

The background of the entire cover is a close-up photograph of a large pile of baby diapers. The diapers are in various colors including white, pink, green, and yellow, and feature different patterns such as floral, geometric, and cartoonish designs. They are crumpled and layered on top of each other, creating a textured, three-dimensional effect.

An AB Discovery 'After Dark' book

# the nine lives of diapers

*when once, twice and thrice...  
are not enough*

**MARTIN COSTER**

*The Nine Lives of Diapers*

# The Nine Lives Of Diapers by Martin Coster

First Published 2022

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# MELODY'S SPECIAL DIAPERS

## Chapter 1

Melody rushed through the front door of her small apartment and sighed with relief. It had been a tough day at her minimum wage job, and she was tired but also, more than a little excited. She gripped the plastic bag that had been lying at her front door with trepidation and a growing thrill surged through her body. The moment the door was slammed shut she tore open the sealed bag and saw its wondrous contents.

It was a large adult diaper.

But not just any diaper.

It was a thoroughly drenched one with the plastic cover showing printed babies and toys. It was the diaper that any adult baby would be thrilled to wear. And Melody was certainly an adult baby. And before that, she had been a teen baby. And in those preteen years, she had also been a preteen baby.

Melody was a baby and had always been one. She loved diapers. She loved pacifiers and the bedwetting that had continued through to her early teens had frustrated her parents, but not her.

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Bedwetting made diapers necessary and so was always a good thing as far as she was concerned. Her pacifier had been taken away not long after she started school – years after most kids. She had told no one she was still a baby and the occasional discovery of her diapers during her teens did not clue her parents into what she was and what she wanted. And so it was that at the age of 20, Melody left home and travelled to another city. She wanted to be independent and successful and most of all, wanted to wear diapers whenever and as often as she wished, something she could not do at home under the watchful eye of her always-at-home mother. But it did not go exactly as planned. Not at all.

Taking her small savings from her previous part-time job, Melody located a cheap apartment and found a minimum wage job. At first, she relished in wearing the diapers she bought but it didn't take long to realise that her income was barely sufficient to cover rent and low-quality food. Diapers were simply unaffordable and so after three months, Melody ran out of diapers and the money needed to replace them.

But the problem was no minor one. After three months in night diapers, Melody's bedwetting had returned once more – and with a vengeance. At first, she exalted in this and thought of it as an achievement, a validation of the infancy she felt so strongly. But when the diapers began to run out, Melody realised she had a problem headed her way and so she decided it was a good idea to try and stop her bedwetting, figuring that it should be easy to do. After all, she had done it once before.

But it proved to not be as simple as she expected. Buying a cheap plastic mattress protector with the last of her spare money, she began sleeping without her beloved diapers and to her embarrassment and discomfort... she wet her bedsheets. And it was no mere small puddle. Her deep sleep left her waking to neck-to-knee puddles and the awkward prospect of letting the sheets dry

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without washing for the next night. She had only one set of sheets and the apartment's washing machines and driers all cost money – money she could not spare and so the 4 or 5 nights a week that she wet her sheets left stains that would be washed away only once a week.

But it was the lack of diapers and the knowledge that no matter what she did or how hard she worked, the few extra dollars she earned all went on boring things like rent, her phone and some extra pasta.

Melody liked to chat with other adult babies online. She was a regular in some chatrooms but like so many others, she hid her true identity and especially that she was a woman. To others, she was just a baby, talking about what she liked and lying that she was in diapers a lot of the time. She didn't want to appear like a loser who couldn't afford her beloved diapers even though that was exactly what she felt she was.

One evening when she was lonely, sad and feeling desperate for the embrace of a diaper around her hips she let her guard down when talking with 'Sally', an adult baby she had chatted with a number of times. Melody was under no delusion that 'Sally' was actually a woman, nor did she care. 'Sally' was polite, friendly and seemed well-educated and knowledgeable. Despite her high-school-only education, Melody was bright and interested in the world around her and often regretted not going to college and university and pursuing a career beyond the minimum-wage disaster she was currently living.

While chatting in her atypical morose style, Sally asked Melody if everything was alright. Clearly, something was not right at all.

"Babylife [her online handle], are you okay? You really sound quite down."

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"I'm okay, I guess just pissed at life and work. Feeling a bit sad."

"Sorry to hear that, Babylife. Been there, done that. Sometimes, only wearing diapers buoys me up. Same with you?"

"\*"

Melody didn't know how to reply and the asterisk was her way of saying that she wanted Sally to stay but didn't know what to say in reply. A minute of silence passed before Sally typed her question.

"Are you in diapers now?" she asked. It was a provocative question.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Don't have any," was the terse reply.

"Run out?"

"Months ago."

"Oh. Why haven't you bought some more?"

"Can't effing afford them. Can barely afford rent and food."

"Sorry."

Now it was Sally's turn to be silent for a while. Then she replied.

"I know what that's like. I can only just afford 24/7 diapers for myself. If I could help you out, I would."

"Thanks, Sall!" Melody replied, suspecting that the offer was not really genuine but it was at least heartfelt.

