

# The Diaper Service

## Chapter 1

I'd heard through the 'grapevine' of a very special diaper service that was not exactly the usual kind. Since I was in 24/7 diapers and my true love was wearing pre-worn and used ones -both wet and dirty - this seemed too good to be true. Obtaining used diapers was always difficult and risky. It had to be a scam, but I was intrigued just the same. And so, I rang the phone number, expecting it to be answered by a gruff, unshaven, dirty old man. I know I couldn't see who was on the other end, but the voice would tell me everything. Except that when it was answered...

It was a well-spoken young woman.

"Minstrel Diaper Service, this is Lizzie. Can I help you?"

I was quiet for a moment as I was gobsmacked that it was apparently real – at least so far. It would seem that Lizzie was used to the shock and so patiently waited for me to open my mouth and stammer my questions – which I did.

"I wear diapers all the time for 1 and 2 and wondered if the services you offered were... er... real?"

I could almost hear the smile on Lizzie's face as I asked what must have been the identical question that other highly embarrassed callers would ask.

"Minstrel Diaper Service is quite unique in that it is an adult diaper service that offers more than the usual cloth diaper wash and dry service."

She left it at that, begging me to ask the next question.

"Er.." I stammered while going stupidly red. "I heard that you also offer to provide.... er..."

I just couldn't say it.

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“We offer the supply of not just washed and dried diapers but also worn and used diapers for the true connoisseur.”

“So, I could pick up someone else’s wet diapers for myself?” I asked still incredulous.

“Of course, and we provide wet and *soiled* ones based on supply.”

“Oh wow,” I stammered somewhat idiotically. “I would love to have some of those.”

“Well, why don’t you come down to our store and make a selection and see how that works for you?”

It was an hour’s drive but that was of no consequence. Something this special was worth the effort.

“Do I need to make a time?”

“No need. There are three of us here to help our very special customers and so there is rarely any waiting. We have several diaper changing rooms here if you want to try them on right away.”

I was truly aghast. Not just at the idea of a diaper service that gave access to the used ones but the way it sounded so professional and... normal. I was a little knocked off my feet.

“I will be there in an hour.”

“May I ask your name, sir?”

I hesitated for a moment before replying, “Sonya Coster.”

“No problems, Sonya. Just ask for Lizzie and I will handle all your needs personally. If you need some diapers washed, then bring them along with you.”

Unsurprisingly, the drive there was filled with both excitement and apprehension. I was in my usual pinned cloth diaper and plastic pants and I was quite wet and the nervous emotions caused me to substantially fill it with poo about halfway there. This was not really new to me. I had been trying for many years to end my toilet training completely and my bladder was already a failure and my bowels were about halfway to my goal. Normally, going somewhere and having an accidental dirty diaper

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would lead me to return home and change but this time, it seemed not only pointless but perhaps even contrary to my purpose. I took my bag of used cloth diapers with me since it was a diaper service after all and they did need to be washed - eventually.

When I arrived at the address, I saw that it was a semi-industrial complex with 8 large factories or storerooms on site. I found the one I wanted - Number 8 - at the very rear of the property and gingerly opened the door to the windowless office. As I walked in, I saw a small waiting room and a glassed-in reception area. I was only there a moment before a smiling older woman came up and sat down.

“How can I help you?” she asked politely.

“I’ve come to see Lizzie,” I replied trying to sound calm and professional while feeling absolutely nothing like either.

“I will call her. Just wait a minute.”

It was only about 15 seconds later when I saw a young woman stride over to the door at the end of the reception area and open it to let me in. She was pretty, about 30 years old and quite tall but it wasn’t her physical features I stared at.

She was wearing a footed baby sleeper and was clearly wearing a very thick diaper. A pacifier hung on a chain pinned to her sleeper.

“Come this way, Sonya,” she said softly. “I am one of three consultants that handle the adult baby side of Minstrel Diaper Service.”

“You are an adult baby?” I added stupidly.

Lizzie smiled, clearly used to the stammerings of dumb adult babies.

