

It's just me...



It's just me rambling on in no particular order about my baby desires, my special baby desires.

I'm glad I'm 'different' and I don't want to be 'normal'. I want to be unusual and one of the few. I'm not sure how many of 'us' are out there, but we're still very much a minority, something that is indulged in behind closed curtains. I like it that way. I like being a 'member' of such a 'unique club'. It's more fun having an interest that I should imagine that not many people are aware of, or am completely I wrong about that? How many people really do know about 'us' but don't mention it because if they're aware of it, it may mean they too are attracted to it.

Had I been 'normal' and at one point become aware of adult babies, I may well have been shocked and perhaps horrified that certain adults want to dress up and behave as babies. I may have considered them perverts, that they need help, or need to be 'cured', and perhaps they need to be locked away and separated from the 'normal' people.

I'm sure if my baby desires were to be exposed to friends, neighbours or certain family members, I could be shunned. Having said that, I was found out by my father in the early 1970s, which is what led to me seeking help when I was in the armed forces. There was so little information available for him to seek out about adult babies (unlike now), and once I had been medically discharged and returned home, nothing was said about it. I just had to make up a story to other family members of why I had left the army.

There was no real help when I was sent to a psychiatric unit in Germany and then a psychiatric hospital in the UK. I really didn't help them at all. After all, I was only 19, so how could I sit in front of a psychiatrist and tell them I wanted to be a baby again? I was supposed to be a fighting man, not someone who wanted to be dressed and treated as a baby. But that was my main focus, the urge to be a baby again.

As you read, you will notice that things will be repeated or mentioned again, so I do apologise for that. This is a work in progress and I'm just writing what comes into my mind, having a break at times, or taking more pictures, and then coming back to add more lines of text. Please walk with me through this journey.

If you're going to be a baby again, and to experience what it is like to be a baby, it is important that you dress as a baby. For me it has to be terry or cloth nappies and plastic pants, since that was how I was dressed when I was a baby the first time, so it has to be that way now.

I know it is different for those of you that were put into disposable nappies as a baby, but I hope you still enjoy browsing through this 'book', looking at the pictures and reading my thoughts about my baby desires.

To be a baby you also have to look as cute and babyish as possible, and for me, that means rompers, nursery print T-shirts, nursery print footed sleepers, and so on. All of my baby clothing must be as near as possible a replica of what a baby should be dressed in and I try my hardest to achieve this accuracy.

The environment you are in must also relate to infancy, especially at bedtime. My duvet and pillows are of a nursery design, so I can go to bed and know that not only am I dressed as a baby but my bedding is that for a baby. In an ideal situation, I would love to sleep in a cot and that may happen one day, as the thought of sleeping in a cot would make my baby life more realistic. I do love realism. Of course, the ideal situation is to have a woman to be my mummy and to treat me just as if I was her baby. It would be a dream come true for that to happen, I just hope it does.

In this 'book' you will see lots of pictures of all my baby paraphernalia, with a description of what they mean to me.

I think you can say I am obsessed about being a baby again, and it's impossible for me to resist these desires. Believe me, I have tried but to avail. Now, I just have to accept it is who I am and simply forge ahead. And anyway, why should I resist something that I love so much? Why deny myself the wonderful feelings I get from my baby desires, it isn't harming anyone. These desires have given me problems over the years, like my dismissal from the military and the heartbreak of a failed marriage.

My vivid imagination has allowed me to express my desires in stories, which is a big plus for me. I've received much positive feedback from what I write which has only gone to making me feel that there really isn't anything wrong with me, despite what others may think.

If I want to dress and be treated and behave as a baby, why shouldn't I?

I expect a lot would condemn me for having such desires, and very few would really understand.

Over the years I have had to deal with guilt. Surely there must be something wrong with me to want to be a baby again.

I did get caught out once, I pinched a pair of plastic baby pants from next door. I'd seen them hanging on the washing line and left out overnight, and was unable to resist. I just had to have them. I climbed over a wall in the early hours and left a pound note in place of the plastic pants. That was so silly, had I not left anything the woman who had hung out the plastic pants may have thought she had not hung them out in the first place. The police were called and did make a visit, but of course, there was nothing to prove who had taken them.

Thank goodness there was no CCTV in those days, and if it had it been I'm sure I wouldn't have taken the risk. Over the years I pinched plastic pants from three other washing lines. On that occasion, my parents obviously knew it was me, and I was confronted by my father after the police had left (I don't think it was a priority crime for them) and he advised me to seek help.

How I miss seeing plastic baby pants hanging on washing lines. I wouldn't risk pinching any nowadays but would love taking pictures of them, surreptitiously of course.

