



# Hello My Name is Fox

The Chronicles of a non-speaking  
teenaged diaper baby

By diapernh

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*By Diapernh*

## *Author's notes:*

The main character in this story uses a computerized voice due to being non-speaking. When he uses his device it will be ***BOLD ITALIC CAPS***

Due to the formatting not carrying over from Word where I write all my stories, I will be doing this one as a PDF

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# Chapter 1 – Welcome to my life

My alarm rang with the *BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!!* That is all too familiar, signaling it is time to rise and shine... whatever!

I reach over and turn off my alarm on my phone before rolling over onto my back, feeling the nice warm feeling around my mid-section. I toss my teddy bear off to the side as I sit up in my crib and awkwardly unlatch the side rail and left it gently lower down and then swing my legs over the side and stand up. Now feeling the full weight of the sodden cloth diaper between my legs, being held up by my onesie and plastic pants.

My name is Joshua Fox Keaton, today is my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, but you would not know I was 16, heck I didn't even want to be 16 either.

I stepped into my bathroom and removed my onesie, lowered my plastic pants and unpinned the diaper. I rinsed it out in the shower before dropping the diaper and plastic pants in a sealed diaper pail that had soap in it and put my onesie in the clothes hamper.

Next, I hopped in the shower and took my time cleaning up and trimming my body hair that I had. I got out of the shower and brushed my teeth and flossed at the sink before returning to my bedroom.

I entered my walk-in closet and grabbed 2 thick cloth diapers and a smaller stuffer, plastic pants, a onesie and some overalls. I put the onesie and shortalls on the back of my chair and spread out a plain white diaper and lay one of the smaller toddler prefold diapers in the front of the larger adult pre-fold. I then folded it into thirds before laying it all inside a prefold contour diaper with sunflowers on it. I powdered the

back of the diaper and then climbed upon the changing table and raised my hips to slide the diaper under me. I powdered my front side before pulling the front of the diaper up, giving it a twist as I pulled the diaper tight and placed the diaper pins tightly to secure the diaper.

Next came the bright green plastic pants which accented the sunflower pattern of my outer diaper. I had just got a new onesie with a popular looking cartoon dog on it. I put a work shirt overtop. To finish the outfit off, a pair of shortalls. I grabbed my ipad and phone as I walked out of my bedroom and headed to the kitchen. I made myself some scrambled eggs and when I was done, washed my dishes and hands.

### ***Let me tell you how I grew up and my family....***

My parents Lisa and John were hippies, granola eatin', commune living hippies. Still are to some extent. They run a store and farm in our little town. The store has everything from groceries, herbs and oils, crystals, weed (it's legal here), hiking gear and more. The farm is really just a plant ranch. We grow and sell flowers and plants. After having me, my parents wanted to settle down where they could live by their own rules and beliefs.

Growing up my parents made sure I was well taken care of and loved by both of them. I was given all the freedoms that a child could ever want. We had dogs, cats, goats, and chickens. A creek that worked its way through our little ranch. We kept to ourselves and bothered nobody.

One area that my parents did not subscribe to is the need to push your children to hit arbitrary milestones. I learned to walk earlier than most children, I was smarter than my peers

as well. Though I fell behind my peers on talking. I just didn't. I understood and knew what people said but I did not talk. My parents took me to many doctors who could come up with nothing besides me being non-verbal; they wanted to say I was autistic but I was not checking all the boxes that fit the typical diagnosis, but years later it would be determine that I was in fact on the spectrum. I was more apt to point and grunt. I could say some small words like mom dad yes no, but I was enrolled in ASL classes and various speech therapy clinics when I was 3

I proved that I was very robust with my language skills, just not spoken. I started with picture cards or binders, then moved to an AAC device that could talk for me. The first device I got was so heavy for me to take with me, it was almost a hinderance rather than a tool. Thank goodness that iPads now exist. I have 1 iPad I use exclusively for AAC and another as a backup. We know AppleCare all too well, screens, batteries, water damage... you name it, it's happened.

