

Here I sit on the Monorail and Cinderella's castle looms up on the horizon. It's been over a decade since I last visited the Magic Kingdom. I was torn about how to dress for this experience. The whole thing brings back both positive and negative memories.

I was eleven. While my sister was the one bouncing off the walls over the upcoming vacation trip to Disney, I was excited as well. I tried to be cool about it. The day came for our departure. We were just finishing breakfast when my father turned to my mother and cleared his throat. Obviously, this was a cue for something.

"Bill, Sally. I have something to bring up with you before we leave." Mom paused, and we looked at her expectantly. "We think it might be a good idea if you wore diapers for the trip." I was shocked. Diapers? She couldn't be serious. She held up her hands before we could protest. "Let me explain. Sally, you remember last year on the way to SeaWorld."

I'm sure she did. I remembered it. Sally had announced she needed the bathroom and despite my father heading off at the next exit, she had wet her pants before she reached the restroom. There was a lot of crying, and my mom dug out a fresh set of clothes for Sally to change into. All this, as far as I was concerned, was cutting into my fun time at the destination.

"Further," mom continued. "I was doing some research on Disney and found that many parents put their older kids in diapers to deal with long lines and the like. It sounds like it might be a good idea."

"A good idea?" I blurted out. "It's stupid. I'm not doing it."

Sally made similar protestations. My parents looked at each other. Finally, my dad spoke. "Bill. OK, we'll give you the benefit of the doubt. You've not had a problem in the past, I agree. You can start out not wearing diapers." I breathed a sigh of relief. "But if it causes problems, you will be diapered in a heartbeat." I swallowed hard, but really, I couldn't imagine a problem.

"Sally. I'm sorry, but you've had problems. We're going to have to insist." Sally made weak protestations, but she knew she didn't have a choice. The family meeting over we all headed up to our rooms to get ready.

The ride to the hotel was uneventful. As was typical on family trips, my parents rented two adjoining rooms. Sally and I had one room while my parents had the other. I was happy that our room had two beds in it. I hated to have to share a bed with Sally. Sally opened her suitcase and pulled out a pair of panties and ran off toward the bathroom.

"Need a diaper change?" I teased her. She just turned around and stuck out her tongue.

The next morning we got dressed. I put on shorts and a t-shirt. Sally came out of the bathroom sporting a ridiculous Minnie Mouse dress, bright red with white polka-dots all over it. She was definitely into the Disney mode. Mom popped in and asked if we were ready. She sent me out with dad to get a table for breakfast while she attended to Sally. I suspected she was being diapered.

On the way to the car, I moved behind Sally and lifted the skirt of her dress to confirm that she was indeed wearing the diaper. "Hey," she yelled pushing her skirt back down.

"Just checking to see if she needed a change yet," I quipped.

“Bill, leave your sister alone,” Mom warned.

We did a few rides and generally bounced from attraction to attraction within the park. It was almost lunchtime when we stood on Main Street with the castle looming behind us. “What should we do next?” my father asked.

“I want to do ‘It’s a Small World,’” Sally said. My Mom also voted for that. Ugh.

“I want to go on Space Mountain,” I said. A discussion ensued. The rest of the family wanted that tame ride. I held firm.

“OK,” my father said. “I guess you’re old enough to make your own decisions. You can go on your ride. We’ll meet right here,” he said this pointing at the spot on the ground. “We’ll then go to lunch together.” This was fine by me. As they headed off towards Fantasyland, I turned to Tomorrowland.

The line for Space Mountain took me about a half an hour to get to the point where I could see the end of it. As I progressed through the queue, I felt a growing feeling deep inside me. As I was reaching the boarding station, I knew I needed to poop badly. At least I’d soon be seated. That should help. When the ride was over, I’d find the nearest restroom.

The ride was a blast. As the car got to the unloading point, I carefully hauled myself out. I really had to go now. I worked my way down the exit ramps. Gosh, this was a long way. Finally, I was out in the park again. I scanned around looking for a restroom. A cramp hit me again. There it was. I headed towards it. I had made another dozen steps toward it when it happened.

A large load of watery stool erupted from my rear. I tried to hurry but more came. This was a disaster. What was I going to do?