"Babylife..." Sally began haltingly. "Remember when you told me which city you lived in? I live in the same city."



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“Really? That’s amazing. Adult babies rarely get to even know others that live nearby.”

“This is going to sound a bit strange so don’t say anything until I’m finished, okay?”

Melody nodded and then laughed, realising that a ‘nod’ was not going to be seen by her online friend.

“Sure...” And then she waited while her friend wrote her reply.

“I wear diapers 24/7 as you know and it takes a lot of money that I can’t really spare so I can’t help you out the way you would like, but I do have a suggestion. Just don’t reject it until you’ve thought it through. I change my night diaper for my day diaper every morning and since I am a bedwetter, it is invariably wet but not usually soaked. But I can’t wear that one to work since it might overflow and the same is that when I get home, my day diaper is wet but not overflowing. What I’m getting at is that my worn diapers could easily be worn again by someone else because there is a lot of capacity left. So... without sounding like a freak... would you like me to give you my worn diapers? You could wear them to bed and not have to worry and stuff. Please don’t hate me or think I’m a freak. I just wondered if I could help in some way.”

Melody looked at the lengthy reply and her heart almost stopped. She remembered how as a mere 12-year-old, she had stolen and worn the used diapers of a neighbour’s toddler and been thrilled by them. No, she was not averse to the idea of wearing someone else’s used diapers and in fact, the idea both thrilled and terrified her.

“I’m not angry and I don’t think you’re a freak either.”

Sally’s own heart had been thumping because she knew how risky her statement might be and she enjoyed the almost nightly

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chats with her friend. Her offer was genuine and her inability to buy fresh diapers for Melody was also true.

“So... do you want to try them?”

For thirty seconds, Melody’s finger hovered above the ENTER key after she had typed her reply.

“Yes, please,” she finally sent.

Over the next fifteen minutes, the two chatters talked about how this brave new idea would work before finally, Melody gave her address on the proviso that ‘Sally’ only drop off a used diaper while she was not at home.

And now, it was finally here. A used and clearly soaked diaper waiting for her to tape it back around her.

The diaper was one size bigger than her own but Melody guess that would not be a problem.

## Chapter 2

The moment the diaper was on tight, Melody sighed loudly and relaxed her bladder as it began to fill the half-full diaper. Then she laughed and went online to try and find her friend. An hour later, 'Sally' came online to see if her gift had been received.

"Got it on, Sal! And I wet it. It is wonderful!"

"I'm glad you liked it. I was a bit nervous you might think it was a bit weird."

"It is just so good to be back in diaper again! You don't know how much I had been missing them!"

For the next hour, the two now-closer friends talked about all and sundry until Melody needed to go and prepare dinner.

"Sal... Do you think you could get me another one? I mean this one is already so wet and well... you know."

And Sally's computer, the 28 year old single woman smiled and replied, "How about I drop off two so you don't have to be out of diapers at all."

Melody grinned and thanked her profusely before signing off and heading to the kitchen to make her pasta and meat sauce dinner for one.

When bedtime came, the diaper was already very soaked but Melody just smiled as she pulled back the quilt to the sight of overlapping rings of pee shame from five nights of unprotected bedwetting.

*So what if I leak? It can only be better than this!*

# THE MAGIC BATHROOM

## Chapter 1

Sam Wuber opened the door to the disabled bathroom and walked in. It was just after 10 am. Despite not being disabled exactly, he always used such places because he felt claustrophobic and uncomfortably confined in regular bathroom stalls. He was perhaps ‘disabled’ in some way, but it was psychological more than physical. He preferred not to use public bathrooms at all, but life doesn’t always follow our wishes. His bladder capacity was relatively small and so he always kept the location of emergency bathrooms in his mind in case of the all-too-common desperate need to pee.

Sam had worn diapers before and found them deeply wonderful, exciting and intimidating. His childhood of lengthy bedwetting and the diapers that went with them left him both confused and unsure. Certainly, they worked and yet, the intimidation they provoked in him was difficult to overcome.

It had been six months since he had last worn an adult diaper and relaxed in the protection it had given him over one remarkable Saturday. But when he had soaked it, he had laid face down on his bed and felt his fully erect penis slide easily through the saturated diaper and it took only a few minutes for him to

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orgasm and to splash his semen on the inner side of the soaked garment.

He had done it again!

Sam mentally scolded himself for masturbating in such an ‘unmanly’ manner. Surely, he could do it the usual way with a fist pumping his cock and then squirting in the toilet like millions of other men and boys every day. But he rarely masturbated. It just didn’t get his ‘motor’ running. But when he put on a diaper, suddenly his motor sprang to life and once it was soaked – and only then – he would hump it and very quickly squirt his pleasure into its enveloping layers.

Every time he put on a clean diaper – and it was rare – he promised himself that he would simply avail himself of the protection from wet pants and nothing more. But his hormones always won out. As soon as it was wet, his mind would wander and by the time it was soaked, his penis was ready to enjoy the only sexual intercourse he had ever experienced – intercourse with a diaper.

