

I wanted to share my life long story of becoming an AB. Like many people, I enjoy reading other people's stories and it helps me understand where I came from and how I got there.

It all started when I was just a baby (six months). My parents divorced because my mother was banging the milkman. Yes, I swear, THE MILKMAN! I know all the jokes that go along with this sort of story, but stories are based in fact somewhere down the line. I have two, much older sisters and I am the youngest of all my cousins and extended family. I guess you could say I am literally the baby of the family. I am often called "oops" to this very day. I think I am the result of a broken rubber. That always helps a shaky self-image!

Anyway, because of their divorce, my mother used me as a tool against my father and would punish me harshly. I think she was hoping it would hurt him deeply. I will admit right here and now I was a very hyperactive kid, so I was a handful to deal with. I was hyper-focused when playing, and would shut the whole world out. As a result, I had a problem with wetting and messing my pants. I was laser-focused on whatever I was doing and just missed all the warning signs of needing to go potty. By the time I figured it out, it was too late and ended up having accidents. I can remember several occasions, holding myself through my pants and wetting all over my hands. I also frequently wet the bed at night, as many as six times a month. I was actually held back in the first grade because of my maturity issues. I had very poor control of my bladder and bowels and the report card literally said I wasn't mature enough to go to the next grade level.

At night I had very vivid dreams of peeing and would end up waking up to a soaking wet bed. As God as my witness, I never once wet or messed myself on purpose. Here is a great example of a bed wetting dream: I was camping with my father and I had to pee, so I peed on the campfire. The next morning, I awoke in a drenched bed. I am a very deep sleeper and still am to this very day. It was common to wet the bed and sleep the whole night in it and then wake the next morning wet from my knees to my shoulder. My father said that my mother started potty training me at a very young age. She is a Socialite and was only worried about the next party. I guess she was tired of kids in diapers after my siblings, so I got rushed to the potty. My dad said I was in cotton training pants on my first birthday. I used to go visit with him on Sundays from 1 pm to 5 pm for visitation as ordered by the court. He knew about my mother's abuse and took it to court several times. My mother had me so afraid of her, I lied right into the face of a circuit court judge when he asked if my mother was abusing me. My poor father's hands were tied because I didn't have the strength to tell the truth.

About the age of four, I have memories of my mother punishing me for my accidents. I am sure it happened before that age, but I just don't have the memories. I learned at a very early age that my mother wasn't a mom that would say it's okay and try harder. No! every accident was met with harsh punishments. Instead of telling her I had had an accident, I did my best to hide it. The problem was, I wasn't very good at hiding anything from her. I always put them behind the same dresser. I was taught to clean my room at a very early age and to make my own bed first thing in the morning.

My mother is a serious neat freak. Every time I wet the bed, I would try and hide it. I would just make my bed, and act like nothing had gone wrong. My wet clothes were hidden in their usual place behind my dresser and me pretended that the bed was perfect for the next night. I don't know why I never made the connection. I just didn't seem to notice the smell. Let me tell you... those smells will convict you of the crime

every time. My mother kept a plastic sheet on my bed so I didn't ruin the mattress. I hated the way it rustled every time you sat on it. All the kids that came to our house made fun of me for the sounds my bed made. Not that I was the only one, but that didn't matter.

I would go downstairs and try and 'sell it', like it was just any other day. My mother would come downstairs and say good morning very nicely and then with a perfectly straight face say, *"Once you have finished your breakfast, go upstairs and take off your pants and underwear and strip your wet bed"*. I would start crying hysterically, knowing what was about to happen to me. I would go upstairs and sit on my bed, half-naked and wait for her. She loved to make me think about my punishments, She was cruel like that. Sometimes she would make me wait for hours. She would even walk near my bedroom door just to get me worked up. When she would finally come into the room, she would have a belt or a wooden spoon. I would be grabbed and rolled over and beaten until my butt was glowing red.

