



BABY BOY

BecomingBabyAgain



Chapter I

It was a difficult time for both of us, I won't deny that. I just didn't feel there was any way of moving our relationship forward without talking about the things that I really wanted, my true desires and how much I loved him and wanted to bring the two different sides of me together...

And that's how I found myself sitting on the floor with a wet diaper between my legs, sucking a pacifier while he was cooking dinner in the kitchen for his new date.

Openly admitting I had an interest in diapers and loving out the lifestyle of a kind of adult baby was extremely difficult to handle. Jake and I had been dating for almost three years now and it seemed like the right time to be discussing these deeper interests that we had. I remember trying to tell him a couple of times, weaving the conversation around to it, but I had always chickened out and avoided bringing it up. At last, I decided I would stand up and tell him. I thought that I would just blurt it out just before he was leaving for work and then we wouldn't have to have an immediate conversation about it. We could both think about it during the day and hopefully have a serious talk about it later that evening. Jake was picking up his bag by the door and just finding his keys when I told him.

"Jake, I've been thinking. There's something I've always been interested in exploring, in the bedroom, well... just sexually generally"

"Oh yeah?" he replied, rather surprised to have this kind of turn flung on him so early in the day.

"And, I haven't ever admitted it because it's kind of embarrassing and I don't know what you'd think. I wouldn't want you to think any less of me because of it. It's totally fine if you aren't into it or like, if you just want to pretend, I never said it. I won't mind! I just love you so much, I want to share these things together!"

Jake laughed, "you haven't even told me what it is yet!"

I was so flustered that I was just rambling about my anxiety and our relationship that I forgot to even say what I meant! "Diapers... I'm into diapers?"

"What? Like, adult diapers"

"Yeah, adult diapers. I'm a little big for baby ones!"

"So, you like to wear them?" he seemed a little confused

"Ummm... yeah?"

"And use them?"

“Well, yeah, at times!”

Jake was just as flustered as I had been a few moments ago. “I really better be off to work, I’m running late as it is!”

“No problem” I leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, and he returned it with a kiss on my forehead. Was that a good sign? At least it meant he wasn’t immediately disgusted by me.

Just as he walked out the door, he called out to me.

“Have a great day, Let’s go out this evening? Find somewhere nice and I’ll meet you after work? My treat!”

For the rest of the day, I could not stop worrying about what on earth was going through Jake’s mind. Was he going to think differently about me? Did he plan to take me out this evening to break up with me. I was so worried that I just kind of accepted that this was the end of our relationship together. I booked a table at a local Italian restaurant, one of our favourites. We share many happy memories of the little table we always sit at by the corner, and I thought that if our relationship was going to end then at least it would happen in a place where we were both comfortable and happy. Hopefully we could break things off amicably rather than arguing or shouting.

I hardly got any work done because my mind was just running from crazy through to crazy thought but eventually the evening rolled round. I dressed myself up in a nice shirt before setting off and driving to the restaurant, feeling the butterflies fluttering more and more as I got closer. I was almost shaking when I parked the car, I was so nervous, but I took a few deep breaths and managed to pull myself together. When I walked into the Italian restaurant, Jake was sat waiting for me at our table.

“Hey” he called out to me with a little wave as I wandered over to the table and sat down.

“Hi, did you have a nice day at work?”. I tried to make small talk to ease my nerves and I’m sure he could tell I was a little shaken as we made polite talk while we ordered and ate our main course. It did make me feel much better, if he was doing to dump me then I’m sure he would have said something about it by now.

When we ordered desert, we decided on a large one that we could share (something that made me sure that we weren’t about to break up). This was when he brought up our earlier conversation.

“I’ve been thinking about what you said this morning, I guess you have too” he said calmly, “I can’t really pretend it isn’t a surprise to me, or a shock really, but I do want you to know that I don’t think any less about you. If that’s what makes you *you*, then that’s all that matters, and I love you.” I had no idea what to say,

“Thank you” I muttered.

“And if you want to start exploring these things, then let’s give it a try! Although you’ll have to help me because I have no idea where to start!”