

NINE

Adventures In Babysitting

MY PARENTS HAD TAUGHT ME TO RESPECT military personnel. If I addressed a sailor or soldier when I was a teenager, failure to utter some version of “thank you for your service” resulted in Mother’s sharp elbow at my ribcage. My father had been a much-decorated war hero, having rescued several wounded soldiers under heavy fire. He received the Silver Star Medal, the Bronze Star (for a separate act of heroism), the Purple Heart and many pieces of shrapnel in the butt for his efforts.

That’s why I was more than positive when a retired military man, Matt*, contacted me. Though he lived in a suburban town filled with churches and cute Victorian homes on tree-lined streets, Matt was not a typical suburbanite. He had no wife or kids (he’d never married) and didn’t commute to his Manhattan high-rise office. A man in his fifties, he’d been an officer with a lengthy tour of duty either in Iraq or Afghanistan (I’ve forgotten which) and the world-weary confidence that came with it. Matt was not eager to be of service to a domme—a military career had been more than enough service for him. Nor did he encourage having more stress or punishment in his life, so he wasn’t into BDSM. Now the beneficiary of a decent military service pension plus a sizable parental inheritance, Matt only wanted to be taken care of. He finally

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had the time and resources to live his dream—being a full-time Adult Baby. But for such a fantasy to be realized, one needs to find a very understanding Mommy.

When we met for a drink, which afterwards became dinner, Matt opened up to me. Aside from his unusual lifestyle aspirations, he was very sure of himself and certain in his goal—to live as an Adult Baby within the confines of his comfortable home. Like most vanilla men I've dated, he was interviewing me for a job. "Can you see yourself changing me in an adult diaper? Would you find any fulfillment cradling me in your arms? Will you let me play with my toys for hours on end uninterrupted, with no adult responsibilities? Could you always address me as a mommy would talk to her baby and never as an adult?"

I actually entertained this strange notion, as good looking Matt comported himself with an appealing quiet strength and dignity. But how could someone with a military background, who seemed so outwardly masculine, spend his days pretending to be a baby? And I had no idea whether I could fill his Mommy role as I'd never before dealt with an Adult Baby. (The fellow who proposed meeting me in public while wearing a diaper outside his clothes was not an Adult Baby but an exhibitionist. Adult Babies keep themselves totally closeted.)

Matt filled me in about an upcoming convention where I would meet many "Littles" (as he noted they were called) and get some hands-on experience. He believed after attending such an affair, I'd know whether a relationship with him could proceed. Though I was initially hesitant, the deal was sealed when he declared: "I'm looking for an older woman." Compared to all the guys I'd met who couldn't date young enough (desiring females the approximate age of their daughters) this Adult Baby seemed a reasonable bet.

That is why I found myself riding the rails to yet another kinkfest in suburban New Jersey. Once I arrived, I was given a choice of color-coded ribbon. "It's yellow if you want to be changed or purple if you're a Mommy and will change others," advised Mike*, who worked security. He required a passport or driver's license to check my age—no one under 21 was allowed to register at NELicon, a yearly get togeth-

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er for the Northeast Littles. On the wall, a large banner bore the NEL logo—an initial N, E and L on three separate sides of a juvenile alphabet block and CON similarly shown on a second block. The Northeast Littles Invasion, read the banner alongside the group’s slogan, which proclaimed: We Do Exist!!!

A Little is a kinky adult who engages in age play. Though they get satisfaction pretending to be a baby or child, a Little would never interact this way with actual children, as they are not pedophiles. Parties and conferences are arranged for Littles to be with one another. Most enjoy wearing and wetting diapers plus getting their nappies changed by those they call Mommies and Daddies.