I hustled off towards men’s room and into a stall. I pulled down my pants and regarded the mess. What will I do? I emptied the last of my bowels and set to work trying to clean myself with toilet paper. I noticed I’d left poop stains on the seat and I applied more paper towels to clean this up. After flushing all that away, I tried to clean up my underpants with more toilet paper, but it was hopeless. I pulled up the messy pants and flushed again. I quickly washed my hands and hustled to the meeting point. I’d have to face the music.

The rest of my family was already at the rendezvous when I got there. “We were worried about you, but I guess the line was pretty long?” my mother started in. Then she realized something was wrong. “What happened?” she asked.

I didn’t know what to say. “I had an accident?”

“I’ll say,” my father looking at my backside. I looked behind me. There was a definite stain on my pants.

“Your clothes are a mess, even your shirt.” I looked again. Even the tail of my shirt must have come in contact with the mess while I was trying to clean it up. “Come with me, and I’ll help you get cleaned up. Honey, check in the shops and see if you can find anything for him to wear.” My sister was smirking as Dad led her away. Mom pulled me toward the restroom. There was a door marked companion restroom that she pulled me into and locked the door.

“Get out of those clothes,” she said. I removed the shirt, and she pulled a plastic bag out of the backpack she had and put it in there. She did the same with my shorts and underpants. She then took out a package of baby wipes and started cleaning me off. I just stood there. I’d never been more embarrassed in my life.

Finally, she was satisfied. She popped over to the sink and washed her hands and came out and extracted another item from the pack. A diaper. I started to protest.

“Now, dear. It’s clear from this that you need this. Besides, you don’t have anything else to wear.”

I couldn’t argue with that. I allowed her to fasten the diaper on me. I was covered at least, but not much less embarrassed to be standing there in just a diaper. There was a rap at the door and my father’s voice. My mother unlatched the door and let them in. Sally was still smirking to the point of not being able to control herself.

“You know, there isn’t a lot of clothing sold at these shops for boys. About the only thing they had were t-shirts.” This wasn’t sounding good. “But, I did find this,” he said pulling something out of the bag. It was red with white dots on it. My mother unfolded it, and then I realized it was a Minnie dress like Sally’s, only in my size. Sally broke out laughing at this point.

“Dear, why don’t you take Sally outside.” I was grateful for at least that. I didn’t need to be facing my sister at this point.

“I’m not wearing a dress,” I protested.

“I don’t see how you have much choice. You heard your father. It’s either this or going around in a t-shirt and diaper.” I stewed a bit but agreed. I held my hands up, and mom slid the dress over my head and did it up. She looked into the bag that Dad had brought and pulled out another item. Mouse ears, with a bow. “I guess this goes with it,” she said placing it on my head. I figured there was no point in protesting further.

Mom gathered up all our stuff, and we headed back outside. Sally had regained her composure and came and put her arms around me. “Now we match!” she said. She then lifted the rear of my skirt as I had done to her earlier. “We really do match!”

Our family started to walk toward a restaurant for lunch. A breeze came around my legs reinforcing the fact I was wearing a dress. I felt the bulk of the diaper between my legs, as well. I looked around to see if anybody was watching. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention, but I was still nervous.

Something gripped my hand. I looked over, and it was Sally holding mine. She smiled at me. I was going to jerk mine back, but something was comforting about it. We walked holding hands to the restaurant and sat down. I felt the back of my dress being tugged down. Sally leaned over and whispered, “When you sit down in a skirt, do this.” She demonstrated by standing up and sitting down brushing her hand over the rear of her dress as she sat. I mimicked her move and no tugging this time.

“Thanks,” I mouthed to her.

“What lovely girls you have. They look so nice in their matching dresses,” the waitress proclaimed as she came to take our order. I was about to protest that I wasn’t a girl, but then decided that would only make things worse.

We discussed what we were going to do after lunch and decided to stick together. Sally agreed that we should do some rides I was interested in. After lunch, we walked through some shops. I was looking at some toys and Sally seemed to be wanting to show me all sorts of clothing.

“Before we start out for Frontierland, does anybody need a diaper change,” my mother asked. I bristled at the suggestion, but Sally waved her hands.

“I do,” she said. She and mom headed off to the restroom.

“You sure you don’t need to use the bathroom before we set out,” my father asked.

“Ah, dad. You don’t have to ask that,” I said slightly annoyed. I then thought of an answer. “Besides, I don’t know which bathroom to use dressed like this.”

