

2. Disaster

(Erick)

I would like to know the exact moment when I started with this taste (if you can call it that), because whenever I try to think of my oldest memory about this, it usually comes up at some point, perhaps a deeper memory of an indeterminate time, buried somewhere in me that can come from anything. I remember myself as a child, maybe about 6 or 5 years old, getting lost in the aisles of the supermarket, stopping with nervous curiosity in the baby aisle. Looking with silent excitement at colorful diapers and pleasant smells that filled me with a pleasant and indecipherable feeling.

I was an only child and according to my parents, I was potty trained at a very young age, so really my only memory of wearing diapers were those fake memories of old photos in a photo album, where Mom and Dad each held me by one hand and taught me how to walk, while one wore a huge, colorful cloth diaper.

After that, my only contact with those childish things were my younger relatives, I being the oldest of my cousins, little by little some diapers arrived home that ended up disappearing little by little without anyone noticing.

I am ashamed to say that I was a diaper thief... but I would have been more ashamed to admit at the time

that I wanted to try them on and feel them when at the same time everyone considered me to be a very mature and responsible child for my age. So it remained a solemn secret, one that I will take to my grave if possible.

Another of those memories that one would think would be difficult to forget, came back to me very recently, back around the time I was moving. Mom had gotten my little apartment thanks to the contact of an acquaintance of hers; an old neighbor who had lived on our street a few years ago. She was a lady of Asian origin, or so it seemed to me, with her very fine and characteristic facial features.

Mrs. Violeta. She rented me the apartment, but when I was younger, maybe 8 or 7 years old, I remembered that my parents would sometimes leave me in her care. On one of those rare occasions, I remembered meeting one of her nephews... or maybe a niece? I don't remember well. I liked being alone with Mrs. Violeta, she let me do my thing, watching television, sometimes she even put on an anime that my parents would never let me watch, or we sat down to color or play cards. But that time when her niece took care of me was different. She was older than me, and somehow we ended up playing house. I didn't really like those kinds of girl games. I hated having to pretend to be older, coming home with my wife and doing all the drama as if it were a soap opera. But somehow I ended up in the role of a baby, and I loved it. I remember I even wore diapers and all that... well, over my clothes, in a ridiculous way over my pants. But that didn't mean I wasn't delighted to play at being a little boy, using a bottle and crawling around. I guess I just went along with the game and enjoyed it.

Remembering that made me feel both happy and sad. I hoped Mrs. Violeta wouldn't remember, although I

really didn't remember if she was there or not at that moment, or what else happened. My current relationship with diapers and ABDL was a bit different. Since I had discovered the community, I had identified more with the DL (Diaper Lover) side, the one that only likes diapers themselves and all the sensations inherent to them.

Playing the role of a baby and going into voluntary regression was not my thing... or at least that's what I thought until a few years ago, before the incident where I had to take care of my little cousins on vacation... Where I ended up in a complicated situation and they ended up discovering my secret. Fortunately, I knew how to fix the situation and save my secret. And well, that's a different story.

But ever since that had happened, something in me had awakened, a tiny but constant longing to experience things I had only heard about from others. Unfortunately for me, I lived in one of those ABDL deserts; literally and figuratively. Where I lived, I hadn't found a single other person who had my tastes or anything remotely similar.

It was a bit frustrating to even start looking; creating a bunch of profiles for each of the platforms out there, from the most well-known to the least popular, only to find myself with the same sad and lonely outcome of my own existence. I guess having the pleasure of wearing diapers in an arid, desert area of the country, with hellish heat for most of the year, was not something that contributed much to being ABDL in my area.

I had already come to terms with the fact that it would be a difficult search. But at least I would have the

hope of being there when someone else showed up. In the meantime, I felt like my best friends in the world were online. They lived far away, but we had a lot in common besides our love for diapers and baby stuff, and at least I tried to connect often to talk to some of them.

Coming back from my thoughts, which were taking me away from the desire to release the contents of my intestines into my diaper, I finally arrived at the hardware store. I went in a little scared, I didn't know exactly how to ask for it, but without much conviction I approached the counter, where there was no one and only a small service bell that I rang a couple of times.

"I'm coming!" said a thick, warm voice from the back.

In no time and to my surprise, Valentin appeared in front of me. That tall, dark-skinned boy I had seen just a moment ago in the morning before finishing my shift.

—Hello! How can I help you?

—I...uh... —I stammered nervously.

I should clarify a few things here. I had known Valentin for a few years. I assumed he lived near my parents' house, because sometimes when I went out for something or was on my way to school I would see him jogging home, most likely from the gym or something like that. I knew his name by pure chance, because once when we ran into each other on a corner and almost collided, he managed to avoid me with the reflexes of a wild cat, although in doing so he left

behind a name tag that bounced out of one of his pockets.

I noticed this instantly, and out of pure reflex I made a monosyllabic shout to get his attention, waving the piece of plastic with his name on it high in the air. Just as he came back to take it with a smile, I could clearly see the letters of his name; VALENTINE.

Those letters were etched into my mind, it was a name that fit him perfectly and every time I saw him from afar, making the same journey every day, the syllables of that name came to my mind and wanted to come out of my mouth. My mind kept questioning what school he went to or his age. And more than a few times I had dreamed that we were in the same high school class or that he was my babysitter in some strange dream.

Having him in front of me now, so unexpectedly, made my stomach turn.

“Ahhh!” I screamed through gritted teeth as I doubled over onto my stomach. My body was beginning to cry out for mercy.