After that, I was sent to a corner to think about why I just got spanked. My mother would leave the room and return a short time later. I would stand in the corner facing the wall and cry, knowing my punishment wasn't even close to being finished. She would return and I could hear her on my bed putting together the rest of my punishment. She would be telling me how gross I was and telling me how I had acted like a baby. She would call me out of the corner and tell me to come and lay on my bed.

When I turned around to go to the bed, my arch enemy – diapers - would be waiting for me on my bed. I would beg and plead to not get put in diapers, promising the whole time I would never again have another accident. She would just calmly tell me I had earned the punishment and she would pat the bed for me to come and lay down. A lot of the times, my siblings were called into the room to watch my punishment being carried out. I would be warned if I didn't get my butt on the bed that instant, I would get more spankings. Defeated, I would go lay on the bed and cry. My sisters would snicker and call me a baby the whole time.

Most of the time, she used flat fold Birdseye cloth diapers (at least three of them) and Gerber frosted plastic pants. She always made a big deal out of diapering me, making the experience as authentic as possible. She wanted me to feel just like a baby. I would be grabbed by my ankles so that my butt was lifted off the bed and my diapers were slid under me.. I would scream and kick and cry the whole time. If I made too much of a fuss, I got a couple more swift smacks to my butt. Since my butt was already raw from the spankings with the wooden spoon, that tended to help me stop acting up.

By that point, I just wanted my diaper put on so she didn't have access to my bare butt anymore. She would dust my crotch with Johnson and Johnson baby powder and show me the safety pins with little bunnies and duckies on them. I was told at the point, *"If you are going to act like a baby, I will treat you like one"*.

The diapers would be secured snugly around my waist and the Gerber plastic pants would go over them. She would thread them onto my feet and pull them up over my diapers while holding me up by the ankles again. I will always remember the way my freshly spanked butt felt against the fabric of my diapers. It was like a million pinpricks and I could feel the heat still coming from my bottom. She would let me get up off the bed and then tell me. *"Now you just sit here and think about why you are in diapers and what you could have done differently"*.

I hated the way the plastic pants crinkled with even the slightest movement.

After I had stopped crying and had gotten used to the idea that I was once again wearing diapers, then came the walk of shame. I was led around the block in nothing but my diapers, plastic pants and a t-shirt. This was so everyone could see what an embarrassment I was to her. Almost everyone made fun of me.

Kids are very cruel and they would love to come and tease me about my diapers during the walk. They would pat my butt and call me a baby and asking my mother and sisters if I was wearing actual diapers. During the brief periods of my childhood that I wasn't being punished in diapers, some of the kids used to go out of their way to get me in trouble by holding me down and making me wet myself, or my favorite, tie me to a tree until I had pooped my pants. They would then escort me home, holding my wrist very tightly and tell my mother that I had another accident, leaving out the part where they had caused the accident in the first place, all the while laughing and telling me at the door "*your mother is going to diaper you*".

I would try and defend my case, but my mother always felt I was doing it for attention. So, off to my room to be spanked and diapered I would go. The girls next door, the Rocko's, loved to get me diapered and then make me play 'house' - as the baby, of course. I was never allowed to be the father and if I fought them on the subject, they would tell me they could get me put back into diapers anytime they wanted. I knew from past experiences that I had better just play along like a good baby if I knew what was good for me. I gave up on ever being the father.

I guess I was being set up to be a submissive my entire life. Seeing me in diapers was really just a normal day in our neighborhood. Everyone knew me as the weird kid that wore diapers all the time. My reputation followed me to school and most kids teased me about my infantile status. I would try to stay in the house when I was being punished with diapers, but my mother had a solution for that too. She would make me go outside in my diapers and then lock me out of the house. This only happened when it was warm enough to run around outside without pants. Thank God for the colder months.