Sam pulled off the now wet and spermy diaper, quickly rolled it up and threw it in the rubbish bin along with the remains of the pack. His self-loathing did it to him every time. Every few months he would buy a pack of plain white store-bought diapers, wear one for a day, masturbate and then in disgust, throw them all away. Until the next time.

He didn’t understand his feelings, only that they stalked him and he did his best to avoid them. But then he opened the door to the disabled bathroom and was face-to-face once again with his nemesis.

There was an adult diaper sitting neatly on the toilet seat, still taped together and as he looked, he saw that it was already heavily wet. But it wasn’t just the contents that surprised him. It

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was the style. The diaper was adult-sized for sure, but it was very clearly patterned and styled after *baby* diapers. The drawings of baby boys and girls and toys on the plastic outer shell were deeply entrancing.

Sam had tried all his life not to engage with diapers and so he avoided websites and anything to do with them and instead, when the desire peaked, he would go to any store and simply pick up some cheap, white diapers of dubious quality and capacity and enjoy and then finally endure the ritual once again. But these diapers weren't store-bought or cheap. They were ultra-thick and Sam's analytical mind worked out that they had to be four times as absorbent as his last one and that had lasted five hours. Could this diaper really last as long as 20 hours?

But whatever the truth was, the moment he picked it up and felt the weight and thickness he knew that it had been well used. Maybe not 20 hours but at least 12 for certain. His mind reeled as his conflicting emotions and thoughts fought his otherwise pragmatic mind. He was painfully aware that diapers were fine when dry but when they were wet... something happened to him.

And this diaper was already very very wet.

Sam laid the still-taped diaper, obviously just pulled down the legs of its former wearer, and sat it reverently on the tiled floor while he pulled down his trousers to pee into the toilet – his original purpose. But the magic was there and so he undid his shoes and took them off before pulling his trousers down and off and leaving just his panties on. He looked at his panties and smiled, remembering so many years ago when he had started wearing them and even now, they were damp, reflecting his troubles with staying dry. And then he took his panties off and without breathing, he stepped into the wet diaper and pulled it up.

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He swooned in both pleasure and terror as the wet diaper enveloped his body. It was only then that he noticed something else.

The diaper was still warm.

*Of course, it's still warm,* he thought with a smile growing on his face. *It was sitting on the toilet seat and no one had moved it. So, it had to be the last person in here who left it!*

Sam grinned stupidly as he smoothed down the surprisingly thick diaper and felt the wetness it contained. He erected immediately but decided that he wasn't going to set himself on another path of self-pity and disgust. Instead, he pulled his panties back over the diaper and managed to get his trousers on over the top. He was surprised that they still fitted but he was also aware that he had to look at least a *little* bulky. He rationalised that no one would notice, and while he stood perfectly still, he did what he originally came to the bathroom for and silently peed.

The diaper took all he gave.

Sam Wuber stepped out of the bathroom and back into the shopping mall feeling both self-conscious and smiling inside. He made his way back to the attached office block and back to his place of employment and as he sat down on his chair, he wondered about what he had done and why.

*Whose diaper it is?*

*Why was it left out so conspicuously?*

*Why is it so babyish?*

And then most importantly...

*Why am I wearing someone else's wet diaper and why am I enjoying it so much?*

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Thirty minutes later, another person walked into the same disabled bathroom, spotted that the wet diaper they had left behind earlier was no longer on the seat nor visible anywhere in the room and quickly checked out the bin. It too was empty and they smiled. Someone had taken the 'present' with them and they guessed that they were wearing it. And wasn't that the plan? To get someone else to enjoy the diaper they had worn overnight, soaked and given them a degree of comfort and indeed... pleasure?

*I think I will repeat this again tomorrow!*



By the time Sam arrived home, he knew that the diaper must be reaching capacity. He had wet it a number of times during the day but frequent reaches around to feel the back of his trousers confirmed that he was still dry on the outside and he marvelled at the extreme capacity of this wonderful diaper.

His hormones were raging but Sam was still terrified of what always came after orgasm – the terrible self-loathing, regret and even sadness. But by 8 pm that evening, the diaper was truly at its limit. It was not just squishy-level wet but was beginning to leak and even sitting on a towel was not enough. It had to come off – if regretfully. He reached for the waistband and was about to pull it off when he looked at his bed and quickly laid face down on it and slowly felt his erection slide through the sodden mass.

He exhaled in pleasure at the wetness and the sheer thickness and even, depth, of the wet diaper and was determined to



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enjoy it as much as possible. If the self-loathing was inevitable then the pleasure had to be worth it.

He slid slow. He slid fast. His mind showed him images – impossible images – of him lowering the front of the diaper and sliding his erect penis into the willing vagina of a pretty girl. He had imagined it many times and sometimes, he even imagined that she was wearing a diaper as well. He tried to make it last but eventually, he orgasmed the best he had ever done so in his life. He was momentarily stunned by its power.

