

BRIAN AND PAUL

“Sorry to have barged in on you,” Brian stammered at his roommate, Paul, as he backed out of the room and closed the door. He couldn’t believe what he had just seen. Here he was obsessed with figuring out how to get diapers and he just saw his new roommate putting one on.

Brian’s fascination went back to when he was twelve. After a bout of bedwetting his mother threatened to put him in diapers. It mortified him. He certainly didn’t want to go back to being treated like a baby. He was careful to hide further wetting from his mother but lived in the fear that he’d be found out and diapered.

Somehow in the process the fear somehow turned into excitement. What if he did get diapers? It somehow made his heart to think about it. Maybe he could. He stopped hiding his wetting. His mother seemed not to notice. He even tried to make it more obvious and wet his bed intentionally. She noticed. She talked and talked to him. She restricted his fluids. She talked about getting him to a doctor. She made him wash his own sheets. Still no diapers.

One day while she was giving him her disappointed look after discovering the wet bed, he risked a suggestion. “Maybe I should wear diapers,” he said. She didn’t agree.

“Don’t be ridiculous, you’re too old for that.” That was that. He did get taken to a doctor and with the help of a bedwetting alarm he kicked the problem. Still his fascination continued. He’d ride his bike to the store and cruise both the baby section and the adult protection sections of the drug store. He spent a lot of time looking at online sources. He had to get himself some.

The problem is even if he bought them at the store, he’d have to hide them somewhere and he knew his mother was pretty good at finding things. Besides, all they had at the local store were the underwear style. He had his heart set on the tape on kind like babies wore. He thought he could order some online, but he’d need a credit card and where would they be shipped.

One day he noticed that in the box of rags his mother had put in the garage for his father to use for cleaning up when working on the car was an old white towel. He snuck that up to his room. He snuck into his mother’s sewing supplies and found two of the largest safety pins that she had. Back in his room he got undressed and pinned the makeshift diaper on him. It bunched between his legs and he got real excited. He didn’t dare wet it, but it felt good to wear it. Afterwards he carefully put it away in the back of his closet.

From time to time he’d put it on. One night he even wore it to bed under his pajamas. The next day he got up and forgot to put it away. He left it folded on his desk. That evening his mother confronted him. “What’s this doing here?”

Brian thought quickly. "It was in the rag box in the garage. I had grease on my hand from fixing my bike chain so I figured I better use that until I could get washed up good."

"Well, put it back in the box now that your hands are clean. I don't want these disgusting things lying around the house." His mother appeared to buy it, but also sitting there were the two safety pins. She didn't mention that.

Senior year came and Brian had been accepted to State. His parents surprised him on graduation day with a new car. He had everything but the dream of diapers was still strong. He hatched a plan. The first thing he'd do would be to hunt around the university for a medical supply store that had real diapers. He could hide them in the trunk of the car and wear them occasionally. Of course, he'd have a roommate, so he'd have to be careful.

Brian was sitting in the quad thinking of all this when his roommate clapped him on the shoulder. "Sorry about that," Paul said. "You didn't need to run off like that. I was going to tell you but I hadn't worked up my nerve yet." They'd only been in the room for a day and gotten past superficial chatting. "You see I wear diapers. I've worn them all my life though I'm hoping to be free of them soon. I'll need to change from time to time, but you don't have to leave the room if you don't want."

"That's cool," is all Brian could think to say. Then added "Why?"

Paul sighed. "Maybe later. It's a long story."

"That's cool," Brian said again. "Let's play Frisbee," he said twirling the dish around his finger and they launched into a game that was joined by other of the boys.

This wasn't helping. Brian had been obsessed with diapers and how to get them and here it was that his new roommate had them and was wearing them. One morning when Paul headed to breakfast Brian told him that he'd be right along. As soon as Paul was out of the room he looked in Paul's closet. Sure enough there were diapers there. He picked one up and looked at it. Could he take it. No, he'd ask in time. He had to find the way. He made a quick look through his roommate's other stuff. Clothes, socks, and the like but no underpants. It seemed clear, his roommate was diapered.

As the week went by when his roommate was getting dressed he'd sneak looks. He didn't want to look like he was staring or that he was some sort of pervert or gay or something but the sight of the diaper was magnetic. One day he saw his roommate poking a diaper in a plastic container in the closet, he figured he could ask.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Diaper Genie. Holds the dirty ones until I can sneak them out to the trash."

"That's cool," Brian said impulsively.

Finally, Brian had a plan. One night he asked Paul if he was going out. Paul said he wasn't that he had reading to do for the next day. Brian went out and got into his car. He drove a ways from the campus figuring they'd suspect less and pulled into a convenience store. He dug his fake ID out of the back of his wallet and slid it in front of his real driver's license in the little plastic window. He went inside and grabbed a six pack of beer and took it to the clerk and paid. Much ado about nothing the clerk didn't even ask for ID.