Sometimes, I didn't even know I was about to be punished. I think every kid had the occasional skid mark or slight wetting accident. In my case, however, if I pulled down my pants and saw a skid mark, I would panic. I would sneak them into the clothes hamper and act like it never happened. I was hoping my mother would just dump the clothes in the machine and not notice. Her treatment for that was to save them all up until I ran out of clean underwear. I was stupid and thought I had managed to get away with "riding dirty", as the cool kids said at the time. On the day she decided it was finally diaper day, I would find a pile of stained undies when I walked into my room and then go into full panic mode.

I had just walked by my mother and she hadn't said a mean word to me. I would just stand there looking at the pile of wrecked undies when my mother would come upstairs. I was asked if I had anything to say for myself. She would ask me if I really thought I was smart enough to fool her. She would show me each pair, making comments on the conditions of each pair as she made her way through the pile of stained underwear. I was always in total shock, knowing I was about to spend a few weeks diapered, so I couldn't even answer. My stomach was in knots, with butterflies doing loops in my gut. When she had finished embarrassing me, would very calmly tell

me to get my pants and underwear off and get on my bed. As usual, I was spanked, humiliated and diapered.

Then the walk of shame happened.

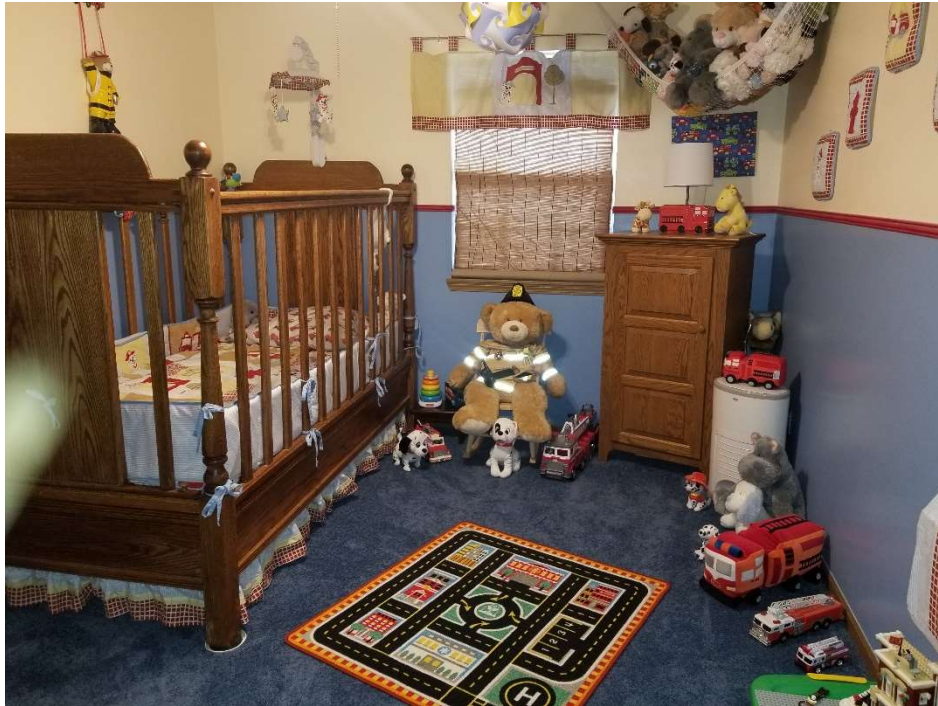
I did have one really good friend that never made fun of me and I would usually go to his house to play when I was diapered. He seemed to have sympathy for my situation and even his mother was nice to be about it. She often voiced her dislike of my mother for treating me so badly. She always gave me hugs and was just the nicest lady ever. Sometimes on the weekends she would call my mother and ask if she could take us boys someplace special. We went all over the place.

