

AN AB DISCOVERY ZOMBIE NOVEL

MAX, THE DIAPERED ZOMBIE KILLER

BARRY OLIVER

Max, the Diapered Zombie Killer

Max, The Diapered Zombie Killer

by

Barry Oliver

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Max, the Diapered Zombie Killer

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Chapter 1: Rich and Poor



Max lived in the kind of house that his new friend Robby had only ever seen from the outside. His house was palatial. It was the largest house at the end of a street full of large houses in an exclusive gated neighborhood. It was plain to see that Max's parents had more money than Robby's parents would ever see in their lifetimes. Now, Robby found himself on the inside of that massive house with his new friend, Max. He stood on the second floor at the end of a long hall, about to step into Max's room.

Max's room should not have come as a surprise, but it did.

"Wow," Robby gasped. "Your room is huge!"

Max shrugged, not as impressed. To him, it was just his room. "It's not a big deal, really."

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It was a big deal to Robby. He had never heard of a kid's room so large that it had a divider wall splitting it into a play area on one side and a sleeping area on the other. Half of the dividing wall was actually an aquarium—saltwater no less—that you could look through from each half of the room. The ceiling was vaulted, adding to the spaciousness, and there was a small outdoor deck off the playroom where stood a telescope—the expensive kind with a computer-driven motor.

"Oh, cool!" Robby ran into the room and spun around to get the full view. "You could live in here and never come out."

Max shrugged again. "It's okay, I guess, but it gets old after a while."

To eleven-year-old Max, it was merely his room :- small compared to his parents' room, and smaller still compared to the outside world. Robby, also age eleven, quickly located the centerpiece of the play side of the room—Max's game center.

"X-Box 360!" he yelled and ran over to it. He had never seen one for real. The X-Box was attached to a 60-inch HD TV with a Bose home theater sound system. "It's an altar of game playing perfection!" Robby stood before it in worshipful awe.

Max motioned for Robby to follow him over to the bedside of his room. "That's not what I wanted to show you. Come in here."

Robby reluctantly pulled away from the game center and followed Max. His bed was king-sized, no shocker. You could prop a tent on it. There, sitting on the massive landscape of a mattress, was a duffle bag to which Max pointed.

"That's it," he said in anxious anticipation.

"What?" Robby approached it as if it might explode.

"Open it. You'll see."

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Robby cautiously pulled the zipper down the length of the bag and gazed into its contents. What he saw made him jump. "Oh my god, I can't believe it!" He reached in and pulled out the package. "Diapers!"

Max grinned ear to ear. "Yep. That's what they are. Just arrived yesterday. The youth size. They're big enough to fit us."

It gave Max a thrill just saying the word *diaper* to another kid. It had been his secret for so long.

"I can't believe it! This is amazing!" Robby said, bubbling with excitement. "How did you get them?"

"Pretty easy, really. The internet. PayPal. My parents give me my allowance that way."

Robby nodded. "Lucky..." He didn't get an allowance. He had to beg for everything from his parents. "So, can I open the package?" He placed the diapers between them.

Max waved him on, "Go ahead. You can be the first to touch one."

Robby tore open the plastic bag, pulled out a diaper for each of them, and set them on Max's bed. They were plain white, and plastic-backed, the kind that would make a lot of crinkly noise when worn. Robby's face blushed. Max watched with the same thrill and racing heart.

"Have you ever worn one before?" he asked.

Robby starred at the diaper that would be his, not knowing what to do next, and shook his head.

"Never."

"Okay," Max looked at Robby, then back at the diapers. "Me either. What do we do?"

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Both Max and Robby had an uncommon and secretive dream of wearing diapers for almost as long as they could remember.

But why? Max often wondered. Why would an 11-year-old, also into video games, sports, and astronomy, struggle with such a shameful desire?

This was the same question that each boy had beat themselves up over for many years, privately and unaware there were others like them.

In Robby's case, he had been a bed wetter until age eight. His older brother, Mark, had humiliated him relentlessly over it. His parents had resorted to putting Robby in Pull-Ups at night, which made his mattress drier, but the teasing from Mark worse. Despite his misery, Robby found that Pull-Ups gave him an odd sense of security. He felt protected in them. Eventually, he didn't mind putting them on at night, if only Mark would leave him alone. It was a joyous day when Robby stopped wetting, and the Pull-Ups went away, but he had secretly missed them ever since.

Maxwell Roosevelt's story was different. Toileting had never been an issue. He was the only child of wealthy parents and lonely almost from the beginning. His parents worked all the time and never seemed to have time for him. They gave him plenty of material things, but never themselves. Max had yearned for their attention for as long as he could remember.

Since his earliest memories, Max would notice other parents playing with and caring for their children while at stores or playgrounds. This was especially true of the babies and toddlers as they always got the most attention. Max would secretly imagine he was one of *those* babies with one of *those* parents, being showered with affection. He imagined running around in a diaper like *those* toddlers, adored by loving parents.

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Max felt doubly shamed, not only for wanting to wear diapers but for imagining he had other parents. After all, his own parents were good people and never treated him badly. Their punishments were short and mild, and when they did give him attention, it was genuine. It just rarely happened. So, Max would fantasize about being someone else's baby.

