

CHAPTER 1

I was in hot water. While I'd never really been in serious trouble, like something that would get me suspended, I had made more than a few trips to the High School's vice principal's office and did my share of detentions. But this time it looked serious, Mr. Hayes, the vice-principal, had asked that my parents come in for a meeting. Of course, that would be just my mom. I was in the tenth grade now, and my dad had passed when I was in the seventh. It was rough on her, and now I was going to make matters worse by having to have her take time off from work on my account.

Monday morning was the appointment. As mom drove us to school, she said "I don't know why you keep getting into these messes. If only your father were around. I guess I'm not doing well enough by myself." This cut to my heart.

"No, mom. It's my fault. I know now that this has gotten so big that it's bothering you. I promise I'll take whatever happens today and use it to turn a new leaf." I did the best I could to try to make things right. Her mood softened a bit.

"I hope you will."

Mr. Hayes greeted my mother as he escorted us into his office. After we had been seated, he began. "Mrs. Miller, Tyler here has been to my office more than a few times of late. Now it has largely been nothing serious, but I think we really need to look at solving this problem. Now the last round of incidents is particularly troubling."

I began to sweat, what was it that I had done, I thought. He continued, "In the past three weeks Tyler has been referred to me four times for incidents revolving around the restrooms. Twice he's been found there hanging out with others during class time without a pass. In another case we found him writing on the wall with a marker. In the other case, we found him in a bathroom full of cigarette smoke. Now, I'm not saying he was the one smoking, but we've made it clear to students that they are to report such things rather than staying around others who are violating the rules."

My mother said, "OK, what should we do about this?"

"Well, Mr. Hayes started, we do have a policy. With the approval of the parents, and I usually do get the parents' approval, we place the student on lavatory restriction. Students, on lavatory restriction, are not permitted in the lavatories at school for any reason."

My mom couldn't help but interject, "Then what if he needs to go?"

"I was coming to that, and this is why we need the parents' participation. Students on lavatory restriction must wear diapers while at school for that need. We have a changing room that they can use at certain times of the day if they need to."

I couldn't believe what he was saying. "I can't believe this," mom said, echoing my thoughts. "You've found this to be effective?"

"It's been very effective. We've gone from having restrooms that were frankly a disaster area to having ones that are beautiful." He was right there. I remembered how bad the bathrooms were at my old school. These were much better.

"How long is the restriction for?" mom asked.

"Well, that's up for you and me to decide. I don't like to set it up for less than two weeks." Two weeks? They wanted me to wear diapers to school for two weeks? "But the times vary. I have some students who are on the restriction permanently. Others we put on for a definite period. Others, we just leave open-ended and let the parents and myself revisit it periodically."

"Where do I get diapers his size?" Was mom really considering doing this? She really can't be serious.

"I have a letter here with a list of the local supply stores that stock these things. Do you have any other questions?"

There was an eerie silence in the room as my mom thought about this.

"When do we start?" she said. My heart sank. I was hoping she wouldn't go for this. I'd have rather been suspended I thought.

"But mom!" I pleaded.

"Tyler, you said you'd take the outcome of this." She was right, I had promised her. What could I do?

"We can start as soon as you are ready. All you need to do is get the diapers. We can start Monday if you like."

"Yes, that should work."

Mr. Hayes commenced to filling out some paperwork. Writing my name and some other info on some papers. "Duration?" he said.

"Well, we can do two weeks for sure, after that we'll have to see how it goes."

"OK, I'll put down 'indefinite' on the form."

He handed one piece of paper to my mother. "This has all the details on it as to the style of diapers and where to get them." The second form, he placed in front of me. "This is your contract that states that you understand what is expected of you and will obey."

Note that violating this is a serious offense: insubordination and that can get you suspended or worse.” The latter was directed to me.

I read over the “Student Agreement.” It said;

I understand that I have been placed on lavatory restriction for the period stated above. I understand that I am not permitted to enter the school lavatories while on restriction. I understand I will wear diapers while on school grounds and while participating in school activities (on or off campus). I will keep the changing room neat and clean. I understand that violations of this agreement will lead to suspension or expulsion.

I gulped and signed. Mom signed the parents’ area agreeing to the whole thing and that she would buy diapers for me to wear. Great, I’ve just signed up for two weeks of diaper wearing. Just what I needed. As we left Mr. Hayes’s office, mom told me she would pick me up after school so we could go shopping.

All through the day, I tried to put this upcoming embarrassment out of my mind. I was reminded between classes late in the day when I stopped into the lavatory to urinate. This was the last time I’d be doing this for a while.

As I came in from school, mom was ready to go. We headed down to a store that was marked “Reliable Medical Supply” on the front. We walked up to the counter, and the clerk inquired as to how she could help us. Mom handed her the paper from Mr. Hayes.

The clerk spent a few minutes reading over it and smiled at me. “Somebody’s been a bad boy I see.” Follow me. She took us over to a section of the store marked “Incontinence Supplies.” Bags of various types were arrayed before us. “Now this letter says that they want fitted briefs rather than slip-ons. These are the difference between baby diapers and pull-ups. Obviously you bad boys aren’t big enough to be taking them down, so the tape on kind is much better.” She pulled a bag from the shelf. “These are our best style in his size. We sell them by the bag or the case, but I suggest you get a bag and see how they work for you.”

Mom agreed. She also pointed out that we’ll need wipes to clean up mom picked up two off the shelf, one for school and one for home. We went to the counter and paid for them. As she put the two boxes of wipes in a bag, she turned to the diapers and said: “I’m afraid I don’t have any bags large enough for these.” Oh, not a problem mom said. She handed me the bag for me to carry. We headed for the car and went home.

Mom suggested I try one out. She offered to help me, but I said I really needed to know how to do this myself (really, I didn’t want her to be diapering me). She said “Fine, but let me see them once you get them on.”

I read the instructions on the bag; it seemed straight forward enough. I opened the bag and pulled out one of the folded items. Yes, one giant huggie, I thought. I spread it out

laid down on top of it, sliding it around and pulled it up. After repositioning it several times to be sure I was doing it right I stretched the tapes over the front and smoothed them down. I stood up and looked in the mirror. Yes, here I was, diapered like a baby and that was that. Mom knocked and immediately came through the door. She stood back a bit and smiled and giggled. I turned red. She came up close and tugged at the waistband and the leg holes and pronounced that these would do nicely.

“Ok, you can take that off now...unless you want to stay that way all weekend.”

I didn't, so I tore the thing off as soon as she left the room.

CHAPTER 2

Well, Monday rolled around. I delayed getting dressed until after breakfast. I sat on the toilet one last time and forced myself to go as much as I could. I went into my room, held my breath, and pulled out one of the diapers. I was not looking forward to this. Five minutes the other day was one thing, but all day? At school? And was I going to make it all day without needing to use them? I was afraid not.

