

I had just about forgotten about the whole thing the day the envelope arrived from the International Exchange Experience. I didn't get much mail, and this one I hoped would be good news. I had applied to go on a year of foreign exchange almost six months ago, and I hadn't heard. I assumed they weren't taking me. Is this a rejection? I tore open the envelope.

"We are pleased to offer you an exchange placement in the country of Genovia." Was I going? Now questions filled my head. Where the hell was Genovia? Did they speak English there? I got on the computer and pulled up Wikipedia. The map showed the tiny country of Genovia. It was listed as a reasonably affluent country that was at the crossroads of trade for the region. Climate was a bit warmer than home, but not oppressive. It never got really cold there, it appeared. The language was officially English, as a previous leader had decided to westernize his country. However, Genovian was coming back as a source of national pride and children learned both languages in school.

I read through the rest of the article on the history, government, economy. There were a few pictures. The country looked pleasant enough. There was a picture of a school. The girls were wearing uniforms of shirts and skirts. The boys wore shorts shorter than fashionable in the US. Either that was just lameness of the uniforms or perhaps due to the warmer weather.

Well, the weeks before my departure flew by. There was much to do. Letting my existing school know I would be gone for a year, getting my passport, etc. Letters came from the exchange people telling me to pack a few changes of clothes and personal items, but a wardrobe would be provided once I arrived in Genovia to match what the local students wore. Soon I was saying goodbye to my parents and boarding the plane.

Arriving on the plane, I was met by a man holding a sign with my name. We gathered up my suitcase and were swept through customs. We got into a car and started downtown, and I got my first view of Genovian life. Most of the adults seemed to be wearing typical western clothes. It was hot, and a lot of men seemed to wear shorts as did the women. The children likewise tended to wear either short skirts or dresses, again shorter than fashionable in the US. Something was odd about the shorts that I couldn't put my finger on.

We arrived at the office. The driver led me into a waiting area and told me the person who was going to help me with my orientation would be right out. I sat down and picked up a magazine that was on the table. It was a local version of Good Housekeeping. There were the usual ads for cleaning supplies and foods, and then I stopped and stared at one page. It showed several kids my age running, with a headline "for your active child." It could have been an ad for just about anything, but on closer inspection, it was for "Dry-Flex diapers." The text extolled the virtues of absorbency and flexible fit, but no indication as to why you'd want such a product for kids as old as these. The size ranges certainly would fit up to teens.

“Will Meade?” a woman announced. I hopped up, and she led me to her office. She explained that several of the new exchange students would be here today, and we’d have a few classes as an orientation to Genovian culture and that she’d be working with me to get my Genovian clothes. After the orientation, I’d be going to meet the family I’d be living with for a year. They had a boy my age and enrolled in school there.

“So, let's get started. I have your school uniform here. I think it will fit you. If you put that on, we can go out to the local stores and get the rest of your clothes.” She pushed forward a stack with a pair of those short shorts, a polo shirt, and some socks. “Just one more thing. She opened a cabinet and pulled out an item. I don’t know if you found this in your research before coming here, but you’ll need to put this on before we go out in public.”

I looked at what she was holding. It was a large diaper. “Wh-wh-why?” I stammered.

“In Genovian culture, we don’t toilet train children until about 18. All the kids wear diapers. You might get away with using the restrooms in the airport or the big hotels that cater to the international crowd, but in most other places, you’ll not be using the toilet. Your school certainly will not permit it, and while it’s up to your host family, we recommend that you fully assimilate into the local culture.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing? They don’t toilet train children? Did they expect me to be using diapers for the next year? Holy crap.

“Now, if you’ll get changed?”

Stunned, I started to get undressed. The woman pulled my underwear off and placed the diaper around me. I pulled on the polo shirt and the shorts. The shorts slid comfortably over the bulk of the diaper. Now I was beginning to realize. The Genovian shorts, in addition to being shorter than normal, were cut to accommodate the requisite diapers.

We headed out to her car and drove over to a mall. Inside we shopped for and picked out some shirts, not too foreign to me. We got some shorts. Again shorter and baggier than what I was accustomed to. She then led me to an item of clothing I wasn’t familiar with. She called it a playsuit. It was a one-piece outfit with a short-sleeved top and shorts attached to the bottom. As I was putting it on, I realized that this outfit had snaps in the crotch, just like baby clothes, and I suspect for the same reason.

We headed on down to the food court. While most of the names were unfamiliar to me, the food was pretty much the same as in the US. “There is Genovian cuisine, but as far as fast food goes, you’ll find that most kids just as soon would have a pizza

or burger here.” We got some pizza and some cokes and sat down. She talked about how their society wasn’t too different than the rest of the world. As we finished up, I realized that I was coming up to my first significant culture shock. I had to pee.

I started to fidget. She caught on and asked if I needed to pee. I nodded and asked if there was somewhere, I could go. She told me that it was expected that I’d go where I was; that Genovian kids went whenever and wherever they needed. I spent a few minutes thinking about it. During this time, I looked at the other kids in the mall. Some were wearing school clothes, like me. Some were wearing other shorts or dresses; a few were in the playsuits. Some were wearing what appeared to be a baby’s onesie, essentially a leotard with a snap crotch. I asked about that, and she told me that was the athletic outfit of choice, and these kids probably were coming or going to some sports activity.

I finally relaxed enough to pee and let go in the diaper, which I guess was pretty good, as it seemed to soak up what I was putting into it. My crotch did get warm with the feel of the flow. The diaper also got heavier. After a minute we walked down a side hallway and pushed through a door. It was a public changing room. Kids were up on tables getting their diapers changed. I was led to one, and she pulled down my shorts. She removed the sopping diaper and dumped it in a trash bin. She pulled some wipes out of a dispenser on the wall and cleaned me up, and then reached up and pulled a new diaper to fasten me up.

“Most of the better public facilities will have changing supplies in them like this. As will your school. Other places you’ll have to carry your own. You might have seen the small backpacks that some kids are carrying. That’s what older kids use for diaper bags.”

She did this all matter of factly, and I looked around, and others were getting changed without a second thought. When in Genovia, due as the Genovians, I thought.

We headed down to another store, which was the school uniform store. We picked up some more uniform shorts and shirts and one of the onesie exercise suits. We headed back to the campus. I got introduced to a few other incoming exchange students.

“So what do you think of Genovia?” one other kid asked me.

“Different,” I replied.

“Yeah, I gotta get out of this crazy place. If they think I’m going to spend a year crapping in my pants, they got another thing coming,” he said.

“I think I’ll try to stick it out,” I said. But it did occur to me. I did seem to have signed up for a year of using diapers. While peeing was weird, I hadn’t given crapping a thought.

“Dinner!” one of our advisors called. Your first taste of Genovian cuisine.

The rest of orientation went pretty easy. That was except for the next morning. After breakfast, I had realized that I hadn’t had a bowel movement since I arrived in Genovia, and it caught up with me. With great trepidation and stood up and let it rip. At first, the relief of the pressure of the poop leaving my rectum was a relief, but soon it hit the diaper and mushroomed all over my rear. After a few more waves, it felt like I’d dumped ten pounds into the diaper, which now was stuck to my rear.

I got the counselor to change me. This I had mixed feelings about. In one way, I was relieved to have the stinky, sodden mess removed. But it was embarrassing lying there having poop being wiped off my butt. Was I going to be able to deal with doing this for a year?

That afternoon my Genovian clothes were loaded into the car, and we headed out for my new host family. It was a little bit less than an hour later when we pulled up in front of a relatively decent sized suburban house. The counselor led me up to the door. A couple about my parents' age appeared at the door. “I’m Mrs. Elan,” the woman announced, “and this is my husband.”

A boy, my age, pushed out between them, and grabbed my hand. “I’m Paolo,” he cried. “Welcome to Genovia. Let me show you your room.” The counselor dealt with talking to the Elan’s while I followed Paolo up the stairs. “This will be your room. It used to be my sister’s, but she’s away at college. I got my mom to get rid of the girly stuff.” The room seemed reasonable enough. Paolo led me through a door. “This is the bathroom, and you share it with my room.” He led me through to his room.

The bathroom was literally that. There was a bathtub, a sink, and what must have been the changing table. There was no toilet. I was suspecting that such an arrangement was typical in Genovian children’s rooms. Following Paolo into his room he rattled on explaining the posters and pennants in his room, all local sporting teams and such. With hardly a pause in his spiel, I heard a muffled sound from his shorts. I was pretty sure that in the excitement, he’d just dumped a load in his diaper.

Soon, Mrs. Elan came into the room. “My husband is bringing your stuff up to your room. I hope you’re doing well.” I nodded. “I suspect you’ve been on the road a while. Do you need a diaper change.”

She said it so matter of factly like it was normal that a teenager would have wet diapers. Of course, to them, it was. I admitted that I did, and she led me up to the

table and started changing me. I did close my eyes in embarrassment. "I guess this is all new to you. I'm sorry, but they say you need to be treated like any Genovian kid."