We went to the zoo and a lot of different parks when we went away. The part my mother didn't know was, most of the time when we went away, before we left, she took off my diapers. I was given a pair of underwear and pants to wear for the day. We always had a blast together. To me, this seemed like how a normal childhood should have gone. The only downside was that once we got home, she had to put those damn diapers back on so when I got home my mother wouldn't know I had spent the day without them. I would usually cry while she diapered me and sometimes I even saw her cry a bit. After she had me back in my diapers, she would hug me and tell me it was going to be okay. She would tell me to try really hard to keep my pants clean. I actually didn't mind her diapering me. With her, it was just different and it didn't feel like a punishment at all. I am still best friends with that kid to this day. His mother recently passed away and I was very sad she left us. What a great lady she was and who was never judgemental of me. He knows of my AB world because I felt that he would understand and he totally does.

The holidays were always torture for me. If I was on a diaper punishment, I had to go stand up in front of everyone and my mother would tell everyone I had something to say. She would make me pull down my pants and show everyone my diapers and then tell them what I did to get put in them. Diaper punishments would last around two weeks and had to wear diapers 24/7 during the punishment. The strange part about my punishments was that I wasn't allowed to actually *use* my diapers although I often did, as I had a lot of issues. If I did use them, the punishment just started over from that day - day one of 14.

Sometimes, I went months on end in diapers because I had an accident while being punished. If I had to use the bathroom, I had to go ask her to take off my diapers and then go straight back to her after I was finished in the bathroom. She would make me ask her to please put my diapers back on. That was especially hard when we had a house full of guests. Everyone watching my mother take off your diapers and then having to ask her to put them back on. She never once spared my dignity. She would do it right on the living room floor, in front of anyone. It really sucks when all your extended family are standing around laughing at you as you get diapered. They still say things about my past at family gatherings. They will all stand around tell stories about my diapers and how funny it was.

I would love to show up at a full family gathering in full AB gear with a load of shit in my diaper and show them how it affected my entire life. Maybe I could show all of them my nursery too. Wouldn't that be a real hoot? Take a look... Here it is!



During the years I actually had a childlike wonder and believed in Santa, that fat bastard brought me diapers two years in a row with a note that I was on the naughty list for wetting my pants.

Once I started school, my accidents followed me there too. I think, I struggled so much in school, because all the kids bullied me terribly. I was very socially awkward and became the class clown to try and make friends. By the way.. it didn't work.

If I had accidents, the teachers would send me to the school nurse and the nurse would call my mother. She was very mad when the school called because I was ruining her soap opera time. At first, she would come to the school and diaper me in the nurses' office with the nurse witnessing the whole event. Then she would tell me that a spanking was waiting for me once I got home and I was sent back to class. It didn't take long for the kids to figure out I was in diapers and they would tease me relentlessly. When the class clown comes back to class and is extremely quiet and wearing different clothes than when they left, it doesn't exactly take a rocket scientist to put it all together.

For about a month during recess, I was held down while several kids took off my pants and threw them in the woods nearby. I was left crying in nothing but a diaper and plastic pants and a shirt. The school finally asked my mother to stop diapering during the school hours because it was too much of a distraction for the rest of the kids in school. I sat in a meeting with the principal and he actually told my mother he was fine with her diapering me. He just couldn't have it in the school. So, from that point on, if I had an accident at school, she would come to the school, diaper me in the nurse's office, and then take me home for the day. Then it was regular diaper punishment for two weeks, every day when I got home from school, until the next morning when I would get to wear undies for the day.

I was having regular day-time accidents well into my tenth year and still wetting the bed until I was twelve. I know a lot of the younger people reading this might be incredulous. But things have changed dramatically since then. You can read Andrew Stephens or John Marshall's autobiography and see similar attitudes to diapers. You

have to remember this was the late sixties and seventies. Things were way different back then. People didn't get involved in problems at other peoples houses. It was a common thing to get spanked by one of the neighbors and sent home to get more of the same when you got there. Try that in today's world! I was a very small kid and wasn't much over thirty pounds in the fifth grade. I looked like Olive Oil from the cartoon, Popeye. Diapers fit me perfectly, much to my dismay.

