

My Story as an Adult Baby

It's been so long, but my Adult Baby life has taken so many twists and turns.

I am telling my personal story because I have been part of the ABDL community for like, forever - ever since I was thirteen, when I made my first approach to other people who desired to be babies and wanted to wear diapers. It seemed so long ago when I was a shy boy discovering this world back when I still used dial-up connections. It's been quite a while.

Today I am twenty-seven, and I have never really written about my Adult Baby life before, even if it is so strong and powerful and prominent in me - special, if I'd dare say. I am sharing it here today, with you in the hope it helps you gain hope, if you don't have it and helps you accept yourself.

The Beginnings

I was like many, many Adult Babies. Ever since I had use of memory, I wanted to be babied and diapered. It was a very strong desire. I had memories of being a five-year-old who wanted to be a little baby forever. My babyhood was normal, but my early childhood had its differences. There were signs.

For example, I couldn't let go of my baby bottle, so I had a bottle of strawberry milk every night until I was eight. My parents decided enough was enough and they took it away overnight, not knowing how to handle that situation. It was quite a story actually. I also had problems wiping my butt, I admit, and I had a nanny wiping me until I was way too old. Around...ten? Yes, that old!

Those are two very embarrassing things I don't tell many, but I think they're related to my baby desires.

Now, I am a chronic thumb-sucker. Always have, always will be. I have sucked my thumb since birth, when I used to go sleep, when watching TV, and later on, when chilling in front of the computer. I used to have a baby blanket that got torn when I was thirteen and it broke my heart, so it was replaced with my current baby pillow. Thumb-sucking makes me feel very happy.

When I was eleven or so, my desires to wear diapers became very strong. I fantasized with them. I did my best to get my hands on baby diapers. It was my secret desire. It was so strong, driving me to do risky things just to feel fulfilled.

When I was thirteen, I discovered the existence of the ABDL Community, and I learned that I was not alone. I was happy to know I was not the only person. That I was not a freak. But I still had many desires to be babied and be diapered. Many of you can relate to that moment when you find out about this world.

So, as time went by, I started hiding diapers under a loose blind spot under my drawer...

Coming out to my parents.

When I was fifteen, I had gotten hold of baby diapers that I loved. I even wet a couple and it was really beautiful. I hid them in said blind spot where I thought they'd be safe. For months they were. I wanted no one to know about it, it would be embarrassing that a teenager wanted to be a baby and diapered, right? They would think I was crazy. They would be so mad and ashamed. So, I did the logical thing: Hide.

But one day after school, I entered home just to find my diapers on the living room. On full display! My sister raised an eyebrow as she saw them, even joking that she was getting a baby brother. My mom mentioned she found them after fixing my broken drawer.

I panicked and ran to my room.

In a state of fear, I looked for help with my few online friends, seeking advice. I was freaking out. I looked for ways out. Excuses, way to outsmart this situation.

But I was ALWAYS known to be a brave person.

Later that day, almost by night, I joined my mother on a car drive to the store, and in the car, I blurted it out: *"Mom, the diapers you found. They are mine."*

My mom pushed the brake and almost killed us, surprised and in shock. I began telling her about my desires of wanting to be a baby and to be diapered. I was actually pretty calm, but rambling. It was weird to get it all out like that.

In the end, funny thing: She actually thought the diapers were just a prank that someone left! But I came clean, and she listened with attention. She didn't understand much, but I tried to explain.

When I was done, she told me I had to tell my father.

So, after excruciating days, I pondered on many websites both from psychology and from the ABDL Community and formed a very well-crafted research. I printed it. My mom couldn't read it because she didn't know English (I'm Mexican by the way), but my dad did. My mom had been hinting for days that I need to tell my dad, but I was scared so I let her do it. I gave her the research and I told my mom to give it to my dad that night and explain.

By nightfall, I hid under the sheets, lights off. I knew that in that moment, my dad was reading the research and my mom was telling him. I was so scared. After hearing him walk to my room, I hid deeper.

Then, in the darkness, my dad opened the door and walked in. He saw me cowering like a little kid. He tried to lighten the mood. *"Hey there, infantilist!"* (I know, terrible approach, but he didn't know how approach this.).

Then he sat on the edge of the bed, and told me he loved me, they loved me. Anyhow. It didn't matter that I wanted to wear diapers and be a baby. They were confused, but they wanted to learn more to understand me. That we should talk to a psychologist if I wanted to. But he reassured me that whatever happened: They loved me.

The psychiatrist

When I was seventeen, I was seeing a psychiatrist. It wasn't because of the ABDL side of me actually. I was diagnosed with Bipolar disorder, and was going through a very, very tough time. A real nightmare.

