waitress approached us. “Hi, Alison,” she said. Alison was apparently a regular.

“Hi, Joan,” Alison replied. “This is my boyfriend, Jason.”

“He’s cute,” she said looking at my outfit. I reddened.

“You come here often?” I asked her.

“Yes, it’s so close, and it’s good.”

“And you come dressed like this?”

“I pretty much go everywhere like this, except to work. If I’m going to be incontinent, I’m going to make the most of it.”

“You’re really getting off on this,” I said.

“Yeah. I’m pretty much committed to the life. I’ve not been near a toilet since New Years, and since I got the house set up, I rarely have big girl clothes on.”

“Wow,” I said.

“You should join me more often, or…” she paused a bit. “Join me all the time.” She was making a proposition. I didn’t know what to say. I was pretty sure I didn’t want to live the life of a toddler despite my idea for New Years.

We ordered brunch and ate and talked about other things. She asked what I planned to do the rest of the weekend. I told her I had some stuff to do at home and that I probably would have to leave after we ate. The food came, and I had to agree it was good. We talked about other things after the plates were cleared and had more coffee.

I paid the check, and we waved bye to Joan and started back towards her house. She made a turn and led me to a little park. She ran over to the swings and sat down on one. “Swing me,” she said in a juvenile voice. I walked behind her, pulled her back and pushed.

“Wheee!” she repeatedly cried as she went back and forth. I was getting into it until I realized kids were staring at us. That was enough.

We continued our path back to her house, and suddenly she stopped and grunted. She then resumed. I caught a whiff of something. “Who farted?” I said.

“Who pooped?” she replied.

“You just pooped yourself?” I asked.

“Those sausages always get my bowels going,” she said. “And besides, I always poop in my diaper anyhow.”

We got to the house, and I told her I had to leave. “Aren’t you going to change me?” she asked. I hesitated. “OK, just go,” she said curtly. I wanted to get the sweats I came in.

“Just go,” she said shooing me out the door. I had screwed up. I just backed out and got in my car.

At home, I got out of my car and tried not to be too self-conscious making my way up to the apartment. Hell, Alison didn’t let it bother her. I got to the stairs and saw Jill, one of my neighbors, coming down.

“Cute outfit,” she said. I reddened and tried to stammer out some response. “I guess that was your diaper I found in the dryer.” That explained that mystery. I still was pretty red for being caught out. I mumbled thanks and headed up to my room. This was getting out of hand.

Over the next week, I got back to my normal routine. I wore diapers at home, but I went back to the leg bag for work. It was just easier to drain the bag than to worry about changes at work. Of course, unlike Allison, I wasn’t even going to consider pooping off the toilet.

I got a message from the Urologist and set up a followup appointment. He did a few more tests that day and then sat down with me.

“I’ve got good news for you,” he started. “I think you’re recovering from the effects of that drug.”

“I’m still wetting without control,” I explained to the doctor.

“Yes, that’s to be expected. However, I can give you some medicine that will help, and you’re going to have to work at training yourself. There are some simple exercises you can do.” He went on to explain that my sphincter muscles had weakened and what I should do is practice trying to stop the urine flow. He suggested the shower was a great place to do this. I thanked him.

I filled the prescription and the next morning while showering when I noticed I was peeing; I tried to stop it. I wasn’t too successful, but perhaps I did stem the flow a bit. I’d have to keep working on it.

Later that week I got a call from Allison asking if we could play this weekend. I asked her if she had talked to the doctor and related my discussion with him.

“Yeah, I talked to him. I’m not doing it though.”

“What?”

“I’m not taking the drugs. I’m not doing the exercises. I intend to stay like this.”

I was dumbfounded. I just assumed that we were going to get past this. However, I realized it all fit. Allison and her toddler clothes. The baby stuff she had Rat build her. She was immersed in her fantasy life.

“Are you still there?” I heard her ask.

“Oh, yeah. I was just letting that sink in.”

