

The end of ABDL – a personal story

I've taken some time to write this because it represents a substantial change and shift in my life that was unexpected and unprecedented. And wholly confusing as well. So, stay with me for the story and you will understand why I waited to write this...

So, let me start this story from the beginning.

I am in my 50s now, but my entire life has been in the shadow of a massive desire to be a baby – and a baby girl at that. This kind of story is not rare in ABDL circles of course, as the story seems to get repeated time and time again. Only the characters change and few of the details.

I recall as a young toddler being aware that I really had no desire to give up being a baby. Already, the toddler age seemed to be a bit of a step too far for me. I was in the throes of having diapers taken away from me and I rebelled. At age 2-3, that rebellion didn't get very far of course and back in those days, diapers just came off, regardless of the level of toilet training.

I wet the bed. Every night. Neck to knee. As a four-year-old, that was not all that rare, but by the time I was seventeen, it was more than a little uncommon, although in later years I was to discover that it was not as rare as I had thought then.

Bedwetting was my unconscious rebellion. I was unaware that it was an act of rebellion at the time and perhaps for thirty years or more I just classed myself as a bedwetter and thought little of it. The difference for me was that, bedwetting didn't bother me. I just wet the bed and thought little of it. The doctor's visits, the endless discussions wrought little change and by the time I left home at 21, my wet sheets had reduced in frequency to about three nights a week. Improvement for sure, but hardly noteworthy. I was still unaware that it was rebellion though. It wasn't deliberate per se, it was just that I did nothing whatsoever to stop it as it simply didn't bother me.

Diapers however, occupied my thoughts from my early years. I was stealing/borrowing diapers from siblings and wearing them – wet or dry. I just craved them in a way that my preteen self didn't understand. The strength of this need was overpowering even then and set the tone for a life filled with that same struggle, but amped up considerably.

By the time I was semi-independent I began buying/acquiring diapers, plastic pants (baby size) and pacifiers. I began wearing girl's panties when I could and not always being clever about where I got them from. The drive to be a baby girl was growing and causing me trouble. My parents found out of course and that led to years of turmoil.

My social life was okay, but not because of me. I had a lot of close-contact peers and I drifted along with them, but I was the outsider all the time and the reason was that I was almost always thinking about diapers, panties, bedwetting and of course... sex. The average teenager gives 50% of their thinking time towards sex and masturbation. I was no different and masturbated with a fury even worse than my peers. My problem was that while my friends gave the other 50% of their thinking time to school and other activities, my other 50% was given to diapers. Just diapers.

My formerly accidental bedwetting became assisted by storing up my pee during the day so that my bed would be wetter and most importantly, wet when I went to bed. Diapers were difficult to obtain, but when I could, I wore each one as long as I could and indulged my strong baby needs.

My life got smaller as a result. My grades dropped and when I went to university, I failed and ended up dropping out all because my mind was focussed on diapers and wanting to be a baby.

The end of ABDL – a personal story

It might surprise you to discover that I got married in my early 20s. Somehow, in the midst of the storm of baby-driven desire, I found a wonderful wife and life-long companion. But my life continued to be strongly contained, restrained and limited by my powerful ABDL nature.

I got a good job and did well at it, but I was always achieving less than I should or could because of ABDL. My wife would not permit diapers or baby things because she couldn't cope and I couldn't explain. Not exactly a new story, is it? But our marriage still went along well and we had kids. In a truly odd and in retrospect, auspicious way, my kids being in diapers had zero effect on me. That was a rare blessing. I never wore any of their diapers or was jealous of them. I was the average father who decided to have as little as possible to do with diaper changing. We also got lucky in that they all toilet trained easily and early and no bedwetter among them. Just me.

For a short period, I felt like ABDL was a little controlled. Not absent by any means, but not running uncontrolled and berserk. But that didn't last, of course.