Brian got back to the room and Paul was there with his nose in a book. He pulled out a beer and opened it. "Look what I have. Want one?" He said to Paul. Paul looked up and smiled. "Sure."

Brian slid it over and opened another for him self. When Paul had close to finished, Brian asked, "You never told me why you're wearing diapers."

Paul sat there with a reflective look on his face. Brian opened another beer and slid it across the desk. Paul took a long draw on the beer and started, "OK. I was never toilet trained. I mean, there's nothing wrong with me, I'm not retarded. My parents just kept me in diapers all my life."

Brian's eyes grew wide, "But why?"

Paul laughed a bit. "Family tradition. A long time ago my grandfather, my mom's dad, he cheated on my grandmother. She's a strong willed woman. Still is. She made him wear diapers from that point on."

Brian was amazed. He couldn't believe it. The idea of that happening was intriguing to him. Paul continued, "So when their children were born. Grandma got the idea that boys being toilet trained would just cause problems so my Uncles were kept in diapers, too. Of course my mom and my aunt got toilet trained in the usual way.

"My mom and dad got married and they had me and they continued the tradition. At first I didn't know any better. I wore diapers, my dad wore diapers, that was normal. My sister got potty trained but I thought that was a girl thing. It wasn't really until I started kindergarten that I found out not all boys wore diapers all the time."

"You said your dad wears diapers? But he wasn't brought up that way?"

"Yeah, he married into it. He started wearing diapers right before they got married."

Brian's head was swimming. He had downed his second beer but hardly could believe what he was hearing.

"Anyhow," Paul continued, "Now that I'm away from them, I'm working on toilet training myself. I've gotten pretty good now that I can make it to the bathroom a lot. I still have accidents but they're less frequent and a lot of times because I can't get out of this silly diaper fast enough. I'm still wetting in my sleep though."

“You need pull ups,” Brian said without thinking. They both laughed.

“If I only had the money for that. Mom sends me the diapers so I don’t have to pay for those. Other than that I’m on a pretty tight budget.”

Brian opened a third beer. “I’ll make you a deal. I’ll buy you some pull-ups,” he paused and took a drink of his beer. “If you let me have some of your diapers.”

Now it was Paul’s turn to look surprised. “You want my diapers?”

Another draw on the beer and Brian explained the history of being fascinated by diapers. “Wow,” was all Paul said. He went to the closet and pulled one out and passed it to Brian. “Thanks for the beer,” he said.

Brian held the thing in his hands again and felt it. “Go ahead, put it on,” Paul said. Brian shucked out of his pants and laid down on the bed and got it between his legs and taped up. He felt the plastic and brought his legs together and felt the bulk. After years it was finally happening. He was in a diaper.

They talked a bit longer and then they got into bed. He was actually going to sleep in a diaper and he drifted off to sleep with pleasant thoughts. The next morning they got up and he pulled the diaper off in preparation of going to class. He wasn’t ready to wear them outside yet. Paul took it and stuffed it into the diaper genie.

After class that day they got in Brian’s car and found a pharmacy. They found a bag of absorbent underwear. There were others that “looked” like regular underwear but they figured at the beginning Paul probably needed the extra absorbency. Upon returning to the room, Paul put one on. “First time I’ve been in something other than a diaper in my life,” he said. They went about their business and at bedtime while getting undressed, Paul removed the pull-up.

“How did it go?” Brian asked.

“OK, I mean, I wet it but I did make it to the bathroom a lot and frankly, just being able to poop in a toilet rather than my pants is a big enough improvement.” He looked at Brian. “Do you want a diaper to sleep in? I’m wearing one.”

Brian nodded and the two of them changed into diapers for the night.

Time passed and Paul’s training progressed. He was pretty much dry during the day and had switched to Depend for men that looked like underwear. Every night he and Paul still diapered up for bed. It didn’t seem that he was making much progress there. Brian wore a diaper to bed at night and sometimes he’d put on sweats and wear one out to the library or for a drive in the car.

Fall break came and they had a four day weekend. "Hey, I'll give you a lift home," Brian said. "Your town is on the way home for me." After their last class they returned to their room.

"Just a moment," Paul said. He dropped his pants and removed the Depend and put back on a diaper. "I don't think I can go home unless I appear to be wearing these."

"That's cool," said Brian. "I certainly can't go home wearing one." They chatted on the ride to Paul's house. They pulled into the driveway and Paul got out and got his bag.

"See you in a couple of days?" Paul said.