Anyway, I taped the diaper on and pulled my pants on over them. I grabbed the largest shirt I had and put that on over the top. Hopefully, this would cover things well enough that none of my friends would notice. I hopped downstairs and grabbed my books. Mom lifted my shirt and pulled at my waistband to see if I was wearing the diaper. “Good,” she said, “I'm glad you didn't give me any fuss about this. Here's a bag with diapers and wipes for changes at school.” It was just a plain paper grocery sack, with my name on it. It looked like an oversized sack lunch.

At school, I went directly to Mr. Hayes's office. He asked if I was diapered and ready to start and I nodded. He took me to an unmarked door in the hall and opened it. Inside looked sort of like a restroom. Sinks and mirrors were on one wall. A row of stalls on the other and in between a bunch of cubbyholes with various things. He pointed to an empty cubby hole and told me I could put my things there. I did. He then pushed open one of the stall doors. Unlike a normal bathroom, there was no toilet in these stalls. There was a rack on the wall with some sheets of paper and a low table.

Mr. Hayes pulled one of the sheets from the rack. “When you come into change, put one of these on the table. When you're done, put the paper, wipes, your dirty diaper, everything into that big can over there.” He was pointing at a large bin with a swinging door on it. You can come here between classes or at lunch. Your name has been noted on the daily attendance list, so your teachers know enough not to give you a lavatory pass, so don't ask.”

I looked at the cubbyholes. Quite a few were full. “How many people are on restriction?” I asked curiously.

Hayes smiled, “Well, it varies some weeks we have more than others. Of course, we have a few pupils who are on restriction permanently.” He said with emphasis on the last word. I gulped.

Now that more students were in the hall, walking to homeroom made me very self-conscious. I could feel the bulk of the diaper between my legs and the subtle crinkling made me wonder if others would tell. Throughout my first few classes, I tried not to think of my situation, but as the day progressed I began to come to the realization that I was going to have to pee. At lunch I drank only a sip to wash down the food, not wanting to compound the problem. During my last period class, I could stand it no longer; I tried letting a little pee escape. It seemed to be OK. I tried a little more, but this time I couldn’t stop it. As the pressure subsided any relief I felt was replaced with a dread. The warm liquid was swarming around my crotch, but the diaper seemed to be containing it. As class wore on the warmth turned to clamminess. The bell finally rang and as I stood the bulk had been replaced by a squishy sodden mass.

I endured this feeling for the rest of the day and the way home. As I came home, I headed up to my room. I peeled off the diaper and pulled out my regular underwear. I was glad that was over, for today at least. Mom came in and showed me she had put a covered trashcan in my room for these, a diaper pail she called it. Great.

Well, the same thing was repeated the next couple of days. Wednesday, after school, mom asked if the style of diapers we had bought was working. It seemed to be as good as could be expected I thought and said so.

“Good, because I was going to call the shop and order some more,” she said.

I did some quick math in my head. “I think I have enough to make it through the two weeks.”

“Oh, I talked to Mr. Hayes, and we decided you could use some more time on restriction, so you’ll need more. I’m calling in the order tomorrow.”

I was disappointed. The thing that had been getting me through this so far was the concept that it wasn’t going to go on too long. Now, how long? “For how much longer?” I asked.

“Well, at least until you use up this order.”

“How many are you going to order?”

“A case, 96.” 96? More quick math in my head...that’s more days than we have school left this year. I was going to be stuck this way for the rest of the year. Now I was both disappointed and depressed.

CHAPTER 3

The next day sitting in homeroom I got a sinking feeling. I had been rushed that morning and had neglected to use the bathroom, and now a fullness in my bowels was becoming apparent. As the morning wore on, it got worse, and I endeavored to hold it. Wetting myself was one thing, but pooping was not something I wanted to do. As the morning wore on cramps, hit me. They would get worse to the point I thought I would have no choice and then subside. Could I make it through the rest of the day like this?

The bell rang for lunch, I stood up and as I started walking another cramp hit. I tried to bear it, but this time there was no stopping. I filled my diaper rapidly. At the same time, I felt the relief in my insides as I felt the sticky mess exploding around my outside. I was fortunate that this was lunch and I headed directly for the changing room. I opened the door and hurried to grab my bag of supplies from the cubbies, rushing past a girl who was about to enter another one of the stalls.

I spread the paper on the table dropped my pants and hopped up on the table, the pile of crap in my pants oozed around as I did. I untapped the diaper and started attacking the mess with the wipes. One I used, two, still plenty of mess. But I was making headway with the third.

“Hey, you!” I heard the girl’s voice through the stall wall. “You new on restriction?”

“Yeah, I said, “just started this week. This is the first time I’ve had to change during the day.”

“I thought so. I haven’t seen you around. My name’s Jane.”

“I’m Tyler.”

“Hey, aren’t you in my history class? Second period, Mr. Franklin?” she asked.

“Yeah, that’s me. I sit in the back.”

“Cool, how long are you on restriction for?”

I paused, what was the word Mr. Hayes had used? “Indefinite, I guess.”

“Yeah, me too,” she said.

Having cleaned up, and replaced the diaper. I rolled everything up in the sheet of paper and took it out and tossed it in the can. She came out, and as we were washing our hands, I watched her in the mirror. I’d never noticed her in class, but she was cute. Not in the hyper-stylish way that most of the girls my age were, aspiring super models. But just simply pretty.”

“Well I’ll see you around,” she said as she dried her hands.

“Yeah, see ya,” I said as she walked out the door.

The next day, things were better. I remembered to use the toilet before school. I came to lunch and shortly after starting to eat someone came up and said: “Mind if I sit here?”

It was Jane. “No, not at all I said.”

She sat down and started on her lunch. We talked about simple things, what classes we were in and the like. Not discussing how we had met. After she was finished, she asked me, “Are you finished eating?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Let’s take a walk.”

We returned our trays and started out of the lunch room down the hall. “Where are we going?” I asked.

“Changing room,” she stated quietly.

Oh, I thought. My diaper was clean and dry, but I wanted to be with her and I did have to pee so I wet mine as we walked. We got close to the room, and she ducked into a small alcove just short of the room. She bent down slightly and strained.

“What are you doing?” I asked, confused?

“Pooping.”

“On purpose?” I said.

“Yeah, and then I’ll just get cleaned up right away and easier. It beats having to go in the middle of class and having to sit in it. You should consider it.”

“Oh,” I said. “I think I can hold it the rest of the day.”

“Suit yourself,” she said as we entered the changing room.

And that’s how it went. We talked each day at lunch, and each day after we ate, we headed to the changing room. Nearly every time Jane stopped to poo on the way.