I chose the purple ribbon to wear around my wrist and was given a blank name tag on which I wrote Mommy Joyce. “Oh, you’re a Mommy. Great. We’ve got dozens of ABs and DLs but we need more Bigs,” Mike explained. An AB (or Adult Baby) will act as a baby and wear visible diapers but DLs (or Diaper Lovers) like to don their diapers under regular clothes, never appearing or acting as a young child. Then there are ATs or Adult Toddlers, who prefer wearing diapers under overalls or footed sleepers. ATs are more active—they walk instead of crawl and don’t see themselves as helpless infants. For adults who imagine themselves as older children (preteens) I’ve heard the term Middles and also Bedwetters. I wondered whether military man Matt was an AB, a DL or an AT.

Perusing the NELicon schedule, I noticed there were different rooms and events for ABs and DLs. Where Diaper Lovers had discussion groups about their lifestyle and Diaper Modification workshops, the Adult Babies playroom had scheduled activities which included Play With Goo, Coloring Contest, Bubbles Blowing, Cuddles, Nap Time, Games With Mommy, Story Hour, Silly Songs and Play-Doh Making. Diaper Lovers don’t behave as young children—they would rather play Wii games while lolling about wetting their diapers.

I asked where most attendees came from. “The North East Littles are mainly people who used to be with SIDNEY,” noted Taffy*, a heterosexual married man with children who cross-dressed as a little girl and wore diapers.

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“Who is *Sidney*?”

“It’s a group and stands for Still In Diapers New York. But SIDNY is now defunct and NEL is taking its place, just as *Diaper Pail Friends* is no longer online but there’s *Diaper Tube* and others.” (Among them are *Daily Diapers*, *Diaper Space*, and *Adult Baby World*.)

Diaper wearers feel they are deeply misunderstood, necessitating a heavy online presence where they can make contact with others. Groups of like-minded diaper devotees have popped up all over America including CAP (Chicago Age Players) plus more organized Littles chapters in Maryland, Connecticut, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

Adult Babies also have a difficult time finding caregivers, which is why professional mommies exist. Nanny Bliss, based in the Washington, D.C. area, was not at NELicon but Mommy Molly* had come all the way from the Midwest. While pro-dommes in New York City earn upward of \$350 an hour, Mommy Molly charged \$200 an hour. She even offered a \$2,500 cut-rate weekend package deal—and if her expenses were paid, she’d travel to the Adult Baby.

The sweet-tempered but no-nonsense Molly was overweight and extremely self-possessed. When she was not tending to her dozen regular clients (most of whom were married and had hidden this secret life from their spouses) she was a student. She enjoyed a normal romantic and sexual relationship with her boyfriend, who knew what Molly did for a living and grudgingly accepted it.

Mommy Molly made sure no Adult Babies wasted her time, as many men have babyhood fantasies they never act on. She charged men just to talk to her—and they paid even more when making plans to meet. That way, if the potential client backed out, she was covered. “It’s a need and I’m providing a service. The guys will tell you what they crave—to be held, spanked, sung to or have their diapers changed.” Mommy Molly was acknowledged to be the top pro-mom in adult babydom because of her decade-long experience.

Molly had cut her hourly rate in half for NELicon. A card she handed out explained What Mommy Does In A Session and went on to list (according to client preference and available time) “diaper changes, bath

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time, playing with toys, baby food feeding, sippy cups and bottles, pacifiers, cartoons, cuddling, spanking and corner time.”

Besides Molly and me, there was only one other mommy among the 60 attendees—Mommy Jen*. She came with the fiftyish man she lived with, Baby Jerry*. Jen had first encountered Jerry in one of the many online diaper groups; they had corresponded for two years before meeting. Jerry, who no longer worked, lived off his parents’ trust fund. The Florida-based Jen had no place to live when her roommate made her vacate. That’s when she moved her belongings to live with Jerry in another state, and be his Mommy. Although they’d never met before cohabitation, Jerry and Jen seemed compatible as any other couple. Mommy Jen summed up why their relationship worked: “Jerry doesn’t want a wife or a lover. He wants a mommy and that’s what I am to him.”