"Yep, see ya?" said Brian.

Paul headed towards the house as Brian backed out of the driveway. All of a sudden Brian saw a cute girl with lots of hair running at Paul and she threw her arms around him. As Brian drove off he thought what a sly dog. He didn't mention he had a hot girl back home.

Brian's long weekend was torture. Not that he minded being home but the lack of diapers now that he had been able to have them was painful. Soon it was time to go and he thought of something. He dug through several of his drawers before he found it. That's exactly what he needed. He packed up his bags and said good bye to his parents and hit the road. It was about an hour drive back to Paul's place and all the while he thought about getting back in diapers.

He pulled into the driveway. Paul wasn't outside so he got out of the car. The door popped open and the girl came flying out towards Brian. He almost took a step back when she hurled herself at him and wrapped her arms around him and squeezed. After a few seconds she said, "I'm so glad you could give Paul a lift. You don't know how much easier that makes things."

Brian was taken aback still but answered, "What are roommates for?"

He looked at her. She definitely was a knock-out. "I'm Brian."

"Yeah, Paul told me. I'm Kelly."

"So you're Paul's girlfriend?" he asked.

She rolled her eyes and then stated to laugh. "Hardly. I'm his sister, silly."

"Oh," he thought. Paul had said he had a little sister. Brian had just assumed that there was a big difference in their ages. Kelly didn't look much younger than he was.

Paul came out side and threw his bag into the back of the car. Kelly, smiled at Brian and said "See you again sometime." She hugged Paul goodbye and said something in his ear. The two of them got into the car and started down the road.

"Whoa," Brian said. "You didn't tell me you had a hot sister."

Paul laughed. "I guess being her brother I'm kind of blind to that."

"How old is she?"

"Seventeen, she's only 13 months younger than me."

"Wow."

"Oh, and I think she likes you too."

"She said that?"

"Well, the line she gave me as we were leaving was that she'd like to see a diaper on your butt." Paul laughed. "If she only knew."

The both laughed. At a stop light, Brian reached into his bag and pulled out a small package. "This if for you."

Paul opened it and looked at it confused. "What is it?"

"It's my old bedwetting alarm. It solved my problem. Don't worry, I washed it off good."

"Thanks," Paul said.

That night Brian explained how to use it. Paul clipped the sensor to the inside of his diaper and went to bed. Brian got a diaper on and wore that. Next thing he recalled was being awaked by the alarm. He instinctively reached down to his crotch and felt diaper. Oh yeah. Not me this time. He looked over to his roommate still sleeping obliviously.

He crossed the room and shook his roommate. "Dude, your alarm is going off. You gotta get to the bathroom."

A groggy Paul said "Thanks," and made his way to the bathroom. He came back shortly and apologized.

"No problem," Brian said. "It's your first night. It will get better."

Sure enough Brian awoke a few times that week to the alarm but Paul was making to the bathroom on his own. After a few more weeks he didn't recall hearing the alarm at all. One morning he noticed a large red envelope on Paul's desk.

“What’s that?” he asked.

“Birthday card from my parents,” he said.

“You have a birthday coming up?”

“Friday,” he said.

Brian thought about this a bit. He knew what he needed to do. One day after class he changed into a diaper and sweats and got in his car and drove to the shopping center. He entered Target and went to the menswear section. He looked at the selection. What would Paul want. He grabbed a package of three boxers, another package of three boxer briefs, and a third of briefs. That should give him a selection to try. He went to the gift wrap section and got a gift bag and a card and headed to the checkout.

He put the underwear and the gift bag on the belt. A cute young checker was ringing him up. She put the briefs in the bag and then picked up the gift bag and card. “Are you giving someone underwear for a present?”

“Yeah, it’s a friend’s birthday,” he said.

She giggled. “You’re pulling my leg. They’re for you, right.”

Brian smiled at her. “Not me,” he said. “I wear diapers.”

She giggled again, “Right.”

He lifted his sweatshirt a bit and pulled down his waistband to show the diaper. Her eyes grew wide as he picked up his purchases and left.

He got back to the room and put the underwear in the bag and filled out the card. When Paul returned he passed the bag over to him. “Happy Birthday.”

Paul looked into the bag and got a giant grin on his face. “This is the best present I have ever received,” he beamed. “You shouldn’t have.”

“More diapers for me,” Brian smiled.

Paul went over and got the case of diapers out of his closet and gave them to Brian. “All yours now,” he said. He got the diaper genie out too. “You’ll need this.” Brian stored them all in his closet.

A few days later Brian’s phone rang. It was his mother. His parents had decided to take a trip for Thanksgiving and weren’t going to be home. He’d be free to spend Thanksgiving with Aunt Evelyn.