“Absolutely!” she exclaimed as she patted her bulky behind. “All my life and you met my mum in Reception.”

“Your mum?” I spluttered. “Your mum knows you are a baby and... this stuff?”

“Oh absolutely! She’s a one of a kind. She handled me being a baby from early on. And when she found out my extra interests...” She waved

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her hand around the factory and continued, “she suggested that we start a Diaper Service that could meet my needs and others and that’s how we got where we are now.”

“Wow, I’m jealous of that. And you sell used diapers to people like me?”

“Oh honey,” she said confidently. “I wear used diapers too. So do my two assistants. Not my mum though although she says one day she might end up in diapers!”

She laughed and I smiled with her. The imagery was overwhelming.

She opened a door and we entered into a largish room without windows and the aroma was very familiar. It was the smell of wet and dirty diapers. It was like perfume to me, and I suspect it was to Lizzie as well.

“Now that you are here, let me explain some of our services. We take the cloth diapers from adults and we launder them and provide cleaned and dried replacements. That is about 70% of our business. But the other part – the part you are here for – is where baby girls like yourself come here to pick up pre-wet or pre-soiled diapers to wear. In addition to that, we have a number of adult babies and non-babies who wear disposable diapers that bring their used ones here to pass on to others. This way, all the diapers have a chance at a second life!”

Lizzie smirked at her lame joke.

“We have a pickup and delivery service for our regular clients and pick up used ones and deliver clean ones. But we also have a number – and it’s a growing number – that do the opposite. They launder the cloth diapers for us at home and in return, we provide them with used ones to wear and enjoy. Because they help out our core business, the used diapers are provided at a low cost. But a lot simply come here to get used disposable and cloth diapers and they come and go whenever they want to.”

“Wow...” It was a lame response and I knew it.

“Would you like to select a used diaper to wear now?” she asked.

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I gulped.

“Yes, please. I don’t know what I want exactly.”

I wasn’t lying. I thought I knew what I wanted but all of my previous experience of taking used diapers from disabled toilets was simply a case of ‘whatever was there’ but now, I was being offered... *choice*.

Lizzie brought over a large bucket and lifted the lid. The pungent smell of soaking wet diapers immediately sprang out.

“These are wet ones that were brought in this morning, but if your taste runs to older ones, we have two and three-day-old wet ones in the other room.”

“Wow...” My responses were getting lamer and Lizzie seemed quite familiar with all of them. I consider myself to be articulate, but my vocabulary was limited to ‘wow’.

“And this is the bucket I personally prefer,” she exclaimed as she lifted the lid on a bucket of very obviously dirty diapers, largely rolled up and ready for... washing, inspection or even re-wearing. “Would you like to inspect them and choose one for now and one for later on?”

Lizzie really understood the fetish. How many times had I taken off a dirty diaper and then replaced it with... another dirty diaper? Hundreds of times.

With shaking hands, I took out the first diaper and laid it on the polished concrete floor and opened it up. My cock jerked and my mouth went dry as I saw the dirty diaper laid out in front of me. It was moderately dirty. I looked at Lizzie with the unasked question.

“Do you want to check out the rest?” she asked.

For the next few minutes, I unfolded twelve dirty cloth diapers ranging from the slightly soiled to one that was massively dirty from front to back. My eyes gave away my choice.

“Do you want to put it on here?” she asked, and my eyes went wide. I wasn’t expecting such service.

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“Sure. If that’s not an imposition,” I asked with what was slowly beginning to be a confident voice.

“Use the mat over there,” she answered, pointing to the thin grey vinyl mattress lying on the floor. “That’s what I use when I change my diapers.”

“Do you only wear dirty diapers here?” I asked. I saw the bulge in the back of her sleeper and the edge of the diapers were beginning to leak slightly and the colour was definitely brown. I was very familiar with the look.

“I mostly wear used diapers, but mum makes me wear clean ones when I go to her place, but here...” she said, waving her hand proudly around her ‘kingdom’, “I only wear used ones and mostly dirty. But stop procrastinating. It’s time to put on that diaper!”

