



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

*the line  
between us*

*An AB/DL story*

MARTIN COSTER

*The Line Between Us*

# The Line Between Us

by  
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# CONTENTS

Chapter 1: His Secret, His Pride .....	5
Chapter 2: She Knows What She Is .....	7
Chapter 3: The Line.....	10
Chapter 4: Her Note .....	12
Chapter 5: The Towel .....	15
Chapter 6: The Theft.....	17
Chapter 7: To Deserve Again .....	19
Chapter 8: Cloth Between Them.....	21
Chapter 9: Her Servant .....	23
Chapter 10: The Cleaning .....	25
Chapter 11: Silent Chores.....	28
Chapter 12: The Right to Mess.....	30
Chapter 13: The Weight of Her Standard .....	32
Chapter 14: Morning Condition .....	34
Chapter 15: The Confession.....	36
Chapter 16: The First Night .....	38
Chapter 17: Tightening Threads.....	40
Chapter 18: Boundaries and Breaking .....	41
Chapter 19: Becoming.....	42
Epilogue: A Year in Her World .....	44
A Day in the Life .....	45

## Chapter 1: His Secret, His Pride

Evan had always seen it as a mark of control, the way he lived. The soft crinkle beneath his jeans, the clinical precision of his morning changes, the neat stack of unopened packages in his linen cupboard. He chose quality disposables: white, thick, whisper-quiet. Medical grade. He kept wipes in his nightstand and talc in a drawer he locked when visitors came, not that he had many. It was a private world. Not hidden, just... his and his alone.

He'd moved to the duplex to start a quieter, more relaxed life. It was a small complex of just four units, joined by tired brick and a shared gravel path. The neighbours were older, the street quiet, and the bins brought in promptly. It suited him. It was predictable and safe.

On the third morning, he noticed the washing line next door.

At first, he wasn't sure what he was seeing. It was early, the sun just clearing the hedge, and the heavy cloths looked like towels at a distance, but the shape was unmistakable. They were wide squares folded in thick thirds. Edges were worn soft from many washes. Two sets of plastic pants hung nearby, large, elasticised, pearlescent with age. One had a faint yellow sheen across the crotch. His eyes locked on them. They were adult-sized, well-used used and all very real.

It winded him.

For a moment, he stood perfectly still at his kitchen sink, mug of tea cooling in his hand, staring through the small window above the tap. The breath in his chest felt wrong, held too long, like he'd seen something *he shouldn't have*, something unexpected or even obscene.

A woman emerged from behind the hedge, her dark hair pinned back, arms full of pegs. She moved with no hurry. Calm. She reached up, adjusted one of the cloths, and re-clipped it. Her hand brushed the seat of one plastic pant, and she paused. Her head turned slightly toward his building, or so he thought.

## The Line Between Us

Evan stepped back without thinking, his heart racing.

He felt... something. It wasn't arousal. Not exactly, anyhow. His penis did thicken however, telling him that what he was seeing was important in a visceral way. It was awe. A shift in his own axis. *She wore nappies*. Not like him, not tucked away behind brands and silence. She wore *openly*. She *washed* them. She let the wind air out her waste like it was nothing. And she very clearly dirtied her nappies.

He didn't know her name. She lived next door, in her early forties, he guessed. She seemed composed. He'd seen her checking her mailbox with bare feet and a long tunic, eyes always on the ground. She never smiled, but she didn't look unkind. Just... removed from the rest of the world and somewhat self-contained.

All day, the image of the drying, well-used nappies haunted him.

He went about his business. Worked remotely. Answered emails. Changed into a clean nappy mid-morning and again before dinner. But it felt different now. His tapes felt childish. The crinkle artificial. When he sat, he imagined the bulk she wore. The damp cotton. The stained gussets. The way she must wipe herself after... if she even did.

That night, he dreamed of her laundry line. In the dream, she was hanging something thick and brown with both hands, wringing it slowly, and the scent of ammonia clung to the wind. She looked up and spoke his name, but her mouth didn't move.

He woke sticky and shamed, his nighttime ejaculation soaking into his nappy.

But he was smiling.

## **Chapter 2: She Knows What She Is**

He waited three days before speaking to her, not because he was shy. Evan could fake ease well enough, but he delayed because something about her unsettled him. Her presence wasn't hostile, just... closed, and he could sense it, like a room you weren't invited into, no matter how many times you circled the door.

He timed it on a Thursday in the late afternoon. Her bin was out, and her mail sat untouched in the box. He stepped outside with a paper bag, pretending to toss rubbish. She was at the fence, kneeling in the dirt beside a small herb bed of rosemary, thyme, and something purple.

"Hey," he said, lightly. "Afternoon."

She looked up. Her eyes were flat green, cool and tired.

"You're in Unit Three," she said. It was not a question.

He nodded. "Evan. Just moved in."

She glanced down at her gardening glove and tugged it off. "Marianne."

They stood like that with him awkward, and her serene, until he gestured at the plants.

"You've got a really nice little setup here. Looks healthy."

"They're functional," she replied. "I use everything I grow."

He nodded again, a smile stitched a little tighter now. He wanted to look past her, toward the line, but it was bare today. Of course it was.

"You're home a lot?" he tried. "Work from home myself?"

"Yes."

He tried again. "Actually, kind of nice to be around quiet people for once. Back in the city, I always felt like I had to... hide things, you know?"

Her eyebrows barely lifted. "Like what?"

Now. Now or never.

"I wear nappies," he said, gently. "Not just at night. All the time. Disposables. Medical. Been that way a while."

## The Line Between Us

There it hung, his truth offered openly. His pride, his identity, his invitation was out there and yet, a bridge between them.

Marianne stood. She didn't brush off her knees. Just looked at him for a long moment, as though calculating the weight of his words. Then, she said, "Convenient."

He blinked. "Sorry?"

"Disposables. They're convenient, fast, and quiet." She reached for the tap, filled a small tin watering can. "They don't teach much, though."

She turned toward her herbs and poured carefully around the roots.

"You think cloth nappies teach something?" he asked, voice light but taut.

She didn't look up.

"Cloth remembers," she said simply. "You have to live with what you do in them. No padding between you and the consequences. You leak if you're lazy. You smell if you're careless. You learn or you don't deserve them."

She finished watering and straightened up. She met his eyes with a clarity that unnerved him.

"Most people want comfort. Not understanding."

He swallowed. "I guess I've always just liked the feel. The security of it. Feels right for me."

"Then wear what feels right," she said, without judgment. "But don't confuse convenience for depth of experience."

Then she stepped past him, walking with slow grace to her back gate. There was no polite farewell, no nod. Evan stood in her silence.

His disposable suddenly felt childish and thin. Disposable... the word itself now seemed bitter in his mouth.

That night, he didn't change after dinner. He sat in his own wetness longer than usual and on purpose, wanting to know what she meant, wanting to feel something *closer* to what she lived. He fell asleep whispering the word she'd said:

"Deserve."