“Well, you can always just go in your diaper,” he said to me. I noticed several people looking at us after that last remark. I started to redden. No point in pushing this further. Mom and Sally returned, and we headed out.

The rest of the day we had a blast. Sally was extra friendly with me, and I didn’t find that I minded. We often shared a seat on the rides. Dinner came and then the fireworks. At last, we made it back to the hotel. I had to pee. I had needed to do so for quite some time, but I did have to admit neither the idea of using the men’s room dressed as I was, or using the women’s room, or using the diaper appealed to me. I figured I’d find another one of those family bathrooms like mom changed me in if I had to.

I ran into the room and straight to the bathroom. I reached under my skirt and yanked the diaper off and sat down on the toilet. Relief. When I was finished, I tried to get the dress off, but I couldn’t quite reach the zipper. I went out to Sally.

“Can you unzip this,” I said turning my back to her.

“Sure, then you do me.” She unzipped me, and then I reciprocated. I grabbed my pajamas and returned to the bathroom and changed. I was happy to be free of both the diaper and the dress.

The next morning I woke up and grabbed my clothes and got dressed. Sally got dressed in a tutu style skirt and a Frozen t-shirt. Mom came in carrying the diapers and placed one on Sally. She turned to me. “Oh, mom,” I protested. She just gave me the look. I dropped my shorts off. She shook her head and yanked down my underwear. I lied down on the bed, and she did up the diaper. I put my shorts in place as she tossed the underwear back in my suitcase.

The day went pretty well. It was going to be our last full day here, and I wanted to make the best of it. We headed to Splash Mountain and were waiting in line. It was pretty long, and I soon had to pee. I figured I could wait it out.

“Why are you fidgeting like that,” my mother asked.

“I have to pee,” I admitted.

“Well, why don’t you just do it in the diaper?”

“You want me to wet the diaper on purpose?”

“Sure, that’s what it’s for.”

I wasn’t sure I wanted to do that. This whole exchange was attracting the attention of the people around us.

“Excuse me,” a woman behind us in line said to my mother. “Sorry for eavesdropping, is your son wearing a diaper?”

“Oh, yes,” mom replied. “Both my children are.” At this cue, Sally raised his skirt to show off her diaper. “It makes it so much easier here in the park and on the road.”

“I read something about this on the internet, but I didn’t know people actually did it. You say it’s working well for you?”

“My daughter had problems last year on the car ride, so she wore them all through this trip. My son had an accident in the lines yesterday, so he’s wearing one today.” I could see the children with this woman rolling their eyes and looking away from this discussion.

“And they can just go in them whenever?” the mother asked.

“Yes, we can change them when convenient. We use the family bathrooms.”

“I’ll have to look into that.”

I caught the glare of the boy standing behind me who was my age like this was somehow my fault. I turned around. As the line shuffled further forward, I figured I had no choice. I relaxed and felt the warmth spreading in my crotch. I didn’t feel particularly wet. I guess these things did work.

We got through the ride and on the exit I felt the weight of the saturated diaper tug at me. Mom asked if I needed a change and I admitted I did. We went into the bathroom and she pulled down my pants. “It’s easier when you’ve got a skirt on,” she said. I rolled my eyes then. Diapers were enough.

The rest of the vacation went uneventfully. I was diapered during the day and on the ride home. I’d just about put the whole thing out of my mind until the following summer when I saw my mother carrying a large bag in. I craned my neck to see. “Fitted Briefs,” it said. The picture was telling. More diapers.

“Didn’t you hear, we’re going to Disney again this year.”

I was surprised, yet excited. No, I’d not heard any of the plans. I was excited to go, but disappointed that I would almost certainly be forced to wear diapers for the trip. My parents seemed so elated with how they work.

I walked into Sally’s room. “Have you heard?”

“About Disney? Yes. Mom says finally I can be a Disney Princess.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“You get a dress and your hair done and everything. It’s going to be wonderful.”

I rolled my eyes. I heard my father come home from work. I figured I could at least make a plea for not having to wear a diaper. I went downstairs, and my parents were in the kitchen having a discussion. I held back and eavesdropped.

"It worked so well last time," I heard my mom say. Surely, she was talking about the diapers. "Did you notice how we behaved?"

"Yes, I did," I heard my father say. "But still this is a bit drastic." Well, now we're getting somewhere. My father never let on that he didn't think diapers were a great idea.