Guided by instinct and a little fear, I dropped my trousers, lowered the frilly plastic pants which I almost always wore and revealed my sagging and somewhat dirty diaper. I fumbled nervously with the pins and finally lowered my diaper to the floor.

I was dirty. Quite dirty. Despite my shower that morning, I smelled of pee and poo and most of my backside was brown. But given what was open and carefully laid out on the thin grey mat, wiping up was somewhat pointless.

Just as I had done thousands of times before, I sat my bum onto the enticing – and cold – dirty diaper and then laid back. I pulled the cloth which was covered with poo all the way around to the front over my groin and fumbled with the challenges of repinning a wet cloth diaper. I knew to pull the pin through my hair which always made changes easier, and the pins valiantly slid through and finally, the dirty diaper was pinned on.

I was ecstatic and more than a little horny. My erection was very powerful and not exactly easy to hide. But Lizzie said nothing. I pulled my plastic pants up once more and still shaking in excitement, managed to get my trousers back on.

“Now, Sonya,” she said in an off-putting professional voice. “Enjoy the diaper and then have a think about the services we provide and see

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how we can help you or even help each other out. And because you are a new client, here is a couple of free disposable diapers to take home with you. One's wet and the other is dirty. We will take your old dirty diaper and see if anyone wants it later on." Then she smirked. "Maybe I will!"

Lizzie handed me a plastic bag with two remarkably heavy diapers in it and together, we walked to Reception where I paid for my purchase. It wasn't terribly expensive, but the price was nothing compared to the experience. I left my bag of wet and dirty diapers and was given twelve clean ones as a sample of their service. I wondered if anyone else would be wearing them first before they were washed and I deeply hoped someone would.

When I arrived home, I knew exactly what I was going to do and I rushed to my crib, lowered the sides and slipped into the crib with pee-stained and damp sheets and began to hump. It was less than a minute before I squirted into the heavily soiled diaper. My penis was sliding in an unknown person's poo and it was... amazing!

Before I went to bed that night, I removed the soiled diaper, showered, put on the masses of skin lotion I lived on and swore by and then unrolled one of the used disposables, found it to be moderately dirty and retaped it on with the help of extra tape and quickly fell asleep.

I dreamed of Lizzie, piles of dirty diapers and of fucking... Not fucking Lizzie but of fucking the piles of used diapers she worked with. I knew I had to return. I had to find out more of the 'services' she and her mother's business provided.

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## Chapter 2

I was (and am still) a timid person, afraid to let others know my secret life and the needs and desires that compel me. And rightly so. Being not just a diaper-wearing adult baby, I was a *lifestyle* adult baby and my inherited wealth enabled me to do so easily – if very much alone. But not only was I a lifestyle baby, but I was also a *girl* baby. Or that was how I identified. But to add to all of that was my preference to wear *used* diapers, wet or dirty.

For the past ten years, I had scoured local disabled toilets as often as I could looking for what I craved and was occasionally successful, but it was an irregular experience, and they were all disposables while my preference was for pinned cloth diapers which were how I grew up with an old-school parent who refused disposables. When I would find a wet and dirty adult baby diaper I would instantly put it on and wear it until it fell apart, such was my enjoyment. But mostly it was baby diapers, the occasional incontinent pad and a few adult diapers.

I was frustrated.

But now that Mistrel Diaper Service had come into my life I knew I finally had a safe and secure source for all the used diapers I would ever want. All I needed was the courage to make it happen.

I decided to ring again and ask to speak to Lizzie. At least I knew she shared some of my interests.

“Hi Lizzie,” I said as nonchalantly as my inner quaking would permit. “I’ve decided I’d like to get some more used diapers if I may.”

“That’s great, Sonya. Why don’t you come on down and I can help you out and choose what you want.”

“Thanks. I’ll do that. It’s nice to be able to talk to someone about doing this. I’ve always felt like such a freak.”