My parents were always taking me to the doctor appointments, and they kept encouraging me to actually open up about my desires to be a baby and wear diapers. By that time, my mom had offered to buy diapers sometimes. She was hesitant at first, but she started getting me adult diapers at the pharmacy in some instances. Both she and my dad understood, and they started getting them for me when I needed them for comfort. But despite this acceptance, I knew they were still concerned.

So, one day, I decided to open up and I told my doctor: "I have something to tell you. I... I like to wear diapers. I like to pretend I am a baby."

It was more of a cowering whimper than a statement. I will always remember my doctor's reaction. He busted into laughter. He looked at me warmly and told me this. "That's got you so worked up? Listen, Henry, that's a Paraphilia. Many, many people have them. They just don't talk about it, that's why everyone is so secretive and make a big deal of them. But in your case, wearing diapers isn't a bad thing. It's not harmful. Be who you want to be."

He told my parents the exact same thing. Up to this day, that doctor is a personal friend of mine, and my family. With them at ease, it was the beginning of my *Adult Babyhood*.

My best friend

When I was nineteen, I told my best friend I sucked my thumb.

He was very nonchalant about it. He was pretty cool. He even said it was cute that I had a little kid inside me. That was the opening I was looking for. I hadn't told anyone in my life other than my parents, and I so badly needed to have someone else. It was a desire for love and acceptance all the way to the core of my being.

Whenever he came over afterwards, and we watched movies, I would end up sucking my thumb around him. He never laughed or ridiculed me. In fact, he ruffled my hair occasionally. So, I made up my mind. To tell him soon everything.

Around six or eight months later, he and I were driving around town, hanging out.

I was so very nervous, sweaty even. It was going to happen. I was so visibly distraught that he stopped the car and looked at me, asking me what was wrong. I knew I had to tell him, I had to be brave as always.

I will always remember how it went.

ME: *Bro, there is something I want to tell you. Something about me...*

HIM: *Come on, it's okay. I'm here.*

ME: *You know I suck my thumb. Well, it actually goes way deeper than that. I... like to... wear...*

I couldn't say the word, and he beat me to it.

HIM: *Diapers?*

I took a breath. He said it, not me. I just nodded silently.

He understood the severity and importance of this, and he was hungry, so he drove us to the closest burger joint. He ordered for both of us and we sat on the table, and he encouraged me to talk. He was calm, and I was freaking out.

I told him everything. Everything.

About the ABDL Community, about my desires to be a baby, to wear diapers, to be treated like an infant. He listened intently, asking questions now and then. I was so overwhelmed I didn't even finish my burger. I still remember the unfinished plate of ketchuppied fries.

Afterwards, I was pretty emotional. He told me to get in the car and I did. He drove me to the closest supermarket, and to my shock, he bought a three-pacifier set. Two were blue, one was green.

He said that I was his best friend, and that he accepted me and loved me, every bit of it. I cried a little and hugged him for a long time.

That day was the first step to the greatest bond I'd ever had.

Telling my sister

My sister and I have a very complex relationship.

She's younger than me by two years and four months exactly, but she has always been way more mature than me and she liked to be in charge. We used to fight a lot as kids, because she has such a strong personality, while I'm more emotional. We grew close as we got older, and she started acting like the big sister and I as the little brother.

It was a role reversal that happened. She matured while I remained kiddy-like. Some people even mistook her as my older sister. I was always adamant to fix that mistake and state I was the older one.

Once I had relocated in Miami, Florida, she and I went out for dinner. We went for sushi. I was nervous, but eventually managed to spill the guts.

She was super confused, but once I explained it to her, she thought it was part of me and that I should be embracing this side of me. That it made sense with my personality. I had recently told her I was bisexual, and she took it well, so did she with this. She told me that I had the right to be who I am, and that she'd have my back. Now, with all my family knowing, I understood many things.

I had the right to be myself, to stay true. I was going to be brave, and I was going to embrace myself and accept this.

Coming out to the world

It was 2014, and I had made up my mind.

After so many positive reactions, and because I was getting so fed up with not being true to myself or not having people like me for who I truly was, I decided to tell...a lot of people.

I wanted my close ones to know about this side of me. My parents accepted me, my best friend did too, and my sister was the latest one on the list. I knew it was going to be the hardest thing I ever did, but it didn't matter. I had to be *BRAVE*.

One by one, I told my closest cousins.

My cousins and I were raised like siblings, they are my closest friends, not just family. Growing up with them, we were really close, and since most of us were around the same age, we always had adventures like friends.

Some of them were confused, some of them were chill. But in the end, they all encouraged me to be discreet to avoid hateful comments or actions and everything, but also said that if I needed to wear diapers to be at peace, then I should. I told two uncles too. One of them from my dad's side, and another from my mom's side. I was always close to them. They were very confused, but they tried to understand. However, I realized it would be better not to

mention it again with them, just to avoid awkwardness. But they did understand that it wasn't harmful at all. They were okay.