Hanging the phone up, Brian gave an involuntary “Ugh.”

“What’s wrong,” Paul asked.

“My parents are ditching me for Thanksgiving. I’m going to have to spend it with my Aunt Evelyn.”

Paul thought about it for a brief second. “You could come to my place,” he said.

Brian thought about it, “Really?”

“Sure, you’d be able to wear a diaper all weekend and I’m sure my sister would love it. I forgot to tell you, on our holiday dinners the boys all wear their diapers without anything on over it.”

“Wow,” he thought. “Would they mind?”

“Don’t think so, but I’ll call.” Paul got out his phone and called home. After the normal greetings, Paul got to the point. “Mom, about Thanksgiving. My roommate Brian, his parents are travelling so he’s got nowhere to go. Can he spend the holiday with us?” There was a long pause. Paul covered the phone. “She’s asking dad.” There was a longer pause and Paul continued talking. “Yes, Dad. No, Dad. He knows about the family. He’s willing to wear a diaper. Yes. Ok.”

“You’re on,” Paul said after hanging up. Brian called his parents and told him of his plan, leaving out the diaper wearing aspects.

Wednesday afternoon they both put a diaper on and headed out on the road. They arrived home. They went inside and a woman was busy in the kitchen. “Mom,” Paul said. “This is my roommate, Brian. Brian, this is my mom.” They shook hands.

“Pleased to meet you,” said Paul’s mother. “Paul, I put the rollaway in your room.”

“Great mom,” Paul said. “Where’s Dad and Sis?”

“Your father’s at work. He’s leaving soon. He’s going to pick up Pizza.”

“Bella’s?” Paul asked.

“Yes,” his mother said.

“This is going to be a treat,” Paul said to Brian. “Bella’s makes the best Pizza in the world.”

“Kelly and the other cheerleaders are out delivering turkeys to the needy. She should be home anytime.”

Paul led Brian to his bedroom and they put down their bags. "You can have my bed. I don't mind the rollaway," he said. He led them to a small room off the bedroom. It was in effect a bathroom. There was a sink and a shower but no toilet, just a bench.

"Literally, a bathroom. I never had any need for a toilet. I guess I'm going to have to go back to using the diaper for appearances this weekend." He opened the cabinet. "Diapers and wipes here when you need them." He opened the closet. "Diaper genie."

They went back into the kitchen and Kelly came through the door. She was wearing a red and silver cheerleader's uniform and had red ribbons in her hair. Gosh, Brian thought, a cheerleader too. She caught sight of Brian and Paul. She ran over and gave Paul a quick hug and then gave a more substantial one to Brian. "So nice to see you again."

Brian felt like he'd been hit with a thousand volts. Not just cute but a cheerleader. He always dreamed of making it with a cheerleader. He felt a hand slide briefly into his pants before she released him.

"I see you have him appropriately attired," Kelly said to her brother. "I gotta go change, I'll be right back." She left the room. At this point a man came in carrying a several pizza boxes.

"I got three. I figure with an extra boy in the house we'd go through them."

"Especially Bella's," Paul said. "Dad, this is my roommate Brian."

The two of them shook hands. Mother set out plates and they opened the boxes and they all had Pizza. Paul was right, Brian thought, this was good pizza. They talked and Brian just couldn't help but look at Kelly. When she caught him she just smiled. They watched TV a bit and eventually made it to the bedroom.

The two of them slipped out of their clothes and both had wet diapers. "How does it feel?"

"It's amazing. I was in the kitchen and I just wet myself in front of your family."

"They're not going to care. It's expected."

They got into clean diapers and got to bed.

The next morning, they got up. Brian realized that given all the pizza he had consumed last night that something new was happening. He sat on the bed and thought.

"What's up," Paul asked.

"Well, um..." Brian stammered.

“You have to poop, don’t you,” Paul offered.

“Well, yes.”

“Well just do it. Don’t have much choice around here.”

“I’ve never done it before.”

“No big thing. At least you can get changed right away. Take a shower if you want.”

Brian realized there was no way out of it now. He stood up and waited a minute and then pushed. He was relieved as the pressure left his rear but then felt the mass swell up the back of his diaper.

“You were the one who wanted to wear diapers,” Paul joked.

“Ok, you’re right. I’ll go shower now.” Brian moved to the bathroom and carefully got out of the diaper and disposed of it. He ran the water and got into the steamy shower.

They got dressed and went into the kitchen where there were some muffins and things. “What time is dinner,” Paul asked his mother. “Your Aunt Mary and Uncle Jeff and their kids should be here at two, we’ll probably sit down to eat around three.”