I told her that I understood, but I was still getting used to it. She told me not to be shy about asking to be changed. It was expected. "Unlike my son here, who would just as soon run around in a dirty diaper for hours. I'm fairly certain he's poopy now."

Paolo sheepishly hopped up on the table after I got down. I started to leave the room, but he told me to wait for him. I tried not to look but did glance as his mother was making short work of cleaning him up. "Were you already toilet trained?" he asked me.

"Yep, so long ago I can't even remember it," I said.

"Wow, that must be something. I guess it's a little weird going back into diapers now," he asked.

"Yeah, I said. Very strange to me."

We spent the rest of the day having Paolo show me everything in the house. I discretely wet myself, still kind of embarrassed just going in front of other people. At dinner time, Mrs. Elan asked if I needed a change, and I nodded. She said that it was fine just to come and ask her, of course, if I wanted to hang out in wet diapers as Paolo did, I could. After dinner, we watched TV. There were some shows from the US and some local sports. Of course, there were the occasional commercials for diapers for kids of all ages.

Later, Mrs. Elan told us it was time to get ready for bed. She changed me one more time, but this time instead of the oversized pampers I had been wearing, she did up a heavy cloth diaper between my legs. This was followed by a pair of plastic pants and a nightshirt.

"You'll find it more comfortable like this in bed," she explained. The bulk was sufficient that I felt like I couldn't bring my legs together. I waddled off into bed and fell fast asleep.

I woke up once and stared at the clock. 3 AM. I had to pee. I tried to do so but couldn't. I sat up and tried again. No luck. Finally, I stood up, and I could finally get the flow going. The diaper got warm, but it seemed to sop it up well. I hopped back into bed, feeling the warmth of the smooth plastic and fell back to sleep.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Elan came in and said, "Wake up, sleepyhead. You have to get ready for school." She stripped me out of wet cloth diaper, disposing of it in a pail under the changing table, and told me to shower. After the shower I got back

into a disposable diaper and brushed my teeth. I went back into my room and put on the school uniform shirt and pants.

Breakfast was quite an affair. I would come to learn that the Genovians loved their breakfast. Milk, juice, coffee, toast, pancakes, bacon, eggs, jams, all on a weekday. Not wanting to look ungrateful, I ate heartily. Mrs. Elan handed me a backpack. Paolo picked up your books for you, and here is also your lunch and your gym suit.

Paolo led me out the door as we walked down to the school. It was only three blocks away, and he had arranged with the school that we would be in all the same classes save one. He was taking Genovian literature, which I would have been lost in. I was in a basic Genovian language class instead.

As we neared the school, we met more boys dressed as we were and girls in the same polo shirt but with pleated skirts underneath. The school was good sized and busy. Paolo introduced me to a few people in passing, but I figured I'd not remember any of their names. He pushed through a door. "This is one of the changing rooms. If you need it, I do."

My diaper was currently clean, but I was going to need to poop soon, so I might as well get it out of the way. I stood still for a second and pushed a load out into the diaper. Yech. Was I ever going to get used to this? There were a few lines leading to the changing tables. People in line were chattering even with the kids on the tables. Soon it was my turn, and I hopped on the table, landing in the pile of poop on my ass with a squish. Yech again. I waited nervously while my shorts were pulled down and then the diaper exposing my poopy butt. I was cleaned up and rediapered and hopped down to meet back up with Paolo.

First period was math, trigonometry. It was pretty much about where I was in my school back home, and I didn't have any problems. Next, Paolo led me to a locker room. He led me to a locker, and we put our uniforms away. He pulled out his gym suit from the locker, and I pulled mine out of my backpack. I slipped it over my head and then pulled the loose flaps through my crotch and snapped them.

We all filed outside and soon launched into a game of soccer, which the Genovians called football like most of the rest of the world. It was a strange sensation to me, running around with bare legs and this suit holding that diaper tight up between my legs.

Returning to the locker room, we ditched our suits back into the locker. We headed off to the showers, stripping off our diapers and dumping it into a large bin. I showered without trying to look around too much, but Paolo kept talking to me. I turned at one point and noticed the stream of urine coming out of his penis. I guess that was likely to happen any time a Genovian boy was undiapered. Drying ourselves off, we got rediapered and headed back to dress.

My next class was the Genovian language class. I was on my own here, so I sat down towards the back of the room. Another boy sat in front of me and turned around. "Jim Reed," he announced, holding out his hand.

"Will Meade," I replied, shaking his hand.

"American?" he asked.

I nodded. "Great. I've not had an American to talk to for a long time, other than my family."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Just over a year. My father's company is helping the Genovian oil industry. He moved us all here, figuring it would be broadening."

"I'm on the foreign exchange for a year," I added. I thought for a second and then asked, "Are you wearing...?"

"Diapers?" Jim said, "Yeah, it's pretty much the only way for kids here."

"Do you ever get used to it?"

"Pretty much, I mean, soon you learn to go when you have to. I pretty much don't even think about it when I need to pee. I guess I've become a good Genovian kid that way. I still usually have to make a conscious effort to poop though there are times I've found myself going without realizing I've started. I've got another year here before I go back. I'm going to have to go to potty school before I leave."

"Potty school?"

"That's just what they call it. When a Genovian kid gets near 18, he can sign up for it. It's not another school, just a special class, and an area in this school where the kids can learn to use the toilet. Other than that, you won't find a toilet a kid can use anywhere near here."

Jim became a good friend. We called ourselves the "American Embassy" as we could talk about stuff that was "normal" to us. I met a lot of other Genovian kids over the next few days. Paolo introduced me to a lot. School settled down, and I got going with my studies. Fortunately, everything was in English and wasn't too far off from what I learned at home. History class had some Genovian history things that I guess every kid who grew up here knew, but for me, I had to do some extra reading to get the context. Still not a big thing.

Then there was the Genovian language. While there was a lot of vocabulary to learn, it's like they have a different word for everything, the grammar was pretty

easy. Instead of having to conjugate verbs and stuff like I had to do in Spanish class at home, all I had to do is learn some other words. The Genovian language sticks extra words in for things like plurals, verb tenses.

“Jono bay gada,” I announced to Mrs. Elan when I came home. This was the traditional Genovian greeting, meaning roughly “good day” in English.

“Bay Gada,” Mrs. Elan replied and followed it with “Leso bay ka gada.”

This, I understood. Leso was school. Ka made it into a question. She was asking me if school was good.

“Jay,” I replied. Yes.

“Sevo ka zahgo,” she followed. Sevo was diaper, I knew. Ka was making it a question. The verb I didn’t know, but I guessed she was asking if I needed a change.

“Jay,” I answered tentatively. And she led me upstairs. “Can we go back to English now, I think I’ve hit the limits of my Genovian.”

In the bathroom, she asked if I had tried changing myself yet. I hadn’t. She had always done so at home, and the school had changers in the room there. The only other times I needed changing since I got here was when I was with the orientation counselor. While we had gone places without changers, she had taken care of it for me.

“In Genovia, we feel that in most cases, a parent should handle the changes for their children. We feel it increases social interaction in a positive way. However, there are times it isn’t practical. You’ll be out in public somewhere without us. Do you want to try now.”

She had while this had been going on removed my wet diaper and given me a cursory wipe. She was now holding the fresh diaper in her hand. “Sure, let me give it a try,” I replied. It still seemed strange to be having a conversation with a woman who was in the process of changing my diaper, but it was coming commonplace to me. Even the changers at school prattled on while working. I just thought they were chatterboxes. It hadn’t occurred to me that it was part of their job.

I fanned out the wings of the diaper and slid it under me and up between my legs. I slid the top part down and pulled the wing in place. I started to apply the tape, and Mrs. Elan said it would be easier to do the bottom tape first, so that’s what I did.

A few seconds later, my diaper was secure in place. Not a bad job if I did say so myself. Hopping down, I stopped to think about this great accomplishment. I’d changed my own diaper? What a strange milestone in life. Later I found out from



Paolo and his friends that it was a significant accomplishment, typically around the time a child started school to be able to do this.

Now I have two social groups in Genovia. First and foremost, I have Paolo and all his friends. They're cool people, and I like them. However, they are Genovians. They don't understand me and why I find it disturbing just to be letting loose with my bodily functions in a diaper after a decade of using the toilet. Still, I try not to let it bother me.

Then I've got the American Embassy, me and Jim. We can talk frankly about the strangeness of the whole thing. We have come to the realization that we have no real option here. We've both to some extent accepted just peeing whenever and wherever we are when we have the need to go.

Jim said he had a bit of a scare. He was beginning just to have uncontrollable urges to crap wherever he is. He says he's fighting to keep from losing that control. He tries to get on a regular schedule where he goes each morning before school and works to hold it all the other times.