My marriage began to suffer because I withdrew – all because I wanted diapers and to be a baby girl. My wife knew what I wanted but couldn't/wouldn't agree and I didn't even know what to ask for since I wanted... EVERYTHING. I doubt that I am rare in saying that my baby desires were growing and I wanted more than just diapers. I wanted bottles, baby dresses, pacifiers, toys. And oh, I wanted a crib. But all I got were wet beds and lots of them. I think it was at that time I decided formally that I wanted to wet the bed. Odd that it takes 30 years to realise that your bedwetting was something you chose. It was very real, but it was a choice I had made back as a toddler and had not renegeed on.

While my marriage suffered, my career did as well. Either working for a boss or being a contractor, it suffered because 50% of my thinking was still completely focussed on being a baby in diapers.

So rather than bore you with the ongoing saga of my ABDL life let me sum it up for you and get to the relatively recent times. ABDL was destroying my life and limiting me in ways that were problematic. Worse, it had caused a number of very serious incidents that threatened everything I had and I felt powerless to control it.

At this point, I want to add that I was and continue to be a God-fearing, Bible-believing Christian. I had prayed countless times for God to heal me and to take this away from me. Please note that I am not saying that ABDL is bad in itself. However, for me, the level of control and influence it had on me was destructive and could potentially destroy me. Frustratingly, God did not heal me of ABDL. Oddly, He continued to look after me, rescuing me from the damage I was doing to my life because of this need, but not fixing the underlying problem. While very, very thankful for His help in keeping me from the damage I was inflicting upon myself, I long wished for it to be over. But as we all know, it is NEVER over. ABDL is something you have forever, especially at the upper levels of the drive/need.

About ten years ago, we hit a wall with this. This was the wall I had long expected where my self-control – such as it was – was inadequate to keep it under wraps. My wife and I began to realise that if our marriage was to work, we had to actually address this insidious influence in our lives. So, we slowly and gradually introduced diapers to our lives. I say 'our' because it had to be a joint decision or otherwise, we were toast.

It went amazingly well! I was blown away by just how good it was. I was allowed diapers for bedwetting and a bit of recreational diaper-wearing and even wearing panties was allowed. She wasn't into it at all, but at least the pressure was turned down.

The end of ABDL – a personal story

All went well for a while, but the problem returned and was almost as bad again. In retrospect I can look back and see that my baby need was so substantial that even moderate acquiescence was inadequate. I had to be 'all in'.

And so, the struggle returned. I was frustrated at my inability to manage a generous compromise and equally frustrated at God for not taking this away from me. All the sermons and Biblical illustrations of temptation and so on, only made it worse because I was unable to manage this.

Sometimes odd things happen that you don't expect and yet are amazing.

I started to become incontinent.

As a life-long bedwetter, daytime incontinence was always something I figured would arrive in my later years, but suddenly at not quite 50, I was wetting my pants. My diapers at night became less of an 'allowance' and more of a necessity as my three night a week bedwetting became seven nights a week. Not surprisingly, I was not unhappy about this. Suddenly, I needed diapers 24/7 and my world was turned upside down. Neither of us had a choice in the matter. It was diapers, regardless.

My wife noted that I was now happy and content. And I felt suddenly free of the massive burden. I read an article recently about 24/7 diapering and I understand the freedom that this can give someone like me.

Of course, the baby thing was still out there, but we both now had the perspective to see that diapers were not the end of things but rather, the beginning. Over a careful and sometimes awkward set of steps, we introduced babying for me. I was gradually allowed to wear baby clothes, use a pacifier, have baby onesies and eventually, bottle feeding. My wife would change me and feed me at times. Men's underwear disappeared and were replaced by women's panties and bras.

Finally!!

I felt at right with myself!

God seemed closer than everbefore and I could concentrate on things other than being a baby.

And so, it continued for many, many years. My bladder incontinence became total and my bowel continence reduced, but I was always safe and protected by diapers. I had as much babying as I needed – if not as much as I wanted LOL!