Was this the role military man Matt hoped to play with me? Baby Jerry acted convincingly infantile and showed me his favorite plush toy, a donkey. He’d taken an infant changing blanket and fashioned it into a diaper for the toy, confiding how he carried the diaper-clad donkey everywhere.

NELicon was held at one of the many chain hotels located in New York City’s suburbs. Participants were expected to register by Friday and spend two nights on premises. (This lodging establishment had been informed the conference concerned nurturing.) NELicon had booked several meeting rooms to meet attendees’ various needs—there was a designated Adult Baby Nursery, Littles Playroom and The Polite DL Lounge. *Polite*, in this context, meant you can wet but not soil your diaper.

As I waited for the elevator on Saturday morning, a heavyset man in his late thirties stood beside me. I noticed he had wrapped a yellow ribbon around his thick wrist and was staring at my purple ribbon. “Would you like to change me?” His manner was sweet and submissive.

“I’m here to learn. I’ve never changed a diaper before. I don’t have kids and only know how to change a litter box.”

He called himself Baby Chippy* and didn’t push but shyly suggested he could show me how, if I would be his Mommy. After I agreed, we walked to room 111, designated as the Adult Baby Nursery, where the

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man had stashed his supplies.

Baby Chippy soon doffed all his clothes except for an adult-size diaper worn beneath his size XXL plastic pants—a pair with *b-a-b-y* spelled out on alphabet blocks. He could have gotten them at Plastics & Pinafores, Big Baby Boutique, AB Universe, Bambino or any of the dozen or so American-based businesses which sold clothing and accessories to Adult Babies. Had Baby Chippy gone to Germany or Japan, where adult diapers are really happening, he would have had a far wider choice at several brick and mortar Adult Baby retail stores.

Chippy liked to lie on his back, chubby legs in the air, kicking back and forth a bit. When he didn't have a pacifier in his mouth, he'd suck on a baby bottle filled with a milky substance. I had put his balding head in my lap. Baby Chippy gurgled and clapped his huge hands. Looking back and up at me with wide, faux-innocent eyes, he reached toward my breasts. I was wearing a blouse and sweater over a bra but he just touched the surface of my clothes lightly. He was not an aggressive grabber.

He requested a lullaby and although I didn't know any, I adapted a song from my youth—"My Girl" became "My Mommy." Half way through the song, when I'd begun to forget the lyrics, his mind was on something else. "Can baby have some mommy milk?"

"Mommy is too old to have any milk for baby. For that, you need a young mommy like Mommy Molly, who is a couple hundred dollars an hour."

"So, how can you be a mommy?" his attitude was brattier but still juvenile.

"I froze my eggs."

"Oh. Does baby have potty privileges?" Chippy pushed.

"Tell me more about what that is," I prodded, not entirely understanding.

Every man has a beef about his past girlfriend. But for Chip it wasn't cheating, nagging or overspending. "I used to have a mommy who took away my potty privileges. Then she wouldn't come home when she said she would—she'd make me wait for her with poopy diapers," he recalled

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in a childlike way. “Some mommies change poopy diapers and others don’t—they send baby into the bathroom to shower it off. Which kind of mommy are you?”

“The throw baby out in the street kind.” I replied evenly. Baby Chippy was pressing his luck. The North East Littles had sent several messages (to potential conference goers and paid registrants alike) stating there will be absolutely no “number two” allowed, though wetting was permitted.

He continued to speak of his ex-mommy in a babyish falsetto as I looked down at him, stroking his forehead. “She tried to take away my manhood by forcing me to jerk off five times a day. Five times is too, too much and soon I was so worn out I couldn’t get hard. I was like a little baby,” he finished sweetly. “If baby came to visit Mommy one weekend, could baby bring his play pen and big crib to Mommy’s place?”

I’d seen the online sites like *AB Wonders* which sold adult-size baby furniture. “Why do you have to haul in all that stuff? What do you have in mind, Baby Chippy?”