One thing I have learned is that, for the most part, the Genovians are pretty cool. Everybody is polite and pretty well behaved. I have learned that those who step over the line get dealt with quickly. I heard the rumors of kids getting spanked at school, and it wasn't long until I witnessed it for myself. Just as with the fact that diaper changes are pretty much done out in the open, so are the spanking. I was walking down the hall when the headmaster was pulling down some kid's pants and commencing to wail away on the kid's ass (I guess he was lucky that the kid didn't have a poopy diaper at the time).

Time went on, and we often visited things like the mall or the beach. The beach was odd. While the adults had relatively typical swimsuits, again men's fashions tend to be shorter in Genovia, speedos abound. The kids, of course, had to wear something else. I was presented my swim diaper before we left. It was a holder for a cloth diaper that then wrapped tightly around me and buckled. With nothing over the top of it, it looked like I was wearing just a diaper. At the beach, I wasn't too self-conscious, Paolo and the others were wearing the same. Girls either wore bikini or tank tops with the swim diaper on the bottom.

Anyway, back at school, I was hanging out with Paolo. He said that his girlfriend, Lauri, was hosting a slumber party at her house the next weekend, and I was invited, but...

"Lauri, we've got to find a girl for Will," Paolo said.

Lauri thought about it for a second. "Hold on." She moved across the room, and I could see her talking to another girl and pointing in our direction. Soon the two of them were back.

“Will, this is my friend Maura.”

Maura was stunning. She had long straight, jet black hair. As with most of the native Genovian, she seemed to be sporting a tan. Now I can be a little shy at times, but it appeared Paulo and Lauri had greased the way for me.

“Would you like to go with me to Lauri’s party?” I asked

“Sure, how about I meet you there,” she replied.

“Excellent!”

The alarm went off Friday morning, and I slammed the snooze alarm hard. I was so tired. Groggily I sat up. My diaper had wet. When did that happen? I mean, many of these nights I’ve woken up peed and gone back to bed, but did I wake up and forget about it? Had I wet without knowing it? This disturbed me a bit. I worked my way to my feet, and as I did, something else happened. My bowels opened up, and a large load gushed out into the diaper. Now, this, for sure, had never happened before. I almost always had to work at going in my diaper and certainly never had any issues holding it until I was ready. Now I was just automatically poopy.

I didn’t want to sit down in the mess, so I just stood there dumbfounded for a bit until Mrs. Elan came in for my morning change. She didn’t comment on the state of my diapers, though I rarely was poopy when still wearing the nighttime cloth diapers. She did comment that I could get changed rather than sitting in dirty diapers for an extended period. I told her it had just happened.

When I got to Genovian class, I discussed both incidents with Jim.

“Yeah, you’re turning into a real Genovian. It’s happened from time to time with me. I just pee and go back to sleep now and yeah, I’ve had times where the pooping was spontaneous. It as like my body saying, hey, you’re going to do it anyhow.”

We had a brief amount of mutual feeling sorry for ourselves before the class started. As the class progressed I had the slight need to pee and just let it go. I’d get changed later. As I stood up and felt the weight of the wet diaper tugging at me, I got more depressed. How was it that I got into this situation?

I popped down to the changing room and got a quick change, which did little to improve my mood. Heading home after school Paulo noticed my gloominess. “What’s wrong?”

“Oh, it’s just the fact that I think I’m losing my toilet training.”

"You're becoming Genovian," Paulo added with a smile.

"That's what Jim said," I pointed out.

"Cheer up," he added, "Don't forget tonight's Lauri's party, and you've got a date with Maura."

He was right about that. That should take my mind off things, and the thought of Maura did brighten up my day.

We had a snack when we got home as there was sure to be food at the party. Paulo and I each packed a small bag with our sleeping clothes and a sleeping bag. We headed over to Lauri's. Paulo rang the bell, and a moment later, Lauri's beaming face was coming through the open door.

"Ma Yolo, Ma Yolo," Lauri welcomed us in Genovian. Paulo leaned forward and got a quick kiss from her.

Suddenly Maura pushed through from behind and grabbed my hand, and said, "Come with me." She was wearing a short silk dress and looked amazing. "I'll show you where you can put your things," and dragged me into the house and down to the basement rec room. There were a few sleeping bags laid out already, and Maura directed me over to one and said "You can spread yours out next to mine," and I did. I dropped the bag next to that.

We went back upstairs and I was introduced to some of the other early arrivals. As the next half hour passed the party grew to about eight couples. There were snacks and drinks. We launched into some games, first couples versus couples and then boys versus the girls. Trivia, Pictionary. It was fun.

It was announced that the Pizza would be ready in ten minutes. Maura came close to me and said: "Do you need a change?" I nodded, and she said, "Come with me." She led me to a typical Genovian kid's bathroom (changing table, no toilet). "Hop up, and I'll take care of you." I was a bit taken aback by the suddenness of it, and she backtracked, "...unless you don't want me to."

Not that I didn't want to, but it didn't seem right. "Is it OK to do that?"

"Sure, friends change each other all the time in Genovia when the parents aren't around. And besides, it's not like I haven't seen your stuff before."

"You've seen me naked?"

"I've been behind you in line in the changing room at school."

This, I guess, I hadn't noticed. I mean, I did know that once you're in a changing room nobody seemed to care who was looking. I always avoided staring at others being changed, and I guess I hadn't noticed Maura looking at me.

Anyway, I got up on the table. Maura pulled down my shorts and undid the wet diaper. She was humming while she proceeded to deftly wipe around my private parts. I was beginning to get hard, and that embarrassed me more. Finally, she got the diaper on before I got so erect that it wouldn't fit over me. I slipped my shorts back up.

As I hopped down, she hopped up and said "Now you can change me."

"OK, but I've never changed anybody else before." She smiled and pulled up the skirt a bit to expose her diaper. I untaped it carefully and disposed of it. I got a wipe and started for her private parts.

"When you do a girl," she advised, "Always wipe away from the vagina." I followed her advice and carefully cleaned the frontal areas. I then took another wipe and cleaned rearward. As concerned as I was before, my cock was now as stiff as it ever had been. I disposed of the wipes and slid a new diaper under her. With the greatest of care, I did up the tapes being sure to be even and smooth.

"There you go," she said, "Great job." We washed our hands and headed back to the part. We got pizza and had more fun with the rest of the kids.

Soon people settled down in the living room to watch a movie. The girls had picked it out as it didn't have a whole lot of action, just a sort of Genovian chick flick. Maura nestled up against me on the sofa, and I put my arm around her. At the end of the movie when the hero and heroine have their final embrace, I decided to take advantage of the moment and the darkness. I leaned toward her and gave her a tentative kiss. No protest. I tried a longer one and felt her responding.

After we pulled away, and while the credits were still rolling, she led me away again. We headed back over to the sleeping bags and got our little bags. We headed for the changing room again, and she changed me into my night time diaper and plastic pants, and I pulled on the usual nightshirt I had been sleeping in.

I cleaned her up, and she handed me a different cloth diaper. Heavy, but rather than being pinned close it had Velcro on the wings, and I fastened those snugly. She pulled out a fancy pair of plastic pants. The outside was covered with a lavender satin material. She then pulled out a short gown of the same lavender material. She removed her bra exposing pronounced round breasts and slipped the gown on. It only partially covered the plastic pants but she looked really cute.

We headed back to the rec room, and people were in various stages of getting ready for bed. Some were making out together. Others were in their sleeping bags,

already still chatting away. We made our way over to our bags, and she got down on her knees, and then it looked like she thought of something.

“Will, can you get me a diet soda?”

“Sure,” I grinned. I headed upstairs to the kitchen. In the US, my mother always told us that if we drank stuff like that right before bed, we’d wet the bed. I guess in Genovia nobody cared if you did.

I returned to find my sleeping bag gone. “I put it under mine so it would be softer. I thought we could share mine.

My mind raced. At this point, it sounded like a great idea to me, but “Is it OK?” I asked.

She smiled, “Of course. We’re not going to have sex, you know. I’m not that kind of girl, and besides, one or both of us would end up peeing or pooping all over the place before we got it done.” She had a point there. Perhaps this is one of the reasons the Genovians left their teenagers in diapers, I thought.

She held open the sleeping bag, and I slid in. She slid in next to me. I felt the satin material of her nightgown as I pulled her to me. My hand went down to the panties and felt the bulk over her rear. We started another prolonged kiss, and then another. We must have been hot and heavy for half an hour. I stole a peek around. There were others still making out, but by and large, the room had quieted down. After a bit Maura rolled over and snuggled spoon style against me. I wrapped my arms around her waist, and after a second she relocated one of my arms up to her breasts and the other down to the front of her plastic pants. I gingerly explored her firm breasts through the satin fabric and felt the bulk of her diaper through the plastic pants.

I pulled her tight against me. Despite thick diapers and plastic pants of my own, I was very sure she could feel me hardening up. We moved tighter together. “Noto bay jada,” she whispered, “Good night.”