"The two of them didn't fight and actually seemed to enjoy each other for a change. Let's give it a try."

"OK, ok," I heard my father say with resignation. We'll see how it goes on this trip before we make any more decisions. Oh, dear. I thought to myself, so much for making a plea to avoid this. I tried to put it out of my mind.

Despite the looming diapers, the date of the trip soon arrived, and I was excited. We had the car packed, and mom came up to my room. "Have you used the bathroom?" she asked. I nodded that I had. She had me remove my shorts and lie on the bed. The diaper was quickly set in place. This one seemed a bit thicker than I remembered, but that could have just been my imagination. She then held something else out. "Step into this."

I didn't quite comprehend, but I stepped into the center of what she was holding. She then zipped it up and fastened it. I now realized that I was wearing a skirt. "What gives?" I asked.

"It's so much easier changing you when you have a skirt."

"Aw mom," I protested.

"Let's go, Dad and Sally are waiting in the car."

Resigned, I followed her out of the room. I got into the back of the car and noted while Sally was sporting a Frozen T-shirt, she was wearing a similar skirt to mine.

"We match again!" she said with glee. Great, just what I needed. Still, we were off. Sally and I passed the time playing I spy and other car games. It wasn't too bad.

I realized that I had to pee. I looked out at the highway signs and noted a sign for a rest area in two miles. "I need to use that rest area," I pointed out over the top of the seat.

My dad shook his head. "We still have a half tank of gas. We don't need to be making any stops."

"But I have to go to the bathroom," I protested.

"You're wearing your bathroom," my father retorted. I slumped back in the seat. So that is how this was going to be.

Sally leaned over and whispered in my ear. "It's not too bad. I already wet mine." What could I say? I found it harder getting the flow started sitting down, but eventually, I got it to go. I felt the warmth that I remembered. When I finished, Sally turned to me "Done? Let's play license bingo."

Eventually, we did stop. My mother took us both to the ladies room. There was a counter there which I guess was the changing table for infants, but Mom had Sally up on it and was changing her diaper. Sally hopped down, and I took her place.

“See, the skirt does make this a lot easier,” she said as she changed me.

After more driving, we pulled into the hotel. We made our way up to our rooms. We had the usual arrangement. Kids in one room, parents in the other. Our room had a single king size bed. Back to sharing a bed with my sister. At least it was large.

My mother did another set of diaper changes before dinner. I asked if I could change out of the diaper and skirt, but Mom said there wasn't time. I groaned inside but went down to eat. After dinner, I returned to the room and watched TV with Sally for a while. Mom eventually stuck her head in and reminded us that we had an early start tomorrow and we should get some sleep. I opened up my suitcase and grabbed my toothbrush and went in to brush my teeth. Finished, I returned to find Sally had laid two items out on the bed.

“What's this?”

“Our pajamas.”

I looked down at them. They were both short nightgowns with Disney characters on them. “I thought you'd look cute in this one,” she said pointing at the one with Snow White on it. “Unless you wanted to wear this one,” she said pointing at the one sporting Ariel on it.

“These are both girls pajamas.”

Sally looked hurt. “I wanted a sister.”

Mom came in again. “Are you not in bed yet.” She pulled my shirt off and then undid the skirt. I started to slide the diaper off, but she said, “Wait, you can sleep in that.” She then picked one of the nightgowns and put it over my head. I started to protest but then just gave up.

Sally was already out of her clothes and pulled her nightgown on over her diaper. I was surprised. I'd not seen her undressed in years. She was always very shy about that around me. After mom left, I asked her. “You were always shy about getting undressed in front of me.”

“Undressed in front of my brother, yes. But you're my sister, now.” She smiled and hopped into bed. She was loopy, but what the hell. I got into bed as well.

It took a long time to get to sleep. The idea of the diaper and the nightie was just not letting me be, but finally, it must have happened as I felt someone gently shaking my arm. I looked up, and Sally was smiling at me. “Time to wake up,” she said. I slid down under the blankets and pulled them over my head. Sally followed me under. “We can have a campout in this tent,” she said. I had to laugh.

“Did you bring any marshmallows,” I asked and giggled myself. We bantered back and forth until mom came into the room.

“What are you doing under there,” she asked.

We pulled the covers off our heads. “Just camping out.” We both broke into laughter.