One Friday, the last bell rang. I was happy, the weekend was here and no diapers until Monday morning. But there was a cloud. Mr. Franklin had scheduled a test for Monday, and I would need to study hard to pull off a passing grade. I went to my locker to get my history text, and it wasn’t there. Where did I leave it? It occurred to me. I went to the changing room and there in my cubby under my bag of diapers was my book.

I picked it up and was about to leave when I noticed another history book. I flipped open the cover to see whose it was.

It was Jane's. With the test coming up she would need this. I waited for five minutes to see if she would come to retrieve it and then I figured she must have either forgot it or forgot where she had left it. When she didn't come, I got concerned. I decided I would have to take it to her. But where did she live? I walked down to the office and explained the situation to the secretary there. She frowned at me and told me that she wasn't allowed to give out people's home addresses. I pleaded that Jane really needed this to study for the test. She relented and thumbed through the card file on the desk. "215 Maple Street," she said. I knew where that had to be; it was only a few blocks from the school. "Thanks, I said and hurried out."

CHAPTER 4

I walked over to Maple Street. The numbers were in the 400's so I walked down two blocks. 221, 219, 217, 215. Here it is. I walked up to the door and rang the bell. A woman answered. Jane's mother I guessed. "Is Jane here?" I asked.

"And you are?" she asked sternly.

"Tyler, ma'am," I suddenly decided I should be polite. "I have her history book. She left it at school, and we have a test on Monday, and I knew she would want it."

"Oh, that's typical of her. Where did she leave it?"

I paused, but what was the point in being evasive, "In the changing room."

"Are you on lavatory restriction, young man?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, come in, Janie will be glad you came." She called out ahead of me, "Janie, you have a visitor!"

I followed Jane's mother into the family room. There, in the middle of the room, sat a playpen. In the middle of that sat Jane. Jane's mother went over and folded down the side of it, and Jane stepped out to face me. She was wearing a very babyish short dress, and as she stepped over the side of the pen, it was clear that she was wearing plastic pants over a very thick diaper. She looked sheepishly at me, pulled the pacifier out of her mouth and said: "Hi, Tyler."

"Hi," was all I could muster. I was dumbfounded.

Jane's mother broke the silence. "Why don't you stay and study together for a while."

I thought about it. I really liked Jane, and I was getting curious about what I was seeing but should I? “OK...” I said tentatively.

“Oh,” said her mother, “You’re probably wet.” I nodded. “Jane can get you one of her school diapers so you can change and be comfortable. But you should call your folks and let them know you are here.”

The first thing was practical; the second was a good idea. “My mom,” I said, “my father died when I was ten.”

Jane’s mother smiled. “You two have a lot in common. Janie’s father died several years ago as well; it’s just the two of us. Come, I’ll show you where the phone is.”

I followed Jane’s mother, and Jane followed me. I dialed my number and told mom I was studying at a friend’s. How long? An hour I guessed. Mom said it was OK. Jane’s mother asked if she could speak to my mother, so I handed her the phone. “Now Janie, take Tyler to your room and get him a diaper.”

I followed Jane out of the kitchen, and we headed towards a door. I still hadn’t come up with anything to say. She broke the ice. “Welcome to my life,” she said as she opened the door to her bedroom and showed me in. It was a frilly little girls room. All very babyish, and on the far wall, with a mobile hanging over it, a large crib.

Jane walked over to what was obviously a changing table and pulled out a disposable diaper and handed it to me. “The wipes are here,” she said. “I’ll wait outside.”

She moved out and closed the door. I quickly changed. I folded the diaper up into itself using the tapes to bind it. I opened the door, and she came in. She took the diaper from my hand and went over to a plastic container and stepped on the pedal. The lid opened and she dropped the diaper in. “It’s a diaper genie, keeps them from smelling up the place.”

“Oh,” I said. “So it’s not just at school you wear diapers.” I now moved from looking at her room to looking back at her.

“No, the disposable ones like you are wearing, are just for school for me. When I come home, I change out of my school clothes into these baby clothes and cloth diapers.”

“Oh, I just go back into underwear at home.”

“Yeah, that would be nice,” she said, “But I don’t get to. At school, I have normal clothes, other than the diaper, but once home it’s total baby, as you can tell.”

My head spun. My mom had grounded me, sent me to my room, and even had spanked me when I was little, but the lavatory restriction was the most serious punishment that had happened to me. “All this because you got lavatory restriction?” I asked.

“Oh, no,” she said, “This all came first. When Mom found out there was such a thing as lavatory restriction at school, she volunteered me for it. Come, let’s go into the other room and study.”

CHAPTER 5

We started quizzing each other about Victor Emmanuel, Kaiser Wilhelm, Wilson’s 14 points and such as we would need for the tests. Jane’s mother came in, “I asked your mother if you could stay over for dinner, that way you can continue studying. Franks and beans, OK?”

“That sounds good,” I said. Jane gave a look like she wasn’t so sure. We continued for a while and then Jane’s mother called that dinner was ready. I followed Jane into the dining room. At one end of the table was a high chair that Jane climbed into. Her mother fastened a tray in front of Jane. She then picked up a bib off the table and fastened it around Jane’s neck. Jane looked pained look as her mother left the room. She soon returned with a tray. She set a plate in front of me with two hot dog and beans on the side and a cup of milk. “I didn’t know if you liked your beans on top, so I put them on the side.”

“This is fine,” I said, “Thanks.” Jane’s mother put a bowl on the table in front of her. It contained beans and cut up franks. She took a spoon, dipped it into the bowl, and lifted it up to Jane’s open mouth, and Jane swallowed it. I watched this repeat and then started on my own dinner. By the time I had finished, Jane’s bowl was empty. Jane’s mother wiped her mouth and gave her a bottle of milk. I drank mine as Jane sucked from the bottle. Jane’s mother picked up the dirty plates and headed for the kitchen.

“I’m sorry if I’m embarrassing you by being here,” I said.

Jane took the nipple from her mouth. “It’s OK, I guess. I should be happy. Franks and beans is a treat since you’re here. Normally, it would be baby food.”

Jane explained that she had been really close to her father, and after a period of being depressed after his death, she turned rebellious. One summer it was just too much for her mother, and she started trying things. Spankings worked a bit, but soon she had to try other things on Jane, diapers, and all the other baby things were soon found to be effective. Jane, herself, realized the severity of her situation and eventually learned to submit to things.

“How long?” I started.

“I’ve been Janie for almost two years now... and please, don’t call me Janie.”

CHAPTER 6

As the days passed, our routine continued. Lunch walks. I understood now why Jane pooped her pants at school. It doesn't do her any good to wait, as she'll eventually just have to do it at home. "Mom isn't always prompt about changing me, either," she explained.