“When you put baby into a crib or playpen, mommy can put up the sides that go high so I’m locked in and can’t get out.” I later learned how many Adult Babies seek to be controlled. They hate having to make choices; baby play is an escape from having any responsibility. But men with fetishes seldom have just one kink. Chip was an exhibitionist and one who sought humiliation. “If I promise to be a good baby, would you change my diaper in front of a bunch of your girlfriends? I’ll come to see you one weekend, and then they could all stand around my crib and poke fun at the big baby.”

The guy was seriously hatching plans for a future scene. “Sorry, Baby Chippy, my co-op requires a \$500 deposit for moving in furniture and it’s Monday to Friday only—you can’t bring anything big, like a crib, in on weekends.”

“I wet my diaper,” he whispered. “Mommy, will you change me?”

Perhaps it was for such occasions the expression *go with the flow* was invented. Baby Chippy plunged the pacifier back in his mouth and reached for a changing pad he’d placed nearby. It had a layer of plastic

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between the soft cotton coating—he smiled when he heard the familiar crinkle. (I had heard the sound of plastic baby goods being handled is a reassuring one, a turn on for Adult Babies.) I placed this beneath his big bulk, pulled off the protective plastic pants, and removed his wet diaper, which he tossed into a conveniently placed diaper pail.

He spread apart his chubby thighs, exposing his clean-shaven, flaccid genitals and told me his baby wipes were in a nearby duffle bag. I could see traces of powder as I cleaned up around his testicles. He asked for more talcum, handing me a bottle of Johnson's Baby Powder, which I sprinkled on his sex organs like powdered sugar on a soft croissant. He then pointed to the fresh paper diaper and raised his bottom so it could be placed beneath him.

Once I'd figured out which part of the diaper went over and up, and found the adhesive tabs, I thought I was home free. But before I could secure the diaper on each side, Chippy begged, in an even more babyish voice, if he could "make creamy."

He first squirted some baby lotion down there and without any tactile help from me, the man cooed and gurgled as he happily masturbated. (After giving him permission to use lotion, I'd removed myself from the bed.) It didn't take Chip long to come, lying there with the unfastened diaper beneath him. When he motioned for me to pull the adhesive tabs and diaper him, I suggested he use a baby wipe first. "No, the diaper will absorb all that," Chip replied in an adult tone, as if the baby act had finished with his orgasm. I asked myself whether this sort of thing was what Matt expected.

I saw Chippy a few hours later in the Littles Playroom wearing a baby blue onesie, crawling on the carpet while clutching a plush toy to his beefy neck and sucking on a pacifier. Joining him there were six other guys. One wore a long sleeper with a back flap, another had donned short denim overalls on top of a pastel, short sleeved t-shirt. NELicon attendees were often warned not to wear their baby gear, carry their teddy bears or show their diapers in the hotel lobby—all kiddie garb and activities were on the down-low. While a praise-the-Lord type church group prayed in the meeting room across the hall, in the Littles

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Playroom, over a dozen adults were dressed either as young children or babies, with an even number of boys to girls. According to the *Daily Diapers* website, there's a male-female split of 60/40 among diaper wearers, roughly the same as at NELicon.

Of the seven men in the playroom, three were cross-dressed as girls. Taffy was a forty-something guy wearing black Mary Jane shoes with white socks and a short pinafore printed in a cartoon rabbit motif. A blonde pigtailed wig completed the effect. The sixtyish Baby David wore an even shorter frilly dress with a white baby bonnet, meant to represent an infant baby girl. Most Littles were sprawled on the floor face down using crayons and coloring books, or sitting up on their knees building with Tonka toys. A man and woman, each dressed as a baby boy or girl, both sucked on special adult-sized pacifiers and giggled as they beat each other with green foam rubber bats shaped like swords.

I ran into Mommy Molly in the hall. "Molly, is it normal for male babies to ask for your milk?"