I just sat there feeling her tucked against me, the silkiness of her hair, the satin of her gown. The hand on her groin detected a new feeling. She was peeing. After a few seconds, I whispered: “Change?”

“No,” she whispered back, and I remained in place. Soon I too had to go and did. She must have felt the warmth as well, and moved tighter against me.” In a damp but unbelievable bliss, I drifted off to sleep.

The sun was streaming into my eyes when I opened them next. It took a second to remember where I was, but finding Maura nestled up against me brought the memory back. I hugged her a little closer.

"You're awake?" she inquired.

"Yeah," I replied.

"Let's go get changed."

We struggled out of the bag slightly disheveled, but she still looked fabulous in her nightie. Even with the diaper cover beneath, I found it astonishingly sexy. We picked up our bags and headed to the bathroom. This time I attended to her first. I pulled the diaper cover off and carefully unfastened her diaper. With great care with the wipes, I cleaned her up. I pulled out a disposable and held it up, and she nodded. I put it on her.

While she was attending to me, I started, "I enjoyed last night."

"I'm glad you did," she smiled. "I enjoyed it, too."

"Would you like to go out with me?"

"Of course, do you think I'd jump into the 'sack' with anybody?" she laughed.

"How about a movie tonight?"

"Sure."

We packed up our wet clothes into our bag. I pulled out my shirt and shorts from the day before and put them back on while Maura put on a sports bra and one of the athletic onesies that the Genovian kids wore. "I've got football practice this morning, so I got to run."

"Can I come with you?" I asked.

"Nah, that'll be a waste. Stay here and enjoy the rest of the party. Lauri's parents make a fabulous breakfast. You won't want to miss it. Besides, I'll see you later."

She gave me a kiss, which I assumed was initially meant to be brief, but we stretched it out for a while. Finally, she broke away and waved good-bye.

I made my way back out and noticed while there were a few sleepy heads still on the floor, the bulk of the party had moved upstairs where Lauri's father was flipping pancakes, and her mother was running around serving up a variety of things. I found Paulo sitting at a small table with Lauri and sat down with them.

"Maura gone?" Lauri asked. I nodded. "Yeah, I knew she had practice early."

“Well, you and Maura seemed to have hit it off,” Paolo jabbed at me playfully with his fork.

“Yeah, she’s amazing.”

“She must dig foreigners,” he kidded.

And so it went. I took Maura to the movies that night, and then we tended to hang out together more and more. Every time we were together she’d jump right to my side. It felt good to have her there, and I missed it when she was gone. The only unfortunate part is there were lesser opportunities for us to change each other and no chance to repeat the sleeping bag experience.

It certainly brightened up my life considerably to the point that I wasn’t even worrying about the whole diapering and loss of control issue. Talking to Jim, I found that it still bothered him (You need a girl, I suggested). We were both beginning even to lose control of pooping. Jim had decided again that he was going to make a concerted effort while still going in the diaper to do it on a schedule and terms that would give him some feeling of control.

I decided he probably did have the right approach. I did fear losing control, but I also detested more pooping at inconvenient times. Times when I couldn’t get an immediate change. It was one thing to dump the load in the diaper, but having to sit in a pile of your own feces for an extended time was really disgusting.

I did pretty well on my plans. I tried to hold it except for right after breakfast when I knew I could get changed by Mrs. Elan before heading out to school. I was doing pretty well with this except some times, I would eat something that didn’t agree with me, and I’d not be able to hold it for an extended period.

One day Paolo and I decided to go to the mall. There were some new games at the game store that Paolo wanted to check out. Maura was busy a lot. Her soccer team was playing in a tournament. Other than a few minutes during lunch and passing time at school, I’d not seen her in over a week.

We got to the mall and decided to grab a bite to eat. There was a shop these sausage sandwiches. The sausage was some Genovian thing. It was some cross between a Polish and Italian sausage I had at home and quite tasty. That and a large soda, I knew I’d have a wet diaper before we got home.

We found our way to the Game store, and Paolo struck up a conversation with one of the clerks who he knew. Soon we were standing around one of the consoles blasting away at the latest game. After a few minutes I felt a rumbling in my gut. Damn, something in that sausage sandwich was not agreeing with me. I knew I wasn’t going to be able to hold it, but I was still a little skittish about letting loose the impending explosion in the middle of the store.

I excused myself and said I had to change, which was true. Paolo gave me a wave. The boy had no problem spending hours in wet and dirty diapers if he was busy doing something. I headed down to where the changing room was. My idea was to empty my load as close as possible and do an immediate change.

I was within 20 paces of the changing room and was passing the men's room door. What the hell, I thought. I could get away with it. I could lose this load in the toilet. I pushed through the door and looked around. Nobody here. I headed for one of the stalls. There before me was the toilet. Something I'd hardly seen and certainly had not used in the months I was in Genovia. All I had to do is slip this diaper down, do it, and...

Suddenly something gripped my arm. "Kid, what are you doing here?" A uniformed man was holding me securely by the arm. I guess he didn't expect an answer because without a pause he said "Come with me." He was propelling me out of the men's room. Come with him? Like I had a choice.

Well, there went my plan for graceful pooping. My bowels opened, and with each pushed step more and more excrement was deposited on my rear end. We reached a small office, and I was pushed down into a chair. Squish. I was afraid in addition to the humiliating amount of mess I was sitting in. He told me he was going to call my parents. Rather than trying to explain, I just gave the Elan home phone number. "Your mother will be right here," he said.

I had no idea what was going to happen next. I was trying to fight back the tears. The next thing I realized was that my diaper was getting warm again. I was peeing without even a second thought about it. Great, pooping, crying, and peeing. What a big baby I'd become.

About fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Elan arrived, and Paolo followed her in. She went into the inner office and started having a discussion with the security officer. It got quite heated at times. I could hear her mention "American" but soon it settled down. Finally she came out and turned to me.

"Will, I tried to explain to them that you were a foreigner, but they assert that you are living here as a Genovian, and you need to obey the laws here. They could turn you over to the police, but they're willing to let me punish you Genovian style."

Police? I thought. I hadn't realized I was in that much trouble. "I understand," I said. Of course, I knew I was getting a spanking, but just what was involved was still a scary unknown to me.

The four of us, the guard, Mrs. Elan, Paola, and I, headed out of the office. We walked down to just outside the men's room. Mrs. Elan said something to Paolo, and he headed off into the changing room. He came back shortly with one of the



paper sheets that you put down on the changing table before using it and some wipes. Mrs. Elan laid the paper on her lap. She cleared her throat and spoke out loudly.

“Will Meade, you entered a men’s room as a child. You will now be punished.”

This attracted some of the passers-by who were now stopping to watch the spectacle. Mrs. Elan pulled my shorts down and all the way off. She loosened the tape on my diaper and dropped that to my ankles and then pulled me over her lap, my poopy rear end exposed to all to see. Now, I’d seen kids get spanked at school, but never when messy. I heard girls giggling.

“One...” Mrs. Elan counted and brought her hand hard down on my rear. I tried to steel myself against the pain. “Two...” This time other voices joined in on the count. I felt her hand squish through the poopy mess. It must have been as hard for her. “Three...” Finally, I couldn’t take it. The embarrassment and pain were too much. I started to cry. The count continued, “Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine.”

I don’t know how much more I could handle. “...and Ten.”

It was over, but I was still balling. Mrs. Elan was wiping her hands with the wipes Paolo had brought. She lifted my diaper back into place. “Let’s go get you changed. By the time I was up on the changing table, I had regained most of my composure. Mrs. Elan proceeded to clean me up. “I’m sorry I had to do that, but you know it’s not permitted for children to use the public toilets.”

I nodded. I guess I worked hard at being Genovian, and I had to take the good with the bad. Still I didn’t feel good. This had taken a lot out of me. We headed home, and Paolo tried to lift my spirits. He suggested video games, a movie, just about all he could think of. I hated it, but really nothing he was offering was going to make a dent in my mood. Maura might, but she was still in the middle of her football tournament, and I knew she wasn’t available.

I went to my room. I just spent the afternoon on the bed. I felt the need to pee, and then the warmth of the flow spreading out the diaper. I was Genovian for sure, but I didn’t feel like getting up anyhow. Dinner time came, and I ate silently and went back to bed.

The next day I continued to mope around. At noontime, Paolo came in. “I’ve got a surprise. Let’s go watch Maura play in the finals.” For the first time, my mood lightened. Maura.

“Sure.”

They were playing at the local college. It was about a half an hour drive in the Elan’s car. We went into the stands. Soon the teams took the field. There were

two groups of girls. They were wearing the leotard-like things similar to our gym suits, but these weren't cotton but were some shiny colorful material. One team in royal blue with a red diagonal stripe. The others two-tone yellow and green. Maura's team would be the blue ones I know.