My mother didn't use disposable diapers much. She preferred the traditional cloth diapers because she felt it was more like the diapers I wore as a baby. She did, however, keep a diaper bag filled with pampers in the trunk of the car. She said she couldn't trust that I would stay dry and she felt it important to keep diapers somewhere close nearby. I think my mother's motto was to always keep me guessing. She abused me in other ways too.

She used to make me kneel on uncooked rice. If you haven't experienced this lovely punishment, I strongly suggest you give it a try. After twenty minutes of kneeling on rice, when you stand up, the rice is all embedded in your knee caps and it hurts terribly to even brush it off. When I was seven, she threw me down the basement stairs and broke my arm. The whole way to the hospital she gave me the story to tell the doctor. The doctor asked me what happened and my mother stood in the corner glaring at me the whole time. To avoid an even greater beating, I told them the lie we had rehearsed.

Her pet nickname for me was "CHICKENSHIT" because I was afraid of everything. I am surprised when I went to school that I didn't tell people that was my actual name. I swore once when I was six and my mother put an entire bar of Dial soap in my mouth and roughly covered my teeth in the soap. Then she made me go stand in the garage for the next twenty minutes. I was crying and bubbles were foaming out of my mouth. I still laugh every time I see the movie "THE CHRISTMAS STORY" when Ralphie goes blind from soap poisoning.

Once when I was around six, she took me to church in my Sunday clothes and diapers underneath. This was a Catholic church so there was a lot of kneeling and sitting and standing and kneeling. My pants managed to ride down enough that my diaper was sticking out the back of my pants for the whole world to see. The lady behind us leaned forward and asked my mother how old I was. My mother told her I was six and the lady asked why in the world I was wearing diapers. This was just another great chance to embarrass me, so my mother made me tell the lady why I was still in diapers at my age. The lady told me I should be ashamed of myself being a big boy of six having to wear diapers. Those who long for the 'good old days' know nothing of how 'good' they weren't.

My mother had a friend named Jeanie, that was cut from the same cloth as my mother. They were BFF's back in high school. I spend a week with her while my mother went out of town for a funeral. I was around nine years old at the time. It was a chance for all of us kids to play together for several days. I completely messed up the first night at around 2 am when I wet her guest bed. She called my mother the second she found me crying about wetting her bed, standing in her bathroom. My mother asked her if she had any diapers and she told her that all she had was Pampers. My mother told her that would work perfectly and told her not to forget to spank me real good for ruining her bed. She got off the phone and grabbed me by the pajama shirt I was wearing and dragged me into the kitchen. I saw her getting a spatula and I knew I was about to get

spanked. I also knew from seeing her boys in diapers from time to time, she thought exactly as my mother did about wetting the bed.

I started crying and begging for her forgiveness. She was very mad at me and ignored my pleading. Jeanie took me to her bedroom and took off my wet pajama bottoms and underwear and pulled me over her lap. I had never been spanked before when my skin was still wet with pee. I learned that day it hurts way worse than when your skin is dry. Just like my mother, she went through with the whole deal. Spanking and diapered for the rest of my stay with her. I don't know what it is about people that like to diaper kids as punishments, but just like my mother, I was refused any pants to cover my diaper. Her thoughts differed however in the fact that she felt that if you were wearing diapers you needed to use them. So I spent the entire week wearing and using my pampers. She made me stand in front of her and poop my pampers when I asked her to remove them so I could go to the potty. She made fun of me while I stood there and grunted and loaded my pants. Even worse, she made me wear the soiled pamper for a few hours after I was done. She said it helped her boys understand that a messy diaper is way worse than clean underwear. I will admit that a clean diaper is way way way better than one loaded in your own mess. It is so gross the way it sticks to you and how badly it smells. Each movement you make the poop moves around in your diaper, and reminding you of its presence. I would love to meet her boys today and see if they are AB's like me. I bet they are.