Sam lay there in the afterglow, waiting for the inevitable rush of negativity to arrive but it never came. Ten minutes later, Sam was lying on his back, still wearing the soaked and now leaky diaper and smiling. There were no emotional demons waiting to attack him, just the wonderful sated feeling of – as he put it – having had sexual intercourse with a soaking wet diaper that had embraced him so much better than any he had 'screwed' before.

*Thank you, whoever you are!* he said aloud and meant it.

In the fifteen years since he had belatedly ceased bedwetting and the diapers that went with it, wearing them had always resulted in the same emotional roundabout. It was impossible to ignore or avoid. So, he simply had to avoid diapers.

*I wonder why it was so different to wear someone else's wet diaper?* he mused once he had taken the diaper off and lovingly bagged it for his trash.

But while he mused, he also knew instinctively what he was going to do next.



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In another bedroom some distance away, someone else was putting a clean diaper on. The one they had changed into in a disabled bathroom just before 10 am that morning was once again full and needed to be replaced for the long night ahead, a night that would be full of peeing as it always was and always had been. Most bedwetters eventually stop but some do not. And some decide that bedwetting is better than dryness.

They were the latter.

## Chapter 2

The first thing Sam did that next morning was to smile broadly as he remembered the amazing intercourse he had experienced the previous night with a soaking wet adult diaper that was already wet when he found it. He knew he would be back to see if he could find another one, as unlikely as that was.

Sam sat at his desk trying to hold his pee in until he saw that the time was 10 am. Once again, he stood up, tried to calm his nerves and keep his expectations under control, and took the elevator down to the ground floor and walked into the shopping centre that was connected to his office. It was only a short walk to the disabled toilet and as he turned the corner on the short corridor, he saw that the toilet was thankfully unoccupied and he nervously stepped in.

There was another wet diaper there!

This time it was placed on the floor some distance from the toilet, still taped up and as he gazed excitedly into it, noticed that it was, once again, wet. He judged that it was about half-soaked and the pretty princess-themed outer plastic shell made him smile. While he had no reason to believe it was true, the feminine diaper made him believe – or hope – that the wearer was a woman.

Sam loved feminine attire. And a feminine diaper was even more thrilling.

He took off his trousers and slid down his ‘special panties’. He normally wore regular panties to work but today, he had decided to wear his laciest, sexiest pink panties in hope that they would soon be over the top of another used diaper.

# THE NEIGHBOUR AND HER FRIENDS

## Chapter 1

Martin confidently approached the front door of his next-door neighbour and rang the bell. He was smiling, the weather was fine and as far as he was concerned, everything was perfect. It was 8 am on the dot and his punctuality was important to both him and his neighbour. Patty Watson always knew who it was at 8 am. He was there every morning at precisely that time.

“Morning, Martin,” she said pleasantly. “Come on in.”

Martin walked in and headed straight to the main bedroom and opened the bi-fold door to the ensuite bathroom. It was part of the routine.

“Would you mind if I watched you today?” Patty asked hesitantly.

“Of course! That would be more than fine.”

Martin was pleased to have her watch him perform his morning ritual. Over the year he had been coming there every morning, she had only ever watched him once before and had never

asked again. He was disappointed but was thrilled that she had asked once again.

The ensuite was a good-sized one and had two unusual smallish plastic buckets with a lid on each.

Martin pulled down his track pants and revealed the already wet double-thickness terry cloth diaper that was pinned tightly around his waist and covered by transparent plastic pants with extra thick leg bands. The diaper was very bulky and he waddled when he walked and it was rather obvious during the short walk between their houses.

He lifted the lid of one bucket and smiled as he always did at the almost half-filled contents of urine. Turning around so that Patty could watch, he pulled the front of his plastic pants out from his waist, and slowly poured the cool contents into his diaper. At first, a pool formed in the bottom of his pants, but the super thick, super-absorbent diaper quickly soaked it up and Martin felt the extra weight pull it down some.

“Thanks for this, Patty,” he offered. Patty simply smiled.

Martin then took the second bucket and took off the lid and saw a sizable poo. It was at least double the size of his regular ‘pick up’.

“Wow!” he whispered.

“Do you like it?” she asked genuinely.

“It’s wonderful. Thank you for giving me such a wonderful gift.”

“It was unexpected, but I’m pleased you like it.”

Martin once again pulled out his plastic pants and, breathing in, also pulled his soaked cloth diaper out from his waist and slowly poured the extra-large poo along with some pee into the front of his

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diaper. He sighed in relief as he felt the wonderful and familiar texture of Patty's poo lying in the front of his diaper and begin to embrace his erecting penis. It was almost always the same. The pee thrilled him, but the poo was the icing on top and always caused him to erect fully.

"Ah!" he sighed. "That feels better!"

"Er..." began Patty. "Are you dirty at the back as well?"

Martin smiled and nodded. Over the previous few years, Martin had worked hard to eliminate his bowel control so that waking up dirty a couple of times a week was the very desired outcome. His bladder control had deserted him many years previously in his mid-teens and was never missed. Now, fully dual incontinent, Martin was at the place he had always wanted to be.

"So, are you going to go home and... you know... in it?" Patty asked.