“No need, sweetie. You aren’t a freak. You are just a baby like me and the hundreds of other people who pick up used diapers from us every week.”

“Hundreds?” I said a little too loudly. “That many?”

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“You thought you were alone?” I nodded my head rather stupidly before adding, “yeah I did.”

“Well to let you know, we deliver used diapers to 56 homes at present and around 200 pick them up every week.”

I was shocked. Truly shocked at the number of people who wore used diapers like me.

“Wow,” I said softly.

“Well, Sonya,” she suggested. “Why don’t you come on down and I can help set you up with all the used diapers you will ever need just like me. The only time I wear clean ones is to my mum’s place for dinner and if I go out with undiapered friends – which isn’t often.”

“I’ll get dressed and come on down then!” I replied enthusiastically.

“Well...” she said in a quiet voice. “I assume you have baby girl’s clothes?”

“Yes, lots of them.”

“This is a safe place. Why don’t you wear them when you visit? No one will mind and I wear baby clothes here all the time.”

I was quiet for a moment. This was an incredible opportunity as well as truly terrifying.

“Could I put them on there? It’s a bit hard to wear them in the car.”

“Of course, Sonya,” she said. “It is not easy to wear baby clothes where others can see, that’s for sure.”

“Okay, “I will pack an outfit and–”

“Make sure your diaper is dirty, okay?” she interrupted. “Might as well start the day properly!”

After she hung up, I realised I only had one dirty diaper in the house – a rare situation indeed - and it was the diaper I had picked up the day before. I hadn’t had my morning mess yet and was going to shortly.

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Hesitant and overwhelmingly excited, I unrolled the dirty diaper and smiled as I noticed the extra lighter poo that was mine in the back of the dark brown expanse from its previous wearer. Breathing shallow from excitement, I sat down on it, laid back and worked the uncooperative diaper pins through the wet cloth and then pulled on my frilly plastic pants. The plastic pants were dry and clean... well until they touched the diaper, they were!

I put on a padded bra and then a loose shirt and trousers and then went to my cupboard where my array of baby dresses – 47 in all – were hung up. I chose a white and pink short dress and not sure if it was appropriate, I chose a matching bonnet and booties. I was all set.

I was less nervous driving there than the first time because I knew it was real and accepting. But my dirty diaper was very full and my bottom slid sexily in the mess and even more so when I sat up as much as my seatbelt would allow and pushed out my morning poo. I giggled to myself knowing that the other cars on the motorway had no idea I was pooing myself. The atmosphere in the car would have given it away, but I was alone and not at all concerned by it.

Once again, I arrived at Mistrel Diaper Service and as I walked towards reception I saw two men stride out quickly, each carrying a plastic bag that I knew contained used diapers. It was comforting to know that I was not alone although I took pains to not be seen.

I opened the door to Reception unsure if anyone would be there and... there was.

I looked at the middle-aged woman sitting on the chair and we both immediately looked away, but not before I saw her holding a large bag of what was obviously used diapers. Pickup or delivery? I didn't know but my question was quickly answered when the door opened and the lady I now knew was Lizzie's mother walked over to the woman and took the bag from her.

"Wet and dirties?" she whispered but still loud enough for me to hear.

"It's Elaine's last four days' worth. I hope someone finds use for them." The woman responded rather loudly.

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“I’m sure they will. We will transfer the money into your account later today.”

And with that, the woman left.

“Is she selling her used diapers?” I asked, probably inappropriately.

Lizzie’s mum smiled. “We give her a small amount in return for her daughter’s used disposable diapers and they almost always sell out. She tends to wear adult baby diapers and she is fully incontinent so they are highly prized for both pickup and delivery.”

“That’s amazing.”

“We have a growing number that supply their own used diapers or those of their kids like that. We almost never have an oversupply. I have a man that comes here three times a week and buys a dozen used ones each time. And he’s not alone. But you aren’t here to listen to me prattle on. Let me call Lizzie for you.”

She retreated to her seat behind the glass and a couple of minutes later the door opened and there stood Lizzie, this time wearing a knee-length baby dress and bonnet with baby shoes and while I couldn’t see it, I knew there was a used diaper underneath.