"Okay, let's figure this out." Max looked at the illustration on the back of the package, then took his diaper around to the other half of his room for privacy. "First you open it up and lay it out on the floor," he said loudly enough for Robby to hear on the other side of the dividing wall. "Then we have to..." He gulped and blushed. "You know, take off our underwear and put these on instead."

Robby spread out the diaper and was about to lay on the floor. "Do the tapes go on the back or the front?" he yelled back.

Max scratched his head. "I can't remember. Look at the package and tell me."

Robby looked at the illustration again. "You lay on the side with the tapes. They attach to the front."

Max did as Robby described and in just seconds, he was done. He stood up wearing a diaper for the first time since he was a toddler. It felt warm and bulky, and as predicted made a crinkling noise when he moved. Max's heart felt like it would explode.

Robby joined him, diapered as well, making the same crinkly sound with each step.

"Okay, I'm done, how about you?"

Max stared at Robby wearing the t-shirt he had worn that day to the pool, a t-shirt that now only covered the top edge of his diaper. Robby was a little on the chubby side to begin with, not really *overweight fat*, but more like *cute baby fat*. Robby's hands and

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face especially looked younger than other kids their age. Now wearing a diaper, Max thought Robby looked even younger. He felt a moment of envy. Robby looked more like the little kid Max had fantasized about becoming.

Max, on the other hand, was on the swim team at his parents' private country club. He ate the same lean meat, low fat, high salad diet that his high energy parents ate. Although he wasn't overly muscular - a fact that embarrassed him at the pool - he was lean without an ounce of fat. He did not look at all like a baby.

"You look funny!" Max finally burst out after his feeling of envy passed.

"You look funny!" Robby repeated.

Then they both ran onto Max's bed and started bouncing on it and shouting with joy.

"We're wearing diapers!" they yelled to Max's empty house since his parents were at work as always.

"I know," Max said while jumping mid-air. "Let's run around the house."

Robby, also in mid-air, wasn't so sure. "Um... are you sure? What if someone sees us?"

Max waved his hand. "No way. Not a chance. My parents work until late tonight. They never come home early."

"What about the windows downstairs? Someone might see us from outside."

Max thought about that for a second, then made an evil smirk. "That's part of the excitement, isn't it! We'll have to be quick."

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This seemed to satisfy Robby, so he followed Max to his bedroom door, where Max looked both ways anyway before running into the hallway. They raced to the bottom of the stairs and looked out into a massive *Great Room* with large, floor to ceiling windows on the front end of the house. All of the windows in the house had automatic horizontal blinds built into the window frames, so with a push of a button, they could have had privacy. Max left the windows fully open.

"We have to run across to get to the kitchen," Max said by way of a challenge.

There wasn't anyone in sight outside, so it was basically safe. Max sprinted first. Robby then sprinted as soon as Max was across.

"Do you think anyone saw?" Robby said breathlessly on the other side.

"I hope not," Max giggled.

Next, they went through the kitchen where all the windows were open as well. The boys went from room to room of Max's mansion-like house in this *sprint-hide-sprint* fashion. They even raced down the stairs to the basement. It was a walkout basement with equally large windows.

It impressed Robby how truly massive everything was in Max's house. The stairs were double-wide, the windows, floor to ceiling. Every room was spacious, and every ceiling somehow vaulted. It made him feel truly small like he really *was* a little kid.

Robby thought about his own tiny cramped home with a bedroom that was almost consumed by his twin size bed, and his brother who teased him relentlessly even now, despite being long out of Pull-Ups. Unlike Max, Robby never felt envy. It was an emotion that for some reason or another had been absent from birth. Even after seeing all of Max's stuff and the wealth his parents

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possessed, Robby didn't feel the need to have it for himself. He just felt lucky being here as Max's new friend.

Unbelievable luck!

"Come on. Let's head back up to my room."

Max waved Robby to follow. They would have to go through all the open windowed rooms one more time to get back. Once in Max's room, both boys collapsed onto his soft carpeted floor, breathless and thrilled. Max didn't lie there for long.

"I know, let's play a video game. I'll show you."

Robby thought this an excellent idea. He wanted to see the X-Box 360 attached to a 60-inch TV in action.

"Let's play this," said Max as he handed Robby a case.

"Oh great!" Robby gasped. "Zombie Hunt! I heard about that one. It's supposed to be really violent and bloody."

Max beamed with pride. "I just got it last week, and it *is* bloody. I'll put it in."

Max inserted the game cartridge and they collectively jumped as the gory, bloody undead seemed to enter the room across the 60-inch screen. Within seconds they used their virtual machine guns to reduce the enemy to bloody goo and flying body parts. Zombie Hunt was a little on the graphic violent side for eleven-year-olds. It was actually rated "T for Teen" due to violence, and Max was not allowed to have it. It made Max feel special, breaking the rules when he had bought it. Robby just felt lucky as always. Both boys lay on the floor, in their t-shirts and diapers, playing video games until Max's parents came home from work that evening.

"My parents think I'm having dinner at your house," Robby explained. "They won't mind if I'm late."