Some cousins were cool with me wearing diapers around them, they even made light-hearted jokes to ease me, or made it sound like it was a common thing.

Then it was time for my circle of friends.

I told my closest friends. Everyone, again, was supportive. VERY SUPPORTIVE. Like, hell, some of them wanted to fly over from Mexico just to baby me (the girls obviously). Just one friend turned his back on me, said it was wrong and weird. But in my defense, he and I were due for a falling out because he was a very closed-minded person and we had clashing views. It was a good riddance.

With this new sense of openness, I made the third and final choice: I was going to be an Adult Baby because it was part of who I am.

Babied by my Best Friend

So, as I was going through this transition into my Adult Babyhood, I had the most pleasant present ever.

My best friend and I reached ten years of being best friends, so he flew from Mexico to Miami, so we could spend a week just for ourselves. I got him ten presents. I am that much of a sap. He loved everything I got him.

But he surprised me with a better present.

***HE:** I know you have a baby side of you that's so important. That's why you're going to be my baby this week.*

I was dumbstruck. Couldn't believe it.

He said it was going to be weird at first, but he wanted me to be happy, so he wanted to try it. We got ABDL diapers (Cushies) and the week was on.

During a week, he was the most tender big brother ever. He bottled fed me, let me wear diapers all the time, and watched cartoons with me as I lay my head on his lap, sucking my thumb or pacifier. We slept together in the same bed, and he snuggled me every night while singing me lullabies. I had never felt so loved in my life.

He changed my diaper once. It was a bit awkward, but he insisted he wanted to try. And he did, changing my wet diaper into a new one. When we went out, to the beach or the mall or whatever, he encouraged me to wear diapers under my pants and my pacifier as an accessory.

That's how I knew he was going to be my best friend forever.

In fact, we went out for dinner one night and the waiter took a picture of us. My best friend put my pacifier on my mouth for the picture, just to portray how we are. Up to this day, it's the favorite photo I have.

Becoming an Adult Baby at Home - TODAY

It took years to get here, but my parents were onboard, and so was my sister.

I have to say that during these years I had very bad times because of my Schizo-affective Bipolar disorder. Very bad times. Like... VERY SUPER BAD. So, my mom and my dad kind of realized that after everything I've been through, I deserved to feel happy and safe for a change.

They decided I could diaper up and be a baby at home if I wanted to. My sister was on board too. It took several talks, and we made a few compromises, mainly no messy diapers in their presence, but otherwise, I was allowed to be a baby at home if I wanted to.

Now, today, I can wear diapers whenever I want at home, and wet them if I want to. I can dress up in onesies or footies, and I can suck my thumb openly, or even pacifiers. I even have my baby bottle.

My family has been nothing less than perfect. They accept me and love me for who am and let me enjoy this side of my identity. In fact, very recently I ended up watching movies with them, wearing a wet diaper and sucking my thumb. They didn't care their twenty-seven year old was a big baby, as long as he was happy.

Still an Adult

Despite my big baby life, I still lead a very normal adult life. I function well in society. I have friends who, even though know about my baby side, still do adult activities with me. My second-best friend always makes jokes about my baby side and encourages me to talk about it, but he still knows I am a very capable and mature person who can deal with the world. He likes to tease me a lot about it though, in a friendly manner.

My father and mother have told me constantly they know I am a mature and capable person even with my baby side.

I love my grown-up life, and I went to college and got my degree, and now I'm pursuing my career as writer and artist. My main interests are metal music and films and books obviously. I don't need to be a baby all the time, but I indulge pretty often. I am happy with balancing my adult life and tastes with this.

As a writer, published by three Publishing houses and got an Award for Best Novella in Mexico and Spain in 2016.

Having an Adult Baby life didn't stop me from succeeding. The opposite. The acceptance and confidence in it have helped me thrive.

FUNNY BONUS THING!

This will sound incredible, but when telling one of my cousins about my ABDL life, he confessed he was an ABDL himself! No kidding. I told him and he reacted weirdly. Next day, I approached him asking him if it was "too much" for him, but instead he came forward with his own confession about it.

I was shocked, but he is legit. He's not actually my cousin, he's my cousin's nephew, but we have known each other since like forever, and we see each other as family. So yeah, my "cousin" is an Adult Baby too! I got him a pack of ABU diapers on his last birthday. He's 21 now, and he hasn't told anyone. I promised him I would be there to guide him every step of the way.

FINAL NOTE

All this I am telling is 100% true. And let my story stand as record that not all families or friends will shun you if they know you're an ABDL. Love goes beyond that.

Things can be great for Adult Babies. Just believe it.

If you ever need to talk, shoot me and email at henrylyra001@gmail.com

I'll be there for you, because I am a big diaper baby... and I am proud of it.

Love,
Henry Lyra

www.abdiscovery.com.au