I was homeschooled and my parents let me guide my schooling based on my interests.

Another area that I was never interested in was being potty trained. From an early age, I knew that the time spent having my diaper changed was time that I got to spend with my parents, just one-on-one time. I mean my parents both tried to get me out of diapers, but I knew I liked my diapers and wanted to stay in them, so after a year of trying to get me out of diapers they gave up. I was already 5 at the time and was able to 'voice' my opinion about it too.

Since I was home schooled, I never had to go to public schools and deal with being picked on for wearing diapers or

being non-verbal. My parents would change me in the morning and often I would run around our secluded property in just a diaper and plastic pants, or sometimes add a onesie onto it. Some concerned people said stuff to my mom about me being in diapers at my age, or running around in just a diaper. My mom would always tell those busybodies to mind their own business that she was perfectly capable of raising her child, and caring for him emotionally.

It was not that I did not know that I had used my diaper, I just did not bother to try to stop it. It was easier to deal with getting changed than to stop playing or whatever I was doing. When I was about 10 my mom told me that I shouldn't run around the property in just a diaper or diaper and onesie, because people may get upset.

My mom or dad would change my diapers all the time, but when I turned 13 my parents said that I had to start doing it myself if I wished to stay in diapers. So I soon learned how to fold and pin on the thick cloth diapers that I wore. My parents in no way would use disposables unless we would be away from home for the whole day or more.

My dad was that typical dad that can fashion anything out of junk and create all sorts of wood creations. Most of the furniture in my bedroom were made by my dad. My crib, changing table, rocking horse and other projects around the house.

My mom was the person who sewed her own clothes, and made many of my clothes too. While I do buy new clothes, we thrift store shop and modify clothes.

As a family we love traveling in the wintertime and a couple weeks in the fall and spring, when the plant ranch and store were closed. In the early days it was camping in tents or in

the back of the van. In the last many years, we bought a used Sprinter van and converted it into a camper. We lifted it up and added big tires. In addition we pulled a box trailer behind the van. This is where we store supplies, it has a shower, water storage and a toilet. We use the grey water from the shower to flush the toilet. There is a small low power washing machine too, we hang everything out on a clothesline.

There is room to bring the side-by-side and there is a bed that flips down for me to sleep in if I don't want to use a tent.

We have been all over the US and Canada, seeing many national parks and many national monuments too.

Dad and I have been working for a couple of years on renovating an old school bus as our new camper. It will have a master bedroom at the back, 4 bunks which can be converted into cribs. Mom insisted on a nice kitchen, so she gets a nice stove and oven.

We like to boondock so we put in two 3-way fridges, as you cannot get a big fridge that runs on propane and batteries. We put solar all on the roof to be able to power the rig, a big diesel generator is located in a compartment under the bus. Of course we have to do a bathroom and shower, so the tanks needed to support them as well were added.

### ***Back to my day....***

On the agenda for today is writing this story, chatting online and basically being free to roam around our farm. I had to go and check on the greenhouses and make sure the plants were watered, feed and water the chickens and goats. Then

I was free to ride my mountain bike, the side-by-side or whatever.

I filled my big insulated water flask and walked out the door. I could see at the front of the property that the gate to the plant nursery was already open and customers were milling around.

I hopped on my bike and rode though the path from the house to the greenhouses. I walked into the first one and hung my ipad on the hook, turned the water spigot on and grabbed the hose and wand and walked up the aisles of plants watering all on one side, and then back up the other side of the aisle, over to the other aisle, down and back.

Turned the water off, grabbed my ipad and check that one off the chore list. I did all 3 green houses. Next stop chickens, fed and watered, eggs gathered. I ran the eggs up to the garage and got to work on feeding the goats.

With all my chores done, I stopped at the garage and took my work shoes off and put my crocs on and rode my bike to the office for the plant ranch to see my mom.

### ***HI MAMA, MY IPAD SAID***

“Hey Fox, did you get all your chores done?”