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Of course, they raced to take off their diapers, and re-dress into their "big kid" pants as soon as they heard the garage door open. Max turned the video game volume up to disguise their actions. After they had re-dressed, Robby got ready to return home.

"You want to play at the pool tomorrow?" Robby suggested.

He was referring to the public pool where Max had first met Robby, not the private pool where Max had his swim team practice. It had been an accident that Max had been at the public pool in the first place - another stroke of luck, as far as Robby was concerned. Max didn't normally go to the public pool, but the water filter at his private pool had been down for maintenance.

"Yeah," Max nodded. "I'll meet you there in the afternoon, after swim team practice."

"Okay, cool," Robby said happily. Again, it never crossed his mind to feel jealous that Max swam at a private country club pool. He was just happy to have a friend with a common interest, albeit an uncommon one.

"Okay, see you tomorrow."

Max waved good-bye as Robby skipped away down his street, just like a little kid. He wouldn't have a problem getting out of the gated community where the guard let everyone out), but getting back in would be a problem unless he was with Max, which of course he would be after their swim tomorrow.

"Who was that?" his Dad asked as Max closed the front door.

"Oh, no one. Just a friend from..."

Max had to think a second about the *from where* part of his answer. If he said 'school' his Dad would ask who it was since Max went to a private school where all the parents knew each other and if he said the 'pool', the same thing. It was an exclusive country club.

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"You know, just a friend," he said elusively.

His Dad wasn't actually interested in the answer. "Did you eat dinner?"

"Yeah, we made something while you were at work."

His Dad nodded. "Okay, well you can get yourself ready for bed. Your Mom and I have a lot of work to do tonight. Don't stay up too late."

And with that, his dad was gone to work the rest of the night in his home office, leaving Max alone to parent himself. Max didn't mind being ignored that night. He was still thrilled about the day, his first day wearing of a diaper. Not only that but now he had a friend who shared the same interest. For the first time in forever, he didn't feel so alone. The world felt more hopeful somehow. Max couldn't wait to play with Robby tomorrow at the public pool.



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Chapter 2: The Public Pool



By the time Max had joined Robby at the public pool, it was already noon. Max was starving after his two-hour swim practice that morning. He and Robby headed for the snack bar immediately.

"Let's get something to eat first. I didn't get anything after practice."

Max's hair and swimsuit were still damp from morning practice. Robby, on the other hand, had just arrived completely dry and ready for the water.

"Okay, I don't need anything," Robby said cheerfully as ever. "I'm not hungry."

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Max guessed Robby might not have any money for food, so he ordered two of everything. The two boys sat at the round metal tables in the rest area eating hot dogs, apples, fries, and candy bars while planning their water adventures. It was here that Max had met Robby the first time one week ago. He had been alone, not knowing anyone at the public pool, munching on some grapes when he saw a kid walk by in sweatpants that seemed extra bulky in the butt.

"Looks like he's wearing a diaper," Max had commented softly, not realizing he had said it loud enough to be heard by the boy sitting behind him.

"Yeah, I wish," Robby had said just loud enough for Max to hear.

This comment caught Max's attention, but he didn't make eye contact right away. He had never shared his interest in diapers with another human being. Max was certain he was the *only* eleven-year-old kid who wished he could wear them - or any kid over age two, for that matter. He didn't know if he dared say anything more.

Max waited, as if he hadn't heard Robby, then commented on another kid's puffy sweatpants. "There's another one," he mumbled barely audible.

Robby spoke, just as softly. "And one over there, too."

Max couldn't believe it. Had he found someone he could talk to? Someone who incredibly shared the same interest? Next, a toddler walked by with his Mom, wearing an obvious swim diaper.

"How embarrassing," he muttered in an effort to deny everything.

"I think they're cute," Robby had said more cheerfully. "I wish they made them bigger."

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With those words, Max became instant friends with Robby. At long last, he had found someone to share his shameful secret with. For the next few days, while Max's private pool was closed for maintenance, Max met Robby at the public pool where they swam all day together and talked about their secret when no one was listening.

It was shortly afterward, that Max finally had the courage to order his first package of youth-sized diapers on-line. He had never tried it before because he was afraid his parents might open the box when it arrived. But that summer, Max's parents were working late every day at their respective companies. If the package arrived on any day except Saturday, Max would be able to intercept it and so he timed his order with that in mind. Now he had them and had shared them with Robby, his new best friend.

Max finished his last gulp of hotdog. "Okay, that's better. Let's go swimming."

Robby looked worried. "Don't we have to wait an hour after eating?"

Max laughed. "That's just a myth. I do it all the time on the swim team. Come on, let's get in."

"You bet!" Robby took the last bite of his Snickers bar, then the two of them raced for the pool.

They swam, went down the water slides, dove off the diving boards, played tag, pretended to be scuba divers, and basically *lived* in the water for the remainder of the afternoon. Max, being on a team, was the faster swimmer, but Robby for some reason could hold his breath underwater for far longer. Max would always have to come up for an extra breath before Robby did. It was only a slight embarrassment for which he made up by swimming circles around Robby in a sprint.