Once I returned to my base I reported sick and was sent to a hospital for treatment. I was seen by a psychiatrist, but it was impossible for me to tell the psychiatrist in detail about my baby desires, I was far too embarrassed. His attitude was not very sympathetic towards me, he told me to 'snap out of it', that just didn't help.

There was a suggestion that a box of baby things was to be sent over from the UK (I was in Germany at the time), I would be 'wired up' and given an electric shock whenever I touched any of the items. Fortunately, that never happened. It was the way such things were dealt with back in the '70s. If you were an alcoholic you would be on tablets that would make you vomit if you took alcohol, but I'm not sure if that sort of 'cure' is still available today.

It was not easy getting hold of adult baby clothing in the UK until Hazel Jones came along and started her company (HB Enterprises) back in the early 1980s, the first AB company in the UK. You could purchase rubber pants from various fetish companies and incontinence plastic pants from medical companies, but that was all, it was a few more years before you could go online and purchase adult baby clothing.

Now, of course, there are many companies available online to satisfy such desires, UK and Worldwide and adult babies around the world are spoilt for choices.

Hazel did make an appearance on a TV programme hosted by Jonathan Ross; she showed some of her items off and got a very good reception from Mr Ross and the audience.

Hazel retired from the business some years ago, so the company is no longer available.

I did visit Hazel several times and stayed overnight. I attended a party held at her house in Kent where some braver soles went down to the local store, one being pushed in a pushchair dressed as a baby. I think others walking were also dressed in baby attire. This was videoed with my camera, not by me; I was far too shy to do such a thing. I didn't have the ability to make copies at that time, so the only copy stayed with Hazel.

I am not sure when such companies were available in the USA, but it was some years before Hazel got started.

The first adult baby catalogue I managed to get hold of was from the USA was from 'Carolyn's Kids'. It was a few pages stapled together with descriptions of items available. I can't remember how I came across this catalogue, but it may have been advertised in the Forum magazine.

I know other adult babies have been exposed on certain TV programmes, but these I feel were mocked by the audience. They were on such programmes as the Jerry

Springer show in the USA and the Jeremy Kyle show in the UK. Such programmes do not appeal to me at all.

I prefer to keep my desires a secret; it makes them all the more special for me.

I have 'chatted' online and sometimes over the phone to 'mummies', some genuine, some obviously scammers only after money. As yet I have not found one who would want me as her full-time baby. Perhaps I am asking for too much?

I thought I was very close to finding such a mummy last year (2019), but that sadly did not happen. I will not give up though, I will keep searching.

Plastic Pants



A baby needs lots of plastic pants to avoid leaks and wet bedsheets. I have over 100 pairs of plastic pants. You could say I am obsessed about them, and I do love them. And as it was plastic pants that got me started in my journey into continuous babyhood, it is only right that I should start here.

I love wearing plastic pants, I was 4 or 5 when I found some pairs of plastic baby pants in the airing cupboard, I just loved the look and feel of them, and had to sneak them into my bed and try them on. Had it not been for plastic baby pants, would I have still become an adult baby? Or could I have remained a 'normal' person?

Is the inventor of plastic/rubber pants guilty of contributing towards my baby desires? Would I have grown up 'normal' had it not been for plastic/rubber pants? It's too late to find that out now.

I do have another 'affliction', this one is not as extreme as wanting to be a baby again, I love the look, the feel and aroma of leather, not so much wearing leather myself, but to see a woman dressed in leather. That's not unusual and I think a lot of men would find a woman dressed in leather attractive to the eye. It was a powerful desire, I wanted to run my hands all over a woman clad all in shiny leather and make love to her so dressed.

That interest did not formulate in my mind until some years after my baby desires had established themselves, and so I'm not sure how the love of leather became a focus for me. Perhaps had my wife had a similar passion for leather, it may have led me away from my baby desires, and then I could have been 'nearly normal'.

I was very honest about my desires from early on in our relationship, well before we married, yet knowing all of that she still wanted us to get married. It was her wish to do that. So I couldn't have been that bad, even with my faults and my odd desires.

My baby side is more powerful now I feel, although having a mummy that dressed in leather would be a big plus.

Not sure where my attraction towards leather came from, it may have been a deep-seated desire that has been in my 'genes' and inherited from my ancestors perhaps?

It has to be quality leather clothing, nothing that looks cheap. I find leather enhances the appearance of a woman for me; I still do love seeing pictures of a woman dressed in leather.

My ex-wife did wear leather for me, but in the end, she felt I loved leather more than I loved her. That was not so. I loved her for who she was and still do. I suppose she found me a very mixed up person and that she was unable to cope with my desires. It was a very painful divorce, an experience I will probably never fully recover from. Perhaps if I found a woman who wanted to keep and treat me as her baby all the time, that might change? Perhaps all the distress from the breakup of my marriage will be replaced by bliss when I have found the place I as a baby with my mummy. Will I ever find that out?