“Well, I’m glad you’re having a good time, but we do have an appointment at Disney Springs this morning. Let’s get showered and dressed.

I went first. I peeled off my nightgown and then chucked the diaper aside and got into the shower. When I got out, mom put a diaper on me while Sally showered. She handed me a Mickey Mouse t-shirt which I put on and then gave me the skirt I had worn the previous day, and I got that on.

We had breakfast and was soon in the car. We parked and walked to a place marked Bibbidi Bobbidi Boutique. Mom checked in, and we were led down the hall into a room with racks of princess gowns. Sally was excitedly looking through them all. I noticed a chair on the opposite side of the room and decided to wait this out.

“You don’t have to wait for Sally to finish before you start,” my Mom said. What? “Come, let’s see if there’s one you like best.” I tentatively moved forward. Mom was flipping through the gowns, and I was having a hard time understanding. Suddenly Sally squealed. I turned, and she was holding a dress before her.

“This is the one I want,” she said holding up a mostly blue dress with lots of layers.

“Good,” mom said. “Hang it up there and come to help Billy pick out his.” Soon both Mom and Sally were flipping through dresses. From time to time they’d hold one up to me. Then Sally squealed again. “This one. It’s like mine only a different color. We’d match.” Mom held a gold gown up to me.

“Yes, that is nice. What do you think, Billy?” She steered me to a mirror still holding the dress in front of me so I could see it. I have to admit it was a pretty dress. What was I saying. I wasn’t shopping for a dress. Was I?

“OK,” I said.

“OK, let’s try these on,” Mom said. The attendants helped us into them. Sally was moving to the mirror twirling.

“It’s fabulous,” she proclaimed.

I took a few tentative steps. There was a lot of dress here. It went almost to the floor, and there were lots of layers. It felt like I was six feet wide. I looked in the mirror. It was a nice dress.

“Twirl!” Sally said.

I turned slowly.

“Twirl!” she repeated.

I gave a faster spin around, and the skirt flew out.

“They’re great mom,” Sally said.

We were led to individual chairs in the salon. A smock was wrapped around each of us, and then they started to work on our hair. Sally’s hair was pretty long, and frankly, I was kind of indifferent about getting my hair cut. Usually, Mom or Dad decided mine had gotten long enough and dragged me to a



barber, but mine was unusually long that day. After she was done fussing with my hair, the woman held a plastic mask over my face and did something.

“Adding some sparkles,” she said. Then she set at fussing with my face and then painted my nails. My Mom came in and handed them a box. The attendant put fancy slippers on my feet. Soon it was all done. The smock came off, and I was led to a three-way mirror. Holy cow, I was a princess. Sally came over and posed in the mirror next to me.

“We’re princesses!” she proclaimed. She grabbed my hands and started to dance. What could I do, but dance with her? My father produced a camera and took our pictures. The attendants came up holding matching tiaras and placed them on our heads. We were a pair.

I was starting to enjoy this when the reality hit me. I was a boy, not a princess. Why was I standing here made up like a Disney princess, with a diaper on underneath? I was standing there fuming to myself about the injustice of it all when Sally came up to me with a hurt look on her face.

“You don’t want to be my sister?”

I was about to say I was her brother, but I melted. I patted the skirts of the dress and touched my tiara. I gave a good spin in the dress and turned back to face Sally and smiled. “Sister.”

She smiled back. “Sister!” She threw her arms around me, and we broke into giggles.

We got on the bus and headed to the Magic Kingdom. As we made our way to the gates, I heard several oohs and ahs. There were girls around us looking at us with envy. I beamed I was a princess. Maybe, not my idea, but I was enjoying it.

We headed off for the Haunted Mansion ride. The ride operator gave us a bow as he showed us to the entrance. We curtsied. Sally and I climbed into one car on the ride and off we went. We giggled the whole time, but we were absolutely ecstatic when the ghost showed up between us at the end.

We were hungry after the ride and inquired about lunch. “We’ve got another special treat for you,” Mom announced. We walked to Cinderella’s castle and went inside. My Dad spoke to the hostess.

“We have a nice table for these two princesses.” First we posed with Cinderella herself (or at least someone dressed up like her). We went inside a large room. It did look like a castle room. We sat at the table. Soon Snow White was at our table, and we got up and posed with her. This was repeated with other characters. We had a blast.