“There are a lot of people in the scene who’d give their eye teeth to have this situation,” she explained. “I’m having a lot of fun. It’s a big turn on for me. And I love playing with you.”

“Thanks,” was all I could muster.

“I bought this house so I could live the life I want. This neighborhood is pretty eclectic, and nobody much cares what I do.”

I thought about our trip to the café. I also thought about my run-ins with my neighbors and trying to explain things like me showing up in a diaper or toddler clothes or the fact my laundry had diapers in it. It was safer to do this at Allison's.

“So are you coming by to play?” she asked. “We can get some great crib time in. Or maybe another shower,” she tried to entice me.

I thought about the shower. That was fantastic. And I did think I was falling for Allison hard. And I did love seeing her in her baby clothes.

“I made you another outfit,” she said.

“OK, you talked me into it.”

I went over that weekend. There were two outfits. Something she called a bubble romper that she had made matching ones for the two of us. The other was a sunsuit. Like a pair of overalls but with very short shorts and snaps in the crotch. We had crib time that evening and slept in the crib in our rompers.

The next morning she went into the bathroom, and I heard water running. After a few minutes, she came and got me. She led me back into the bath.

“Bubbles!” she said showing me a tub full of suds. We stripped down and got in together and played around splashing and blowing foam at each other.

After we were dried off and back into diapers, Allison had my dress in the sunsuit. We headed down to the local café for breakfast. The waitress smiled at us as we were seated. They knew Allison, and I guess they may have remembered me.

“So, you’re content with staying in baby mode all the time?” I asked.

“More than content,” she replied.

“You don’t ever want to be an adult?”

“I get all the adult time I need when I’m working. If I could arrange it, I’d not even be an adult then. What about you? You could do it, too. We could spend our infant lives together.”

I hadn’t given that a thought. Was this a proposal? I mean I liked Allison and wanted to spend time with her, but could I live in her baby world? Could she live in my adult world?

“I’ll have to give that some thought.”

We finished breakfast and paid the check. We made our way toward the entrance when Allison stopped to get a mint from the dispenser on the hostess station.

“What cute outfits you have,” a woman said. I turned to see. A woman was regarding Allison and me.

“Why thank you,” Allison responded without a hint of embarrassment.

"It almost looks like you have diapers on under them," the woman said with a giggle.

"We do," Allison countered. The woman's eyes grew wide.

"Really?"

"Yes," Allison countered. "C'mon, Jason, we need to change these wet ones now."

"You wet them?" the surprised woman said. Allison nodded and grabbed my hand. I was dumbfounded and turning red. Allison pulled me toward her house, and as we left the premises, I took one look back to see the woman continuing to stare at our backsides.

Indeed, I'm not sure I can live in Allison's world.

This time I went home in the same warm-up suit I had arrived in. At least I wouldn't have to explain things to anybody as I went inside. I went inside and pulled a beer out of the refrigerator. I twisted off the top and drank straight from the bottle. I was tired of drawing through nipples. I realized my diaper was more than wet, so I set it down and went to change.

I was about to pull out a clean diaper when I decided I had had enough. I went to the drawer and pulled out a condom catheter and rolled it in place. I attached the tubing and leg bag. At least I'd have something other than diapers. I watched urine start to flow on the clear tubing. I worked at the exercise the doctor gave me. Still not much success at control.

I went to my desk and went through the accumulated mail, paying a few bills. This was depressing. I got dressed and headed down to the local sports bar to eat. I headed over to the bar and sat down. After having a beer poured, I ordered food and took a long pull at the beer.

"Hi, Jason," I heard a voice beside me. I looked up and saw Jill sliding onto the stool next to me.

"Hi, Jill." I hadn't seen her in a few days. We'd always been friendly, but I'd never asked her out or anything. She ordered a drink and after the bartender had set it before her.

"So what's with the diapers?" she popped out of the blue.

I explained what had happened on New Year's Eve and our subsequent trips to the doctor.