I shook my head yes.

“Good, what are you going to do now?”

### ***DO YOU NEED HELP? MY IPAD SAID***

“Sure, why don’t you watch the counter while I stock outside.”

I gave her the sign for OK, and sat my iPad on the counter and kicked out the stand for it, so I could use it.

I had felt my diaper getting warm and heavy, likely due to all the water I've drank so far for the day. I knew I did not have to worry about changing for some time, I was very thickly diapered.

I rang a few locals up who had just stopped in for some soap, garden veggies, and stuff. I could already tell who my next customer was by the way she looked around, and up and down at me.

"Do you all take credit cards?, do you have any more of these" she said holding out a cactus.

I nodded my head yes and smiled

"Ugh you can't even answer me, what has gotten into your generation"

***I AM SORRY..... I AM NOT VERBAL....I DO NOT SPEAK, AND USE MY DEVICE TO COMMUNICATE..... PLEASE BE PATIENT. THE PREPROGRAMMED PHRASES PLAYED AS I TAPPED THE ICONS ON THE SCREEN.***

"Ugh! They will hire just any (R word we don't say) it seems" she mumbled, thinking I did not hear her.

Now, I'm mad! ***DO NOT CALL ME THAT WORD*** my iPad blasted. ***YOU.... CAN. LEAVE NOW***

Where is your manager, I know they don't leave people who can't even talk in charge.

I rang the loud fire bell that we have wired up, my mom came walking in.

“Is there a problem?” Mom said

“Your clerk here is rude, do you just hire anybody who warms a seat?”

“Pardon me...?”

From the other side of the office another customer piped up.

“Lady you called him retarded, what do you expect”

I was so mad I accidentally hit the speak button **YOU CAN LEAVE NOW**

“I think I agree, you won’t talk to my employees like that EVER! Your business is not welcome here ever, and that includes the mercantile up the road too”

The lady stomped out in a huff, slingin gravel as she left.

“You don’t ever have to take that, you are unique and wonderful, some people are just evil you know”

**I KNOW..... MOMMY. MEAN.... PEOPLE... SUCK**

I am usually able to communicate with customers using pre-made phrases. I love being at the plant ranch around all the plants. Plants are beautiful and don’t judge, you give them water and nutrients and they will blossom for you.

After that when mom was done stocking the outside displays I went and rode around the wooded trails for a couple hours until I felt the pressure of needing to mess. I rode up to the house and parked my bike and went inside right as I messed my diaper.

I went upstairs to my bathroom and got cleaned up before returning to my bedroom to get into a clean diaper. After I got changed I went back to my bathroom and emptied the water that my diapers were soaking in down the shower drain

before taking the pail down to the laundry room where I dumped them into the laundry sink and rinsed them out and threw them into the washing machine. While the machine was starting I hand washed my plastic pants and hung them to dry, taking the dry ones down in the process. I filled the bottom of the pail with more pre-soak enzyme cleaner concentrate before heading upstairs. With my empty pail and a laundry bag full of clean diapers and plastic pants.

To be honest, I had lots of plain white diapers. But an equal amount of printed ones as well. I tended to use the printed ones on the outside and fold the white ones on the inside. I sat in a chair and folded my clean diapers and then stacked them up in the storage cubes that I put my diapers and plastic pants into. It was early afternoon, this being early May the public schools were still in session. Since I was home schooled, I did my school pretty much whenever I had the time, so I was done for the week, and pretty much the year.

I checked my social media and texts before hearing the chime of the washer completing. I ran down to the laundry room and started the wash for the second time to rinse again. The basement is a fully finished basement. We have sofas and chairs down there, in addition to a TV and small bar area. I decided to hang out down there till the washing machine stopped and then move the diapers to the clothesline out back.

While scrolling my social media, I got a text from Randy up the road wanting to know if I wanted to go ride around the woods between our houses. He had just gotten home and off the bus. I told him I had to finish washing and hanging my diapers up outside, then I could.