"Yes, very, but I do no breastfeeding. It's actually illegal in some locations."

"And is it typical for an AB guy to masturbate before being diapered?"

"Yes, but I won't have any of it. It's sexual contact. Not allowed. You can use the Schick Quattro shaver on them if they like being smooth down there but no yanking," she counseled briskly, patting me on the shoulder before waddling away.

Molly and I were recruited to supervise the Saturday afternoon Games With Mommy held in the Littles Playroom. She knew just how to lead the group into a game of Mommy Says and we took turns ordering the dozen plus Littles into different Simon Says scenarios. I observed how several name tags bore the suffix *chan*. A cross-dressing fellow in his twenties was a hyphen *chan* as were two girls in their early twenties.

"Why do so many Adult Babies have *chan* after their names?" I asked Taffy. It was early Saturday evening and we were watching the Adult Baby Fashion show. Several Littles walked a makeshift runway to loud nursery-appropriate tunes and enthusiastic applause. (A vendor supplied the colorful, comfy clothes. Later at the Los Ninos Tex-Mex

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dinner, winning models were announced.) “*Chan* means adorable little girl in Japanese,” Taffy explained. “The twenty-somethings or college kids came to wearing diapers through the Japanese anime culture that’s such a big influence over here.”

One such college girl, Lori-chan*, approached us. “Will you help me pin my bow?” she requested in a dulcet child’s tone. Her navy blue private school uniform was pure Cosplay, a term derived from costume play, which was largely inspired by Japanese anime, cartoons or video games. I pinned her red bow to a prim white cotton blouse worn beneath a tailored dark blue jacket, one bearing a school logo patch over the breast pocket. A matching kilt with white knee-high socks completed the Japanese schoolgirl look.

I had known how Japanese are big on *kwai* or cuteness, which finds expression in anime characters, plush toys, Hello Kitty accessories and kiddie fashions. But diapers? “Since where are diapers *kwai*?” I asked Taffy.

“Oh, diapers are very *kwai*, very big with the youth culture. If you don’t believe me, google Japanese anime and diapers.”

After dinner I used the hotel computer to do as Taffy suggested, and almost immediately, dozens of images appeared. The cartoons featured uniformed schoolgirls with their legs apart, a yellow stain spread on their exposed diapers, and a helpless look on those oversized faces. They typically featured big eyes and a smaller mouth—the proportions found on a baby, which we visually interpret as a state of innocence. But it was not just young girls long past their potty training years who were depicted as diapered, and using pacifiers or sucking on a baby bottle. I viewed infantilized and diapered preteen boys with non-diapered adult males. They often appeared alongside popular anime characters like Pokemon’s Pikachu, who had been spared the diaper. I found no images of solid waste on diapers, nothing depicting sexual conduct and very little showing diapers on those who actually wear them—babies and toddlers.

Before I could find Taffy to tell him he was right, I ran into one of the NELicon organizers. “You’re one of the few Mommies attending. We’re

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auctioning off an hour session with Mommy Molly for Sunday morning. Would you be the other Mommy people can bid on?"

"Jeez, I just diapered my first AB today. I'm not so sure I know what I'm doing, as Mommy Molly does."

"Oh, you'll be fine," he assured me. "There'll be a big interest in being with Mommy Joyce. And it's for a good cause."

I encountered Taffy in the hallway outside the Little Rascals Theater. In public spaces such as the hotel hall, he'd stash his blonde wig in a bag and put a raincoat over his pinafore. Although Taffy was handsome with a conservative appearance, in the way of a news anchor, he still looked like a flasher. Taffy pulled me aside to report: "Lori-chan is going to wet her first diaper but she's a little anxious about it. So she wants a woman there. Will you change her?"

"I don't deal with women," I answered dismissively, before adding: "And I certainly don't have enough experience."

"O.K.," he answered easily. "I'll recruit Mommy Molly."