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Robby didn't seem to mind anything at all. He neither felt bad about being left behind when Max raced away, nor superior about staying at the pool bottom nearly twice as long as Max. As always, Robby merely felt lucky to have found a good friend with such a rare interest.

Every hour the lifeguards would blow their whistles for a fifteen-minute rest break, during which all the kids were required to clear the pool while the adults were allowed to lounge and swim laps. Max and Robby set up their towels and duffle bags between the big pool and the baby pool area. They imagined what it would be like sitting in the shallow baby pool, splashing all day.

"Boring," Max said.

"Definitely boring," Robby agreed.

"Probably 50% pee in there," Max commended.

"Maybe even more," Robby added.

They both agreed that spending a day with the babies in six inches of water would be no fun and that life in the big pool was infinitely preferred.

On a whim, Max asked, "But, if you could wear a swim diaper, would you do it?"

Robby blushed. "You mean here? Now? Are you kidding?"

"Well okay, not with everyone around. If we had the pool to ourselves? Then?"

Robby nodded. "Sure. Wouldn't you?"

Max nodded back. "Yeah, I guess I would. What kind would you wear?"

"I like the ones with cartoon fish or dolphins," Robby said, "Not the ones with airplanes."

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Max agreed. "I know. Why would anyone put planes on a swim diaper?"

Both Max and Robby could describe all the brand name and store brand diapers they had ever seen. Each had his imagined favorite. It came from years of secretly walking down the baby aisle in grocery stores, breathing in the baby powder scent, and memorizing the diaper designs. Funny thing was, they had each done this independently their entire lives, neither knowing the other existed.

Soon the lifeguards blew their whistles in unison. Max and Robby raced back to the big pool for another hour. They were happy to not be stuck in the baby pool but curious about the experience of wearing a swim diaper. Max made a mental note to do an internet search when he got home. By late afternoon Max and Robby were waterlogged, sunburned, and exhausted.

"Hey," Robby suggested, "You want to come over to my house? We can get something to eat and I can show you my room."

As always, Max's parents were working late. They didn't know or care what Max did all day.

"Sure, why not," Max said as they both gathered up their water-soaked towels and heaved their swim bags over their shoulders to leave.

It was only a fifteen-minute walk to Robby's house from the public pool. Everything about Robby's neighborhood was smaller than Max's, with its narrow streets and broken sidewalks. It was not the sort of neighborhood that would normally spend much time in, but today he could care less. He was happy to have a life outside the protective walls of his gated community.

"I'm home," Robby announced as he opened and slammed the front door.

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A tiny window air conditioner struggled to keep the inside temperature a few degrees cooler than the outside. The air was stuffy and on the verge of being uncomfortable.

"Kitchen's this way," said Robby as he guided them down a short stretch of the hall which dumped immediately into a mini kitchen that was, in fact, the main kitchen at his house. "Here, I'll grab some stuff," he opened the refrigerator. "Take these sports drinks and jelly. I'll get the bread, peanut butter, and some power bars."

Max accepted the handful of food items, then followed Robby up the stairs to the second floor which was even warmer than the first. Another short hallway led to three bedrooms with a common bathroom at the end. Standing in the open door of one room was, presumably, Robby's teenage brother Mark.

"Look, the bedwetter's home," Mark teased.

He was wearing a tight t-shirt that revealed his athletic frame underneath. Like Max, he didn't have an ounce of fat, but unlike either Max or Robby, he had muscles everywhere. He acted like someone who was strong, popular, and respected—as in fact, he was.

"You didn't clean the back shed this morning like Dad told you."

Robby went straight for his bedroom door that was immediately across from Mark's. "Yes, I did," Robby said avoiding eye contact as he tried to duck in quickly.

"No, you didn't," Mark said taking a step toward him. Max also kept his eyes averted, trying to avoid the confrontation between Robby and his brother.

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At that moment a teenage girl appeared at Mark's door. "What's going on here?" she said putting a hand on Mark's shoulder, holding him back.

"Oh, it's just the bedwetter. He's back after *not* doing his chores."

"I don't wet the bed!" Robby shouted back. "Leave me alone. I'm here with my friend from the pool."

Mark's girlfriend pulled him back from the hall and pinned him up against the door frame.

"Awww, that wasn't very nice," she said in a scolding yet sexy tone. She was wearing short-shorts and a half t-shirt which highlighted her well-developed breasts and revealed her muscular, yet smooth, legs.

"Maybe I shouldn't be very nice to you," Mark retorted in a similar naughty voice.

They began to make out right there in the hallway outside Mark's room. Both Robby and Max found such activity between teenagers disgusting. Just before Robby slammed his door, Mark made a parting jab.

"Hey kid," he said to Max, "I wouldn't sit on his bed if you know what I mean."

Robby slammed the door hard. "Don't listen to him. I don't wet the bed anymore," Robby said, frowning.

"Who was that with him?" Max asked, not the least concerned about the mattress warning.

Robby rolled his eyes. "She's his girlfriend-of-the-week, Cindy." He pretended to stick his finger down his throat and vomit.

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Max could hear Mark and Cindy kissing and rubbing against each other in the hall. "She looks kind of... you know... "

"Slutty!" Robby helped him find the word.