OK, I know a lot of the younger people are calling BS once again about the pampers fitting me. This was the early seventies. Pampers from that era were huge and not form-fitting at all which made them easier to wear. Heck, I bet they would fit me now. They fit me perfectly at the time. Pampers of that generation didn't have the fancy leg gathers and elastic waistband. They had one pleat down the middle of a giant diaper. they were super thick and had a plastic backing that crinkled so badly, no one could hide if they were wearing them. They also made you waddle badly because of the thickness between your legs.

Probably the all-time worst thing my mother ever did to me was when I was en. My mother's brother (uncle Jack) had a giant dairy farm way out in the country and we went to visit. I had wet the bed the night before the visit, so I was being punished and went with no pants on - just my shirt and a diaper with plastic pants. Just before we left to go home, I felt the need to go poop, but I was too embarrassed to ask my mother to take off my diapers so I could go. I figured I could hold it the whole way home. Well, it was a long ride and I managed to poop my diapers on the way home. Of course, everyone in the car noticed and I was asked if I had pooped myself. I don't know why but I lied and stuck with the lie the whole ride home. My oldest sister even checked and confirmed the mess in my diaper, but I just held fast with the lie. I blamed it on a pile of cow shit I had stepped in. When we got home, my mother took me upstairs and threw me in the tub, clothes and all. She turned on the water and filled the tub. After the tub was filled she removed my clothes and threw them all in the tub with me. The entire tub was filled with my filth. she grabbed me and rammed my head under the water, filled with my poop, several times. I was convinced she was planning to drown me in the tub. After the bath, she took me in my room and beat welts all over my back, legs and butt with a belt and then diapered me for a month straight.

When I turned twelve, my father got custody of me and the day I arrived at his house, he promised me he wouldn't ever put me in diapers for wetting the bed and he

never did. My bed wetting stopped within a few weeks. He taught me to never drink anything after 6 pm and to pee three times before I climbed in bed for the night. So, life was finally going in my direction. No more diapers and someone who seemed to care about me. I always looked at my father as the dragon slayer, because he rescued me from my mother. Finally, no more diapers and I could finally put that hell in my past.

Surprisingly, when I turned fourteen or so, I started having weird feelings about diapers. I had an interest in them I couldn't explain. I loved commercials about diapers and ads in magazines. Why would I be interested in something that had caused me so much pain and anxiety as a child? I fought my feelings for a bit and then stole a few diapers from a baby brother of a friend down the street.

#### *WHY WOULD I WANT THESE??*

At fifteen, I went up to the grocery store and bought myself an entire box of pampers. At first, I would just open them up and smell them or put them in my pants. I would feel terrible guilt and throw them all away, just to turn around and buy some more later on. As many of you know, this was the beginning of the dreaded binge and purge cycle. Damn, I hated those years.

I fought with myself for the next nine years telling myself every New Year's night that this was the year we put an end to the diapers. I went into the military as a way to grow up and put a stop to the diapers. That didn't work either and soon I was occasionally wearing diapers under my uniforms. If the military had known about that, they would have bounced my butt out on the street. By then, I had discovered Attends adult diapers. I both hated them and loved them all at the same time. It finally came to a head when I turned 24 and I did a very dumb thing. I attempted suicide over diapers. I was a cop in the Air force at the time. I went to work and stuck my issued 9mm handgun in my mouth and attempted to pull the trigger. I did that for about two hours when I figured out I just didn't have the balls to go through with it. That shook me to my core and I went very quietly and got some professional help off base, far removed from the military. They would have thrown me out if they had known what I was doing. I learned then that this wasn't something that was ever going away and I had better find a way to live with it. I continued to struggle with myself into my thirties.

Shortly after I attempted suicide, my mother and I had a major blow out argument about the way she parented me. She actually told me I was a little bastard and deserved everything I got as a child. I stopped talking to her for the next 26 years. I told her in the last conversation I had with her, if she ever wanted to talk to me again, she needed to tell me she was sorry for everything she ever did to me.