"So you wear diapers all the time?" she asked. I explained that I was hoping to be out of them soon and that sometimes I wore the leg bag. "So, you could be like peeing now?" I turned a little red.

"So what's with the cute toddler outfit?" I had to explain that Allison had put me in it and that she was really into it. "You are cute in it, though I can't see myself going around in public like that. What makes you want to do that?"

I had to admit that New Years was just a lark. I didn't even remember it. Allison pushed me to be a toddler more often, but I didn't think I wanted to go there. I told her of Allison setting her house up as a baby home.

"Are you telling me she lives like a two-year-old all the time?"

“Pretty much,” I answered. “She says she gets all the adult time she needs at work.”

“What does she do?”

“Works at some foundation,” I said not being sure. “Bookkeeper or something.”

“Accountant?”

“I don’t know,” I confessed. “She said she keeps track of where the money goes. So I guess it’s something like that.”

“So are you going to move in with her?” Jill asked.

“Oh, hell no,” I said this perhaps a little too emphatically. Was it that I didn’t want to commit? Was it that I didn’t want to play baby? Was it Allison? Was I interested in Jill?

“OK. It does sound weird,” Jill bailed me out of my awkwardness.

We talked more as we ate dinner. I enjoyed the adult conversation for a change. I wasn’t wearing a diaper, albeit I was leaking into the leg bag, but soon I’d be free of that if I kept up the drugs and the exercises. I could lead a normal life.

I kept up with the pills the doctor gave me, and when I could, I tried to do the exercises. I was getting the ability to stop the flow back though unless I worked at it, I was still wetting myself. At least now I could hold it while I changed.

I decided to spend some time trying not to think about things. I concentrated on my job. This was difficult because I hated my work situation. My boss was a butthead, and there just didn’t seem any likelihood that things were going to change. Even if he left, the corporate culture was too ingrained. Still, I wanted to make sure I’d get a good reference.

Still, when I got home and was sitting by myself, my mind drifted off to Allison and the image of her with her diaper peeking out from below a short skirt. I thought about the crib time and the showers together. I tried to stop it. I tried to imagine having Jill naked with me in the shower. I imagined us playing in the soap with no likelihood of us peeing on each other. I tried, but it wasn’t working.

What wasn’t working? Was it that I couldn’t think of being with anybody but Allison? Was it that I couldn’t think of a situation where we weren’t toddlers? What had I become? I spent time in bed wearing just the diaper thinking about my life. My dreams, however, kept returning to Allison.

While I hadn’t been avoiding Allison in the interim, I hadn’t sought her out to talk. I found a voice mail one day on my phone from her asking to play. I didn’t answer. Finally, I got a text from her. “Can you come by? Are you hiding from me?” I stared at the phone long and hard and tried to think about what I was going to do.

“I’m not ready, yet,” was the answer I came up with. She didn’t respond.

I had another appointment with the urologist, and we discussed our progress. He thought I was doing well. He said the prognosis for such things weren’t great, but given my ability to control that if I kept at it, I could be dry while awake though I might not ever be free from wetting at night. He did warn me that I should lay off the drugs. Any further use may be irreversible. I told him that wasn’t going to be a problem.

Allison called, and I agreed to meet her on neutral ground. We met at a bar. She was in a more adult looking dress, but it was still short. She hugged me when she came in and groped my rear. I was wearing the catheter again, and she frowned at not finding a diaper. I patted her bottom and noted the thick padding.

"I'm sorry," I explained. "Work's been hell." She seemed to accept that. We made small talk about other things. I told her what the doctor had said, and she frowned a bit. She asked if I wanted to come over sometime. I thought about it long and hard, but I said I was still trying to sort things out.

I went home. The leg bag needed emptying, and I was just going to drain it into the toilet and go on, but I decided otherwise. I ripped the entire apparatus off and put on the cloth diaper and plastic pants Allison had left on me on one of my earlier visits. I poured myself a double portion of Maker's Mark and sat down with a sheet of paper.