The day continued on. More photos were taken, and just about everybody lavished attention on the pair of princesses. We went into a shop. Mom suggested that we could pick out something to wear tomorrow as we were going to Epcot. We wanted to wear our princess gowns again, but Mom said it might be a problem. We found dresses that said, “This Princess Can Do Anything.” We had to have those. We also found swimsuits for Typhoon Lagoon the next day. Sarah got an Elsa one, and I got a Belle just to keep the color scheme going.

The rest of the day went by too fast. We got a diaper change and rode more rides. Dinner wasn’t as elaborate as lunch, but we got to see the fireworks from our table. At last, we went to our room. We changed into our nightgowns and made our blanket tent.

“So did you have a good time being a princess?” Sally asked me.

“You know I did. Did you have a good time having a sister?”

“You know I did,” she said. We broke into laughter and rolled about on the bed.

“Hey, you still have a diaper on!” I observed.

Sally got serious for a second. “Can I tell you a secret?”

“That’s what sisters are for.”

“I like wearing diapers.”

“Um, OK,” I said, not knowing really what to say.

“And I like to pee in them. Besides, I hate public bathrooms, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” I had to agree with her. “Especially if I have to sit...” I stopped in mid-sentence. Girls always have to sit. I was beginning to understand. “I hate it, too. Besides... I’m not sure when I’m your sister if I can legitimately use the women’s room and it would be embarrassing in the boy’s room dressed as a princess. Diapers are easier.”

“I’ve never pooped in one,” she said.

“Neither have I.” I recalled that I had pooped my regular underwear which is how I got into this situation. “Do you want to?”

“I’d like to try it once,” she said. “Just to see what it is like. But I’m scared. And I’m afraid Mom and Dad will be angry if I did.”

“Hey, it was their idea,” I said. “I’ll tell you what. Tomorrow morning right after breakfast, let’s do it together.” Sally smiled broadly and we broke into giggles again.

The next morning we got up and showered. We put on our diapers and dresses and went down for breakfast with our parents. As we were leaving the restaurant, I turned to Sally, “Ready?”

“I guess as ready as I ever will,” she said.

We both paused. I bent slightly and pushed. I felt the mess push out of me into the diaper. At first, I thought this wasn’t too bad. Then the mess used up all the free space in the diaper and came mushrooming back on me. Yech. Well, anything for my sister.

I looked over to Sally. She was straightening up. “Done?” I asked.

“Done,” she said.

“Mom,” I called. “Sally and I need diaper changes before we go to Epcot.”

“OK, Billy. Let’s go back to your room, and I’ll take care of it.”

We did. Mom had me on the bed and noticed the lack of any indication that I was wet. “I thought you said you needed a change. You don’t seem wet.”

"I pooped," I said.

"Oh." Mom got a pad out of the diaper bag and spread it out, and I got on it, and she cleaned me up. The process was repeated with Sally, although she had also peed her diaper at some point.

She took the pad into the bathroom and washed herself up. "Now are you ready?" We both nodded. "We'll meet you at the car."

Mom left, and I turned to Sally. "Well, what did you think about it."

"Strange. I don't know if I want to do that all the time, but I guess I had to know."

"Yeah," I agreed. "At least it was neater than having done it in my panties." We giggled. First about the fact I had pooped before and second because I had used the word panties. "Panties," we giggled together.

We headed out to Epcot. It was another breezy day, and the shorter dress let me feel the air around by bare legs up to the diaper. Epcot was more grown up than the Magic Kingdom but still fun. We soared over the entire planet in one ride and then took a boat tour through the environment. For lunch, we headed over to the international section and had fish and chips at an English pub. We walked around and saw Japanese drummers. It wasn't quite like being princesses at the Magic Kingdom, but Sally and I had fun.

For dinner, we went to a Japanese restaurant. My parents persuaded us to try sushi which Sally and I were leery of. It was OK, I guess, but not my first choice. I much more enjoyed the tempura shrimp and vegetables. On the way back to the hotel, we drove out of the way for mom to make a stop at some kind of pharmacy. Once back in the hotel, Sally and I again returned to our blanket tent to talk about our experiences.

"So are we pooping again tomorrow?" I asked.

"Nah, once is enough. I'll use the toilet."

The next morning we were up and breakfasted. We went back to our room to get into our bathing suits as this was Typhoon Lagoon day. Mom came into the room holding two objects and handed them to us.