Could I still be 'rescued' do you think? Could a leather loving woman steer me back to normality perhaps, or have I gone too far down my baby side, am I beyond help now?

Is resistance towards being in a mummy/baby relationship futile?

I think it would be such a waste for me to become 'normal' again. I've invested a lot on my baby desires, spent several thousands of £'s, and it would be silly for me to discard all of my plastic pants, nappies, rompers, footed sleepers, feeding bottles, pacifiers, bibs, and anything else I have purchased over the many years.

Let's get back to my baby desires.

The type of plastic is important to me, it has to be very smooth and stretchy, and almost a rubbery feel to it. My favourite plastic pants are made by PVC-U-LIKE. I love the transparent plastic they use, and can't help but want to feel them and at times hold them up to my face.

When you order your plastic pants from PVC-U-LIKE you have a choice of colour and what plastic you want. My choice is NAT2: Natural semi-transparent PVC 240µ.



You can't beat a drawer full of plastic pants.



Apart from more drawers full of plastic pants.



The plastic pants above are 'Gary' plastic pants.



Another drawer full of wonderful plastic pants, I can't get enough of them. I know later generations who were dressed in disposable nappies as a baby may not understand the fascination of plastic pants but I'm so glad that they were a part of my babyhood and are now very much a part of my current babyhood. Dressing as a baby would not be the same without plastic pants and I love running my hands over them and feeling them covering my thick nappies and knowing there will be no leaks when I am sitting in front of the TV or asleep at night in what I consider to be my 'nursery'.



These are side snap fastening plastic pants, I can't imagine anything more exciting than to have a loving mummy secure these plastic pants in place and hear the poppers being popped in place, a further confirmation to me that I am being treated as a baby. Of course when mummy is doing this she would continuously 'baby' talk to me, it is so important to have my audio senses stimulated, which would be another confirmation that I am her baby and under her care.



These are transparent plastic pants from PVC-U-LIKE and you can probably see and imagine from the picture how smooth they are to the touch. I love them and at the moment they are my preferred plastic pants. I now have about 30 pairs in my collection.



This is a pile of transparent plastic pants from PVC-U-LIKE. I hope you like the pictures and are happy that I am showing so many. Do you like plastic pants too? If you do then I'm sure you will love the pictures.



The same picture, just a little larger. I am sure you are zooming in, getting in really close, so you can see how smooth they are, so perfect to run your hands over. How can anyone not love plastic pants?

I want to be in those plastic pants, I want to run my hands over those plastic pants that cover my nappies.



Another picture of a drawer full of plastic pants, these plastic pants are from 'Babykins'.



So many plastic pants. These are 'Gary' plastic pants from the USA.



More 'Gary' plastic pants



A pair of 'Gary' plastic pants, just out of the package.

Ordering plastic pants, waiting for them to arrive and then opening up the package is exciting for me and I am sure exciting for anyone who has similar desires towards plastic pants.



A new pair of 'Gary' plastic pants beginning to be opened up.



A pair of 'Gary' plastic pants fully opened and ready for me to wear, how thrilling to know that soon I will be guiding them over my feet, up along my legs and over my nappies.



Here are a few pictures of me wearing my 'Gary' plastic pants.





It is impossible for me not to run my hands over my plastic pants; I want to know I am dressed as a baby.



So much plastic between my legs, so much pure baby joy from being dressed like this. I do wish I could be dressed like this all day and every day, but alas at times I have to pretend I am a grown-up and dress in grown-up clothing.



Rumba baby pants. Although I am not a sissy baby I do love the look of Rumba baby pants. The Victorians used to dress boy babies in frilly clothing, so I see no reason why at times I should not be dressed in these occasionally.



There is something so adorable about Rumba baby pants don't you think? They are so very cute and babyish.



ABC crayon themed plastic pants from 'Babykins'. I only wish these plastic pants had been available when I was a baby the first time, but alas I have no pictures of me showing me dressed in plastic pants when I was a baby the first time. In fact, there are very few pictures of me as a baby at all.



Side fastening plastic pants.

The thought of having a mummy having just secured me in several nappies and then lifting up the front of a pair of side fastening plastic pants and hearing the poppers being secured in place would be a magical moment. I feel it would be such a babyish

thing to happen to me. Of course, mummy would be continuously 'baby' talking to me, telling me that I am a cute and adorable baby and would always be her baby. Once the plastic pants are in place mummy would pat the front of them and gently press her hand down and rub it back and forth a few times so that I am fully aware that I am dressed as a baby. Mummy would tell me that my adult life no longer exists, that I am no longer a man and that for me babyhood had returned permanently. Even if I had a change of mind, it was too late now. I can only ever be a baby and must succumb to her motherly instincts. As much as I want to be treated as a baby, she wants to keep and treat me as a baby.