As the players spread out to take start the game, I scanned back to the fullbacks, and I caught the shape of Maura. The game started. We watched it. Maura made some excellent plays, and the ball spent a lot of time near the other team's goal. SCORE. As the game went along, the score evened up, and then Maura's team scored again. Time was running out, and the other team made some concerted efforts to score. Maura made some great defensive plays. Soon the whistles blew, and the game was over.

Paolo and I rushed down on the field where Maura's team was celebrating. I lost sight of her but hustled into the center of the commotion. I was jumping up and down, trying to gain a view of her. Someone grabbed me from behind, and I snapped around. It was Maura. I lifted her into the air. I was so glad to see her. I lowered her down, and we kissed.

"You were great," I said.

"Thanks, I'm glad you could come to watch."

"You won't believe how glad I am to see you."

We hugged again. She was all sweaty, but I didn't care. I pulled her close and ran my hands over the smooth fabric.

"I wish I could stay with you, but we have the trophy ceremony, and then I have to go back on the bus. I'll see you tomorrow?"

"OK," I said, disappointed. I was hoping to see her more today. Still, she was the one bright spot of this weekend.

We returned home and sat down to dinner. My Maura fix quickly wore off, and I longed for her and fell back into my earlier. I wasn't too hungry, but I politely ate what I could. Paolo did his best to try to lighten my spirits, but it was hopeless. Eventually, I gave up and went to bed.

The alarm sounded the next morning, and I still didn't feel well. I was wet as I have been many of these mornings. I rolled over and reached for the snooze alarm. As I did, an uncontrollable urge hit me. A large amount of watery stool erupted from my bowels. Gosh, I was becoming more Genovian all the time now I was messing myself without thinking about it.

I hit the snooze and rolled back over. I munched into the sodden mess. I fell back to sleep. The alarm sounded again, and again, I silenced it. Mrs. Elan finally roused me and led me to the bathroom for a change. As she removed the diaper and cleaned me up, she asked if I was feeling well. I had to admit I was not. She asked me to roll over, and I did. She dug around in the drawer, and the next thing I knew, something was being pushed into my rear.

I jumped with a start. Mrs. Elan stroked my back and told me she was just taking my temperature. I just lay there feeling even worse. After a minute, she pulled it out and checked it. "You're running a fever." She put another cloth diaper on me and sent me back to bed. "I'll call the doctor and see what he thinks."

I was happy with the idea of going back to bed. After a while, she returned and said the doctor said it was something going around. She had a tray. "I've got you a little breakfast if you feel like eating." It included some tea, toast, and hot Genovian cereal. I decided to try the tea.

And so it went for the next few days. I just lay in bed feeling blah, eating, wetting, and messing myself with abandon. This, coupled with my mental mood, made a general low point.

Finally, Thursday, Mrs. Elan extracted the thermometer from my rear and announced that my temperature was normal. I was feeling hungry. I figured it was time to go back to school. Friday morning, I awoke with the alarm. I hopped out of bed and dropped a more solid load in my diaper than the past few days. I still wasn't having to work at doing. It just came out by itself with ease. I guess I've hit the final stages of becoming Genovian.

I got dressed in my school uniform. I was ready to go back to school, partly out of boredom and partly out of hope of seeing Maura. At lunchtime, Maura and Lauri met up with Paolo and me. Maura slid in close next to me as usual and gosh how I missed it. We made plans to go out that evening to dinner and a movie. It sounded good to me.

The rest of the day progressed, and we went home. Paolo suggested I wear the romper. This was an outfit that I always found a bit juvenile and rarely wore, but Paolo insisted that Maura would like it, so I did. We met up with the girls at the local pizza parlor. Maura was wearing a very short dress. She looked great. When she jumped or bent, the skirt lifted enough for me to see a ruffled satin diaper cover.

We drank some cokes while we were waiting for the pizza to be ready. Maura grabbed my hand and suggested we go change. I hadn't done this in a long time, so I immediately agreed. We found the changing room. It was tiny and wasn't much more than the table and sink. Maura hopped up on the table and lifted the skirt. I pulled down the diaper cover.

"If you're going to wear a dress this short, you want a little better coverage," she said.

"It's cute," I stated.

Underneath, she had a different style of diaper. The wings were stretchier than the ones I had been wearing. She pulled a similar one from her bag. I examined it.

"They're ActiveFlex diapers. They're better for sports. I have them for football."

I pulled the cover back up, and we switched position. Much as I was no fan of diapers, I did love Maura changing me. It was incredibly intimate as she took great care in cleaning me up and then reapplying the diaper.

We ate our pizza and then headed off to the movie. I was wet by the time the movie was over and suggested we do another change, but Paulo suggested we all go to the house for a while, and we could change there. The girls agreed, and so we did. When we got to the house Paulo suggested that Maura and I go first. When I got up to my room, I noticed a bag on the floor.

"What's this?" I said, lifting it.

"It's my overnight bag," Maura admitted. "We're sleeping over. Paulo wanted it to be a surprise."

"And a pleasant one at that."

We changed, and after Lauri and Paulo changed, we sat around the kitchen table. Mrs. Elan was offering ice cream, and we decided that it was a good idea.

"So, Will are you going to sleep in Paulo's room, and the girls will have yours?"

"Mom!" Paulo cried in exasperation.

"Just kidding," she said, "I know you want to sleep with your girlfriends."

I guess this was accepted teenage behavior in Genovia. I liked it. My girlfriend. Yes, she was. I hadn't thought about that.

After we finished our ice cream, I went to the room and changed into my nightshirt while Maura put her short gown on. We climbed into bed. It wasn't as tight as the sleeping bag, but just as intense. We kissed and petted for a good long time until we couldn't stay awake longer. We fell asleep, nestled together.

"Wanna change?" I heard.

“Huh?” I said groggily. I opened my eyes. The sun was up.

“You wet yourself about five minutes ago,” Maura said, “I thought you were awake.”

“Nah, I guess I’m just getting real Genovian,” I said.

We laughed. While changing, I brought up a problem. “You know, Maura, I’ve got a real concern. It’s March already. My exchange will be up in a couple of months.”

“You’re worried about the fact that you wet and poop like a Genovian kid?” Maura asked, “Maybe they’ll let you sign up for potty school.”

“No, that’s not it. I’ll figure out how to deal with that. What about us?”

“I’ll miss you for sure,” she said. “We can write. I’m probably going to go to college in the States, so maybe we’ll meet up again.”

“But in the meantime?” I asked. I’d still have my senior year in high school.

“Well, we’d have to see how that goes. We can write, but if one of us finds someone else, that’s life, right?”

“I guess you’re right.”

“But we’ve still got three months. We should make the most of what time we have.”

She was right. We hopped back into the bed and started back in with our kissing.

Coming off being sick, I found that I had made the full leap to being a Genovian kid. I no longer even noticed when I was wetting myself. Periodically I’d get a sense of urgency that I needed to poop, but it was immediately followed by voiding into the diaper. I could try to hold it at that point, but what was the use.

True to our decision, Maura and I decided to spend as much time as possible together. Her organized soccer league being over, she frequently participated in pick up games and encouraged me to do so as well. I’d played full back years earlier in youth soccer at home, so it seemed reasonable.

After the first such game, where I had worn my school gym suit, Maura clucked and said, “This really won’t do. These school uniforms suck.” We headed off to the mall. She led me first to the changing room. “We need to get you into an Active-Flex.” I remembered the different stretchy diaper I had removed from her before during changes. She pulled one out of her bag and put it on me.

We headed down to the sporting goods store and worked our way to the appropriate rack, and she started flipping through the suits. She found one that met her approval and held it up to me. "This one looks like it will fit you and looks cool."

I went into the dressing room and put it on. It was made of the same microfiber fabric that the ones I'd seen Maura wear while playing. I recalled the feeling of holding her while she was in it and now the same soft material wrapped around me. I stepped back out into the store, a little self-conscious wearing what would have been at home a girl's leotard. Maura pronounced it good and went and found a similar sized one in a different color.

I paid for my purchases, and we did some other shopping in the mall. Maura took me through the teen section of one trendy store and showed me some of the racy summer fashion for Genovian boys. Not sure I wanted to go there yet.

We returned home, and Mrs. Elan had me model my new purchases for her. Maura suggested that I get some ActiveFlex, and Mrs. Elan agreed to pick some up for me.

Soon it was time for another game, and I put on the new suit and headed off to the field. Now there was a mix of people like me and Maura in our technical football uniforms, others just playing in regular street clothes, and a couple in the school gym uniforms. We had a great game and even won. Maura came running up to me afterward. We hugged, the slick fabric sliding between us, our arms caressing the fabric of each other's uniform. Paulo and Lauri had been watching from the sidelines. "Hey, you two. Get a room," Paulo shouted.

Maura and I pulled apart a second, looked at each other, and together cried, "OK!" But instead, the four of us headed off to the local pizza place. I felt a bit odd sitting there in the leotard, bare legs and all, but I just kept looking at the similarly attired Maura and felt better about it.