I grinned like an idiot.

“Hi, Sonya!” she exclaimed with a broad smile. “Come on in.”

I stepped through the door holding my bag of clothes and the moment the door shut, she grabbed my hand and led me to another similar room to where I was the day before.

“You can get dressed now!” she said excitedly.

Normally rather shy, I surprised myself by quickly stripping down to just my bra and diaper.

“I can tell you’re dirty,” she said with a childish giggle. “Can I see?”

I nodded and before I had time to wonder what that meant she was behind me and pulling out the back of my diaper to check its contents.

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“That’s so awesome! Can I check the front?”

No one had ever checked the front of my diaper since I was a child and my penis had never ventured into a woman’s vagina or a man’s bottom despite being interested in both. I need not have worried because the moment I muttered a ‘yes’ she pulled out the front of my diaper and peered in at the brown mass therein. I was already fully erect but since my penis was also entirely brown, it seemed not to matter – or be very visible!

“Great diaper, Sonya! That’s the one you picked up yesterday, right?”

“Yeah. I didn’t sleep in it, but I put it back on when I came here,” I explained.

“It was a pretty nice diaper when you picked it up. You are its third wearer.”

“Third?”

“Yeah... A regular came in yesterday morning and put it on for a couple of hours before returning it. It was a pickup diaper from the previous afternoon. He came in it then brought it back like he does every week.”

*He came in it? I’m wearing his cum as well as the poo of three people?*

As I pondered what she had said I realised that probably many of the used diapers had also been masturbated in – just as I had done – twice – in this same diaper.

“You want to see mine?” she suddenly asked.

“Sure!”

I felt mildly ridiculous standing in the room wearing only a bra and a heavily soiled diaper but as Lizzie lifted up her baby dress I saw her clear plastic pants covering a sodden diaper tinged with brown at the leg holes. I pulled out the front of her plastic pants and diaper.

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"It's my overnight diaper. It was clean when I went to bed because mum won't let me go to bed wet or dirty when I sleep there."

"No, I don't let you go to bed dirty, Lizzie!"

I quickly turned around to see Lizzie's mother standing in the doorway. I quickly pulled my hand away from her diaper.

"It's not fair, mummy," Lizzie pouted.

"You know the rules, baby girl," mum replied with a deep sigh. "It's been the same way since you were a little girl. Only clean diapers for bedtime!" Then she looked at me and added, "Sorry to interrupt you, Sonya. I just wanted to see if Lizzie needed me to change her but I see she is still showing off to you."

"Er... I guess so," I whispered nervously. I felt like a teenage boy caught by the mother of a girl whose panties he had his hand in.

"I was just showing Sonya my night diaper," exclaimed Lizzie with a big childish grin.

"I know, now do you need me to change you? You usually do at this time."

"Yes, mummy," she whispered.

"Sonya, would you mind if I change my baby girl now. I don't want to delay you or anything."

"I'm fine, thanks."

"You look a little cold. Why don't you finish getting dressed while I get the change mat and Lizzie... have you chosen a diaper to wear yet? And Sonya, please call me Amanda."

I was stunned by the interaction between mother and daughter and the easy way in which wet and dirty diapers were part of it all. As Amanda went to retrieve the changing pad I slipped on my baby dress, bonnet and baby shoes and put my pacifier in my mouth.

I could tell that Lizzie was a bit nervous and I offered to leave but before I could answer, Amanda returned and shut the door behind her.

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"You can stay, Sonya," she said. "Nothing either of us hasn't seen before."

Except it wasn't true. I'd never seen an adult diaper-changed before and I'd never seen a pussy for real either. Both facts were causing my erect penis to discover new lengths.

Amanda efficiently took off Lizzie's baby dress revealing her small breasts and then expertly removed her plastic pants and unpinned the wet and soiled diaper. It was soaked but was not particularly dirty.