Doing diaper duty on a girl, especially one young enough to be my daughter, simply creeped me out. But the next morning, it should have come as no surprise when I was told the winning bid for Mommy Joyce's nurturing hour was from a college-aged girl.

I'd seen the petite brunette Rikki-chan* napping on a blankie, sucking on her pacifier and making Play-Doh animals when I supervised the Littles Playroom. "How old are you?" I asked as she confidently led me to her hotel room.

"About one and a half. I can't speak yet." For either her fantasy age or her biological age, she was far more poised and in control than I, at over sixty.

"O.K., but I've got to tell you—I've only taken care of one Adult Baby before and it went down yesterday. I fed him his bottle, changed his diapers. Do you like all that?"

"Yes, please. Plus baby food and a bath. And some cuddles." She spoke as an adult.

"Do you like guys or girls?"

"I'm not gay just because I want a mommy to take care of me. In

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real life, who takes care of babies? The mommies. All the daddies I've met who are into diapering girls—they get off on diapers with *sex*,” she confided, wrinkling her pert little nose. “I'm into wearing diapers, being taken care of, and getting babied—but not diaper sex. That's all so *not me*, and just so *not* what this is all about. It's an experience of being nurtured, going back to a pleasant time in my life. It's what I like and makes me feel good.”

After turning on the bath water, I visualized military man Matt within his cozy suburban home. Was this what he was looking for? I began to undress my young charge as she passively lay on the hotel bed. “Lift your hips, little baby.” Rikki-chan gurgled and cooed as I struggled with her tight spandex jeans and undid her bra. Now completely nude and affecting helplessness, she leaned on me. I offered my arm as she walked with unsteady legs to her bath.

Rikki-chan uttered some unbelievably authentic sounding baby noises while splashing about in the tub. Her pubic hair was natural and untrimmed, the breasts full as well. The most unusual thing about her naked body was the sizable Japanese anime character which had been tattooed in a noticeable spot. I soaped up a washcloth and began scrubbing her arms, legs, torso and back as she closed her eyes and smiled, sometimes hitting the bathwater surface with her open hands and squealing in joy. I had heard about diaper lovers entering “baby bliss” as they regressed, and thought this was what she was experiencing.

I got her to stand up, helped her out of the tub, then towel-dried the girl before leading her back to the bed. Her gait was as wobbly as before. I first put the diaper pad down on the mattress before having her lie down and lift her legs, which she kicked back and forth a bit in a relaxed rhythm. I fastened one side of the adult diaper with its velcro tabs, then the other. The diaper now on, she squealed with glee and slapped her thighs with the palms of both hands. A short, frilly pink dress with puff sleeves and a full skirt had been placed nearby. I helped her into it, as if she had no prior experience with putting her arms through sleeve holes. Considering the various baby noises Rikki-chan was making, she seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself.

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I cradled my arm for her head and tilted back her baby bottle so she could chug-a-lug Similac while leaning against my chest. Baby formula must be an acquired taste for adults, but she gulped it down hungrily and sucked on the nipple with a regular rhythm as her cheeks hollowed and filled again. While I held the bottle she looked up at me with such a needy expression, I considered perhaps she had been studying acting at school. Could she be authentically experiencing the helplessness of an infant? I held Rikki-chan against my breasts and patted her on the back until I heard her emit some stomach gas.

The girl babbled and pointed to some Gerber baby food in plastic containers she'd placed on a nearby nightstand. A pink terry cloth baby bib lay beside it along with a small-sized, pink plastic-coated metal spoon. I tied the bib around her neck, picked up the spoon, dipped it in the small glass jar and began feeding her as she lay propped up against me and in my arms. "Here comes the choo-choo train," I chirped, having heard this is what mommies tell their progeny before cramming food in their mouths. Rikki-chan opened wide and clapped her hands together, seemingly in delight. I tried not to get any apple-blueberry formula on her baby dress, but she purposely let the food dribble out the sides of her mouth, down her chin and onto the bib because that's where she thought the food should be.