One week, Jane seemed particularly distracted. During our walk, Friday, I asked her if something was wrong. She said there wasn't, but I wasn't sure. I couldn't imagine how things could get worse for her in the plight she was in.

That day, I got home from school, and as I always did, I headed up to my room. I opened my door and blinked. I was in the wrong place. No, I was. It was my room, the paint and layout was as it was this morning. But there were nursery print curtains on the windows, stuffed animal pictures on the walls, and of course prominently placed, a crib and changing table.

"Ah, your home," mom cheerily said as she breezed into the room. "As you can see, I've been talking a lot to Janie's mom. Now let's get you out of those school clothes and that wet diaper." I began to cry. Jane must have known, that was why she was acting that way. Mom removed my clothes, and my diaper. She hung up my clothes in the closet and pulled out a large cloth diaper and pinned it to me snugly. She pulled a pair of plastic pants up and over them.

She then went to the dresser and pulled out what I thought was a shirt. She pulled it over my head and put my arms through the sleeves and then reached down and pulled a flap under my crotch and snapped it to the other side. A onesie...I was now dressed as a baby. "Come on, Tykie. Let's go downstairs." Tykie, I thought...great.

A car pulled up in the driveway, and I peeked out the window. Jane's mother got out of the car and walked to the rear door and opened it. There, fastened in an oversized car seat, was Janie. She undid the restraint and walked Janie, baby dress and diaper to the front door. The bell rang, and mom let her in. They led the two of us to my new playpen and put us in. "How cute they look together," Jane's mom said, and they laughed and went into the kitchen.

"I'm sorry," Janie said, "I didn't want it to happen to you. I knew it was coming, but mom told me I couldn't let you know."

I cried again, "I understand."

Things have changed.

CHAPTER 7

Janie's mother brought in the high chair from the back of her car. Mine was already in the dining room. We were seated in them, trays in place, and bibs placed around our necks. Our mother's spoon fed us. I don't know what it was, but it didn't taste good.

Finally, we were returned to the playpen with bottles. Janie laid back and started hers. What could I do? I followed her lead. I slid next to her and put the nipple in my mouth and sucked the warm liquid.

We finished our bottles and Janie, and I just sat there and cuddled. I needed time to think about this. After a while, I had to pee, and I knew where. I let loose in the diaper. The thick cloth soaked it up, but it was different than the disposable. After a while, our mother's came over. Janie's mom pulled Janie's diaper away and said, "Someone needs a change." My mom put her hand down my pants and announced that I was in the same state. Up we went to my room. Janie's mom pulled out a diaper from a diaper bag she had brought. I stood there while Janie's plastic pants were pulled down and then the diaper changed. I'd never seen a girl naked down there.

I soon came to the realization that it was going to be my turn, and Janie watched me as mine was changed. I turned my head to the wall to try not to think about the whole thing. We went back downstairs, and after some TV watching, Janie's mom announced it was time for them to go. "Goodbye, Janie" my mother called after them.

"Goodbye, Tykie," Janie's mom called to me.

"You've had a long day," mom said. "It's time for bed." Up I went. The onesie came off, and mom helped me into a full length, footed sleeper. She zipped it up and went over and lowered the crib rail for me. I climbed in, and she raised it back up. "Pleasant dreams, Tykie."

I was about to say "Why? Mom?" but she stuffed a pacifier in my mouth, and that was that.

CHAPTER 8

The morning sun came through the windows, and I opened one eye. Bars? Now both eyes opened. Oh, yes, I'm in a crib. I reached down and felt the plastic over the heavy diaper. I sat up. The whole situation returned to my memory. Now what? Well, for one thing, I have to pee. Well, I've done it in school, I could do so now. I let loose. The cloth diaper was different than the ones I had worn to school but seemed to do the job. I then tried to figure what his next move would be.

The door to my room was open, and mom walked by looked in but kept going. I wasn't sure what to do next. I could climb out of the crib, but that probably wasn't a good idea. The cloth while absorbent did give me a sense of wetness that the school diapers didn't, and they were getting cold as time went on. Mom passed by again.

"Mom!" he called out. His mother came into the room.

“I could use a change,” I admitted.

“Now Tykie, babies don’t talk to their mothers about being changed or fed, they cry.”

My mouth opened, but then the realization occurred to me. More baby stuff than I had imagined was taking place here. The gravity of my situation was now coming to me. A wave of emotion hit, and while I really didn’t intend it to happen, I was on the verge of crying anyhow, so it all came out.

Mom lowered the side of the crib, “There, there, Tykie, Mommy will take care of you,” she said as she pulled me to her. She unzipped the sleeper and took me to my changing table. The plastic pants came down, and the wet diaper was removed. She took her time wiping me up as I sniffled the last of my cry away. It struck me, here I am having my diaper changed by my mother, having wet myself and cried like a baby. What was happening? I started to cry again.

Mom at this point had started pinning up the new diaper. “There, there, Tykie. We’ll get you breakfast, too. We have a big day ahead of us.” I guess I was reassured that I’d be eating soon, but the big day scared me as well. Mom led me to the table and the high chair. Again the tray was locked into position. A bib was fastened, and mom started feeding me some sort of warm porridge. It was pretty bland, but I was hungry. All I had to do is sit there and open my mouth as she stuffed it in. Soon the bowl was empty. Mom wiped my face and removed the napkin and released me from the chair. She handed me a bottle and said: “Lets go get you dressed.” I started sucking the bottle and followed her into my room.

“It should be fairly warm today, but not too hot.” She reached into my dresser and came up with a pair of shorts and a shirt. These were ones I had never seen before. She helped me into the shirt, bright red with a teddy bear on it. The shorts I stepped into and pulled up were equally babyish. No fly and an elastic waistband. Big enough to cover the diapers, but not so big that you couldn’t tell that I was wearing diapers underneath.

She helped me on with sandals and said it was time to go shopping. As she led me to the front door she grabbed a large purse I thought. She handed it to me, and said, “We mustn’t forget our diaper bag.” Yep, that’s what it was. We went outside. She opened up the back seat of the car and there it was, a large car seat like I saw Janie in. Mom fastened me in it, shut the door and went around and got in the driver seat.

I began to wonder just what we were going to be shopping for.

CHAPTER 9

We pulled up into the parking lot of the grocery. Mom came over and let me out of the car seat, but before we left the car, she slipped a harness over my shoulders and fastened it up. A leash was attached to the back of it. “Can’t let Tykie get lost in the big store.”

Great I thought if the rather juvenile outfit I was wearing, and the padded rear wasn't going to give me away, being on the baby leash was. I promised to stay close to mom but to know avail.

