BabY LAND
I've long been a devotee of wearing diapers, even though I know this is a variation not many people know about. Sadly, those who are familiar with it find the idea of adults acting like babies repulsive. It's too bad that so many people cannot understand the need some of us have to slip back into babyhood from time to time.

It's comforting to wear diapers and mess in them: warm urine held against the body within a soft cotton diaper gives me a feeling of security and being safe—the same kind of feeling I had when I was a child in my mother's home. Because I normally wear clothes that are tight-fitting, I cannot indulge in my infantile pleasures during the day, but the first thing I do every night when I get home from work is strip naked, take a shower and then dress myself as a baby.

First, I powder myself all over. The scent of baby powder is the only one I can truly associate with my childhood. I slip two thick cotton diapers onto my body, pin them tight, and then cover them with a pair of soft rubber pants. Then I put on either a robe or casual clothes and spend the rest of the evening doing whatever I have to do, peeing in my diapers whenever the need arises. I drink a lot of fluids to insure a need to pee frequently.

Later, at bedtime, I change myself. I put on three fresh diapers, a clean pair of rubber pants and my baby-doll pajamas, and then slip into bed for a wonderfully wet sleep. I masturbate, of course, before I go to sleep but not before I have a wet diaper to masturbate through. Rubbing myself through my soaked diapers and feeling the sloshy wetness all over my vagina is much more fun than playing with myself when I'm naked and dry.

I have one boyfriend with whom I can share my unique pleasure. On the nights that he comes over, he does all the diapering and powdering that I usually do for myself. It's wonderful, because he treats me like a real baby, which is something I can't do for myself. Usually, he'll diaper me as soon as he arrives, and then I get dressed. I drink a lot and, inevitably, wind up wetting myself. Periodically, my boyfriend feels my diapers to see if they're wet. Talking to me as if I were his little baby girl who needs to be watched over. Once he finds that I've wet myself, however, he scolds me (gently), and chides me for not telling him in advance that I had to pee.

Taking me into the bedroom, he lifts my clothing and removes the wet diaper. Sometimes he gives me a little spanking, usually when it's the second or third time I've wet myself during the evening, but he always washes my vagina for me. He licks me dry, which always brings me to orgasm, and then fucks me, making sure to play with my clit while his cock is pumping inside me. As punishment, so to speak, for wetting myself, I must suck his cock and swallow all his come. Afterward I must lick his cock and balls clean. He tells me that I am merely cleaning him up the way he does me.

Life is good the way I live it; I make no apologies for being an adult baby. I only wish there were some way I could get in touch with other adult babies so that we could share experiences. I hope this letter encourages some of them to write to Variations and tell us about their lives. We'll all feel less isolated.

Ms. R.T.,
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