*Mind if I come over and hang while you wait?* He replied

*Sure if you want to.* I replied

Soon enough I heard the door from the garage open, followed by the basement door and Randy coming down the stairs.

“Daily diaper duty time?” He rhetorically asked

**YES YOU KNOW SOMEBODY HAS TO DO IT. I WEAR THEM I WASH THEM.** I replied. **I WEAR THEM I WASH THEM.**

He chuckled.

**THEY SHOULD BE DONE SOON**

When the buzzer rang I went and got them out of the washer and into a laundry basket. Randy and I walked out the basement door and into the backyard towards the clothesline. I proceeded to grab diapers and clothespins and started hanging the wet diapers up. Randy grabbed one from the basket and hung it up, totally not being grossed that he was hanging up something that I literally peed in before washing it.

**THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME**, my iPad played.

“You are more than welcome” Randy said.

I could see he was getting awkward about something that I knew all too well with him.

**WHAT, YOU WANT TO WEAR ONE? WHY BE AWKWARD ABOUT IT. YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.** I typed into the iPad and had it read out

“I know it’s just ya know” He stuttered

***OUR PARENTS KNOW, NOBODY CARES. JUST HANDS OFF MY BLUEY DIAPER! MEET YOU IN THE GARAGE.*** I typed as we walked back into the house.

Randy and I have been friends for years since he moved in about 10 years ago. At first when he found out I still wore diapers he was grossed out and said that only babies wore them. Then one time when he slept over he got up the nerve to ask how they felt. I told him he would have to try one to know and after much debate he decided to be brave and try one on. He was totally clueless about putting them on, as he had only seen people diapering their babies in disposables. I had to help him get the diaper on. He ended up wearing it that night but did not use it and wanted it off in the morning. I think we were 11 or 12 at that time.

That would not be the last time Randy had asked me if he could wear one of my diapers.

## Chapter 2 – Sure you can borrow some diapers.

At first it was just when he stayed over and after that first time he wanted to stay over often. Then one night after we were supposed to be in bed, he had diapered up. At some point in the night my mom looked in on us and saw that he was diapered. The next morning was awkward when she asked him why he was in a diaper, did he have a bedwetting problem?

Randy stayed away for a month or so, until our mom's talked.

“I have noticed that Randy and Fox have not been hanging around much anymore, did Randy do something that caused this?” Randy’s mom asked

“No, just typical tween stuff. Last time he stayed there was some an awkward situation, and I think that he was too embarrassed to come over any more.

”I remember that day he came home and just gave short answers and ran up to his room. What happened?”

“I shouldn’t say anything it’s personal and probably embarrassing for him”

“What was it?”

“When he slept over, he had put on one of Fox’s diapers and plastic pants. I had thought he had been wearing them before, but found out for sure that night”

“So that’s why he was wanting to stay over all the time, figured it was something. Was he just wearing or was he using them? Eh doesn’t matter.”

“What is your opinion about it? We will ensure that if you don’t want him wearing them that he does not, but he is still very welcome to come over.”

“Honestly, I kind of thought something was going on. I see him acting weird about diaper commercials and for some reason he always has to walk down the diaper aisle in the grocery store. I personally don’t care as long as it does not cause problems”

“If you want, I can get you some of Fox’s diapers for you to leave at home?”

“I don’t want to put you out or anything?”

“I’ll get you 2 sets, diapers and plastic pants, you can always buy some if you need more, or bring them back”

Those 2 sets of diapers were placed in Randy’s top drawer by his mom, for Randy to find them. She left a note “*Let’s Talk, mom*”. A day or so later he noticed the cloth diapers and the note. Randy knew my mom must have talked to his mom. So she knew. He took the note to his mom one night when it was just the two of them at home.

“Hey mom, uh um I got your note....”

“I assume you saw what was below the note too, so you know I know too”

Randy turned seven shades of red from the embarrassment of his mom knowing that he had worn diapers at my house many times. He really did not want to talk about it.