Paul turned to Brian, “Don’t eat too much now, the dinner is going to be amazing.”

Brian ate a muffin and had some orange juice. They watched the parades on TV and then around two, Paul turned to Brian, “It’s time.”

They went back into the bedroom. Paul dug some stuff out of the dresser. “Time for the formal stuff.” Brian got a thick cloth diaper, pins, and plastic pants. He got out of his clothes and shucked the wet disposable he had on and worked at pinning the cloth diaper on. After a few adjustments he pulled the plastic pants over them. He looked in the mirror.

“How do I look,” he asked.

“Just like a member of the family.”

They went out and the commotion of the new arrivals was going on. He was introduced to Aunt Mary and Uncle Jeff. Jeff was wearing a diaper as well. Three young boys chased around the room, also diapered. “These are my cousins, Jake, Sam, and Dave,” Paul said pointing each one out. A second later Paul’s father appeared wearing his diaper.

Kelly entered the room and surveyed the crowd. She slid up along side of Brian and patted the rear of his plastic pants. “Very nice,” she said.

After some drinks and small talk the family sat around the big table. Paul was right, Brian thought. There was all kinds of food. Turkey and stuffing and cranberry sauce, and a ham and mashed potatoes and sweet potatoes, and green beans and more. Kelly told him to sit down next to her. He looked over at her. She had a short dress on and looked incredibly sexy. He noticed her looking at his legs too.

Dinner progressed and the women removed the dishes and then brought out pies. "Pumpkin or Apple or Both?" Paul's mother asked.

"Both?" Brian asked.

"Sure thing," his mother said and cut him a slice of each pie.

After eating the pie everybody lounged around and then someone said, "Movie time!"

Brian looked at Paul. "It's a Wonderful Life," said Paul. Another family tradition."

People started to move into the family room. Kelly took Brian's hand and said "Sit with me," as she guided him to a love seat. Sure, why not thought Brian and sat next to her. Some one turned down the lights and started the DVD.

By the time George Bailey was stopping Mr. Gower from inadvertently dispensing poison, Kelly had her hand on his crotch. By the time the school dance ended up in the swimming pool, Brian had to pee and after some effort got the flow going. Kelly must have felt the diaper getting warm because she gave a little squeeze to him. By the time George Bailey was kissing Mary, Brian and Kelly were kissing as well.

The movie ended and the lights came back on. Aunt Mary and her brood made their way to the door. The party was over Brian thought. Paul came over said, "Let's get these diapers changed."

Kelly slapped Brian's rear. Yep, time for a change.

They went back into the bedroom and got out of the diapers. Paul showed a pail to dump them in and they put back on disposables. They decided to just get into their pajamas and headed back out into the kitchen. "My mom makes the best cookies, there's got to be some." Paul found them and slid a couple to Brian. They were good.

Kelly came out wearing flannel pajama bottoms and a camisole top. Even now she was sexy. Brian figured she didn't have anything on under and that intrigued him. Kelly slapped his butt, "All cleaned up?" she asked.

After a little chatting they retired to bed.

"She really likes you," Paul said as they got into bed.

"I like her. I hope that's not going to cause problems."

"No, it's cool. Just remember she's still only seventeen."

"I hear you."

Friday was a lazy day. They had breakfast and watched TV and played video games. They had leftover turkey for lunch. Saturday, morning Kelly asked Brian over breakfast. "We have a cheer competition today. We go on at 3PM. Would you like to come see me?"

Brian looked at Paul and Paul nodded and Brian said "Sure thing." Kelly made her way out early and then Paul and Brian went in Brian's car. They went a short distance and Paul said "There's the alma mater. This is where I went to high school." They parked and went into the gym and found a seat in the bleachers.

Some other schools squads performed. Kelly's squad being the "home team" was last. Soon red and silver uniforms ran out onto the floor. It took a minute for Brian to sort through the near identically appearing girls but he spotted Kelly. He watched the routine, Kelly forming the next to the top layer of the pyramid at the end.

They met afterward, "You were great. Loved the pyramid," Brian said.

Glad you liked it Kelly said throwing her arms around his neck.

"You know I always wanted to go out with a cheerleader."

Kelly surprised him by jumping up in the air. With nothing else he could do he caught her.

"Now you are!" she said.

Brian felt his hand slide up her legs, under the skirt, and against the shiny panties she wore under.

"Naughty, naughty," Kelly said, hopping down but smiling all the time.

They decided to go for ice cream and headed to the local parlor. Brian needed to pee, but he knew the drill now and just filled the diaper. They finished and got home and Kelly grabbed him and pulled him through the bedroom and into the bath.

"Hop up," she said.

"What?"

“Your diaper is soaked. I’m going to change it.”