It seemed that God had finally answered my prayer and I was finally at ease and feeling safe again.

And for nearly ten years, our marriage involved me having a regular amount of babying and 24/7 diapering. Compared to my earlier life and the hell inside my head, it was like winning the lottery, but without the money!

My story should end there and for a long time, I thought it had. But God apparently had other ideas.

About a year ago I noticed some subtle changes in my baby behaviour. I was using a pacifier less at night and for some years could only sleep with a paci because of baby-type fears. I would regress every night to an almost literal infant, needing a nightlight, soft toys and a pacifier. If I was upset, I would have a formula bottle. But now, I was slowly discarding my paci.

I have a dozen baby girl outfits and I would wear them every night to bed and as much around the house as I could. Suddenly, I wasn't wearing them as much and eventually, rarely. My demand and

The end of ABDL – a personal story

need for bottle feeding dissipated and while I enjoyed them when offered, I no longer asked for one. My need for baby toys and fully regressed baby time virtually disappeared.

And then the unbelievable happened.

I started waking up in the morning to find my diaper... DRY! At first, I didn't think much about it as it had occasionally happened in the preceding years. But now, my diapers were dry more often than not. I'd wake up in the middle of the night needing to pee instead of sleeping through. And then, before I knew it. I wasn't wet at night at all.

I had stopped bedwetting!

Like most people in diapers 24/7, we sometimes feel the need to pee in our day diapers and just let go anyhow. Most of the time however, my diaper would be wet already and I had no recollection of when. But that changed too. Suddenly, I was always aware of the need to pee.

This was astonishing and amazing and very confusing.

I started having diaper-free times in the evening without problem. I started sleeping without my teddy bear and slept not only well, but BETTER. I stopped using a paci at all. And then, no baby clothes of any kind and my onesies were all plain daytime protective ones and nothing more.

What was happening?

We experimented with diaper-free days and experienced no difficulties at all. Finally, we took night diapers away and now, many months later, there has still been not a single wet bed or single wet pants at all. Not one.

I was continent again, including night times for the first time ever. But what was most remarkable and surprising was how I was no longer wanting any of my baby things or diapers at all.

I am no longer ABDL.

That is a stunning statement, especially from one who has been this way for over half a century and who has lived as a baby girl in such a sustained and significant manner.

I don't wear diapers any more. I don't wet the bed any more. I don't crave diapers or baby things... at all. It is too amazing to even understand, but it is true.

God has a habit of fulfilling His promises at His own time which usually translates to 'late'. I had asked for decades to be cured of this and while He cleaned up the mess I was constantly creating, He didn't cure the problem. Until now.

Over the course of a couple months, I went from being a deeply regressive, incontinent baby girl with a massive infant drive to being an average guy who is toilet-trained and 'normal' (whatever that really means!)

My bladder control is not just adequate, it is perfect. It feels like I am 20 again.

I don't know how this all happened. As I think on things and how they progressed, I wonder if my time spent in such deep babyhood has finally 'ticked the box' inside me and the need to regress to meet that need had been finally satisfied. I don't really know precisely. God does things His own way. Sometimes he uses natural processes and this may have been a natural process of finally solving my deep regressive needs. Or it may be a God-given miracle of healing.

The end of ABDL – a personal story

The odd thing is that I was not asking God to heal me. I wasn't hoping for my regression to end. As a couple, we had finally found a life that meets our combined needs and we were coping with an otherwise destructive force. And yet, my healing arrived, unanticipated and unasked for and absolutely amazing.

I still 'get' ABDL. I still understand the drive and the need and what is involved. I just no longer feel it myself. I can read diaper posts on various sites and they are interesting and sometimes informative, but I feel more like a spectator than a participant.

I am writing this just to share my story because I think it is noteworthy and interesting. And perhaps there is someone who like me, has felt this constant wave of destruction on their lives brought about by ABDL and want a story of hope and change.

Thank you.

www.abdiscovery.com.au