Max's eyes opened wide. "Yeah, that." It was one of the few indulgences his parents did *not* grant him—the use of bad language. They were serious about it, too. He had once dropped the F-bomb and lost both his allowance and X-Box for a week. He learned his lesson fast!

"They broke up twice already this summer. Now she's back. It won't last long." Robby smoothed his bed cover and spread out the makings for their snack.

Max looked around the room before setting their drinks down. The space was tiny, to say the least, barely larger than the walk-in closet of his own room. Robby's bed itself took up nearly half the room. There was no TV or gaming system, just a shelf with an assorted collection of toys spanning the years of Robby's childhood.

"It's nice," Max said trying to sound polite.

Robby shrugged. "It's not much. Just my room. Here, put your stuff on the bed, and let's eat."

Max handed him a sports drink and started munching on a power bar. They started talking about video games, and the big store at the mall, and the new games that were coming out later this summer. Max was about to ask Robby about his past use of Pull-Ups and if he had any left, when the door suddenly opened, and Robby's mom burst into the room with a basket of laundry.

"Robby, these are yours," she put a pile of folded pants and shirts on his dresser. "They've been sitting in the dryer for two days. You need to get your own clothes out. Also, Mark said you

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didn't clean the shed out this morning before going to the pool." She paused her scolding when she noticed Max sitting on Robby's bed. "Oh, Hi," she said with a forced smile.

"Hi," Max replied with a weak wave of his hand.

"This is Max," Robby answered. "He's a friend from the pool. And Mark is lying. I did clean it out. Go look for yourself."

His mom picked up the laundry basket and returned to dropping off clean clothes in everyone's room. "Well, it better be," she said before closing his door. "I'll be back if you didn't."

The door now closed again, Max took a deep breath. "Doesn't she knock? Don't you have a lock on your door?"

Robby shook his head. "We're not allowed to have locks. Only my parents' bedroom has a lock."

"And Mark? He can just walk in here anytime he wants?" Max was amazed by Robby's lack of privacy. He, of course, had a lock on his bedroom door and his parents rarely came in for anything. Only the maid entered routinely once a week to clean.

Robby nodded. "Yeah. I yell at him when he comes in. But yeah, he can."

Max realized that even if Robby had Pull-Ups left over, there was no way he would wear one here. He didn't even feel comfortable talking about the subject knowing they could be interrupted without warning. Robby didn't even have a video game to play. Max realized there was little they could do in Robby's room.

Max finished his power bar. "Um... How about we go over to my house and play video games?"

Robby took the last bite of his PBJ sandwich. "Alright! Let's go!"

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Robby's door opened again without warning. His mom was back. "You left the broom on the shed floor."

Max was stunned yet again by Robby's lack of privacy. Robby rolled his eyes. "Okay, Mom. I'll go pick it up. Come on Max, let's go."

Robby took Max out the front door and made him wait there while he ran to the back yard to pick up the offending broom. When he returned, they both headed back down the street toward Max's house. At the end of the street, instead of turning left toward the pool, Robby turned right.

"Where are you going?" Max was confused.

"I'll show you a shortcut we can take to your house."

"Sure."

Max followed Robby to the end of a dead-end street with a field on the other side of a fence. The boys easily hopped over the fence and started across the field. It took a moment for Max to notice this was not just any field. It was a cemetery. Max stopped walking.

"You don't cut through the cemetery, do you?"

Robby laughed. "Sure, why not? It's a lot quicker. We won't get in trouble."

Max looked around, uneasy. He could see this same cemetery from the deck outside his bedroom. It came nearly all the way to his own back yard, where a privacy fence separated the rich and affluent - from the dead. Even from the safety of his room, Max didn't like looking at it.

"You're not scared, are you?" Robby motioned him to follow.

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Max shook his head, no, but his face said, yes. "It's just a nice day and I don't mind taking the long way."

"Come on," Robby waved again. "It's much quicker. We can play video games sooner." He headed off quickly, weaving through the tombstones and sepulchers.

Max agreed to follow, but he urged Robby along quickly. Some of the larger tombstones were topped with stone angels that, to Max, looked to be offended by their trespassing. The trees, too, were unwelcoming with their heavy drooping branches. Everything here seemed to say, 'stay out' Robby, on the other hand, darted cheerfully ahead, sometimes grabbing onto a stone pillar and swinging around it. On their way, they passed a large rectangular single-story building.

"That's the mausoleum," Robby pointed out. "It's where the rich people get buried." He thought a moment. "I bet your parents have enough money to be buried there," he said innocently.

Max didn't like that at all. He punched Robby in the arm.

"Don't say that. I don't like talking about this place."

Robby's feelings were hurt more than his arm. He had made a random comment, not intending to hurt Max's feelings.

"I'm... I'm sorry," he said, rubbing his arm.

Max felt guilty, just a little. His gut feeling about Robby was that the kid didn't have a spiteful bone in his body. It was the quality he liked most about his new friend, his projection of child-like innocence, well... a much younger child anyway.

Max took Robby's hand and led him forward. "It's okay. I'm not mad. But let's keep going. I don't want to stay here."