Brian looked dumbfounded.

“Don’t be silly. I changed Paul’s all the time when we were little kids. Some girls got dolly’s that wet to change. I got to change my big brother.”

Brian got on the table with reservation. Kelly undid his pants and pulled them down. She got out a container of wipes and then untapped his diaper and set it aside. She started wiping him down. He got progressively more erect as she worked and her eyes grew wide. She started with a new wipe on the shaft and worked it in earnest. He almost couldn’t stand it as he erupted. Giving him a few seconds to finish his convulsions, she wiped up the rest and then grabbed a new diaper for him.

“Yes,” she said. “I’m looking forward to having a boy to change again.” She left the room and he put his pants back on.

Sunday was almost anticlimactic. Another breakfast and they had to hit the road. Kelly came out and hugged and kissed him goodbye. As they were getting ready, Brian noticed Paul and his father in conversation and then Paul came and got in the car.

“Did you have a good time,” Paul asked.

“I had a great time,” said Brian.

“Good. I had a chat with my father.”

“About?”

“He figured out what was going on.”

“What?”

“He knows I stopped wearing diapers.”

“Oh,” Brian thought.

“He’s not going to tell mom, yet. I told him you were using the diapers they were sending up and he says that it’s OK. Especially since Kelly seems to be taking a liking to you.”

“I’m taking a liking to her.”

“Did she tell you she’s applying to state?”

“No.”

“Yeah, she’s trying for a cheerleading scholarship.”

“Wow,” Brian said.

The rest of the semester passed pretty quickly. Brian diapered up every night and when it came time to study for finals he just decided to remain diapered. He toyed with the idea of wearing diapers to his exams but decided they might be a distraction.

Exams done, it was time to head home. He and Paul diapered up for the trip home.

“You’re wearing a diaper home?”

“I’ll ditch out of it before I go through the door,” Brian said. True to his word, Brian pulled into a gas station a few miles from his home and popped inside and ripped the diaper off and continued on.

It was nice being around his family and he was sure to get some great gifts but as the week wore on the urge to wear diapers again became intense. He swore to himself that once he headed back to campus he was going to go 24/7. He had enough diapers. He just needed the nerve.

Leaving the house he headed down to the highway and pulled into the rest stop. He went to the truck and pulled out a diaper. He wondered how he was going to get it to the rest room without being seen. What the hell he thought. He put it as well as he could in his coat pocket but it was still largely exposed. He popped inside and changed into it. Nobody noticed.

He gave Paul a call and let him know when he’d be there. Hopefully, that would be a heads up to Kelly as well. He pulled into Paul’s driveway and parked. He got out and walked to the door and it flew open and Kelly rushed towards him and enveloped him in her usual hug. Her hands went below his belt line and felt the diaper.

“Did you wear this for me?” she asked.

“Sure,” he said. She then planted a major kiss on him. Paul came out and threw his stuff in the car.

They drove off. And now in addition to dreaming of going 24/7 he thought about Kelly for most of the trip back to campus.

Brian decided to be decisive. He got a trash bag and put all his underwear into it. He tied a knot in it and stuffed it far back in his closet. If he wanted to think about underwear, he was going to have to make an effort. He was self conscious going out of the room diapered for a bit but soon it became routine. He would wet himself while out even. He

decided he better carry changing supplies so he found a small backpack and put a couple of spare diapers in it.

A few weeks into the semester, Paul announced. "Kelly's coming up this afternoon."

"Cool," said Brian.

"She's bringing a sleeping bag and is going to camp out on our floor tonight if that's OK with you."

"Fine by me."

"I didn't think you're going to mind."

Kelly arrived and ran in other and hugged her brother and then came over and laid a big kiss on Brian. Brian's heart raced. They headed out to the student union for dinner.

"I've got big news," Kelly said. "I got my scholarship. I'm going to State next semester."

"That's fantastic," Brian said and really meant it. They spent the evening touring the campus and a few places in the adjacent town. They got back to the room and started getting ready for bed.

"Don't mind me," Kelly said as they started to hesitate on their preparations. "Nothing, I haven't seen before." She winked at Brian. Brian pulled off his shirt and reached down and dropped his pants revealing the diaper.

"For me?" Kelly asked.

"Well," Brian admitted. "I'm wearing them all the time now."

"Cool," Kelly said giving him a hug and reaching down and tweaking the plastic enclosed crotch.

She looked over at Paul. "Now there's something I've NOT seen before."

Paul looked a little embarrassed. "Dad knows, mom doesn't. I've been out of diapers pretty much since I got to college."

"You may be the first boy in our family to go rogue," Kelly laughed.

