

El Bebé de Valentin



Dorian Logan

Valentin's
Baby

1. Growing Up

(Erick)

Sitting on a stepladder, I waited for clients to arrive, trying not to fall asleep. It was almost 6 in the morning, so my shift would end in just over an hour. After serving some students and people in a hurry to not miss their transportation to work or their respective schools.

I had been working for a couple of months at that convenience store near my current residence. Yes, an OXXO, as it was one of those few jobs that allowed me a flexible schedule so I could study on the weekends and earn a little extra money to pay for the room where I was staying.

It had been very difficult for me to convince my parents to try living on my own during my years of study. The university had a half-career plan in my town and the other half in another state. So it seemed like a good idea to take that year and a half as a preparation to live on my own, not too far from my parents for anything and to be ready for more complete independence once it was time to leave and really survive on my own... It was not very easy to convince them of the point of all that because for dad it was a useless expense to live a few kilometers away if I could stay with them and go to university anyway for the rest of the course until it was time to leave. But mom was more optimistic and somehow recognized my maturity in the face of that proposal. She was so excited about the idea that in a few hours she was

already making calls and got me the room where I am currently staying.

She is without a doubt a fast-acting woman with whom you cannot joke about serious things because she immediately takes them on and does everything in her power to make them a reality. I couldn't be more grateful to have her trust, although she always stressed to me that she would be attentive to me all the time and on the phone in case I needed something or had an emergency.

He even offered to make me some meals from time to time that would last long enough if I froze them... but I refused. I wanted to experience independence as much as possible and be ready for the new things of adulthood.

Adulthood... of course, that moment when you take responsibility for your own existence and the weight of the world begins to fall on your shoulders without you even realizing it. I already had a little savings from some jobs here and there for the neighbors; things like installing video systems, repairing some computers or solving some basic problems with their phones and digital devices. Typical things that I suppose every young adult with internet access knows, but that I knew how to monetize enough thanks to my mom thinking I was some kind of electronic guru. Which in a certain sense I was for the type of problems that old people and elderly women on my block ended up having. All that money that for me was a lot quickly went to advances on the room and the rent for the month. Although once I got a job it was a little less painful because I could at least save and have a more stable income while on the weekends I rested and studied at the university.

Until Sundays came, and finally adult responsibilities stopped. I tried to do my university assignments quickly, when I had time, or leave them for the downtime at work... and my break from work things arrived.

I took advantage of my solitude and took the suitcase with padlocks from under the bed, and using the little key that I wore on my wrist bracelet, I opened the padlock that gave me access to my most valuable possessions: my ABDL diapers and clothes.

It had been quite an adventure to get those diapers out of the house. First I set out to finish as many as I could before moving, in the end I had to give some to a friend in another city, I sent them by mail and everything, which was difficult because I thought I would have to deal with some kind of inspection or something. Fortunately, there was no such thing, I guess I was lucky, although even so, I wouldn't do it again.

It took me a while to gain confidence and take ownership of the space. I had only put a few stuffed animals on the bed, a colorful astronaut bear duvet, and a couple of *Full Metal Alchemist* posters on the white walls. But it was time. At least the area that separated my "bedroom" from the dining/living/kitchen area was more private thanks to a sliding wooden door, so when my parents came to visit me or drop off something, they couldn't see my bedroom. So little by little I started to take the contents of the suitcase out onto the shelves next to my bed and have a small improvised space for my diapers and ABDL clothes, which slowly grew. I was happy to see even a couple of unopened packages next to a few assorted diapers.

Independence can be hard at times but you get used to that nice feeling of freedom very quickly. A friend even celebrated my move out with me and gave me some Abu Little Kings. I am eternally grateful to him, and I have somewhat kept my promise to wear some at work.

The night shift was hard, I was often given it in exchange for weekends off. But at least it went by quickly when you had something as comfortable as a diaper between your legs. I loved these lion diapers very much because they were so similar to the first diapers I remember from my childhood... even if I had considered myself a more DL-inclined person all this time. There was something about those cute diapers that brought out my more childish side when I wore them. And it was noticeable, I felt more confident with myself, happier and more tolerant of everyone or it didn't seem like anything could make me angry, just because I felt like a naughty child hiding cute diapers under his uniform.

—I'm here! Super Sorry baby Eric! My alarm has completely failed... —said Yolanda, my coworker, rushing in and gracefully moving her short legs behind the checkout counter.

I watched her in amusement, yet sleepily, turning my head to look at the clock on the screen in front of me. It was 7:06 in the morning. She was only a few minutes late, I made my cut which was almost done and gave her a smile.

—There you go, all yours!

—How can you look so fresh after a couple of days on the night shift? I can't stand the dark circles it gives me after just one day on the night shift.