Within a few minutes, they were out of the cemetery and crossing the street that led to the gate of Max's private

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neighborhood. A few minutes after that, they were in Max's room picking out a game. After Robby's cemetery short cut, Max didn't feel like playing Zombie Hunt. He picked Racing Wipeout instead - a car race through famous cities, having impossible turns, leading to spectacular crashes and property destruction.

Behind the safety of a locked bedroom door with no parents at home - since Max's parents would work late into the night as usual - Max and Robby put on diapers while they played. Thus clad, Max could now project the same child-like innocence that Robby possessed naturally. Unlike Robby, Max was troubled from time to time by envy, and he couldn't help envying his friend's carefree nature. But that didn't matter now. They were both dressed the same—like cute toddlers—and Max liked it that way. He could focus entirely on their game and the spectacular disaster they were creating in the virtual city of Paris, France.



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Chapter 3: The Everything Baby Store



The remainder of the summer unfolded in a similar fashion for Max and Robby, with the majority of their days being spent at the public pool -after Max's country club swim team practice - followed by late afternoons diapered in Max's room playing video games. Max's parents were gone so often, the boys no longer feared getting caught or even being seen by people outside. One day they had walked around the outside perimeter of the house - fully clothed, of course - and discovered that you couldn't really see into the house due to the thermal, high-efficiency windows that Max's

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parents had installed. Thus, they could walk at leisure through Max's house in diapers without fear.

The boys ran through the first package rather quickly, so Max ordered a larger case. He timed the order again so that it would arrive on a weekday when his parents would be at work. The large box was waiting for them on a Wednesday like a summer Christmas present. Both boys had taken it inside, tearing open the outer box with excitement to find four packages of diapers waiting for them. Max stashed them away safely in his massive walk-in closet.

By mutual unspoken agreement, they did not return to Robby's house after that first time. The combination of no privacy, annoying teenage brother, no privacy, nosy parents, and—what was that last one? —oh, no privacy! —led them to abandon Robby's house for near-permanent residence at Max's. Max hoped he wasn't offending Robby, but Robby was as easy going as ever, and clearly didn't mind. Max, the perfect Latchkey Kid, even made dinner for both of them most nights.

One evening, while eating microwaved pot pies and drinking chocolate flavored Yoo-hoos, Robby asked Max about his school. "So, where do you go to school?"

"Righthouse Day Academy," Max said between gulps of Yoo-hoo. "It's..." He paused, afraid he would embarrass Robby. "A private school."

Robby nodded understanding, "Oh, that's cool. I go to Wilson Elementary. It's public." He said the word 'public' like it was merely a label rather than a symbol of his lower status. "Do you like your school?"

Max thought about how he would answer that question. No, he didn't like Righthouse, but it was a good school and good for him as his parents kept saying. The classes were hard, but his grades

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were above average. The students were judgmental, but Max was usually judged well. He hated the pressure to win at everything, to always be the best.

“Meh,” he equivocated. “It’s okay.”

Robby beamed. “Oh, I love my school. The teachers are nice, and we get to do lots of science projects. We also get almost an hour of recess. Do you get recess?”

Max frowned. “Recess? No. No recess. Just a lot of competitive sports.”

“Oh,” Robby smiled, “Sounds like fun.”

It’s not! Max didn’t smile.

“Hey, you want me to make brownies?” He said trying to change the subject away from school.

“Oh, sure,” Robby answered as he stuffed his last bite of pot pie. “We also take a lot of field trips, you know, to the zoo, to the ballpark, to the science museum. You know, everywhere. Do you get field trips?”

If chaperoned trips to Europe counted as field trips, then yes, Max got field trips. He was too ashamed to describe Righthouse Academy’s idea of field trips to Robby. He was also really tired of school talk. Time to bring out the equalizer.

“Hey, what do you say we stay in diapers and play one more game before you have to go home?”

This suited Robby just fine. “Great idea.”

They cleaned up their plates, and headed back to Max’s room, completely forgetting about the brownies. During their final game of Zombie Hunt, Robby happened to mention that his brother Mark had broken up with Cindy yet again.

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"Wow," Max raised his eyes, "I thought they were pretty much in love by the way they were acting the other day."

"Oh no," Robby laughed. "That's the second time this summer. That's how it is with them, one day on, the next day off."

Max shrugged his shoulders. He just didn't get teenagers sometimes. With only two years to go before he himself was a teen, Max hoped it wouldn't be that way with him. Honestly, girls were not that intriguing to him yet, and girls like Cindy were a little scary.



School was only a week away when Robby's family made their traditional annual week-before-school trip to the Mall for clothes and school supplies. Robby usually dreaded the trip because his Mom would buy him the cheapest, most embarrassing outfits. He was never given any money to buy something he wanted. This year he had told Max about the foray ahead of time, so Max met Robby's family at the center of the Mall near the food court.

"Hey Robby," Max waved as he approached his friend's family. Robby's mother was there along with Mark and his recovered girlfriend, Cindy. Apparently, Robby's dad had zero interest in Mall trips and was back at home watching TV.

"Hey," Robby ran up to him. "Glad you could make it," he said loudly for the others to hear. Then, "Thank god you're here," he mumbled.