We went inside and got a cart. Thankfully, I was too large to fit in the seat of those. After mom had picked up a few normal items, we headed down the baby aisle. "Let's see what is good for little Tykie to eat." I tried to make the best of it with jars of pureed turkey, vegetables, boxes of cereal, and some biscuits. A good amount of this was transferred to the cart. We continued shopping, and I became aware of pressure in my gut. This morning's breakfast combined with the fact that I had a bowel movement since before school yesterday combined. I tried to hold it, but wave after wave of cramps hit until finally letting it out in the diaper seemed to be the lesser of the two evils.

Finally, we were done and ready to checkout. The woman stared at me with my teddy bear shirt and the leash and went to ringing up the purchase. She chatted with mom, and when the baby food reached the head of the conveyor, she inquired about the age of the baby. Mom turned to me and said he's 15 years old. Suddenly a look of understanding came over the cashier, and she smiled. She then made a sniffing of the air and said: "Smells like someone needs a change." Sure enough, the diaper was getting ripe, and I was hoping I was the only one to notice. Mom stated that she left the diaper bag in the car and we'd have to do the change at the next stop.

We went to the car, and I squished into the car seat, the poo smearing all through my rear and sticking the cloth diaper to me like glue. We drove to the local mall, and again mom lets me out. "Mustn't forget this," she said as she picked up the diaper bag, "First we must get you changed."

Now I really didn't know what she had in mind but being changed in public didn't sound good. I pleaded I could wait until we got home. "Nonsense, you don't want a rash, do you?" Off I went tethered to mom into the mall. A brief look at the directory showed the restrooms, including a family restroom, to be located nearby. Inside the family bathroom was a large counter for baby changing. Mom examined it and decided it was sturdy enough and told me to hop up. I couldn't believe it; she was going to going to change me out in the open here? She spread a changing pad out from the diaper bag, and I got on top of it. Down came my shorts and plastic pants and mom lifted the soiled diaper away and started in with the wipes to clean me up.

I heard the door squeak open, and two small children rushed in and stopped dead in amazement. Their mother followed and paused briefly before ushering her children towards the toilet stalls. I could hear the conversation, "Mommy, why is that big boy wearing diapers." "Well, he hasn't learned to use the toilet, see why you should try harder, you don't want to end having to poop in diapers all your life."

Finally, the cleanup was done, and the new diaper went on, and my pants came up. Fortunately, I didn't have to face those kids again. Mom washed her hands and out we went into the mall. After mom stopping in several stores, she decided it was lunch time.

“I’m sorry I forgot to bring any baby food with me, I guess this will be a treat for you.” We went into the McDonalds, and I ended up with a happy meal, with milk, however. As we sat down, mom pulled a bottle out of the diaper bag and filled it with milk. I ate my McNuggets and French fries as mom finished her lunch. “Drink your milk,” she said as I reluctantly put the nipple to my mouth. “Come on; you can drink that as we go.” So off I went being tugged along on the leash holding the bottle to my mouth. This was attracting a lot of stares and giggles. Gee, I’ve had my diaper changed in public, and now here I am sucking a bottle for everyone to see. How could it get worse?

CHAPTER 10

On the way home mom said, “Oh, by the way, Janie’s mom has to go visit her sister so that Janie will be sleeping over at our house tonight.” This brightened up my mood. Janie, well, Jane was the only bright spot in this whole mess. Right after dinner, the doorbell rang, and Janie arrived. Janie was dressed in a cute little sunsuit with puffy sleeves and a bottom that was just big enough to cover her plastic pants. She was carrying the ubiquitous diaper bag, and her mother had a small pink suitcase.

“I’ll be over at my sister’s in Capital City, here’s my cell phone and my sister’s home number.” Janie’s mom started to mine. “I should be back no later than 11 tomorrow. Oh, and if you could, Janie could use a bath.”

“Tykie could as well,” my mom added. Janie and I sat down in front of the TV while our mothers finished up the arrangements and Janie’s bid us farewell. After a while longer my mom announced that it was time for our baths.

“First let’s get you undressed.” My mom grabbed Janie’s bags and motioned us to follow. We went into my room. Mom helped me out of my shorts and shirt and then up on the table. She proceeded to take off my diaper and wipe me down. I glanced over at Janie who was watching the whole process. When she saw I was looking she turned her head away in embarrassment. “Okay, Tykie stand aside while I do Janie.”

I stood there in my room in my nakedness. I tried to discretely cover myself with my hands as mom helped Janie out of her suit. Janie dutifully got up on the table, and I stole some glances hoping she didn’t know I was watching. Mom finished removing her diaper and left the room.

“It’s okay to look,” Janie said. “It looks like we’re going to have to get used to seeing each other like this,” I admitted that she was probably right. I did turn to look at her sitting on the edge of my changing table. My hands were still over my privates, not so much because I didn’t want her to see me, but because I was rapidly becoming embarrassed over the growing erection that was resulting.

Mom broke up the awkwardness by marching us down to the bathroom. The water was already running into the tub and bubbles were forming. At about half full she shut it off

and led us into the tub. Sitting there facing the naked Janie, I began to relax and smile, and she did, too.

Mom soaped and rinsed each of us in turn, she then shampooed our hair and rinsed off the suds. We got out, and she dried us and led us back to my room. Soon we were rediapered and dressed in full length footed sleepers. The fleece was soft against my skin. Mom led us to my crib and kissed each of us good night as we got in. She then laid the baby quilt over both of us. “Good night, sweet dreams,” she said as she turned out the light on the way out.

After a few seconds, Janie spoke. “I’m really, really, sorry about this.”

“No, don’t be, it’s not your fault...”, I paused. Was it? No, of course not. “Besides, at least I have you as a kindred spirit. I’d really be losing it now if it weren’t for your support.”

“Well, that’s good. I feel a little guilty. Part of me feels bad that you got stuck with this, but part of me is happy I have a new friend in the same situation.”

“Don’t feel guilty. It’s good that we have each other. Can I ask you something? Does this whole thing, being a baby, bother you?”

“Well, a lot of times I just wish I could be normal. At home I don’t mind too much, I kind of like the increase in attention I got, babies take a lot of work. But out in public, no I wish I was just wearing normal clothes.”

“What about the diapers?”

“Well, I guess I’m pretty much used to that. I don’t even think about wetting anymore, it just happens. It doesn’t even bother me too much that people know I wear diapers. Of course, having them see me getting changed is another. Them knowing I use the diapers is one thing, having them see the poop being wiped off my butt is another.”

“You can’t control it any more?” I said with fear in my voice.

“Pretty much not, I wake up wet now, I know when I’m wetting, but unless I make a serious effort to stop, it just goes. I guess you just get used to not holding it when you have no choice. I’m afraid you will end up that way, too.”