"I don't know why I bother doing this," Amanda said as she raised Lizzie's legs and wiped over her bottom and her pussy. I stared almost open-mouthed at Lizzie's completely hairless vagina and tried to control my raging hormones. "She only puts another dirty one back on!"

Lizzie's face broke out in giggles as her mum finished wiping her up and putting a lot of barrier cream all over and particularly around her vagina. That was when it became a bit much for me. As I watched Amanda rub and massage diaper barrier cream all over Lizzie's vagina, I couldn't stop myself and my penis suddenly erupted in a massive and uncontrollable orgasm.

I grunted audibly.

Amanda turned around immediately and she instantly knew what had happened. I expected a shout... or worse.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Sonya. I didn't realise you would... be affected by this so badly. I apologise. I forget how this must look at times."

*She's apologising to me? I'm the one that came watching her change her daughter's diaper and put cream on her pussy!*

I went red and said nothing. But I noticed that Lizzie was grinning. The diaper change was only half over though.

"Okay, girl. What diaper do you want to put on?"

"These two, mummy," Lizzie said pointing to a rolled-up disposable diaper and a folded cloth one.

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Clearly familiar with what was obviously a years-old ritual, Amanda unfolded a soaking wet and very yellow diaper that looked suspiciously more than a day old. I knew what they looked like rather intimately. More than once I had enjoyed repinning a day-old wet diaper and enjoying the vintage smell and sensations it gave.

And then came the disposable diaper.

Amanda unfolded it and it was very dirty. In fact, it was fully loaded along most of its length. She placed it in the middle of the cloth diaper and Lizzie quickly sat in it, spreading the mess all over her previously wiped clean vagina and then laid back for her mother to complete the pinning process.

“Do you know why I put her in clear plastic pants?” Amanda asked me as she pulled fresh ones up her legs.

“No,” I answered truthfully and was finally able to talk again after my massive orgasm.

“Because that’s the only way I can tell easily what’s in her diaper. *You* might like looking inside her dirty diaper, but I’ve seen it all for 25 years. Nothing new to me.”

She helped Lizzie put her dress back on and then walked toward the door.

“Bottle time in an hour, Lizzie. Sonya, will you be still here then? Do you want a bottle as well?”

I didn’t know how to answer but fortunately, Lizzie did.

“She has to choose a new diaper yet and then I want to show her around.” She looked at me with a curious grin. “Do you want to stay for a bottle?”

“Uh-huh.”

I had a formula bottle at every meal these days so having one prepared for me seemed truly wonderful.

“Do you want to choose a new diaper?” she asked and if it weren’t for the fact that my penis had recently disgraced itself, I would have

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erected once more at the mere thought of getting a new diaper on – one that had previously been worn. But it still gave a slight tingle as my penis prepared to once again lengthen.

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## Chapter 3

“This is our washing and drying area,” Lizzie explained as she pushed upon the wide double doors into the large and noisy laundry area.

As I looked around I saw banks of very large industrial washing machines and equally large electric driers. There were two people working the machines and managing the refolding and packaging of the clean diapers.

Since we were both dressed as baby girls and wearing a very dirty diaper, I was in no rush to interact with either of them but Lizzie had no such inhibitions.

“Sonya, this is Mark,” she said as she walked up to the tall man who had just finished loading one of the washing machines.

Mark took hold of my hand and shook it vigorously and I muttered a ‘hi’ back despite a highly embarrassed face.

“He wears diapers too,” Lizzie said to me loudly as he walked away. “But he only wears clean ones.” She shrugged her shoulders as if the notion of only wearing clean diapers was odd.

“And here is Maria!” She said as we walked half the length of the factory floor to the middle-aged woman managing the refolding and packing area.

“Nice to meet you,” I offered, trying gamely to sound normal despite my attire.

“You too and that is a lovely baby dress, dear!” she replied with a smile.

“Thanks,” I responded in a barely audible voice.

“Maria wears diapers to bed,” Lizzie offered rather inappropriately. “And she brings in her wet ones for us to sell”

Maria smiled, clearly not offended by the somewhat personal revelation.