After feeding her, I removed the food-stained bib and popped a jumbo sized pacifier between her lips. (Baby pacifiers are a size two, I learned, while Adult Babies use a size five.) As she held a stuffed animal and sucked away, I sang her old songs as a gentle lullaby, all the while stroking her hands, arms and scalp. I hoped it had been an hour full of gentleness for Rikki-chan while she revealed her inner self to another, a stranger who'd assumed the caregiver role.

It was soon time for the Little Miss Adult Baby Princess Contest, which Rikki-chan was keen to enter. Our session over, we could now speak to each other as adults. I helped her into a short lacy black sa-teen Gothic Lolita number. (In Cosplay, the term Lolita does not imply sex—Lolitas dress modestly and go for a cutesy yet elegant effect. Gothic Lolitas wear mainly black with a few crosses and other Goth touches in

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the mix.) As I tied her back sash and buttoned her Peter Pan collar, I laughed about the fact I had a Cosplay outfit, too—I dressed as the anime character Sailor Moon.

Rikki-chan seemed surprised to hear this, as if a teen had learned her Mom had discovered and was secretly listening to Iggy Azalea. “You’re kidding? Very cool. I like anything Japanese. Sushi. Kimonos. Toyotas. Are you into anime?”

“No. I just go as a Sailor Moon, the Japanese schoolgirl, on Halloween.”

After Rikki-chan went on to win the Little Miss Adult Baby Princess title, Taffy recruited me to help him feed her in a special high chair he’d brought to NELicon. He had taken a plastic car seat meant for special needs children and retrofitted it into a BDSM contraption. Taffy covered Rikki-chan’s black sateen smock with a plastic bib and asked if we could secure her hands and feet in restraints. After she nodded a consent, I helped place her wrists and ankles into the velcro closed cuffs which attached to the high chair. Taffy then proposed he put in a pacifier she could not remove. The girl gurgled an agreement then opened her mouth for a forced pacifier, one attached to a strap in back of her head. Rikki-chan took to bondage as enthusiastically as she was into anything Japanese, or being babied.

Taffy, now changed out of his pigtailed wig and pinafore, was kind enough to drive me to the train station. I’d met some people, had new experiences, learned a lot—exactly what you take away from most conferences. But for Taffy, the high point of NELicon was being there on Saturday night for Lori’s first wetting.

The 21-year-old Lori-chan had told her parents where she was going (to a Littles convention) and what she would be doing (dressing as a child). She revealed to them her longing—she had felt a desire to wear diapers ever since she was about five years old. (Around age five is when those who later become Adult Babies first feel the urge to get back into diapers for emotional comfort.) Lori’s parents didn’t understand, she confessed—instead they were horrified.

Taffy had rubbed Lori-chan’s feet to make her feel comfortable as

she sat in his big high chair. With much trepidation, she'd urinated in a diaper for the very first time, something young Lori had been fantasizing about for several years. Taffy later spoke about the event: "Her candor, sweetness and innocence were all so touching. The way she allowed me to be there—it was such a privilege to be a part of her first wetting," he declared with father-of-the-bridal pride and emotion.

As Taffy took my luggage out of his car, a nearby woman observed us, as we appeared to be an attractive couple. Out of his Taffy clothes he looked every bit the middle aged hottie, thoroughly assured and comfortable in his conservative preppy wear. "You've got to get into wearing diapers yourself," he advised me, smiling seductively. "The secret, the crinkle, the wetness. You'll love it."

But taking care of an Adult Baby was not one of the many sensory experiences I was then craving. It just wasn't a desirable 24/7 lifestyle for me, as I later explained to a disappointed Matt. After recovering from years of crippling pain and having turned sixty, I wanted to be taken care of. It was neither mommy-domme nor a vanilla husband I sought. I began to wonder whether it was a submissive man I was looking for, or just maybe a slave.