At the age of thirty I finally started finding my peace with who I am, and that I am not some monster. I started to accept the fact that diapers were never going away and slowly embraced the adult baby aspects of my life. I still think its odd, but I just don't care anymore. At age 35 I became a diabetic and to my amazement, the bed wetting came back. I had learned a nightly ritual when I was 12 and managed to stop the bed wetting by not drinking anything after 6 pm and peeing three times before I laid down at night. When diabetes started, I had terrible dry mouth all the time and peed constantly. I started putting a glass of water on my nightstand and I was wetting the bed like I was six again. It became a real problem for my wife. She got very upset waking up in a wet bed with me. so she suggested I start wearing a diaper to bed at night and I was actually fine with it because I was now in 'full embrace mode' with the Adult Baby thing by that time. The bed-wetting progressed and I got put on medication for



diabetes. The medication they put me on was metformin, which is a terrible medication. They kept ticking the dosage up and I started having bigger problems. Metformin is known for causing very loose stool. By the time I was on 2000mg a day I was having regular messing accidents. I told my doctor about it and she said to just carry extra clothes with me. That continued on and finally, I went to an Endocrinologist. He took me off the metformin, but not before diabetes did some major damage to my body. I have diabetic Neuropathy. What that does it causes you to have numbness in your feet, hands, and in your penis too. So, I was having regular wetting accidents because I wasn't feeling the need to go to the bathroom until it was too late. I talked to my doctor and after several tests, he told me the damage is done and I will continue to have wetting accidents. So, now I am diapered 24/7.

Just about everyone in my life knows I wear full time. I really haven't told anyone about the adult baby aspect. As the military taught me, that's on a need to know basis and they don't need to know. My wife is very supportive and actually has taken on a mommy role in my life. I have a nursery I built and I regularly regress to about the age of an 18-month-old baby boy. I struggle with being an adult sometimes and I have found that regression helps me deal with the adult world better. It lets me have time to be a baby and just relax and blow off the stresses from the day. I can't stress enough to everyone just how nice it is to be a baby every now and then, but you need to be an adult as well. Balance is probably the most important thing you can keep in life. In order to have a healthy marriage, you need to be an adult for your spouse at times and not let yourself slip into being a full-time baby. It will only hurt your mental health in the long run.

On my 50th birthday, my mother called me (my sister gave her my phone number). She was crying when she called and told me she was sorry for what she did to me. She was hoping to have a relationship with me. By that time, I had gotten over the hatred and anger and was just numb with her, so we started talking again. We didn't really know each other. We hadn't talked for 26 years, so we started learning a bit about each other.

I still have a very strained relationship with her. She doesn't want to talk about the hard stuff. Her answer is she said she was sorry and that is all she wants to say about it. That doesn't do much for my feelings. In the last few months, my mother sold her house in Florida and has moved up near me (within a mile). Our relationship is still a 'work in progress'. She actually lived with me for about a month while she was waiting for her house. I told her before she came I have to wear diapers all the time and that she would probably notice them during her stay with me.

The second night I had just gone into the bathroom to shave and I had a robe on and everyone was in bed. I opened the bathroom door and my mother was standing right in front of me in the hallway. My robe wasn't tucked shut so she got a very good look at me in diapers. I just laughed and said, "I told you were probably going to see them at some point!"

At least we got it out of the way quickly. Someday, before she dies, I want to show her THE REAL ME. I want it to sting too. I would love to show up on her doorstep in full adult baby gear with a load in my diaper and say look what you created MOMMY DEAREST!!! I have issues with the way she has apologized to me. Yes, she has said she was sorry, but I don't think she understands the depth of the damage she created for me. Though I have found my peace with the whole AB thing I still find the apology

*How I became an Adult Baby – a journey of pain and suffering*

disingenuous if she doesn't feel some of the pain I have carried in my diaper bag for most of my life.

Thank you for reading my story and I hope it may help some to know you are not alone if you experience some version of this yourself.



*How I became an Adult Baby – a journey of pain and suffering*