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Seeing my consternation at Lizzie's indiscreet commentary, Maria looked my way and smiled. "Don't mind Lizzie, Sonya. I'm not embarrassed anymore to be a bedwetter. And this job connects me with others in a way."

"How long have you been a bedwetter, if I may ask?" I knew instantly that I was being way too personal, but the question just jumped out of me before better judgement got in the way.

"All my life, hun. I wasn't toilet trained as a child."

*Not toilet trained? How does that happen?*

I was conspicuously silent and Maria continued.

"My parents weren't exactly pro-toilet training and so left it to me to do myself."

I was stunned and deeply jealous at the idea of not having the horrors of toilet training inflicted upon me. I hated it and rejected it as much as I could and had now fully de-trained.

"I managed to day train by the time I was 12 but never bothered with nights."

And there it was. The story of Maria – short version.

"Maria is friends with mum and they helped us start Mistrel together."

As we walked off I simply had to ask. "Does everyone here wear diapers?"

Lizzie grinned at me and pushed open the doors to exit the factory. "Mum doesn't wear them... yet!"

"Do you think she ever will?" I asked, knowing it was a rather private question.

"I hope so! It would be fun for us both to wear them."

My head was spinning even more. My diaper life and my baby life were very very private and I had shared it with virtually no one. Even on

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social media, I kept my presence small and my interactions very non-specific.

As we exited the factory area I saw in the distance what appeared to me a nervous-looking woman in what I guessed was her forties being led by another young woman who I instantly saw was wearing baby attire. It appeared to be a short baby top, with leggings and a pacifier clipped to her shirt. As we got closer I could see that the young woman was also wearing thick diapers.

We watched from a discreet distance until the baby-dressed woman said goodbye to the other lady and she disappeared into reception. Then seeing us, she approached wearing a broad smile.

*Does everyone around her smile constantly?*

“Hi Lizzie,” she said as she drew close. “Who’s this cutie?”

*She’s talking about me? No one has ever called me cute dressed like this!*

“Callie, this is baby Sonya. I’m giving her a tour of the place and she is enjoying our special services.”

“Oh, I see! Good for you!” she said, lightly punching me in the shoulder. Then turning to Lizzie she added, “I just signed a new client for twice-weekly deliveries of used disposables and she is considering used cloth. She’s a disposables wearer at present.”

“Excellent. How many does that make for you this month?”

“Hmm... let me count... Nine clean cloth deliveries, two wet deliveries and three wet and dirty deliveries.”

My head was spinning yet again – something I was getting used to. In the space of just a few weeks, Callie had signed on nine people to get clean diapers – which made sense – and five people to get wet and dirty diapers delivered to them.

*I always thought I was alone in this and the stories I heard online all sounded made up. But they were real!*

“Business is growing! I love it.”

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“Sonya, I love your baby dress. I really should get a couple more myself. Do you have many?”

I gulped because my nursery was very very well equipped with baby clothes and baby furniture and baby toys and... nothing adult at all!

“I’ve got 47 baby dresses,” I replied quietly.

“Shit!” she exclaimed in the ultimate irony since my nose told me that all three of us were dirty. “I’ve just got two. I thought Lizzie was greedy and she has... er... how many?”

“Seven dresses, 12 onesies, four sleepers.”

“Sonya, I would love to see more of your dresses one day, but I have to split... I’ve got an appointment with a seriously embarrassed man who wants nothing more than to get some wet diapers to wear. Maybe I will sign him up for the premium package! Anyhow... bye girls!”

Lizzie then turned to me with a grin – a grin that spoke to me in a way few would seem to understand. She had deep thoughts... baby thoughts... and I could tell.

“Well, girl, you came for a new diaper,” she laughed. “I nearly said a *clean* diaper, but we both know you don’t want that, do you?”

At that, I laughed because no, I didn’t want a clean diaper. Clean diapers always felt wrong to me and so I tended to wet them almost immediately so that they felt ‘right’.

“Let’s go find you a new diaper or three!”