I divided it into sections. In the first, I wrote, "Reasons to be with Allison." On the other side of the page, I wrote: "Reasons not to be with Allison." On the first, I had: cute, kind, funny, intelligent, good in bed. On the other, I wrote: wants to be a baby, wants me to be a baby.

I thought about that for a bit. I made two more lists: Reasons to play toddler all the time and reasons not to play toddler. On the first, I put Allison looks cute, Allison likes me that way, relaxing, fun. I wasn't sure of the last one, but it was fun. I wrote "exciting" under that. That was how I felt at times being out in public pretending to be a toddler. I had to admit it. That was part of the reason I wanted to do the New Years baby thing, to begin with.

On the other side, I wrote embarrassing. I thought about that, and maybe that was part of the reasons it was exciting. I thought harder. "Not good for work." I certainly couldn't be a toddler at work, not that work was that important to me other than the paycheck.

I stared at the list for a good long time. I put some more items under each category. I continued trying to weigh the situation trying to come up with a decision. I refilled my glass and came back to the list. Finally, under the "Reasons to be with Allison" section I made the final entry.

"I love her."

I knew what I had to do.

I gave Rat a call. I asked him to do something for me and not to mention it to Allison. He agreed. I started cleaning my apartment. I'm not a neat freak, but it had to be done. I started to figure out exactly what I needed. I had a very small set of things.

Rat came by next day and handed me an envelope. "You be careful," I told him I would and took it inside. This was going to be a major event. I couldn't go back after I did this. I got everything in line and grabbed a beer. I swallowed the powder in the envelope and washed it down with the beer, and then I made sure I had a clean diaper on and waited.

Two days later I texted Allison. I told her I had made a decision and would drop by Friday to tell her. She texted back an inquiry into the nature of the decision. I told her I wasn't ready to tell her, but I would be Friday. She asked where. I told her I'd come to her place.

Friday, I got off work. I went home and put on the cloth diaper and then dug out the romper she had sent me home in that Jill had caught me in. I didn't need anything else at this point. I locked up the apartment. Jill saw me as I was heading down to the car. "Going to see Allison?" she asked. I nodded.

I drove over to Allison's and parked in front and walked up the front walk. She was sitting on her front porch and stood as she saw me. She was in one of her short frilly dresses, and the diaper in its satin cover was exposed as she moved. She realized what I was wearing, and she beamed at me. "You've come to play today!" she screamed.

I kissed her and stood back and held her hand. "I've come to play forever." I paused. "If you'll have me." She looked serious for a second until the magnitude of what I said sunk in. She broke into a big smile.

"Of course I'll have you. Come. I've been saving something for a while." She led me to the sofa and disappeared into the kitchen. She came back with two bottles, and she gave me one. "Too our new life," she proposed. I raised my bottle to touch hers and repeated the toast. I took a long sip from the fizzy liquid inside.

"What is this?"

"Dom Perignon."

We started to talk and make plans. She asked if I was going to continue on the pills and exercise. I told her that I wasn't. "Besides, I've made sure I'll stay this way."

"How's that?" she asked.

"I got Rat to get me another dose of purple haze. This time I took it at home and went to bed. I wrote myself a note explaining what was going on in case I woke up with amnesia again. But it was OK. I've lost all the progress I made to continence."

She smiled. "It's for the best."

"Yeah, the only time I really find it inconvenient is at work," I said. "If I could, I'd just quit, maybe find a job I could do from the house."

"You could just quit, period," Allison explained. "I don't work."

It was even more of a fantasy. "What do you mean. What about the foundation?"

"Oh, that I can mostly do on the phone or via email. There's only a couple of events, mostly formal, when I have to make a personal appearance."

I wasn't sure I understood. I stared blankly at her.

"I just have to read the proposals from people who want the money and decide who to give it to?"

I looked at her. "They let you do that?"