"What are these?" I asked.

"Swim diapers. You need to put them on under your bathing suits. I hadn't thought of them originally, but since you pooped in your diapers, I felt we better make be safe. Disney requires diaper-age children to wear them, and I guess since you are in diapers at your age, that would make you diaper-aged.

We whined a bit but took the diapers. I tore off my diaper and pulled this on. It was just sort of a paper panty. I pulled my bathing suit on over it. Sally was doing the same. She looked over at me and then got down on her knees and busied herself at my legs.

"The diaper is hanging out the leg holes. Let me tuck yours back in, and you can fix mine." She pushed the edges back under my suit, and then I reciprocated. "Good, now we're ready."

I felt it was a bit silly. We certainly weren't going to poop again, and nobody would notice pee if we were wet, but it wasn't worth arguing. We spent the day hitting water slides and playing in the pools. Sally and I did everything together while my parents relaxed on lounge chairs.

After we'd had enough, we had a quick lunch. We discussed the afternoon activity, and Sally and I were pretty determined we wanted to be princesses again at the Magic Kingdom, so we went back to the hotel and got diapered again and back into our dresses. Sally fussed over my hair and then placed my tiara on my head. We were ready. We had a wonderful time in the park including dinner and fireworks and it was a fitting end to our trip.

We discussed the ride home. Sally said she had my Minnie dress from last year with her. I'd outgrown it, and she'd taken the hand me down. We needed Mom and Dad into buying me a new one that fit. I promised I'd wear it some time and Sally said she would certainly appreciate another hand me down.

The next morning it was sad that we were leaving Disney, but Sally and I were still upbeat in our matching Minnie dresses. I hadn't appreciated them when I had to wear them that first time, but I thought it was quite nice. We headed out on the road. Sally and I knew we would likely have to use our diapers on the way home, but we were OK with it.

After we'd been on the road a bit, my Mom turned to face me. "Billy, your father and I would like to discuss something with you." This sounded serious.

"We appreciate how well you've behaved on this trip and how well you've treated your sister. This has been such an improvement over your behavior of late."

I was waiting for the other shoe to drop. My behavior and my attitude toward my sister had been a frequent lecturing point at home. They had even threatened to cancel the vacation if I didn't improve. I was fearful about what she was going to say. But still what she said had been a compliment.

"I tried," was all I could say.

"And we're sisters," Sally replied giving me a brief hug.

"That is the point," Mom said. "We don't know if it is the diapers or the dresses, but we think that these might be what's changing you for the better." I was beginning to see where this was going, and I wasn't sure I was going to like it. "We think it might be better if you continued on as you have."

"Are you saying you want me to be a girl? A diapered girl?"

"That's about it," my father added.

"You're crazy," I protested. That was probably not a nice thing to say. "I can't go around all the time in a dress."

"Why not," Mom said. "There's no law against it. I've talked to the counselor at your school and they have no problems with it as long as both you," she was pointing at me. "And us," she waved her hand at her and Dad, "Agree."

I stewed for a bit. They couldn't be serious. Me as a girl? They talked to my school? I kept my angry demeanor and looked at Sally. Surely she thought this was ridiculous.

What I saw in her face was hope. Was she hoping I'd do this. She had been talking all the time about wanting a sister; how great it was to have a sister. Was she in on this?

"Was this your idea?" I said to her crossly.

"Sally was not involved in our decision. Your father and I remembered how well you were the day we put you in a diaper and dress last year. We wanted to try it again this year just to see if it worked well. As near as we can tell, it did. It's up to you, but we'd really like you to consider it."

I slumped back in my seat and stewed. They couldn't be serious. But they gave me the choice. I could just say no. It probably wouldn't be the end of it. They'd continue to try to get me to change my mind, but the school wouldn't have me in a dress unless I agreed. Still, there was something intriguing about this. It had been fun at Disney. At first, I just thought it was the glamor of the princess dress, but I'd liked the other dresses. I liked the one I had on. I remembered promising Mom that I would wear it after today.

I glanced over at Sally. She was still watching me with expectant eyes. "I would love you a sister," she finally said. I thought about Sally. She had been nothing but helpful in this, and I knew I could count on her going forward. And I had helped her. She had confided in me about liking diapers, and I'd helped her get the courage to try pooping which she wanted to do.