“Honey, your dad and I know, and we are fine with if you want to wear diapers every now and then. We don’t want it to become a thing, but if you want to try them it is fine. All we ask is that if you do use them, you are responsible for washing them.”

“I’m sorry mom, this is so embarrassing, and you told dad too, why would you do that?” He cried

It took several days but he eventually gave into the temptation one night, putting a diaper and plastic pants on and going to bed. The next morning his mom went to wake him up and found him diapered. He was mortified but his mom was unfazed.

“What, it’s not like I have not seen you in diapers before, your dad certainly did not change you when you were a

baby. Get some clothes on or get changed, breakfast is ready”

Randy got out of the diaper and got dressed, it was the weekend and he really would love to stay diapered all day, but it was just too embarrassing for him to be in a diaper around his mom and dad.

Quietly his mom bought him a dozen more sets of diapers and sent the two sets back to my mom. His mom would launder the new ones. It took some time before he finally got up the nerve to actually use a diaper. Then the awkwardness of getting them washed came up. His mom showed him how to run the washer, and how to care for the diapers and plastic pants.

There would be Saturdays that he would stay diapered all morning playing on his computer, but he was holed up in his room. Usually if he wanted to wear during the day when school was out, he came to my house, where he could be diapered up, and nobody would bat an eye about it. Which brought us to this afternoon.

After Randy got himself diapered, he met me in the garage where I was getting my mountain bike gear on. Helmet, gloves and kneepads on. One could tell that Randy was diapered under his jeans.

## Chapter 3 – The Barry Boys

The back side of our property was pretty much untouched woods, except that Dad, Randy and myself carved a nice mountain bike trail into it that we loved to ride. The woods bordered on a old railbed that was long since removed. There was an old removed bridge that covered an old creekbed and created the perfect dip hill. The family down the road, the Barry's had 3 boys who were totally out of control; they liked to ride the rail bed too, and used to be able to ride our wooded trail too, until there were issues. They were just rude, horrible people.

We are talking about doing horrible things, they once set a fire in a neighbor's field that got out of hand. Opening a gate and letting somebody's cows out of the pasture. Riding their 4-wheelers in a field and tearing it up. Of course, their parents basically ignore and downplay any and all mischief that they get into. My dad caught them on our property one too many times and had since barred them from riding on our property, but that did not stop them; we even had proof from our trail cameras. Anyway getting off topic here.

Randy and I rode back to the woods and started riding when I notice 3 others up ahead and I stop. Sure enough it was the Barry's.

"You are not supposed to be here" Randy piped up

"So, what are you and diaper boy going to do about it?" One of them yelled

***"I HAVE NOTIFIED MY DAD AND HE HAS CALLED THE SHERIFF"***. My iPad said.

“Whatever!, Let’s go, we won’t get in trouble, diaper freaks”  
the oldest Barry boy yelled as they rode away.

**“DAD SAID WE WILL BUILD FENCE.”**

“yeah hope he makes it an electric one”

**“OH SHOCKING.... ZAP!”** My device played as I shook like  
being electrocuted

We rode around for about an hour before my ipad alerted me  
I had a message. My dad had sent me a message that he  
officially had a trespass warning issued to the Barry’s;  
hopefully they won’t be bothering us again.

Randy and I talked about what else we wanted to do this  
summer

**“DAD AND I HAVE OLD BUS ALMOST READY.”** I said

“Cool, are you planning any trips?”

**YES YELLOW STONE PARK. ROCKYS**

“That should be fun, how long will you be gone?”

**THREE WEEKS, YOU SHOULD COME**

“I don’t know if my parents will let me.”

**IT WOULD BE FUN, BE IN DIAPER ALL TIME**

“Hmm that might be fun, but I don’t have enough for that  
time. I only have about 8 sets.”