Martin looked at her for a second, trying to work out not *what* she was asking, but *why*.

"Yep. I'm going to go home, put on my proper clothes and get into my baby crib," he explained in more detail than necessary. "And then I am going to hump your pee and poo and masturbate into it."

Patty blushed. She knew exactly what he did with the pee and poo he procured from her. But hearing it made it seem more real.

Martin picked up that Patty was sounding a bit different than during the usual quick and mechanical visits. He stepped up to her and placed his hand under the hem of her skirt and lifted it until he touched her panties. The moment he touched them, she shivered.

"It's only Thursday," she stammered.

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“Two days to wait,” Martin said with a grin. But his fingers found their way underneath her panties and found a wet and willing pussy underneath.

“Please?” Patty moaned as she half-closed her eyes.

“Lie on the bed.”

Patty stepped backwards and laid on the bed and automatically spread her legs. Martin stepped forward and pulled her panties to one side and kneeling on the floor immediately began to kiss and lick the older woman’s pussy.

Patty immediately began to groan.

Martin knew his way around a woman’s pussy very well having been trained nearly ten years before by his auntie where he had stayed for over a year. She had taught him how to finger, kiss, caress and bring her to a glorious orgasm. She had taken pity on her diapered, bedwetting nephew and figuring accurately, that someone like him would never attract a partner, gave him access to her pussy once a day for oral sex. But once a week, she let him put his substantial erection into her cunt and slide his way to an orgasm inside of her. Martin lost his virginity to her and had spent hours lapping at her pussy for sexual reasons but also, for comfort. As a young man who still slept with a pacifier, he was still very oral and so his Auntie had on many occasions offered him her pussy simply to draw comfort from – sucking, licking and often wondering about the magical place he was so close to.

At 55 years of age, Patty had immediately attracted him and from the time he had moved in two years before he often wondered what her pussy might be like. It wasn’t always a sexual desire. He often wished that he could just taste and lick her and feel safe and secure with his mouth tasting and enjoying her vagina. A bit like a pacifier in a weird way.

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Patty's orgasm was loud and accompanied by thrashing about on the bed while Martin did his best to remain connected to her.

"I... didn't' ... expect... that!" she said between rapid breaths.

"I know it isn't Saturday, but I wanted to thank you for your gift. It was really nice," Martin explained.

"I love Saturdays!" exclaimed Patty with a wide grin.

"Me too!"

Seven mornings a week, Martin would go to Patty's ensuite and take the contents of the two buckets and empty them into his diaper. But on Saturday, before he emptied the buckets, he would take off his inevitably wet cloth diapers and climb on top of a naked Patty and thrust his impressive 8 ½ inch steel-hard erection into her pussy and fuck her with skill and confidence – another training gift from his auntie. For half an hour, Martin would pleasure Patty as he fucked her deeply. He hadn't known at the time, but he had taken Patty's virginity and Patty was only ever Martin's second pussy.

"Do you still want to come over?" Martin enquired hesitantly.

Martin did not live as other people did. He was very much a different soul and so other people in his house were a big challenge. Patty had been once before but it was six months ago and was a very brief visit.

"Absolutely!" she replied. But she was far from confident. Until she had met Martin, she was a middle-aged virgin woman of conservative tastes and living alone. Now, she was giving her neighbour all of her personal waste and he was paying for it with weekly intercourse. It was all very unusual, and his house also was very different.



*The Nine Lives of Diapers*  
*That cock makes it all worthwhile!*

# WORLDS TRAVELLER

## Chapter 1 – First Trip

If you were to look at me today you would say I look about 30 years old or thereabouts and according to my birth certificate, you would not be wrong. That would tell you that I am 32 years and 7 months old. But while technically correct, it is not the real and complete truth. I have a very rare and special talent, so rare in fact that I've only ever heard of three other people with it and never met one of them.

Essentially, I am a 'worlds traveller'.

No, that isn't a typo. I'm not a *world* traveller and in fact, have never travelled far from my hometown. I am a *worlds* traveller. I travel to other worlds.

Yes, other worlds. Not other worlds in our universe. They are far too far away, and I don't really like to travel that much anyhow. Rather, I travel to other parallel worlds to this one.

So, how do I do it, you ask?

Damned, if I know. It is also not something I typically have any control over and it just happens at various times for no particular reason I can work out. A number of years ago I read a novel – *The Time Traveller's Wife* – and I smiled throughout the story because the main premise – that a man randomly travelled

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through time – was not that dissimilar to my own situation. I travelled to parallel worlds without any significant control although thankfully, I always arrived in the clothes I was wearing. No appearing naked for me!

I am actually 40 years old and a few months, having spent almost 8 years in a variety of alternate worlds and experiencing places that are in some cases similar to my original world and in other cases, wildly different. My shortest stay in a world was about 6 hours although I suspect I've been in a few others for mere minutes but can't tell the difference between them and vivid dreams. The longest stay was nine years.

An obvious question and one I've asked myself many times is exactly how the worlds I travel to seem to mirror aspects of my own personality to a degree that seems to preclude simple randomness.