I stewed a bit more. I thought about more dresses. I thought about doing girl things with Sally. I looked down at my fingers. The nail polish from days earlier was beginning to peel off. Would I redo it or just clean the vestiges of girliness from them. And, did I want to wear diapers. I guess Sally did, but that was her thing, not mine.

I looked over at Sally again. She wasn't staring at me but looking off into space. I knew what she was doing; she was peeing the diaper. It wasn't likely because she couldn't make it to the rest stop, but because this was going to be her last opportunity to do so before we went back to our regular lives.

Our regular lives.

I thought about it. One way or the other, I could always change my mind. I finally leaned forward. "I've made a decision."

My mother turned back to me expectantly. Sally also regarded me expectantly, eyes full of hope again.

"I'll do it on one condition." Both Mom and Sally looked confused.

"What's that?" Mom asked.

"It's not fair that I am the only one having to wear diapers. I'll do it if Sally wears diapers, too."

Sally broke into a big grin. She knew what I had done for her. I had made it so she could wear diapers. She wouldn't even have to bring up the issue that she liked them to our parents. I had handed it to her as a gift.

Mom thought for a long moment. "I guess that would be up to Sally."

Sally reached over and hugged me. "Anything for my sister."

And so it came to pass. I'll omit the details because this is a story about Disney. Sally helped me get a new feminine wardrobe, and we laid in diapering supplies. We still had a blast all summer, Sally playing teacher; teaching me how to be a girl. By the time school started, I was ready to attend school that way.

I'm not saying it was always easy. A lot of people knew I was a boy and I got teased a bit. Still, I liked doing it, and Sally and I were pretty inseparable for a long time. However, when I got older, it became increasingly difficult. Physically, I was a boy. It was also clear I liked girls. I became more and more unsure as to whether I wanted to go through life this way. I certainly wanted to be free of diapers. They never held the magic for me that they had for Sally.

I finally made the break when I went away to college. I went back to being just plain Bill. Toilet trained Bill, and that's how I went through life. I had girlfriends and even some long term relationships. Still from time to time, when I was feeling down, I would go out and buy a dress. I'd sit home wearing it and then it would go into the back of my closet for months or in the garbage.

Sally also made a break from our life. Her senior year in high school she was determined to have a boy for the prom. She was convinced that her preoccupation with diapers was getting in her way and so she pulled the plug on that. She got on with her life. We didn't have the same bond we had when we were sisters, but she wrote to me from time to time. I went to her wedding and loved seeing pictures of her two daughters when they came.

Then I got the letter. Her husband was going to Orlando on business, and the kids had not been to Disney yet. Would I like to join them? She could use the extra hand with them in the park. I didn't have to think about it long before I agreed.

What I did have to think about was how I was going to do it. Would I go as Uncle Bill? I puzzled this out for days and hoped I'd made the right decision. Here I was on the monorail, and we were pulling into the station. I made my way down the ramp. Sally had texted me that they'd meet me at the park gates. As I approached, I searched for the familiar face. Then I heard it.

"Hey, Sister!" I turned to see Sally flanked by the two girls. The girls had come from the boutique. They were finely adorned in their princess dresses and full hairstyle and makeup just as Sally and I had done years earlier. "Go hug your Aunt Billie," Sally told the girls.

With smiles on their faces, the girls ran to me and put arms around me. I knelt to bring myself to their level. "What beautiful princesses you are," I said sincerely. The girls hugged me again. Then they stopped, and the older of the two looked at me.

"Did you and mommy really wear diapers under your princess dresses?"

I looked over at Sally. She feigned embarrassment, but I was sure she was trying to suppress a giggle.

"Yes, we did."

That seemed to satisfy the girls. They looked at each other and giggled. "We are too!" they said. We stood up and started toward the gate. The girls were eagerly running ahead of us.

"I'm sorry about that," Sally said. "I figured it would be easier to get a diaper on them if I told them that we had worn them."

“That’s OK,” I said.

“What I didn’t know was whether you would come as my sister or my brother. But, I had already explained to the girls that you had chosen to be my sister for a while, but you were my brother before and after. They seemed to take that in stride.”

“I decided Disney wouldn’t be the same if I didn’t come this way. And you?”

“Yes,” she smiled. “I’m wearing a diaper, too.”

“Sisters!” we said in unison and followed the girls into the park.

-The End-