**I HAVE LOTS, WE HAVE WASHER CLEAN THEM**

“I gotta get back to the house, I gotta poop!” Randy said

**YOU HAVE A DIAPER ON GO HERE**

“I dunno, wetting is one thing, I only pooped once and it was bad and I’d never want to do that again”

***CHICKEN. YOU CAN CLEAN UP AT MY HOUSE, NO BIG DEAL***

“I just can’t do it, I want to make another run and then we will go back to your place”

When we got done running through trails, Randy had stopped and doubled over and I knew what he had done. “This feels so good and gross at the same time”

***YOU STINKY, RIDE BACK TO HOUSE***

He mounted his bike and as soon as he sat on the seat yelled “OMG this is so gross!”

I just let out a laugh and waived for him to come on. We rode back to the house, he tried to stay off the seat as much as possible, but that was not always possible.

We rode up to the garage at the house and I motioned for him to follow me as we waddled up to my room. I grabbed his arm and directed him to the awaiting changing table, I patted the changing pad to signal for him to jump up. He gave me a strange look, but hopped up on the table further smashing the mess into his backside. We had changed each other several times before. It’s not like it was a secret that we wore and used.

“Ugh, that just feels gross” he whined as he laid back on the changing table preparing to be changed; which I would do from time to time.

I grabbed a pair of gloves, wipes and moved a diaper pail close to the changing table... Here goes nothing! I tapped his leg and he lifted up, as I grabbed his waistband and

pulled his pants down and off his feet. Next up the plastic pants and then I unpinned his diaper. I grabbed a couple wipes and started cleaning his front before having him roll over and I started wiping the mess from his backside. It was horrendous and I gagged a couple times.

Once I got him cleaned up I asked him ***SHOWER OR ANOTHER DIAPER?***

“I think a shower, I got all sweaty out there riding.” He said as he sat up and hugged me and thanked me.

I handed him the small pail ***YOU RINSE DIAPER OUT IN POTTY***

“Ok I guess” he said smiling as he walked out the bedroom.

Randy had been at my house so much he knew where the towels were, and how to rinse out a dirty diaper. He came back in right as I was done getting my own messy diaper changed and heading to the shower.

I came back from the shower to find Randy in a onesie and diaper, and to find a fresh diaper, plastic pants and onesie waiting for me. He patted the top of the changing table like I had did to him. Soon enough he had me in another diaper and onesie.

## Chapter 4 – What the weekend holds

It was a Friday, so that meant pizza night, now the question was to make our own or order. I had texted my mom and dad to find out what they wanted to do. Dad said to get the pizza oven fired and to start making the dough.

Randy and I got wood from the wood pile and got the fire going. Then we went in the house, cleaned up and got the kitchen aid mixer out along with all the crust ingredients and began working on making the crust and then we let it rest in the bowl to proof.

We went to the garage fridge and got the rest of the toppings we would need like cheese, pepperoni, mushrooms, sausage, green peppers and more. I got a jar of homemade pizza sauce that we had canned earlier in the summer from the pantry.

By the time that mom and dad got home we had everything ready to go.

Randy had called his parents to see if he could stay overnight and of course the answer was always yes. Mom and Dad had invited them over for dinner as well.

On the back patio/ yard I was free to dress how I felt, and Randy usually would follow suit as well. We had an 8 foot privacy fence, so seeing in was not possible. While we were waiting for dinner to be ready we were tossing the football around, Randy and myself just running around in just diapers and onesies. When Randy noticed that his mom and dad had walked into the backyard he got really shy about being out in just a onesie.

“Randy, it’s not like I care if you would run around in nothing but a diaper. I know you are having fun and it does not bother your dad and I” She said.

We got our pizzas in the oven and were sitting around talking.

“So John, hows that schoolie coming along?” Randy’s dad asked

“Almost done, should be finished in the next couple of weeks. Then going to give it a trial run up at the lake. This summer we are going to take a road trip for a few weeks, go out west to Yellowstone, and the Rockies.”

“Sounds like fun a fun trip, I am sure Fox will enjoy it”

“Yeah, he will. Hey we’d be happy to have Randy come along if possible?”