“And pooping?” I said with even more fear.

“Oh, I’ll never get used to that. You’ve seen me. While I have ‘accidents’ at times, it almost always takes an intentional effort. I try to do it when I know I can get changed right away without a fuss. I hate having to sit in it. This is why you see me doing it outside the changing room at school. Still, it’s when I really feel the worst about this

whole thing. I find myself saying, here I am shitting my pants on purpose for no earthly good reason.”

“Oh,” was all I could manage. “I see your point.”

There was a few minutes of silence where I thought about everything that had happened since that day I was first sentenced to lavatory suspension. It wasn't good, but the shining star in all this was Jane. Jane at school, Janie now. She was nice; she was beautiful whether wearing school clothes, or baby clothes or naked in the tub next to me.

“We'll get through this together.” I finally added.

“Yes,” she said. We had been holding hands through the conversation, but now she reached up and pulled us into a hug. A few seconds later, her lips met mine. Electricity shot through my body. Love?

“I think I'm falling in love,” I said.

“Yes, it's been that way with me since that first day in the changing room.”

We kissed again and then Janie said we should get some sleep. She rolled over and spooned in against me, her diapered rear against my diapered front, the soft fleece of our sleepers against the few pieces of exposed skin that remained. I placed my arms around her and held her to me, and we drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER 11

The morning sun shone in the room, and I opened my eyes. I was still a little confused. I was wet...how had that happened. Then I remembered diapers, sleeper, Janie. It all came back to me, the bad and the good. I snuggled up against her, and she made a pleasant noise and snuggled back. I hadn't realized it but my hand was resting on her crotch, and suddenly I felt the area warming. She was wetting. I had to go too and started to wet my diaper. She must have felt the warmth from mine as she said “The power of suggestion?”

I pulled my hand back slightly embarrassed that she had realized I had felt her wetting. “It's OK, she said.”

“This whole situation is a bit odd,” I said. We talked for a bit. It was so neat being there in our own little world in the crib.

Finally, she said, you ready for a change? I nodded. “3, 2, 1...” she counted and then we both broke into a cry. She was better at it than I was, but following her lead, I bawled away. Mom soon came into the room and comforted us. We were changed and led into the kitchen and fed some sort of porridge. “Rice,” Janie told me. Mom took us back and dressed us. Me in a onesie and Janie in a little play dress from her pack. We

played in the living room for a while until Janie's mother returned. They talked about an hour until Janie's mother announced: "It's about time to go, but I better change Janie before we head out."

My mother volunteered "Tykie probably could use a change, too. Could you change him while I clean up here?"

"No problem." We were led back to my room. I got up on the table. This was the first time anybody other than myself or mom had changed me. I was suddenly a little embarrassed. Janie's mom was a pro, though. She had the wet diaper off and was giving me a gentle and thorough wiping. She jiggled my penis and joked she hadn't changed a baby boy in a long time. Soon I was changed, and she was snapping the crotch of the onesie back in place. Janie got her turn.

Too soon, Janie left. I was left to amuse myself. I got out some of my books and worked on some homework and tried to not worry about the magnitude of the situation.

Monday morning rolled around. I was back in my disposable diaper and normal school clothes. Well, normal except that the inseam of the trousers now had snaps discretely sewn in them to allow a diaper change without removing them. Fortunately, they were not noticeable. But out of the house, I was again Tyler, and in History Jane was Jane. Odd, suddenly the bizarreness of the school punishment was now the 'normal' break from by odd life.

At lunch, Jane ate with me, and we started our usual post-lunch walk. We held hands just like normal teenage boyfriends and girlfriends. We got to Jane's normal spot just short of the changing room. "Are you ready?" she asked. I nodded. As she closed her eyes and did her business, I bent down and did similarly. Just a short time ago I was mortified to having pooped my diaper in school, now as with Jane; it was the easiest thing to do. We continued to the changing room and cleaned up.

CHAPTER 12

We spent the rest of the school year in school as Tyler and Jane, like normal kids other than being on lavatory restriction. At least there were a few other kids that got that from time to time. But outside of school, we were Tykie and Janie. Our big kid clothes off and babied.

I wondered what was going to happen during the summer. I suspected I would be Tykie 24/7, but my mom worked, so would I be home alone? I asked Jane what happened at her house.

"No, mom would never let me stay home alone. I had babysitters last year except for a few weeks I spent at my aunts."

"Babysitter?"

“Yeah, a real old battle ax. She took care of me, but she wasn’t loving about it like mom was. I didn’t like it.”

A couple of weeks before the end of school Janie and her mom came over as they often did (and we often visited them). Our moms were discussing the upcoming break, and finally, Janie broached the subject. “Am I having Mrs. Schultz as a babysitter again this summer?”

“No, actually,” her mom stated. “We actually have found an ‘au pair’ who is willing to take care of the two of you.”

“Oh Pear?” I said.

“Au Pair, it’s a foreign student who works as a nanny. We’ve found a Hungarian student. Her name is Frida. I’ll drop Janie off on the way to work, and Frida will have you for the day.”

Frida, I thought. Sounds like another battle ax. Probably ugly as hell and built like a linebacker.

Well, it was soon a summer time. Mom removed the last of my big kid clothes. I obviously wasn’t going to need them for the summer. A day later there was a knock at the door. It was Janie and her mom. We hugged each other and went to playing in the playpen. A bit later the doorbell rang. My mother answered it.

“Ah, you must be Frida,” my mom said.

“Ya, dat is right. Are you Mrs. Miller?” I heard a voice from the porch. Yeah, she sounded like the Brunhilda I imagined with that voice. I turned my head to see as she walked through the door.

I did a double take. She certainly was tall and athletic looking, but not like the football player I was imagining and blond and maybe only a few years older than we were. Our moms made small talk with Frida. After a minute she turned and saw us.

“Ah, dees must be der little babies,” she came over to the pen. “I am Frida.”

Janie and I stared at each other and then we just waved. Mom showed Frida around and helped her unpack in the spare bedroom. At dinner time our moms helped us into the high chairs while Frida watched. Then the three of them changed our diapers and got us ready for bed. I blushed a bit; I still hadn’t gotten used to people other than our moms seeing me have my diaper changed.

Janie and I were put in my crib to sleep. I always liked this part, sleeping curled up with Janie. Despite the turmoil of the day, I fell asleep. The next thing I remember is Frida

leaning over the crib. "Time to wake up sleepy heads." I opened my eyes; it was light out. Janie was already sitting up. Frida lifted her with no effort from the bed and put her on the changing table. "Let me get baby cleaned up." I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and watched Frida change Janie. She picked up a dress from Janie's suitcase and put it on her.