You would imagine that I would appear in worlds with technological advances or ones that are still feudal and violent or with nation-states completely different to my normal world. That was partially true. Occasionally I 'travelled' for only a few minutes but often I thought they were just dreams because of how short and sometimes disturbing they were. But the places I stayed for weeks, months and even years were seemingly matched to aspects of myself that I keep very private. This led me to believe for a while that I was simply hallucinating and projecting my own secret desires, but you can't really have detailed memories of months of time – or even years - and then reappear in your living room and see that mere minutes had passed. And I also had objects and clothing from these other worlds, and hallucinations don't create things.

So, it is real. I truly do travel to parallel worlds that are sometimes awful, sometimes confusing and sometimes, a nirvana where I wished I could stay.

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So let me tell you a bit about myself. Like I said, I am 32 years old with almost 41 years worth of memories. I am also an adult baby, someone who prefers to dress up and live as an infant wearing diapers and baby clothes and all that goes with it. It is a little unusual and a bit rare and worse, is exceedingly private. And yet, wherever I go, it *usually (but not always)* seems to be a world where my inner identity is either accepted, tolerated or even... admired. So strange.

But there is more...

I am fully aware of what a penis is used for and on a few occasions have had the opportunity to join with another, but internally, I've always considered myself a girl. And naturally, a *baby* girl.

Oh, and there is one other thing I need to mention. I said that I have no control over when and where I travel. That is only *mostly* true. After my first trip, I realised there was always one aspect that was true. When I went to other worlds, I was *always* wearing a diaper and not just any diaper, but a classic, pinned cloth diaper that was soaking wet and covered in plastic pants. Not dry. Wet.

I travelled for the first time in my preteens and the diaper and plastic pants were no surprise because I was not only a bedwetter but was a slow potty trainer and my mother was old school and hence, cloth diapers and plastic pants were what I wore to bed and around the home. Diaper-less school days were often interrupted by wet pants. It was not a lot of fun being wet at school when I knew that diapers were the obvious solution. No one else agreed.

Even then, I identified as a baby more than a preteen and I told my parents that, and in my innocence, I thought they understood. But they didn't and probably few parents would. However, I did get to keep wearing night diapers as my bedwetting

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never did end and still to this day, I wet the bed. In fact, my problematic toilet training has disappeared entirely and while some would be devastated by such an occurrence, for me it was a simple validation of who I truly am. I am a baby that is well shy of being toilet trained.

At eight years of age, I travelled first to a world that looked different to my own but not that different that I felt totally out of place. It simply looked like another town or village similar to my own. I initially thought it was a dream because I was not scared, merely confused. I suddenly appeared in a park with a small number of other children and adults playing catch and running around. I knew I was definitely somewhere else, particularly by the weather. My own world was cold and overcast that day, but this new place was warm, almost cloudless and with a bright sun that made everything look cheery.

I had been originally standing under a tree in our backyard, a tree that always looked huge to me but now as an adult, I realise was really quite a pathetic specimen. Then gradually, the world developed oddly shaped shadows where they shouldn't be and then suddenly, I was in a park on what I now know was another world. It was a sudden change without any other preamble.

And I was not scared. I was, however, still wearing my overnight cloth diaper and since I had drunk a lot the night before, it was already drenched and hanging low, supported only by two diaper pins and some white plastic pants which did not hide the state of the cloth underneath. I had a pyjama top but no bottoms because I never liked them. I know now that I hated pyjama bottoms because they were very 'boyish' and I never related to that gender.

I walked around the park staring at everything around me wearing just my wet diaper and plastic pants and PJ top. The other children were playing and yelling and were of similar age to me. All

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I wanted to do was join in. It felt like a dream and at the time, I felt no fear because inwardly I was assured that it *was* a dream.

One of the boys saw me and ran over to ask if I wanted to play with them. He was dressed in regular clothing from what I could gather and yet he took no notice of my obvious diapers.

“Hi,” he exclaimed breathlessly. “Do you want to play with us? My name’s Donja.”

“Sure!” I replied, deciding to go with the flow of this wonderful ‘dream’ and I ran off to join in the fun.

The game was something like cricket but with a different bat and a larger ball so perhaps, not much like cricket at all, but it felt like it at the time. I had a turn at bat and discovered that my utter lack of athletic prowess in my own world hadn’t changed and I was quickly caught out and replaced. But there was one other girl I noticed. When she ran to catch the ball and fell over, I saw that she was wearing a cloth diaper very similar to my own with pink plastic pants. At that stage, I’d never seen another preteen like me still in diapers and my eyes simply stared until I finally realised what a weirdo I must look like.

We played happily for about an hour and I was in my element. I had only a few friends normally and rarely was able to play with them and never a large group like this. I was – and remain – an introvert, in large measure because I always felt different. I was a baby in a big kid's body and I was a girl in a boy's body. It was confusing at 8 years of age.

“Okay kids!” yelled a woman as she approached us. “It’s time for lunch. And who is your friend?”

“His name is Martin,” Donja replied. “His mum and dad aren’t here yet so he’s playing with us.” To a child, that explanation made perfect sense.