“We can discuss it, but I see no problem with that, he should be out of school by then. If it would not be a problem”

My Mom replied “Oh no problem at all, Fox had been suggesting it since we started planning”

“OK, Pizzas are done, let’s eat” Dad said as he pulled the individual pizzas out of the oven with the pizza paddle. I grabbed the pizza blade and cut everybody’s pizzas. We all sat down and ate, sharing pizzas and making small talk.

“So Randy, Fox and his parents asked if you would like to go on vacation with them; your father and I are fine with you going if you want to” Randy’s mom said

“That’s awesome, gonna be fun” Randy said, excited

As the night wore on, the moms were having a glass of wine and the dads a beer. Randy and I were playing glow in the

dark frisbee and drinking soda. Randy was taking an empty can up to the trash can when his mom reached out to grab him. She immediately patted his diaper and stood up.

“Come with me” She said as she led him into the house for what I can only assume was a diaper change; which is weird because Randy said his mom had never changed him. About 15 minutes later she came back out but with no Randy.

My mom took that as her cue to get me. “Let’s go, your turn, it’s bedtime” she said as she guided me into the house. My mom had not changed me in 3 years, so I wonder why now.

We got into the house and into my bedroom. Randy was in my crib with the side closed, I could almost swear he had a pacifier in his mouth too. Mom directed me to the changing table and patted the top of it.

Soon enough I was stripped down to my diaper and plastic pants and my mom was removing them. After cleaning me with wipes, she proceeded to re-diaper me and pulled out a pair of light footed PJ’s that she had me sit up and get into.

“You’ll always be mommy’s little Foxy. Have a good sleep sweetie” She said as she opened the side of the crib and I crawled in.

She came back with two bottles of juice for us. “Now sweet dreams you two” She said as she turned out the lights, causing the nightlight to come on and bathe the ceiling with swirling stars.

***DID YOUR MOM CHANGE YOU TOO?*** I typed into my iPad.

“Yes, she has never done that before.... I loved it though” Randy said around the bottle nipple.

**MINE HAS NOT CHANGED ME IN YEARS EITHER,** I typed. I hung up my ipad on the holder inside the crib and went to sleep.

The next morning I woke up as usual, Randy was still sleeping but soon woke up. We both got out of the crib and lumbered down to the kitchen. Mom and dad were still home, as his store did not open until noon and neither did the plant ranch on Saturdays.

“Did you both sleep good last night?” My mom asked

“Yes” Randy said and I nodded

“Well there’s bacon and sausage on the table and I am making eggs as we speak. So dig in!”

We both made quick work of the food, like any growing teenagers would.

“What’s on your plans for today?” My dad asked

“Not sure” Randy said

**RIDE BIKES** I typed out

“Well why don’t I get the store opened up and we can work on the schoolie some?”

**THAT SOUNDS FUN**

“Yeah, I’m cool with that too” Randy said

“Ok, just come on down on the side by side and we can get to work. I gotta go open the store, but will see you soon” Dad said as he got up from the table and headed out the door.

“If you two are done eating, then you need to get your diapers changed and get dressed and down to the store” Mom said as she ushered us out of the kitchen.

Randy and I went back to my room but were followed by my mom. She had every intention of changing both of us and did just that too. It was not like we had't seen each other naked, as we had changed each other many times. But Randy had never been changed by my mom, nor do I recall him ever being changed by his own mom until last night. I could get used to this though. Even though a normal teenager would die if their parents saw them naked, let alone be changing their diapers. I mean it is not like she had not been changing me just 3 years ago.

On the ride to the store Randy asked me if I knew why our parents had suddenly decided to change us.

***NO CLUE REALLY*** was what I typed into the iPad, and that was the truth.

I could only recall one time in the last 3 years that she changed me, and that was when I had the flu and was so sick and out of it.

Once we arrived at the store, we headed around back and parked the side by side and went in the back.