—Well, I sleep all day before and I moisturize my skin... I can recommend some creams if you want.

—No, now. You're just a collagen-filled kid, wait until you reach my age and you'll surely look like a raccoon like the rest of us mortals.

I laughed softly, with a smile. She was only about 5 or 4 years older than me, but that already made her feel like quite the lady in comparison. So, while she was receiving the cash register, he appeared at the door; that dark-skinned, tall, strong boy with straight hair crossed the entrance and gave us a calm look that melted me in a second, before he started searching in the health and hygiene section.

Yolanda seemed to notice my infatuation, until she subtly raised her gaze and could see the cause, she smiled mischievously and tried not to laugh out loud.

—You should be less obvious, Erick, you're going to make him wince... —she whispered, giving me a light elbow in the ribs.

—Shhh shut up! —I said, approaching her with an angry face.

That boy had caught my attention for a long time. I didn't know how long... I thought I remembered him from somewhere, and I saw him frequently on the street when I lived with my parents. Although suddenly for a while I stopped running into him and until recently it was just that coincidence had taken me to perhaps the OXXO closest to his house, so I saw him almost every day or at least when I had the night shift, entering through that door in the mornings.

She always carried an energy drink, some oatmeal cookies or some candy, but this time she had something extra: some sanitary pads, which she

brought to my box. I stared at the items for a moment, wondering what to do with them, until my companion broke my thoughts.

"Is it for your girlfriend?" Yolanda asked the boy, with genuine curiosity.

I couldn't believe what she was saying and blushed like a tomato, starting to scan the articles.

—Oh, no no. I don't have a girlfriend.

—Ahh, so for your sister maybe, your mom?

The boy seemed confused for a moment at this question. He just smiled as I gave him the price of everything and he paid exactly as he wanted, taking his things and leaving immediately.

—Yolanda! Why did you do that?

—Do what? Ask him what you wanted to ask him?

—No, it's not that, it's just that... You made him uncomfortable!

—You've been drooling over him all month. A little reality check wouldn't hurt. What if he has a girlfriend? He buys those towels every month and a half.

—Well, he doesn't have one, you've already heard. Maybe he just...

—Maybe he just likes them? Maybe he has a fetish for sanitary pads, like you do for diapers, right?

Yolanda said that and I just stayed silent, blushing even more. I felt like a living traffic light. She had

discovered me wearing diapers a few weeks ago and well, she is a girl with whom I get along well enough to try to explain ABDL things to her. The truth is, it was super complex to explain and I think I did it really badly, but she took it upon herself to investigate the subject and clear up any doubts, only to end up accepting me in her own way and telling me that she had no problem keeping my secret.

—Well, I don't know what to think about that. It could be a lot of things. And well, in the end it doesn't matter. It catches my attention, but that's all.

—Ok, maybe next time I'll ask her if she likes you...

—You wouldn't! —The embarrassment was turning into anger in my body and I looked at her seriously. —I'd have to ask to be moved to another store if you do that! And no one's going to save you from night shifts then!

—Damn, I hadn't thought of that! Well, you're out of the picture for now. But I'll keep insisting that you should try it. You're not a teenager anymore, Erick, boys date boys and girls date girls and there's no point. There's nothing wrong with asking her. Stop wasting your time like you're a high school kid in love.

She had a point, maybe. But I preferred to take things slowly rather than feel uncomfortable with someone I saw almost daily. And even if things did work out, we would only have a year to be together before continuing my studies far away. It was all so complex and absurd.

I finished handing the box to my partner and left the store. Fortunately, it was only a couple of blocks to walk to a small building where my little apartment/room was. I hadn't used my diaper that

much, I had just wet it a little, but what I wanted more than anything in the world was to take a bath before going to sleep. I pulled down my pants, to stand in front of the mirror and see that comical silhouette of a boy with huge, childish diapers with a little lion in front, little stars and that slightly bluish line that warned that maybe he needed to change.

I smiled amusedly, waddled over with my pants still around my knees, and turned on the shower faucet, only to realize that no water was coming out and instead only a shudder of trapped air in the pipes and its echo were released. I sighed in frustration, and walked over to the toilet bowl only to find out what I feared; the tank was empty. The water in my tank had completely emptied, due to a defect with the tank that I already knew about, but that I had put off fixing for too long.

To make matters worse, my stomach was begging for mercy, trying to unload itself. Which would be impossible if I wanted to fix that today. So I took my pants and my wallet back and went out to the nearest hardware store. Maybe if I had known what would happen later, I would have preferred to take all the options that could have been available to me; like calling a taxi to a supermarket, or maybe asking my dad for help and having him take me to another hardware store or walking a couple of blocks more to find another one... but no. Fate wanted me to go to that place at that time, and for the things that happened to happen.

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