After we had ordered, she led me to the changing room. It was different using the snaps in the crotch to get access to the diaper, but I'd done so with the romper as well, so it wasn't too strange. We did a quick change of each other and headed back.

"How 'bout we go to the beach this weekend?" Lauri suggested. It seemed like a good idea, so everybody agreed all around.

Early Saturday morning Paulo and I got up and changed. I put on my romper and through a beach towel and my swim diaper into a bag along with some extra pads for the swim diaper and changes of regular diapers. Soon Lauri's mother was pulling up to the house, and we hopped in, the girls already being in the car.

We chattered during the short ride to the beach, planning what we would do for the day. Lauri's mom swung into the parking lot, and we gathered up all our stuff. We got down to a good spot on the sand and laid out our blankets and other supplies. Paulo and I quickly changed into our swim diapers. I'd long gotten used to the fact that people changed on the beach in the open here. Lauri was wearing a cover-up one piece with a skirt that she ditched to reveal a tankini and her swim diaper.

Maura pulled off her T-shirt, revealing a bikini top and then kicked off what appeared to be a brightly covered diaper cover exposing her swim diaper. We headed down with a ball and splashed around in the water, throwing the ball. After a bit of that we returned to the blankets, and the girls spread out another towel on the blanket and laid down to sunbathe. Maura undid the back of her bikini top while lying face down, and I smiled.

Paulo and I decided to stay active, and he pulled a Frisbee out of his bag, and we set out to play with that for a while. The warm sun beat down on us, and my suit had pretty much dried out from the lake water when suddenly I felt it getting damp again. I was wetting. The previous times I'd worn this, I still had control and hadn't wet it. A warm trickle ran down my leg. I stopped to look.

Paulo laughed at my freezing up. "These swim diapers aren't designed to be waterproof, only to keep the poop contained." He pointed out he was similarly wet. Now I understood why the girls put an additional towel under them. After playing for a while, we returned to the girls and decided to go down the beach to get lunch.

Paulo and I changed back into our clothes. Lauri stepped back into her cover-up, and Maura pulled the diaper cover she had brought but didn't put her shirt back on. She explained that the diaper cover was specifically designed to cover up the swim diaper so you could walk around without leaking and that we should get me one, so I didn't have to keep changing. I found out that Lauri's cover-up similarly had a plastic-lined panty built into it for the same reason.

We found a pizza place, and after ordering, Maura dragged me next door to a beachwear shop. She found the men's coverups and picked out a bright orange one for me and shuffled me into the fitting room. She pronounced it sexy, and she paid the clerk for it saying I'd wear it home.

"Wow, Mr. Hot Pants!" Lauri exclaimed as we returned to the table. After lunch, we wandered around the various shops. We went back down to the blanket, and while Paulo changed and Lauri pulled off her cover, I went to pull mine off. Maura stopped me and said, not yet. We laid down on the blanket and held each other close and kissed for a while. After that, we pulled off our covers and headed back to the water.

It was a great day and returning home, Mrs. Elan greeted us. "Your mother called," she said to me, and quickly continued. "Your family is thinking of visiting Genovia while your sister is on spring break."

"Cool," I thought. I'd not seen my parents in months, and even my somewhat annoying sister would be a welcome sight.

Soon I found myself back at the airport in the Genovian capital with the Elan's waiting for my family to arrive. Craning my neck to see through the doors of customs, I finally get view of my father heading my way. When they all cleared the doors, I rushed up and hugged my mom. Dad shook my hand and patted me on the back. Even my sister gave me a hug.

We loaded their luggage into the Elan's car and drove to the hotel. My parent's got one room, Mr. and Mrs. Elan another, my sister got her own, and Paulo and I shared one. The only thing I was missing was Maura not being there. After storing our luggage, Mr. Elan led us to a restaurant that he knew. We had a great time and spent time catching up on each other's lives.

We attended a play at the Genovian state theatre that night. Returning to our hotel room, I dropped into the bathroom to change my wet diaper. I smiled when I realized this is the first time I'd been in a bathroom with a toilet for a long time. Still, there was a low bench there for kids to change on, and I did so and popped out of the bathroom, wearing just the diaper to find my sister in the room talking to Paulo. Her eyes opened wide at what I was wearing, and I quickly grabbed my pair of shorts and pulled them up.

"So you really are wearing diapers here?" she gasped. "I heard from mom you were because they don't toilet train kids, but I didn't realize what that meant."

"Yes," I stated. "Paulo and I are both diapered." Paulo pointed out he had always worn them. I, of course, started once I got here. "I was just in the bathroom changing. I didn't realize you were here," I said, trying to explain my appearance a few seconds earlier.

"So you actually use them?" she asked.

"I've pretty much lost all my toilet training. There's no place for kids to use the toilet back here. "

"Everything?" she asked, which I understood to ask if I pooped in them.

"Yes."

"Ooh, gross!" she cried. So you can't use the bathrooms?



“There are none at school. The bathroom I share with Paolo at home is literally that, just a bathtub, no toilet. People don’t want to find kids in the adult toilets,” I explained then related the story of me being caught in the mall men’s room.

“That explains the stares I got using the ladies room at the theatre tonight,” my sister said.

“Yeah, you can get away with it here in the tourist sections when you’re a foreigner, but adults, in general, look down on kids invading their space.”

We talked, the three of us, and eventually, she headed back to her room to sleep. The next few days were spent seeing the sites of the capital: the museums, some historical sites, the royal palace. At breakfast the third day, my father stated, “I’ve been talking with the Elans. They’ve invited us to stay a couple of days at their house. We can see a bit more of the country and meet some of the friends you’ve met here.”

“Maura!” my sister cried. She’d heard of my Genovian girlfriend and was genuinely curious.

I had no problem with this and thought about it, and then it hit me.

“Umm, Sis...”

“What?”

“You remember what I told you last night?”

It took a second for it to sink in. “Oh.” She gave it a deep thought. “Do I have to?”

My parents looked a bit confused.

Mrs. Elan figured it out, “It’s the diapers. There’s no way for a child, even a visitor to come to our area of the country without them.”

Mom asked Sis what she wanted to do. They could stay in the capital, but my sister said she could deal with it for a couple of days.

Mrs. Elan volunteered to set her up before we left the hotel. In a short time, we were getting in the car and heading out.

“What do you think?” I asked.

“It feels peculiar,” my sister said.

It took about an hour to get home. Almost immediately, Paolo was on the phone with the girls. After a brief conference with the parents, it was decided the adults

would dine together, and the kids would meet Lauri and Maura for pizza. I put on my romper because I knew Maura loved me in it, and we went out. Standing outside the restaurant, my sister danced from foot to foot.

"You have to pee, don't you," I asked.

"Yes, I don't think I can hold it much longer."

"Just do it," I said.

"I've tried, but I'm having problems with this."

She closed her eyes and tried to relax. Finally, I saw the look of relief on her face. She had finally got it started. Just then, the girls showed up. Sis's eyes popped open as she was soon introduced to Lauri and Maura.

"Were you peeing just then?" Maura asked.

My sister looked a little embarrassed and nodded. Maura grabbed her hand and said, "OK, let's go get changed. I'll help you."

"Thanks," my sister said in a quiet, resigned fashion.

"No problem! I change your brother's diapers all the time." Sis's eyes popped wide open, and she gave me a look. Maura caught this and added, "And he changes mine, too." Sis still had the 'Oh, Really?' look on her face as they departed.

Sis and the girls hit it off at dinner. Plans were made. The next day she would come to school, spending part of the time following me, and part with the girls and Saturday we'd go to the beach. Maura said she'd take care of getting Sis outfitted in appropriate Genovian attire.

That night, I slept on the floor of Paolo's room while Sis got my bed. Mrs. Elan came in and changed my sister into the cloth nighttime diapers just before she did the same for Paolo and me. After we were done, I poked my head over and said good night to her. She had on a short nightgown, which didn't entirely cover the large diaper and plastic cover. I told her she looked Genovian.

The next morning we got changed, fed, and dressed for school. Sis shadowed me for my first class. After class, she had a very pained look.

"What?" I asked.

"I've got to poop."

I led her down near the changing room. "OK, let her rip," I said. She looked at me like I was crazy but finally resigned herself. She closed her eyes and pushed. I could tell she was relieved briefly, but soon tears started to well up.

"This is so gross," she said.

"This is why I took you right to the changing room. Let's get you cleaned up." I led her to one of the tables and told the attendant that this was my sister visiting from America. The attendant smiled and patted the table as to say, hop up. My sister gingerly got up on the table, but I could see her wince as she landed on her poopy butt. She screwed her eye's tightly together as if she didn't look, it wasn't happening.

The rest of the day was pretty good. At lunch, I handed her off to Maura and Lauri so she could see their class, including gym. After school we all headed over to the house. Maura took care of changing my sister and then did me.