“Hey boys, did you get all freshened up” which was my dads way if asking if we got our diapers changed and cleaned up.

We told him that we had.

Dad walked out of the back room into the store and let his employee know that he would be out back and to call him if he needed anything.

“Ok boys, we need to run some electrical and get things buttoned up and test stuff out.”

We followed my dad out back, where we spent the next 4 hours checking for plumbing leaks, making sure that all the outlets, appliances and such were working properly. Next dad started the bus up and checked that it was running correctly, generating electric from the solar, and from the generator. Next we took it out on the road.

We cruised down the road to the plant ranch where mom was and had her go through the coach and see if there was anything that she wanted to get changed on the coach before dad declared the project done.

Mom declared that everything was fine for her. “So everything works, there’s no other ‘little projects’ that are really bigger projects.

“Not unless you have other projects you want done. We just need to move everything in. Did you want to pull it to the back yard and then me go get the supply trailer and we start moving stuff in?”

“We have cheap labor at the moment, so we might as well” Mom said

Soon enough dad had pulled the Skoolie to the back yard and was back with the storage trailer. Randy and I along with mom and dad started unloading totes of camping supplies.

We were filling kitchen drawers and cabinets, bedding, linens and more. With all 4 of us we made quick work of it all. Mom and dad had been organizing much of this for the past month. It was about 6 PM when we finally got enough loaded into the bus.

“Ok, some little boys are stinky. Into the house you go” my dad said as he ushered us into the house, following us into my bedroom. I knew that I had been messy for a bit, and Randy must have been too. I mean we were sweaty from the work and probably needed to shower as well.

“I am going to get you cleaned up and out of your diaper and then you two need to get into the shower, then meet back here and we will get ready to leave for dinner” Dad said as the three of us walked into my bedroom. “Who’s first?” He said as Randy was quick to the draw, as he wanted out of that poopy diaper.

“ME!” Randy practically yelled as he hopped onto the changing table.

My dad made quick work at cleaning him up, and I think it was probably halfway through the process that Randy realized that my dad was wiping his poop off him and changing his diaper.

“OK Shower” dad said as he tapped Randy’s inner thigh, signaling for him to get up and into the shower.

“Assume the position” Dad said as I laid down with my ipad

### ***WHY YOU MOM CHANGE MY DIAPER***

“Well buddy, your mom and I and Randy’s parents talked it over, and as long as you two are fine with it, we want to treat you like toddlers every now and then. Is that ok with you?” He said

### ***YES FINE WITH ME***

***I MISSED THAT*** I said expressing that I had missed being taken care of like they used to do before I turned 13.

“I can understand that, I know you are just that little boy at the center of it all” He said as he motioned for me to get up and head to the shower.

“I walked into my bathroom where Randy was in the shower and I joined him under the overhead shower head. He was about done, so I soon had the shower all to myself.

After I got all squeaky clean, I turned off the shower and reached out for my towel and dried myself off as good as I could before wrapping the towel around my waist and heading back to my bedroom where I heard the sound of a diaper being patted and saw Randy climbing off the changing table.

“Just in time there Fox, hop on up” My dad said as he was grabbing some more diapers and folding them.

I did as I was told and grabbed my AAC

### ***WHERE ARE WE GOING FOR DINNER***

“I was thinking about Abuela’s, how does that sound?”

### ***YES GOOD***

“Well lets get you all diapered up and then we can go” Dad said as he finished pinning the thick diaper up and pulling the plastic pants up my legs. “Ok go ahead and get dressed and come to the kitchen.”

I did as I was told, noticing that my clothes were already laid out, full on toddler outfit, printed t-shirt, elastic waist shorts in addition to a onesie. Now I normally would not go dressed like that out of the house, but having an outfit laid out for you means you need to wear it. I got dressed and headed to the kitchen where Mom, Dad, and Randy were waiting for me.

“Aww doesn’t mommy’s little Foxy look cute” she said as she patted my diapered behind.

“Ok, lets get going, I’m hungry”