"I don't know. You probably can escape detection as long as you continue to wear at family functions." Paul thought about it. Obviously his Uncles were still diapered as they brought up his cousins in diapers. A few of his cousins were older but he had never inquired as to whether they were holding to the family tradition.

“Don’t worry,” Kelly said. “Your secret is safe with me.”

Brian tried not to look as if he was watching, but Kelly slipped out of her shirt and jeans and dropped her bra and then lowered her panties. Brian got a nice view of her perfect rear end before she pulled her pajama bottoms up and slid the camisole top on.

“Do you want my bed?” Paul offered. “I can sleep on the floor.”

“No, don’t be silly,” Kelly said. She rolled the sleeping bag out on the floor and Paul got into his bed and Brian turned off the light and crawled into his. He was going to dream about Kelly he was sure. She was so close. He glanced over at her and then turned to the wall.

A few minutes later he felt something warm nestle to his back. A hand came forward to cup his diapered front. Kelly was in bed with him. She didn’t seem to be making any moves. They just drifted off to sleep.

The next morning over breakfast Brian came up with an idea. “Hey guys,” he said to Kelly and Paul, “I’ve got an idea. I’m pretty sure I can get my parents to spring for an apartment for next semester. We can get a two bedroom and Kelly could have one and Paul and I could take the other.”

“That’s a wonderful idea,” Kelly said. “When are you going to get it. I’ve got cheerleading practice that starts here in July.” Paul thought it was a good idea.

“Let me take care of it,” Brian said. He called his parents later in the day and they seemed fine with the arrangement. There was a little hesitation when he mentioned Kelly taking one of the rooms, but he pointed out, “Hey, she’s my roommate’s sister. I’m not going to take advantage of her.”

“It’s on,” he told them later.

“Great,” Kelly said. “One less thing for me to worry about.”

Kelly said she had to go meet with the cheerleading coach and then she had to get back home. She gave Brian a prolonged kiss and waived goodbye.

Brian had a mission now. He went to the housing office and got information on rentals and started visiting them. Leaving one that was really less than suitable he came to the realization that he had to poop. It was a long walk back to campus and he didn’t know where else there might have been a bathroom. Despite having been 24/7 since the beginning of the semester, he hadn’t pooped in the diaper since the weekend he spent at Paul’s house. I guess now’s as good of a time as any to start he thought. He pushed and filled his diaper.

More apartment hunting and he found what he wanted. Three blocks from campus, parking space, two bedrooms, two baths. Perfect. He put the deposit on it and called Paul. Paul came over. "You and I can have this room here and Kelly can have the other."

Brian's mother came up and did what she excels at, decorating. She bought them furniture and beds and otherwise got the apartment looking like something out of a design magazine. Brian and Paul moved their stuff over. They put the diaper genie and diapers into the bathroom for their room.

Soon Kelly and her parents arrived. They moved Kelly's stuff into her room. Paul's mom stepped into the boy's bathroom and saw the diaper equipment and nodded approvingly. Little did she know that it was Brian not Paul who was using it. Brian's mother insisted on buying a nice dinner for all of them so the two families had a wonderful chat and dinner.

After dinner, both sets of parents bid farewell and headed home. Kelly closed the door and turned to Brian. "Great, they're gone. Move all your stuff into my room."

Brian was shocked. Not in his wildest dreams had he thought this was going to happen. He was happy just to be seeing Kelly regularly. Seconds later Paul came out of his room carrying the diaper genie and headed into Kelly's. "You're going to be needing this." Paul and Brian moved the dresser over and that was that.

Kelly was eighteen now and Brian was hoping that sharing a room meant more than just what they had done that night in the dorm room. Just in case he headed over to the pharmacy and bought some condoms. He tucked them into his dresser. That night Kelly got into her pajamas. Brian didn't have to imagine. He knew she was naked underneath. They climbed into bed and Kelly nestled into his arm. Her breathing instantly grew quiet and he realized she was asleep. OK, not yet, he thought and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning he awoke having to pee. Maybe some day he'd wet in his sleep so he didn't have to worry about this. Kelly was still nestled up to him and he relaxed and wet his diaper. Her hand found it's way to his crotch and gave it a gentle knead which got him excited. After a few minutes she rolled out of bed and popped into the bathroom and came back with the wipes.

She untapped his diaper and start to work on cleaning him up. Perhaps this was going to be a repeat of the change at Thanksgiving he thought. But she paused and leaned over and whispered, "Where are those condoms you bought."

He didn't know she knew he had and was a tad embarrassed but nodded towards the dresser. She retrieved one and came over and applied it to his member. She dropped her pajama bottoms and climbed on top of him. She was already quite wet herself and he slid into her easily. It was fabulous. It had been the first time he'd actually had sex with a girl. He wondered if it was her first time.