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Max smiled and nodded as Robby's mother looked over at him. "I thought you said Mark and Cindy broke up," Max whispered quietly through smiling teeth.

"That was last week, old news," Robby smirked. He put his arm around Max's shoulder and lead him back to his mother for an introduction.

"Mom, this is Max, my friend from the pool. Can we go off on our own for a while?"

Robby's mom barely remembered Max as they had met only the one time. "Uh, no, Robby," his Mom responded after a few seconds. "We have a busy schedule and a lot of things to get today."

Mark and Cindy hardly noticed Max either. In fact, at that moment they hardly noticed anybody else at all. They were practically making love in the open Mall for everyone to see.

Robby used his best nagging whine. "Aww Mom, please? We won't be long. Max wants to get something at the video game store. We'll only be a few minutes."

Robby's Mom was distracted by Mark and Cindy, and her parental need to break up their public display of affection.

"Would you two cut it out," she insisted. "We're in the *Mall*!" Then she looked back to Robby after thinking about it again. "Okay, you can go, but meet us back here at the food court in thirty minutes. Got it? Thirty minutes!"

Robby burst into a huge smile, shaking his head. "Thirty minutes! Thanks, Mom." He and Max took off quickly before she could change her mind.

As soon as they were out of hearing range, Robby added, "She will probably lose track of the time, so we have more like forty-five minutes. As long as it's less than an hour, we'll be okay."

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"Sure, let's get going." Max took a left when they got out to the main Mall fairway.

Robby looked confused. "But the game store is to the right," he pointed.

"There's another store down this way I want to go to first."

He raced down the left side of the Mall. Robby hurried to keep up. In just a few moments Robby could see where they were going, and his heart began to race.

"The *Everything Baby Store*," Robby gasped as they both stopped outside gazing in awe at the sign. "Are we really going in there?"

"You bet," Max said, his heart racing just as much. "But we have to be careful. The thrift shoe store is across the hall," he pointed behind them. "We have to be on the look-out for your mom."

Robby looked around nervously. He didn't see anyone he recognized. They had left his mom back at the Mall center, so they had a little time before she made it this far.

"Okay, let's make it quick."

The boys walked under the sign and entered the store of their secret dreams. They were instantly met by the scent of baby powder that pervaded everything in the store. Turn by turn they journeyed to the back of the store, past the racks of toddler and infant clothing they wished they could wear, all the way to the baby supply shelves and the famous Wall of Diapers! The entire back wall of the store was stocked with row after row of every brand, off-brand, and generic diaper and pull-on imaginable. The baby powder scent was the strongest back here.

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Making sure no one was watching them, Max and Robby went down the wall touching the packages longingly and breathing in the scent. After a few minutes of looking at all the cute diaper patterns, Max directed them down another aisle.

"Look at all the pacifiers," Robby gaped. "They've got every kind."

This was the target of Max's shopping today. "I'm going to get a couple for us." He pulled out a \$20 bill from his pocket. "Look for the largest ones."

Robby's heart skipped a few beats. Once again, he couldn't believe his luck! They were in a baby store with money to buy whatever they wanted. It was a dream come true. He joined Max searching for the largest pacifier in the store. Finally, they converged at the same one, a size large toddler pacifier with red and blue guards and a yellow ring. Conveniently, they came in packages of two.

Max grabbed a two-pack. "How about it. You want this one?" He held it up for Robby's inspection. He nodded vigorously. "Let's get it."

Robby wanted to get out of the store before anyone would recognize them. On their way to the cash register, Max added two pacifier latches to their purchase, the kind with a cloth loop that ties around the pacifier ring and then clips onto a shirt.

Their purchase complete, Max and Robby raced out of the store and headed back to the Video Ultra Store at the other end of the Mall. While passing by the center food court, Max had the opportunity to witness one of the spectacular breakups between Mark and Cindy. He and Robby hid behind a massive tree planter to watch.

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"You're a dick, Mark!" Cindy yelled loud enough to be heard by everyone. "All you think about it yourself! I'm leaving!"

Mark whined and pleaded. "Oh, come on, Cindy. I just want to hang out a few minutes with the guys. You know, guy stuff."

Cindy crossed her arms. "And I can't be with you because...?"

Mark rolled his eyes. "Aw Cindy, you know, it's... it's just kind of awkward--you being there. I would love to have you, but the guys... they just..."

Cindy stomped her foot. "They're like children, Mark. Children! And you're one of them! You talk about farting and girls' tits and racing cars. You're so immature." She turned her back on him. "I'm tired of being the only grown up here. I'm leaving."

Mark put his hand on her shoulder, pleading. "But... but, it's just five minutes. Five. I promise." She wasn't budging. "Where are you going?"

Cindy looked to the ceiling, impatiently. "I don't mean leaving the Mall, you idiot. I mean I'm leaving you!"

Max looked at Robby, incredulously. "Wow," he whispered. "They're pretty loud. Everybody's watching."

The mass of Mall shoppers around the food court were turning to stare. Apparently, neither Mark nor Cindy gave a flip.

"You can't leave me, again!" Mark yelled. More eyes turned their way.

"I can and I am!" Cindy started to walk away.