—Ohh, are you okay, buddy?

—Yeah... I'm fine, I just need one of those tubes for my toilet tank, you know with the pump and all that.

—A toilet fitting?

—Yes, I need one of those. My bathroom has been wasting water for a long time. It has thrown out all the water from the tank.

—Ohh, are you sure that's it? If your tank isn't leaking or the float is working properly, it might be more of a Toad thing.

"A toad?" I said, not understanding what I meant. What would a toad be doing in my bathroom?

—Yes, it's the flap that separates the tank from the bowl. It's operated with the toilet lever. Do you know if it sealed properly?

—Huh? Well, I don't know. But the tank doesn't leak, it just wastes water whenever I'm not careful.

—Well, maybe that's the only problem. Trust me, hardware is expensive and a bit complicated to install, but the toad will only take a minute.

—I... I don't know. I had looked it up on the internet and thought it was a hardware issue...

—How about we do something? I might have to go out and run some errands, so if you want I can take you home and look at the problem. If you prefer, we'll bring a set of hardware and some Toads and see what we can do. Whatever it is, we'll fix it for you. What do you think?

—Wow, well... I won't say no to that. If it's not too much trouble.

—Not at all. Wait for me outside, I'll be out in a second, it's the brown and cream Ford pickup truck.

I left after he said that and he disappeared into the aisles of the warehouse behind him. As soon as I left I could make out the vehicle I had mentioned, an old, somewhat faded pickup truck that revealed some polished metal and a lot of rust everywhere. Well... he

worked at a hardware store, maybe he owned the place or something like that.

Just as he said, he was soon out as well, carrying a pair of shovels on his shoulder in one hand and a plastic bag in the other. He tossed the shovels into the bed of the truck and opened the door of the vehicle, almost jumping in. He reached inside and opened the passenger door for me.

—Okay, buddy, where's your house?

—Ahh, yes, I live two blocks away, on Cerezos. It's a big building, the one that looks like a school.

"I know which one it is, how interesting that you live there," he said with a smile and starting the truck with a turn of the key.

Everything seemed to shake for a moment when I started the engine, I felt pushed and leaned my back against the seat as Valentin accelerated. It didn't take us long to reach my apartment.

—I usually work in maintenance at this building, actually. So I know the place well. What's your number?

—I'm on the 23rd. To the shore —I said, getting out of the truck and walking toward the door.

We both went up the stairs to the second floor hallway, where my apartment was. I quickly opened the door and got a little nervous, trying to think if I had left something compromising in sight. Nothing came to my mind and we ended up going inside.

Fortunately, we only found the usual mess: a few papers on the table, some socks on the floor and a

half-empty jug of purified water next to the window. Valentin headed to the bathroom door without asking me. It was obvious that he knew the building well and most likely all the apartments were the same.

—It wasn't a school, you know. This building was actually a hospital. About 30 or 40 years ago or so. It was remodeled as a small hotel and then it became a building with small rooms/apartments for students and workers. The owner knew how to take advantage of the location.

“Wow, I had no idea, really,” I said sincerely, moving closer to see what he was doing.

Valentin had already removed the toilet tank lid and was examining the interior carefully.

—It doesn't seem to be sealing the Toad completely. Don't worry, I'll change it in a minute!

I was glad for that, my body was starting to agonize a little while another stomach cramp made my insides shudder. I started to sweat without realizing it. For a moment I thought about maybe running to the Oxxo, I was still wearing my uniform and I could easily apologize to Yolanda while I ran to get into the bathroom.

"Are you okay, buddy?" Valentin asked as he watched me dance a little behind him.

—Yeah I am, I'm just a little rushed this morning. Do you think you can...

—I'm almost done, I just need to tighten the chain a little.

I was silently going crazy so I retired to my room. My body was giving out, and involuntarily a couple of farts came out of me scaring the shit out of me.

—No no no... just a little longer, hold on —I encouraged myself in a whisper while I put my hands on my butt trying to stop the inevitable.

—There you go, buddy, it's done! —Valentin said, coming out of the bathroom and approaching the door of my room.

I heard his footsteps and suddenly fear took over me. I run towards him, trying to keep him away and not see my shelves full of diapers or my wardrobe with onesies and rompers. I managed to intercept him and stop him with my hands, while he looked at me with a confused face.

—Everything okay, buddy? You're sweating a lot.

—Yes, I am... ahhh! —another strong cramp made me read once more, now in front of Valentin.

I felt another gas escape, but this time something else came out as well. I froze there, turning bright red as I began to feel my diaper filled with the mess of my insides.

—My friend, you... —Valentin barely said anything when it was obvious that he had realized what was happening. His face showed visible confusion, while I was filled with shame and embarrassment.

I swallowed the last of my pride and pushed him to the exit, where, with his confused face, he watched as I closed the door almost in his face.

—Hey, wait! —he said without understanding anything.

I just threw myself against the door and started crying, like a desperate baby. In silence.

—Go away!

—But about the toad.

—I'll pay you back later, you know where I live and I know where you work!

There was silence for a moment as hot tears ran down my cheeks and landed at my feet. I heard Valentin take a few steps down the hall and walk away. Until he turned back and knocked on the door.

—What do you want?! —I said, as frustrated and angry as I could be. Not at him, but at myself.

—Let me help you. I know you don't have water, but I have a place nearby where you can bathe, if you want.

We stayed silent for a moment longer. Until I finally opened the door again and looked at him with my eyes still swollen and my cheeks red.

—Yes, let me go get my clothes.

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