She then turned her attention to me. "Up we go," she said as she plucked me from the crib with only moderate effort. Mom never picked me up, I doubt she could, but being deposited on the changing table by Frida made me feel really little. She undressed me and cleaned me up and rediapered me like a pro. "I got five younger brothers and sisters. I'm used to taking care of babies." She picked a romper out of my dresser and helped me into it.

"Come, babies," she said as she lead us out into the living room. I guess our moms had already left for work; it was later than I thought. She sat down in the center of the sofa. "Time to feed der babies." She started to unbutton her blouse. She did have ample breasts, but I still hadn't caught on to what was happening. She reached forward and pulled me to her. She unsnapped her bra and brought my face to her nipple. Oh god, I thought. Is this serious? She cupped the side of my face and said "It's OK, baby boy."

I guess I didn't have any choice. I took the nipple in my mouth and started to suck. At first, nothing really happened. Then, soon the warm, sweet liquid came. I sucked a little harder and then more. After a few minutes, I had enough and stopped. "Had enough?"

She pulled me to her shoulder and started patting my back. What was this I thought but a few seconds...burp. Oh, my. She set me back down and redid the bra on that side.

I was dumbfounded, but Janie leaned over and whispered, "I think you enjoyed that far too much. Soon it was Janie's turn on the other breast.

CHAPTER 13

Later Frida took us out in the back yard to play. She read her book while Janie and I pushed a ball back and forth. Lunch we got regular baby food and milk in are bottles and were set down for our afternoon nap. The one nice thing about this whole situation was bedding down with Jane. She nestled next to me, and I wrapped myself around her.

After a while, we were placed in the playpen and soon after our mothers returned. Frida announced we had been good little babies. She said she needed to go to the library to work on her studies and left. After dinner, Jane's mom got us into our sleepers and into bed. Again, I wished I could do this with Jane under better circumstances. After the lights went out I felt Jane's warm lips on mine. We kissed until we fell asleep.

The days followed a normal pattern. Frida would get us up, changed and dressed while my mother got ready for work. We'd get breastfed and watched TV or played in the

back yard. We'd get lunch and our afternoon naps, and usually, both Jane's mother and mine would be here for dinner and the evenings while Frida got some time off.

One morning during a diaper change Frida noted, "Baby is getting a rash." She rummaged around and found some cream and rubbed all over me. Oily and smelly, I didn't care for it much. "I better do a better job of checking you," she said.

And that she did. I'd be playing and the next thing I know, she'd be pulling at the waistband of my pants and reaching down to test the diaper. It was at this time I came to realize something that I hadn't noticed. When Frida caught a wet diaper now, sometimes I couldn't remember having wet it. Before when mom only checked me every few hours, I guess I figured I'd wet and forgot about it, but now? I realized that like Janie, I was no longer in control of my body.

That night, rather than my sleeper, Frida put me to bed in just a t-shirt: "to make it easier to check you." After the lights were out, I spoke softly to Jane about my loss of control. Again as many times, she apologized, as if it were somehow her fault all this was going on. Later that night I awoke to a hand in my plastic pants. Frida was leaning over the edge of the crib checking my diaper. Great.

What seemed only a few minutes later, again I felt the hand in my diaper. I opened my eyes and looked up, but there was nobody standing at the crib. The hand was working under the diaper towards my penis, and when it finally found its target, it gave me a little squeeze. I turned my head to look at Jane, and she nervously pulled her hand back to herself.

"Sorry," she whispered, "I have wanted to do that for a long time."

"It's OK," I said, "I kind of like it. You can continue."

She didn't though. I guess she was a little embarrassed and a little nervous.

The next evening, Frida announced the rash had cleared up, and I went back into my normal sleeper. No more hand in the pants hanky panky I guess. Too bad.

One day, Frida was getting our strollers ready one morning. The doorbell rang, and two other girls entered. One was carrying a baby. Obviously, these were friends, classmates of Frida's. "Here are my babies, Janie and Tykie. Babies these are my friends Helga and Wilma."

Wilma, the one holding the baby, said, "And this is baby Nancy."

Soon the three babies were in our strollers. Wilma was pushing baby Nancy. Frida was pushing me, and Helga pushed Janie. We went traveled down the street to the park. There were kids playing there and while we'd been out dressed as babies before I hoped nobody I knew would notice Janie and me in our oversized baby renditions.

After a while of walking, Frida spread a blanket on the ground. Janie and I were just lying down on it, and Frida pulled a couple of baby bottles out of the diaper bag she was carrying and gave them to us. I sucked at the contents and was surprised at first. It wasn't milk. I mean, it wasn't the milk I was used to getting in the bottle. It was Frida's breast milk, sweet, but not quite as warm as I was accustomed to it.

Baby Nancy was also getting her bottle. I wondered if Wilma breastfed her charge. Wilma was a bit more delicate and pretty than Frida. I fantasized about her feeding me. The three students had a picnic lunch of their own out of a knapsack that Helga had been carrying.

After a while baby Nancy started to cry. Wilma picked her up and detected the need for a diaper change and opened up her bag and started to work. Frida said "I better check these babies too. We've had some rash problems." Janie and I were both checked and detected to be wet. I, in fact, was a little messy too. Helga offered to help, so the diaper bag was opened, and while Frida proceeded to clean me up, Helga did Janie.

I'd never really been changed out in public like this before, and I was real nervous. I shut my eyes as if I didn't look; there wouldn't be anybody else to look at me. I heard voices and opened my eyes. Some smaller children, maybe eight years old, were watching this whole process. "Vat's the matter; you never saw babies having their diapers changed before?" Frida said to them. They ran off, and I closed my eyes again.

That night I mentioned it to Janie. "Yeah," she said, "That's the worst. It's one thing for people to see you wearing diapers and to even know that you use them, but it's quite another to have them watch you get the poop wiped off your butt." I had to agree. Nothing, since this began, has made me feel smaller and more helpless. I wondered about those kids that were watching. Did they tell their parents? What would their parents say?

Janie kissed me and then spooned in behind me. She gently stroked my arm until I settled down. Her hand moved down and rested on my crotch. I could hardly feel it with all the stuff between her hand and me: diaper, plastic pants, sleeper, but I could tell she was giving it a little squeeze. I drifted off to sleep with it still resting there.

CHAPTER 14

The summer was coming to an end too soon. School was starting, and Frida was going to go back to the college dorms. It meant too that Janie was going back to sleeping at her own house. It was sad, we had gotten so used to nestling up together and who ever was in the rear would rest their hand on the other's crotch. Not that we could feel much through all the layers of diapers and sleepers, but at least we knew we were there.