Mark grabbed her shoulder to stop her. Suddenly, Cindy turned violently and with what looked like a Kung Fu move, punched Mark in the chest solidly with an open palm. Mark

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staggered back, almost falling to the ground. The wind was knocked out of him and he couldn't speak.

"Goodbye, Mark!" Cindy turned and marched out of the Mall.

Max and Robby giggled from behind the Mall planter.

"That was an awesome punch," Max snickered. "Let's get out of here before Mark sees us," Robby said, gleefully. Given all the hell his older brother gave Robby about his former bedwetting, Robby took some amount of pleasure observing his brother's dating disasters.

Max and Robby spent the last fifteen minutes of their time in the Video Ultra Store, drooling over all the games they wanted. Max bought *Zombie Hunt* the Enhanced version, rated M for Mature. The 19-year-old salesclerk of course shouldn't have sold it to Max—an 11-year-old—but an extra \$20 bill took care of that problem Max was learning the art of bribery - a skill not taught at Righthouse Academy. His parents wouldn't allow him to have an M-rated video game either, so it was yet another item he would have to hide along with his T-rated version of the same game.

Max thought it ironic that part of him thrived on ultra-violent video games, while the other part yearned for the *Everything Baby Store*. He wondered if his parents ever found out, which of the two would upset them the most.



Max, the Diapered Zombie Killer

It was the last free night of the summer before the start of school, and Robby finally got permission to have an overnight at Max's house. Somehow—Max didn't know the details—Robby's mom had gotten in touch with his mom and the agreement had been made. That day, they raced to Max's place after spending their last full day at the pool, and excitedly planned their night which would include using their new pacifiers and sleeping the whole night in diapers. Max's parents would be working late but would eventually be home while Max and Robby were in diapers.

"I'm pretty sure we'll be okay," Max assured Robby. "I can lock my bedroom door. We'll have plenty of warning if they try to come in, and my parents never come in when my door is locked."

Robby agreed, his heart racing at the thrill and fear of potentially getting caught. Max went to his closet to retrieve the twin pacifiers he had purchased last week. They had decided to keep them at Max's place, given the complete lack of privacy at Robby's house.

Max handed Robby his pacifier while popping his own into his mouth. The first time he had tried it, last week, he hadn't liked the oily, rubbery taste. After washing it and sucking on it some more, that taste was gone. Now, he loved the thing. It looked incredibly cute, he thought, watching Robby suck on a pacifier. Max could see his own reflection in the glass of his aquarium. Yes, it made him look cute, too.

With their pacifiers in place, they each went to separate areas of Max's room to put on a diaper, then rejoined at the 60-inch TV and X-Box. Max put in the "M" rated version of Zombie Hunt, unplayed until now as he had saved it for this special occasion. When the "fighting girls" entered the scene, carrying machine guns along with their inhumanly large breasts and bulbous asses, Max and Robby wrinkled their noses.

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"Yuck!" Max pulled out the game and tossed it across the room. The cost of the game plus the \$20 bribe that went along with it had been a waste. Max replaced the T-rated version of Zombie Hunt, then they resumed their massacre of the undead.

The boys spent the next hours reducing undead monsters to goo, while diapered and sucking *on* their pacifiers. It was pure bliss for both of them.

That evening, as the sun went down, and they at last tired of zombies, Max literally pitched a camping tent in his room. They piled blankets, pillows, and sleeping bags into it. Then, Max brought in two flashlights.

With the sky dark and the room lights out, Max and Robby lay in the tent, lit by flashlight, recounting their summer adventures.

"What are we going to do when school starts?" Robby asked. They went to separate schools, he a public school, Max a private one. "We won't see each other during the day, and my parents won't give me a phone."

Max smiled broadly. He had thought about this already and had a big surprise for Robby. "Just a second, let me show you something." He crawled out of his tent to retrieve a surprise package. Back inside, he opened the package.

"Wow!" Robby gasped. "Cell phones!"

"They're pretty basic with limited minutes," Max explained. "So, we can't talk long, but we can text."

Robby held his cell phone reverently. "Let's give them a try."

Max agreed and took his own phone with him to his outside deck. He texted the obvious, "*I'm standing on my deck.*" Robby replied just as obviously, "*I'm in the tent.*" It worked beautifully.

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Back inside the tent, Max gave Robby a fist-bump. "We'll be able to text whenever we want."

Later that night, after Robby had drifted off to sleep, Max heard his parents arrive home. He listened nervously as they came into the house, walked up the stairs, and passed by his door on the way to their bedroom. They didn't even pause at his door—not even a hint of concern to check on their son. Max was both relieved - since he was wearing a diaper - and disappointed at the same time. It would be nice if they checked on him every once in a while, even a knock or a whisper at the door.

Max rolled over and watched Robby sleeping soundly. His pacifier had fallen out of his mouth. Max wished they could be brothers, sleeping safely, snuggled together—a sibling who would be with him all the time. Since they were the same age, they would be twin brothers. Max added Robby to his imaginary family—the one that showered them both with affection. Max drifted off to sleep with this feeling of security and closeness that he yearned for more than anything in the world.

If only my parents would knock from time to time, was his last thought.

And with that, their summer came to an end.