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"Well Martin, would you like to have lunch with the rest of us until your parents come and pick you up?"

"Yes, please," I replied. I was hungry from all the activity, and I had noticed that my diaper was hanging even lower.

"Well first of all let's change some diapers!" she said, clapping her hands together.

At first, I thought she was referencing my diaper but to my stunned amazement I watched not one but *four* of my new friends have their own clearly wet diapers changed while lying on the soft grass. Donja was also diapered although his baggy pants had hidden it from easy view.

I began to smile as for the first time in my life, I felt like I belonged. There were other kids in diapers, adults who accepted it as normal and even the weather was nice.

"Martin, I don't have a spare diaper for you, sorry," the woman apologised as she approached me and without asking, pulled out the back of my diaper and peered inside. "You'd not dirty yet so I think you can last a little longer. Your parents didn't give you a diaper change before you came here?"

"No," I stammered, not quite sure of what she was saying exactly. "These are my night diapers."

"I see," she replied, nodding her head. "Silja is like that, isn't she?"

A woman standing nearby added with a laugh. "Can't get that girl out of her night diapers without a fight. She wanted to wear them here today, but I changed her anyhow." She pointed to the girl I had first seen in diapers earlier on.

I was stunned and couldn't help smiling as I sat around with my newfound friends and ate the most delicious sandwiches I could ever recall. They were probably only particularly tasty because they

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were eaten in the presence of accepting friends – a sadly rare event for me.

“Who needs a pacifier?” asked yet another mother.

Three hands were lifted and driven by a mysterious force (aka my own secret desire) I lifted my hand.

“Here you go then,” she added as she handed out three pacifiers to the other children and when she came to me, she asked, “Which one do you want, Martin?”

In her hand were three pacifiers, one blue, one pink and one white. Without a moment’s hesitation, I grabbed the pink one and pushed it into my mouth and I was instantly... happier. It felt normal and natural, and it was larger than a baby’s pacifier and seemed to fit my 8-year-old mouth very well.

A few minutes later we all ran off to play yet another ball game whose rules I didn’t understand and yet, it didn’t seem to matter. Four of us were in diapers and four of us were sucking pacifiers and no one thought any less of any of us.

The hours passed and by late afternoon, my new friends and their mothers were preparing to leave and I was suddenly concerned about being left alone. Donja’s mum came up to me just as they were leaving and once again checked the back of my diaper noting with surprise that I was still not dirty.

“Not dirty yet? Your parents will be here soon, Martin,” she promised me, even though I knew my parents had no idea where I was. I had no idea where I was either.

It was getting late in the afternoon and the sun was clearly lower and it would be dark in a few hours when suddenly I felt pangs in my belly. I definitely needed to poo. But dirty diapers were very much *not* permitted even though occasionally there was one. But I let caution go and with a big push filled the back of my



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saturated diaper with a large load of mushy poo and then... I giggled.

It felt so good and it felt so... normal.

I sat down and felt it all move underneath me.

Then as I looked around, things began to change. Every tree, every path and even my own hands developed what I can only describe as... shadows. Shadows in three-dimensional space that were impossible and yet, I could see them.

And then I was suddenly back home again standing under the same tree and I wondered if somehow I had dreamed it all and for a moment, I was sad. And then as I sucked my pacifier hard I realised...

*My pacifier! It's all real!*

It was my first trip to another world and I had brought back something from it. My pink preteen-sized pacifier remained in my mouth for a few minutes before I decided that I had to hide it. I knew my parents would not let me have one even though I had only 'given up' one as a five-year-old. Truth be told, it was a fight I had lost and they took my beloved pacifiers away despite my tears and cries.

Not long after, my mum came to change me for the day and was stunned and angry to find that my diaper was beyond saturated and starting to leak and also, contained a large poo. After a quick bath, I scored a hand spanking for the dirty diaper, but it was light and short and I didn't really mind.

It was only my first travel to another world and as I write this, on my desk sits that pink pacifier, standing as a reminder of my discovery that not every world is as intolerant to baby girls as this one.

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Naturally, I hoped I would visit that park and my friends again. Sadly, I never did. I wanted to know why Silja loved her overnight wet diapers. I wanted to understand why so many kids my age were in diapers at all and yet it was considered normal. I wanted to go back again.

## Chapter 2 – Planet Z

I suspect that my ramblings will never be published and I understand why. It is too ridiculous to believe and since I am not writing fiction but rather, a diary of events that have happened to me and the places – or rather, worlds – they have occurred in, it won't be very believable to most. But I will continue just the same because it is important that it is recorded, even if no one actually believes it.

It was to be four more years before I travelled again but this time, I had something akin to a warning. I had come home early in the afternoon from school that day because I had wet my pants rather badly and after a cursory complaint by my stay-at-home mother, I was back in pinned cloth diapers and plastic pants underneath tracksuit pants and a shirt. The tracksuit pants were a little too small and so the bulge of my diaper was exceedingly obvious but since I wasn't going anywhere it didn't matter and I certainly didn't mind. Personally, I thought the diaper bulge was 'pretty' and seemed to suit me. But I think I was alone in that opinion.