No Frida meant no more park outings and no more breastfeedings. I was back on the bottle. No more baths with Janie. Hopefully, we'd have more sleepovers like we did

in the past. I had spent Labor Day weekend with my mom. With her working over the summer, I saw more of Frida and Jane than her, and I guess this was her way of getting reacquainted.

Tuesday morning rolled around. Mom got me up and changed and gave me a bath. Here I was, going to be a junior in high school, and I'm sitting in a tub of Mr. Bubbles while my mom is scrubbing me. She dried me off and got me into one of my school diapers. She then came back from the dresser with a pair of shorts and a shirt with a clown on it. No! These were Tykie's clothes. I needed to be Tyler at school. I protested, but mom wouldn't hear about it.

She led me out to the car and strapped me in my seat and drove me to the school. Gosh, I hoped nobody caught me getting out of the car. She unstrapped me, and I went inside and found my homeroom. I got some snide comments on the shirt, but it wasn't too bad. The excitement of a new school soon swamped that big of angst. By third period I realized I was wet. For the first time in months, I was going to have to change myself and headed down to the changing room to do so.

At lunch, I hunted, and I finally found Jane. She was wearing a dress, that was only moderately juvenile. "How's it going?" I asked.

"Not too bad. This dress is stupid, but it's the one of the less offensive of Janie's clothes." Jane, like me, referred to her alter ego in the third person.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. This shirt is dorky, and these shorts are a bit short for today's style."

"Yeah, but I'm afraid of what will happen tomorrow and the next day and the next..."

"Oh my gosh," I thought having not giving it much thought. If I was going to be coming to school as Tykie, there were worse outfits.

"Ready for our walk?" Jane asked.

"Yeah," we through our lunches away and made it down to near the changing room. Now I understood, and we both stopped and pooped ourselves and then went into change.

CHAPTER 15

Now one thing I had noticed in the new school year is that the changing room was getting busier. Old Mr. Hayes must have gotten more aggressive handing out lavatory restriction. Other than that, I hadn't given it much thought. That was until today.

I had worked through the passable parts of my wardrobe: shorts, shortalls, and the like and today I was wearing a romper than just couldn't be considered anything other than an oversized toddler outfit. I got lots of stares and a few "your mother dresses you funny"

comments. This morning I popped into the the changing room to change a wet diaper, and I bumped straight into a girl wearing a pair of shortalls and a pink top.

“Oh, hi,” was all she said as she pushed by me. I silently thought that girls had it easier, they could get away with rompers and shortalls. Even Jane’s dresses were cute and not too much of a giveaway compared to me wearing my clothes.

Jane brought up the subject during our usual after lunch walk. She was wearing one of Janie’s dresses and was sufficiently short that any bending or other movement exposed her frilly diaper cover beneath.

“Have you noticed we’re not alone?” she asked.

I took a furtive glance around us.

“No, that’s not what I mean. I mean, like, there are other babies here.”

I thought back to the girl in the changing room this morning. “I did see one girl coming out of the changing room this morning, but I couldn’t tell if it was baby clothes or just some new teen girl style.”

“I’m sure I’ve seen a couple, and you have noticed it’s busier in the changing room. I actually tried to talk to a boy in there today, but he brushed me off.”

“Well, if they’re new to diapers, they’re probably a bit shy. Remember how I was when we met.”

So we decided to keep our eyes open and try to reach out to these other kids to find out what was going on.

It was Friday and mom, and I had dinner alone, and I watched TV. At bed time I wished Janie was there. I needed someone to commiserate about having to wear Tykie’s clothes to school about, and she was the only one that would understand.

The next morning, mom got me up and dressed me in a new outfit. It was a baby blue satin romper, fancier than anything I had. I was wondering what this was all about when mom hurried me up, “Come on, we’ve got to get over to Janie’s. It’s her birthday, you know, and we’ve got to help with the party.”

Party? I thought. I didn’t even know when her birthday was. We arrived, and sure enough, Janie’s living room was set up for a party. I had initially thought maybe it was going to be just us and our moms, but the table was set up for more than that. Mom was dragging my high chair into the room and put it next to Janie’s.

Janie came out of her room. She was dressed up with her hair done up nice with her ponytails tied off in pink ribbons. She was wearing a pink satin dress, very fancy, but

also very short. It was poofed out with crinolines well above the bottom of her diaper which was wrapped in a matching pink cover.

While our mother's busied themselves with getting ready, I sat down next to Janie. "So how old are you?" I asked.

"In reality, 16. But I guess for this party; I'm two. It's been that long I've been Janie."

In short order, the doorbell rang. A woman walked in with a girl in a frilly party dress. It took a second, but I recognized her. She was the girl from the changing room yesterday. Her mother led her over to us.

"This is Amy," the mother introduced her.

My mother followed suit. "This is my little boy, Tykie. And this is the birthday girl, Janie."

The mother's headed off together chattering.

"Wow," Amy said looking around.

"We didn't get a chance to talk yesterday."

"Yeah, sorry about that. I had to get to class. This is all still a little new to me."

"About a month ago."

After a minute another arrival. This time a boy, Billy, and another Jimmy. Then two more girls, Katie and Jill. The party was in full swing. Having a few minutes to talk, we found that all had made the transition to being babies over the summer. Only one other had been previously diapered in lavatory restriction like me. It seems while we were under the care of Hilde, our mother's had been busy helping other mom's set up with their kids.

We had games of pin the tail on the donkey and duck-duck-goose. On more than one occasion one of us had to go off to Janie's room for a change. Soon we were seated at the table. Janie in her high chair at the head, me next to her in mine. The other kids sat in regular chairs, but their mothers fussed over them with bibs or tucking napkins in.

Out came the cake, and sure enough two candles on it. We all sang Happy Birthday, and Janie blew them out. Cake and ice cream were distributed. That seemed to be the social lubricant. Soon us babies were all chattering with one another, grabbing more cake and sloppily putting it in our mouths. This was the first time that we had time to really release all the stress of our situation.

The mothers cleaned us up, and Janie opened her presents. A game, a stuffed pony, a really cute teddy bear, and the like. She enjoyed every one. Soon it was time for people to go. We promised to play again, and we would see each other at school. It was a weight lifted. No longer was it a dread to go to school but looking forward to seeing my new baby friends.

Our moms were starting to clean up when it was decided that the two of us had enough excitement and we should take a nap. We were put down in Janie's crib, and we snuggled and kissed. As we settled down, I realized I had an opportunity. I carefully slid my hand into Jane's diaper and massaged.

She made approving noises, and soon we trailed off to sleep. After a while, we woke up.

"I really enjoyed today, not just the party, thought that was great, but also being here with you."

"Me, too. I guess there are worse things than being Tykie and Janie."

"I guess you're right. And besides..." she continued, "Look at all the new friends we made."

THE END