"They is me," she said. "When your name is on the name of the foundation it's pretty much your call."

I thought about this. I never really knew much about what Allison did. I assumed she was some sort of bookkeeper. I thought hard. Allison's name. The Allison Foundation? No that didn't make sense. Her last name. Allison Ceres. The Ceres Foundation.

"Oh my gosh," I said.

"You didn't know?" she asked.

I didn't. "You're one of those Ceres?" I said incredulously.

"Yes, you didn't know?"

"You seemed so normal. You were living in a little apartment. Even this house isn't a that grand."

"It works for me. I like this neighborhood where I can walk to shops and cafés and such. Didn't it surprise you I could buy the house and equip it so fast? I've had Roger pretty much on the payroll since the beginning of the year. And while I did make some of these clothes, I didn't make them all. I bought them."

My head was spinning. It wasn't the Dom that was making it happened. I took another swig. I just had proposed to one of the richest people in town.

"You know what I think," Allison said.

"What?"

"I think we need a nap."

She led me to the crib. We did take a nap, but not before having a little more active crib time.

After we awoke, we agreed we were hungry. After we changed each other into clean diapers, she looked at me coyly and went to the dresser and pulled out two items. They were matching, and she helped me into mine before putting hers on. They were two onesies, hers pink and mine baby blue. They snapped in our crotches and just barely covered our diapers as she led me down to the café.

I had to admit to Allison that I was more than a bit embarrassed but also a bit excited going out like this. She said that she had never worn her onesie out like this either. Her friend Joan met us and took us to a table.

"New outfits?" Joan asked.

"Special occasion," Allison replied. "Jason just proposed to me. I accepted of course."

"Wonderful."

We made our plans. I'd go over to my place and get the stuff I needed to move in with her immediately. Mostly it was just toiletries. I'd vacate my apartment officially by the end of the month.

My second task early Monday morning was to call my boss and resign. There was a little sputtering from the other end of the phone about the short notice and the like (not that the company ever gave anybody any notice during layoffs). I just politely ended the call.

Allison and I decided we'd just have a short civil ceremony followed by a small party at the house. I had warned my family in advance that things would seem strange to them. Allison worked on our wedding attire. Finally, the day came.

The officiant was a woman judge that Allison knew. Rat was my best man. Joan was the maid of honor. I was there in a white suit which wasn't too unusual other than the jacket covered a pair of rather short shorts rather than the traditional trousers. Allison emerged in a gorgeous white lace dress. Short enough that it didn't even cover the satin and lace diaper cover below. I don't recall the ceremony much after her entrance. I'm sure I made the right answer, and we kissed.

Rat had finished a second high chair and Allison, and I sat at that and held court at the party. Baby bottles of Dom Perignon in our hands. Some of the guests chose glasses, but some in a show of solidarity with us also drank from bottles. At one point Allison and I excused ourself for the bedroom for a few minutes, but we soon returned.

"Consummating?" Rat asked me.

"No, just a diaper change."

So Allison and I started our new life. With little exception, we were 24/7 toddlers. It ceased to concern me about using the diapers all the time or going out in my rather juvenile clothes. It felt good to me, and I loved watching Allison in hers.

We decided that I needed to do something rather than just sit around the house. I came up with an idea. We put Rat officially on the payroll and set out to hire others. We got all the equipment in place, both woodworking, and sewing and opened up a web presence.

SuperToddler was launched. We sold all manner of clothing, furniture, and other accessories for the adult toddler. I could go in dressed as I cared to and it wasn't out of place at all. And of course, we got to test all the product designs. Allison and I would work out ideas, sometimes scanning baby stores and the like and had Rat or our seamstresses work up adult sized equivalents.

And I got all the crib time with Allison that I could handle. By the next New Year's Eve, we were ready. Rather than cheap disposables, we had multiple cloth diapers and real spiffy plastic pants over the top. When midnight arrived, we stripped down to our diapers to party in the new year. This time, I remembered it all.