I have days where I don't pee much and even my night diaper is merely damp and then there are the other days when my body pees more fluid than I thought possible. That was one such day. I had already dampened my school uniform in the morning as I rushed off to the toilet in the hope of making it in time - only just but not before a large damp patch was visible on my school uniform. It was not the first time and the teasing was so common that I essentially filtered it out and it left me with only one real friend. And people wonder why I am a loner and introvert?

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I was sitting on my bed reading comics when my eyes started to see three-dimensional impossible shadows around my hands and all the objects in the room. They were similar to what I had seen four years previously and I instantly wondered if ‘something’ was about to happen. But after a couple of minutes, the shadows shuddered and then disappeared again. I was still in my bedroom, still wearing my dry diaper and reading comic books which suddenly didn’t seem as interesting anymore.

With no warning whatsoever, my bladder suddenly opened up and emptied, flooding my previously dry diaper. I sighed as I was by now familiar with ‘flood days’ and despite asking my mother to stay home from school on such days, I was sent there only to be humiliated as I had expected. I simply waited for the flood to end and by the time the flow stopped, my diaper was as wet as any heavy night-time diaper was. A few minutes later, the shadows returned but this time they grew more defined and then suddenly, I was somewhere else.

One quick lesson I learned is that you travel in the same bodily position as you were in and so it was that I found myself sitting on a pavement and only my quick reactions stopped me from falling backwards since my pillow was no longer present to hold me up. Once again, I felt only surprise, not fear. There was something about this place that gave me no reason to be afraid. I stood up and looked around and saw a narrow street with houses along both sides. The houses looked to be well-kept but of a quite old style and so not knowing what to do, I began to walk.

Being outside of my home wearing a very obvious thick diaper under too-small tracksuit pants, I felt a little conspicuous, but I had no other choice. I rounded a corner and saw a much wider road with some houses and other buildings that looked similar to shops, but I could not read the writing on them. There were words for sure, but they made no sense to me. I turned around at the

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sound of what I thought was a motor car and sure enough, three motor vehicles drove along the street and eventually passed me. They didn't look like any cars I had ever seen. All I could describe them as was 'old-fashioned and yet, they appeared quite new and well-presented.

This was the first time that I thought I must have travelled back in time as well as gone 'somewhere else'. I hadn't really understood my first trip as an 8-year-old and so I had yet to realise I was travelling *worlds*, not time.

I continued to walk and it wasn't long before I came across an older couple. I had to find out where I was and so I asked them simply, "Where am I?"

They looked at me with a bemused smile, said some words I couldn't understand and then walked off. And so, I continued my walking, aware that my diaper was continuing to get wetter as my poor-functioning bladder kept leaking.

As I crossed another side road, there were suddenly more vehicles on the road and still, none of them looked familiar. They each had four wheels, doors and seats but that was about the only similarity to modern cars I had known. I saw one that was probably a bus or some kind of public transport but as I started to come across more people, I was more and more aware of some of the sideways glances I was receiving. I began to feel conspicuous and aware of the obvious bulk of my rapidly soaking diaper. Trying to avoid the stares, I came upon what looked like a shop of some kind and pushed open the door to go inside. At least doors were the same in this world even if the words were unintelligible.

I quickly worked out that I was in a clothing store. In rack after rack hung old-fashioned clothing for men and boys and as I wandered further in, I found the women's and girl's section and it was then that I saw... them.

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Standing up against one rack was a woman with two children I judged to be hers, a boy and a girl of roughly similar age to me. At that time in my life, I crudely assessed girls to be 'pre-boobs' and 'post-boobs'. If I had had any sexual education at all I would have known about puberty but at that stage, erections were merely annoying and 'girls grew boobs'. Pretty detailed, right? The girl was 'pre-boob'.

The mother was gabbing on in her language and I understood none of it but as I watched, I saw her grab a dress off the rack and hold it up to her daughter to assess its size and fit. Then in a surprising move, she turned to the girl and helped her lift her existing dress over her head. It seemed that Changing Rooms were not a thing here! But what rivetted my attention was not her skinny frame and white undergarment but rather, the thick cloth diaper pinned around her hips and the lacy white plastic pants that covered them.

She was in a diaper! Just like me!

I couldn't tell if she was wet - which for some reason seemed an important fact to know - but she stood without shame, openly displaying her diaper until her mother pulled the new dress over her head and fussed and tugged until satisfied that it was a good fit. The few words she said clearly indicated she was pleased.

And now it was time for the boy to get some new clothes and trying as best not to look like a stalker I followed them back to the front of the store where they began looking at trousers and shirts. Once again, when a suitable choice was made the boy undid his braces and slipped his trousers to the floor and to my growing surprise revealed another cloth diaper and plain plastic pants. I was shocked to see such an open display of diapers in a clothing store and remembered the utter humiliation of clothes shopping with my own mother looking for trousers to cover a thick diaper as well as non-diaper clothing. It was never pleasant, but it certainly wasn't as