"You guys do it to each other all the time?" my sister asked.

"Yeah, you may have noticed that nobody much cares who's watching in the changing rooms," I explained. My sister nodded. "Girls and boys going steady often take care of each other."

My sister gave me a sly wink. That evening we had almost a party for dinner. The Elan's, my family, Lauri, Maura, and even Maura's family got together. Maura's father and mine spent a lot of time talking. Later I was to find that Maura's father thought it would be best if Maura studied at an American college. This was the first I'd heard of the subject, but it gave me hope that I might see Maura after my foreign exchange was over.

The next morning Maura and Lauri showed up at the house. The girls were carrying a shopping bag and dragged my sister up to the room. I'd already grabbed my swim diaper and cover-up and a t-shirt and was helping Paolo pack up the beach blanket and towels. Soon my sister came out. She had a silver bikini top on with a gauzy jacket over it, a matching silver diaper cover below I assumed over probably an equally matching swim diaper.

You look to be the peak of Genovian fashion. My sister blushed a bit. Maura and Lauri had pulled out all the stops shopping for my sister's outfit. We all headed for the beach. Sunning, volleyball, playing in the water, lunch, and more. All had a good time. My sister even seemed to have attracted some of the Genovian boys. Soon, there were a couple milling around talking to her. Maura and certainly done her job making her look Genovian sexy, I guess.

My sister and Maura were suddenly whispering things and then giggled. Sis went up to the more built one of the two boys. A sandy-haired, tanned guy probably

about a year older than she. He was wearing a bright gold swim diaper. She gave him a quick peck on the lips and said something. Soon they were heading hand in hand off to the changing room.

Maura explained to me, "She asked him to change her." I guess sis decide to get the full Genovian experience. "Don't worry," Maura reassured me. "It's harmless, and if they're not back in a few minutes we'll go in after them," she chuckled. However, soon they were back hand in hand again. The boy's name was Marco, and soon he was part of our group.

It was decided we'd all meet back in town for dinner. My sister having a date now meant she wasn't a fifth wheel. Maura offered my sister one of her dresses and looked great for Marco when we got to the restaurant. Afterward we headed to the movies. My sister managed another diaper change with Marco before we were through for the night.

After we were dressed for bed that night, my sister told me, "Gosh, I don't know if I could stand the diapers, but boy, having Marco change me might make it worth it. And you believe how big his cock got. The only problem is started peeing when I was changing him."

"It happens with us Genovian boys," I said.

Soon it was time for my family to return home. We drove them back to the airport. Hopefully, sis had enjoyed her stay.

As we were getting out of the car at the airport, Sis showed me a pair of panties she had stuffed in her pocket. "I'm ditching the diaper at my first opportunity. It really is weird, and going in it is gross, but changing with the boys was a neat experience."

I smiled and hugged her good-bye and did the same to my parents as they proceed into the concourse.

That night I got back together with Maura. "Did you do any shopping in the capital while you were there?" she asked.

"No, just museums and stuff."

"And I guess diaper clubs were right out?"

"Diaper clubs?"

"Well, that's just what they call them. They're the underage music clubs. No alcohol, and of course, most everybody there is diapered."

"Have you been?"

“A couple of times. It’s a great scene.”

“Well, we should go.”

Plans were made. Maura had researched which clubs we wanted to go to in our club hopping. The big thing that came up was what to wear. “You don’t have any proper clubwear.”

“I don’t?”

“No, we should go to the city early and shop for you to have something to wear.”

We went over to Maura’s, and she pulled some stuff out of her dresser. It appeared to be a leather vest and diaper cover. “Here’s mine. We should find something like it for you.”

“Wow, is that ALL you wear?”

“Well, I have a bra and my diapers on under it, but yeah.”

Plans were made. We traveled to the city after school Friday night. Maura led me through several boutiques pulling out things to look at and to hold up to me to see if they fit. It all seemed very risqué to me, but I followed along. Finally, she found what she wanted for me. A black T-shirt with a leather vest and a leather-like diaper cover similar to the one she had shown me.

We headed over to a restaurant for dinner, and when we were finished, she led me off to the changing room. We switched out of our more pedestrian clothes into the clubwear. The leather vest was neat, but boy, the leather diaper cover was the most exposed I’ve been since we were at the beach. Indeed, there was no hiding the fact that we were diapered.

We headed to the first club and sat down at a table. It wasn’t very crowded. Maura told me it was way early. We sipped some sort of fruit drink while a band set up their stuff. Soon they started playing. About two songs in, Maura said: “Let’s dance.” We were the only ones on the dance floor, but there was also hardly anybody else in the place, so why not.

The band finished a set and applauded us for actually being one of their small audience. Maura said it was time to try a different club. The night was picking up. Lots of young people were seen on the streets. The next club was fuller and had only a few tables left. We grabbed one and had another drink while listening to the band that was playing. We danced some more and decided this band was pretty good. We stayed there until they finished their sets, and while the new group was setting up, we headed out to the next club.

It was pretty much the same for two more clubs. Some bands were good, and some weren't. We got to a final club, and this one had little cubby holes in the lobby. "This one is different," she winked at me. She was pulling off her vest and stuffing it in the cubby. I followed suit, shirt, vest, diaper cover. Soon we were there in just our diapers and, in Maura's case, a bra. She had walked up to the bouncer and handed over a few bills. "This one is all-inclusive," she said. The bouncer admitted us to the club proper.

The place was jamming. The place was packed with kids wearing just diapers. The band was wailing. We danced, we pushed our way up to the juice bar and got drinks to rehydrate and danced again. After a minute, when I was standing near the dance floor a girl came up and patted my crotch. This took me back for a second. Maura smiled at the girl and said "Go ahead, just don't enjoy it too much." Maura whispered something to the girl, most likely telling her I was a foreigner.

The girl took my hand and led me to a section of the club that was full of changing tables. It wasn't separated by any more than a railing from the rest of the club. She led me to a table, and I hopped up, and she took care of changing me. The diaper she put on me was hot orange. I had seen those on the dance floor, but I assumed they were just fancier clubwear than I had. Noting her wet crotch, I reciprocated. I looked under the table at the available colors and chose a bright pink one for her.

She told me her name was Anni and led me out to the dance floor for one dance and then took me back to Maura.

"How did you like that?" Maura spoke in my ear.

"Very interesting," I said.

"Yeah, this place is a real pick up place. Normally, I'd be a little possessive if some girl came up to change my guy, but I figure you would enjoy the experience. I told her the story, and I wanted you back."

"Ah, OK. Thanks. I see you need a change now. Do you want me to find some hunk to help you?"

"Nah, you can do it."

"Good, you need a better color diaper than white."

I took her over to the changing area and chose a vivid blue diaper for her, "It matches your eyes."

We danced more and later I did let some guy change Maura's diaper. Another girl did mine. I found out there was a protocol to diaper changing, similar to asking someone to dance. We stayed there until they closed the place down. We headed back out to the lobby area and pulled back our regular clothes and headed back home.

My time in Genovia was winding down. Of course, the big discussion at school for just about everybody was the spring formal, their equivalent of the prom. The girls had been chattering with their dresses for months. Of course, I asked Maura to accompany me. As we were getting closer, she asked: "What are you planning to wear to the formal?"

"I don't know, clubwear?"

"Don't be silly. You need to be formal." She led me to the mall, and we went and picked out a formal rental suit for me. It was mostly your classic tuxedo except that the jacket was white. For me, it was easy. Maura said she had her dress, but she wanted it to be a surprise for me.

Soon the date was here. Paulo and I put on our tuxes and got the corsages we had for the girls and headed over to Lauri's house, where both were getting ready. I have to admit Paulo, and I looked good. We rang the doorbell, and Lauri's mom came out and ushered us in. She snapped pictures of the two of us while we were waiting for the girls to be ready.

Soon they came down the stairs. Lauri was wearing a full ball gown of vibrant golden color and lots of gathers in the skirt. Paulo stepped forward and attached her corsage. Then Maura came into my view. Absolutely stunning. In stark contrast to the sheer amount of material in Lauri's dress, Maura was wearing a long, sleek silver silk dress. I carefully applied her corsage to the dress. After more photos of each couple and the foursome, we headed out.

"Wow," I said, brushing my hand down the material of her dress. I couldn't resist the touch of the fabric. "That's some dress, but how are you wearing anything under it?"

"Well, on top, I'm not," she smiled. "And below, I've got one of the training pants that they use for the potty school. It's very thin, but it doesn't hold much. I'll be running to get it changed frequently, I think."

Lauri chimed in, "And she's got a plug, too!"

"A plug?" I said. This was a new term to me.

"It's sort of like a tampon, sometimes used by those in training in potty school. Except, it's designed to go in your rear and stop it."

“Oh, I thought.”

“And mom gave me an enema,” she said coyly. “The things we do for fashion.”