She slid down to his side and nestled into his shoulder afterwards. He thought about it and knew he could say it without reservation, "I love you."

"I love you, too," Kelly said. "From the first time I saw your diapered butt."

They laughed. "Is this your first time," she asked.

"Yes, other than the job you did on me at Thanksgiving. You?"

"Yes, I told myself I was saving myself for the boy I'm going to marry."

Brian thought about the implications of this. But they were made for each other. She needed a diaper boy, and he needed a girl who would want one. "When?" he asked.

"No rush," she said. They discussed it over the next months and decided they wouldn't announce it until the end of the school year. Besides keeping their living arrangements secret much longer was going to be hard.

They announced at spring break time. Kelly's father was going to make the comment about them being too young but her mother reassured him that they had a bond. Brian's parents were a bit surprised but he seemed sincere and they liked the girl. "I guess that comes from you guys sharing a room for the past year." Mom wasn't fooled, even if Brian didn't know Kelly intended to drag him into her room at the outset.

Wedding plans were set. Brian's mother as usual did her excellent planning job. Paul was obviously the best man and they impressed some other friends into the duty of groomsmen. The bridesmaids were all fellow cheerleader. It was hard for Kelly to not invite the entire squad to be parts of the wedding party. Of course, the groomsmen weren't complaining at being so paired up.

Just before the wedding Paul's father arrived. He threw a cloth diaper at both Paul and Brian and plastic pants. Brian was a little confused but Paul knew. "Shake-her club?"

"What's that?" Brian asked.

"Just play along," Paul said. "Another family tradition."

They got into the diapers and pulled on the plastic pants and Paul's father snapped a lock on each one. They got in the car and drove. Shake Her was a "gentlemen's club." They were escorted into a private room. Several of Paul's relatives were already there sporting diapers. The new arrivals quickly stripped down. Dancing girls came out also wearing diapers. It was the bachelor's party.

Soon it was the big day. Brian got into his diaper and tux. Even Paul put on a diaper even though he hardly wore them anymore. They drove to the church and waited in the

pastor's office. A short time before the ceremony was to begin Paul's Aunt Mary came into the office. She asked for a word alone with Brian and Paul left the room. "Don't argue, just do. Drop your pants, please."

Brian started to say something but she held her hand up. What could he do? He unfastened his pants and dropped them down. Aunt Mary carefully undid the tapes from the diaper and placed it aside. She spun him around backwards and then took something out of her purse and unwrapped it.

"I did this service to Kelly's father when he and Paulina got married," she explained as she pushed something into his rear end. She expertly replaced the diaper and told him to pull his pants up. Brian did and she fussed momentarily with his outfit and straightened his tie. "Ready?" she asked. Brian nodded.

They went out to the church. Mary hustled to her seat while Brian joined Paul and the groomsmen. A moment later the music started and a procession of bridesmaids entered the church and took their places. A pause and different music and Kelly's father escorted Kelly down the aisle. She was absolutely radiant in her wedding gown. Kelly's father presented her to Brian and took his seat. Brian and Kelly smiled at each other and then turned to the minister.

The service began and as it progressed Brian realized that there was a slight discomfort growing in his rear end. What had she placed there? It was quite intense by the time the priest started asking him to repeat the vows. At the phrase "love, honor, and obey," it reached a peak. When Brian said obey the contents of his bowels exploded in the diaper. He glanced at the minister who was impassive and then at Kelly who smiled and winked at him. Family traditions, he thought.

The service progressed and soon they kissed and were marching up the aisle out of the church. Reaching the back Kelly dragged him back to the pastor's office and shut the door.

"Are we going to consummate the marriage?" Brian asked.

"We've already done that, don't you think?" she said. "I figured you'd like a diaper change." Mary had left the supplies and being extremely careful with her dress, Kelly helped him clean up and into a new diaper. They emerged from the church to the crowd of guests cheering and got into the limousine and headed off to the reception.

After the honeymoon, they returned to the apartment to find Paul had moved out.

"Where'd he go?" Brian asked.

"Didn't you know? He's moving in with Brittany." Brittany was the maid of honor. "She's not into diaper boys, but I clued her in that there were times she'd have to put up with it if she married into the family. Now about that consummation thing."

They headed into the bedroom. Brian graduated and got a job nearby. Nearing Kelly's graduation they stopped using birth control and not too long afterwards Kelly announced she was expecting.

She turned to Brian that evening. "We haven't talked about it, but if it's a boy?"

"We'll bring him up in the family tradition. When he's an adult, if he wants to go rogue, we'll help him out."

"Thanks," she said and they lived happily ever after.