We spent the night dancing and sitting together. I couldn't take my eyes off Maura and how she looked. During the slow dances, I caressed the silky fabric of her dress and felt her skin beneath. It was heavenly.

Of course, Lauri and Maura headed off with frequency to change and readjust their clothing and makeup. All too soon, the night was over. Walking out of the building, Maura pulled off her high heels. “These things are killing my feet. Can you carry me?”

I bent over and threw her over my shoulder in a fireman's carry. She was beating on my back. “Not like this, silly.”

I set her down and picked her up in a basket carry in my arms. She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. “That's much better.” I carried her back to Lauri's house. We were invited to spend the night, so we decided to ditch our formal wear. I started by ditching my jacket and bow tie and opened the top of my shirt.

“Unzip me,” Maura said, turning her back to me. I reached around her and felt that fabric one more time and slid the zipper down. She shimmied a little bit, and the sheath of silk slid slowly down to her ankles, yielding just the training panty.

“This thing is starting to leak. Come change me.”

We went into the bathroom, and she got up on the table. I slid down the very soaked panty and dropped it into the bin. I pulled a diaper out from under the table.

“Slide that under me, but pull the plug out first.”

I put the diaper in place and found the small ribbon protruding from her rear end. I tried pulling on it, but my fingers didn't have a good grip. I wrapped a few loops of it around my finger and pulled again. It took a bit of force. I watched her face for signs of distress but saw none. Finally, it gave and pulled out. I dropped it in the bin as well and did her up.

She popped up and started pulling the studs out of my shirt. Once the shirt was unfastened, she reached her hands inside my shirt and pulled me close. After a moment she coaxed me to the changing table and removed my pants and with great care, changed my diaper.



Lauri popped her head in and said she'd placed some robes on the bed. We got into these and went downstairs and had some tea and cakes that Lauri's parents had set out for us. It was a grand night.

Lauri pulled a trundle bed out from under hers. She and Paulo took the regular bed and Maura, and I occupied the lower. I always found that this was acceptable behavior with Genovian kids and their parents. Here we were in bed naked save for our diapers, but I suspect the diapers were to keep us out of trouble. It was going only to be a short time before I would have to give this pleasure up.

It was winding down to my last weeks in Genovia. We tried to cram as much activity as possible into the time remaining. Maura convinced Paulo and Lauri to go clubbing with us. We hit a few and ended up at the diapers-only place as last time. Maura gave me the green light to let myself be changed as much as possible, and she guaranteed that my continually pushing drinks on me to assure my diaper was always wet. Lauri was a bit more protective of Paulo, but soon we'd all been changed at least once and sported the brightly colored diapers provided by the club. Maura got someone to take a picture of the four of us with her phone. We had a great time.

We had another big party at home for all of my Genovian friends. I was sure going to miss them. After they left for the evening, Maura and I snuggled down in bed. "I'm sure going to miss this," I said.

"Yeah, me too. But we can email each other."

"It won't be the same."

"I know, but we can try. I'm thinking about applying to go to college in the states. Maybe we can get together again."

"That would be cool."

We talked for a long time. Maura insisted that I not spend all my time at home, pining over her. We should move along, and if we could get together again so be it. With great resignation I had to agree she was right.

Soon it became time to leave. Most of my Genovian clothes weren't going to be stylish in the US, so I donated them to Paulo. What I had that was left I didn't have room to pack as we determined it was probably better for me to pack the decent Genovian diapers that I required a while. Paulo said he'd ship my other stuff.

Maura, Lauri, and Pablo saw me off at the airport. As the plane took off, I caught my last glimpse at Genovia.

Arriving at home, I got off the plane. Of course, with the long flight, my diaper was more than damp, so I had to find a place to change. Looking past the men's room I hunted for a changing room. Then I remembered I was back into the states. I headed into the men's room and went into the larger handicapped stall. I pulled wipes and a diaper out of my carry on bag and set to changing myself. The charm of this was gone without having Maura change me.

Dry, I worked through customs to find my parents and sis waiting for me. It was great to see them again, even sis. We hugged and headed home. Later that afternoon, I was in my room with the suitcase open. Sis came in and saw the contents. "How long are you going to keep wearing those things?"

"For as long as it takes to get potty trained again," I said. Of course, I didn't know how long that was going to take.

Sis wrinkled her nose up at the thought and left me alone.

The next day my mother called me. "There's a big box here from Genovia."

Must be my stuff that Paolo was having shipped. I took the box up to my room and tore it open. I set aside some of my clothes to find a couple of packages of Genovian diapers. Great, I wasn't relishing having to shop for more of these here, where it wouldn't be normal. Then I found a book. It was the potty school textbook. Below it was a couple of packages of Genovian training pants. Also was a box with an "electronic trainer." Reading the box I found it was a device to detect wetness to help with the potty training. Good, I thought, I wasn't going to have to puzzle this out myself.

Then at the very bottom was an envelope. It was a note from Maura. She hoped I was already doing well and had enclosed some gifts of her own in the box. The first was two pictures. One was the picture of the four of us in our formal attire before we headed to the dance. I set this one on my desk. The other was the four of us wearing brightly colored diapers from the club. This is one of my fondest memories, and I put it away in my drawer. Below that was one last item. It was my microfiber soccer onesie. I put that away too.

The potty school book was pretty straight forward. I would condition myself by regular sitting on the toilet. Of course, I could do so in the privacy of my own home, where the Genovian kids would sit on the toilets in the potty school classroom. At other times I was to try to wear the training pants fitted with the alarm. Being in potty school in Genovia had the big perk that students were free to leave the class and head to the toilets in the potty school room whenever they needed.

Throughout this process, Sis kept quizzing me. Less so on the diapers, though she did ask about that, but for the rest of teen life, my relationship with Maura, other boys, and girls, the clubs. I asked if she was thinking about going there. She said it

sounded really neat except for the diapers. She couldn't bring herself to commit to giving up control of that.

Soon I was potty trained sufficiently that I was wearing underwear again. I chatted with Maura again and let her know, feeling a little bit sad boasting about this when I knew she was still diapered and wouldn't start potty school for another nine months or so. She said not to worry about it she was happy for me.

The rest of the summer blasted by, and I went back to school for my senior year. I had talked to Maura, and she was planning to apply to colleges in the US, so I applied to the same schools. With luck we would both get into the same places. Still it made me sad that we might not.

One day I got particularly lonely and pulled out the picture of us in the diaper club. I thought about it a bit and got the soccer suit out of the drawer. I felt the cloth remembering how it and Maura's felt. I ditched out of my clothes and put it on. Something was wrong. I knew what it was. I went into the back of my closet and pulled out a diaper and put it on. The suit just wasn't right without it.

I wrote Maura and told her of my wearing the suit when thinking of her. She said that made her happy. I told her I was a little embarrassed about putting the diaper on. She said not to worry. There's a lot of diaper-wearing by adults in Genovia, but it's not talked about. Some people don't take well to the potty training, and others have a sexual attraction to it. I guess this isn't surprising as all our adolescent romance revolved around them. She said there were even "adult" diaper clubs in the capital city.

I burned through my senior year. Yes, I took Maura's advice and went out with other girls. I even went to the prom. Still, it wasn't the same. Our admissions letters came. Maura and I had both gotten into the school we wanted. It was a big school, so we might not even then see each other.

All through the year, my sister continued to discuss Genovia. Finally, she decided to apply to spend a year studying there. Maura's parents volunteered to host her, so that would be nice. As graduation came, I started preparing to head for college and sis prepared to go to Genovia. On the day of her departure, I came into her room with the last of my Genovian diapers.

"You might as well get started on these. You won't get far once you arrive without them."

"I was going to wait until the last possible moment," she said.

"It would be easier this way. Let me help."

Sister resigned herself to it. She slid her pants off and then removed her panties and flung them into the closet. I, without comment taped the diaper on her, and she pulled her jeans up. "Now you're ready," I said. We placed the rest of the diapers into her carry on bag.

Arriving at college, I moved into my room. Being in the honors dorm, I got a single room. I headed out on to the campus where there was a cookout going. I grabbed a burger and a drink and sat down on one of the campus walls to eat. I was just wondering where Maura was when a pair of hands reached from behind me and covered my eyes.

"Guess who?"

The feel of her skin, her scent, the voice. No problem guessing, I turned around and lept up to hug her. "I've missed you so much," I said.

"Me too," she admitted.

We got her some food, and we sat down together and ate and talked. Finally, I offered, "I've got a single room. Would you like to spend the night with me?"

"Yes," she said.

"I've missed that," I said.

"Me too, and I bet it will be even better now," she stated.

"Why?"

"We're not going to be wearing diapers."

She was right. And so it went. We spent four years together and planned to marry on graduation. She was studying education and would teach in Genovia. I had studied engineering and had secured a position there. The fact that I had reasonable Genovian language skills worked in my favor even though everybody spoke English anyhow. Soon we'd have children of our own and be raising them in the traditional Genovian style.