Blue side-snap plastic pants from Babykins.



This is my airing cupboard. You can see all the soft plastic pants stacked up waiting to be used. I love seeing plastic pants in the airing cupboard, it reminds me from when I first found some plastic pants in the airing cupboard when I was just a little boy, the excitement I felt when I first felt them is difficult to describe.

I don't think I can really experience that joy of finding and touching my first contact with plastic pants. It is just a distant memory in my mind now. There were only about two or three pairs of plastic pants when I found them, now I spoil myself, I just love seeing my plastic pants stacked up in my airing cupboard.



And now even more plastic pants, I am such a lucky baby to have so many pairs of plastic pants. Such plastic pants are only for a baby, and so having so many plastic pants must mean I am very much a baby. No 'real man' would love to be put into nappies and plastic pants. No 'real man' would want to be dressed and treated as a baby. No 'real man' would want to bottle or breastfed. No 'real man' would want to sleep in a cot and be put in his cot early like a real baby.

My baby desires are far too powerful for me to resist, it's pointless for me to fight them. I just have to accept being treated as a baby is normal for me.

I would love to be playing with baby toys on the living room floor as mummy sits on the settee looking down on me and knowing that I am so happy that she has decided to have me as her baby.

I don't know why exactly I have such desires to want to be dressed and treated as a baby. They've caused me problems as you've already read, but I am grateful for all the comfort and pleasure my unusual desires have given me over so many years. For me, they more than makeup for all the problems they have caused.

I do apologise again, if I do repeat myself at times. It's difficult for me to keep track of what I've already written.

What man or woman would willingly want to submit to being treated as a baby? Most children can't wait to grow up and do all the things grownups do. Staying up late, or going out to the pub, etc. I knew that was what I was looking forward to when I was young and like everyone else I just couldn't wait to grow up. But now I just want to be a baby again. I want mummy to decide what I wear, when I go to bed, what I eat, decide everything for me. I want to exist in a world of innocence, I want to be overwhelmed with feelings of babyishness, I want mummy to smother me with all of her mummy love.

It is not that I am lazy or want to have an easy life, I genuinely want to be a baby again and appreciate all that mummy does for me. In return I would give her all of my baby love and make it so clear to her how special she is for me.

Of course, very few people can understand our desires, and cannot understand the lure of babyhood. They may well think there is something mentally wrong with people like us, but our desires are harmless. For me, I crave infancy, I want it more than anything I have ever wanted.

Having mummy bottle or breastfeed me and putting me down for a nap in my cot, cuddling my teddy bear as I drift off to sleep, enjoying the wonderful feelings of my thick nappies covered in soft plastic pants, knowing I am safe behind the rails of my cot and that mummy loves me so much is something I would love to happen. I have no doubts at all about that.

Would you like to see more pictures of me dressed in my plastic pants?



Thank goodness for digital cameras. Can you imagine going back to the chemists a week or so after having dropped off a roll of film to be developed and wondering what the assistant was thinking when your prints were handed over to you? It was not something I could ever have done. I was very easily embarrassed when I was young and still am now. I would still go bright red if anyone confronted me about my baby desires now. "You want to be dressed and treated as a baby? Are you crazy, you are a man?"

The thing is I do want to be dressed and treated as a baby and I don't want to be a 'man' anymore. Adulthood is not for me, I have tried it and would much prefer to be a baby. All I can do is indulge myself as often as I can, take lots of pictures dressed as a baby and admire how much a baby I look like. I do my best to look as babyish as possible like wearing very thick nappies and voluminous plastic pants to achieve that look, not sure if I have succeeded or not. What do you think?



I love seeing how bulky my nappies are; they give me so much comfort and only add to how much a baby I feel like.

I love how the thickness of my nappies push my plastic pants against my inner thighs, it is a constant tactile sensation that I love, and of course, when I move about I love the rustling sound my plastic pants make, a constant audio sensation that confirms to me that I am dressed as a baby.



For me nothing is better than to be so dressed.



All the above pictures are me in my PVC-U-LIKE plastic pants, nursery print outer nappy from a company (can't remember the name) in mainland Europe and nursery print T-shirt from CosyNdry. I am on a nursery print duvet cover (with matching pillowcases). This is obviously a bed for a baby, and I am the baby.



There were no nursery print plastic baby pants about that I am aware of when I was a baby and have no idea when they were available. I so wish there had been and that pictures had been taken of me dressed as a baby.



A selection of nursery print plastic pants.



All that wonderful voluminous and cool plastic covering my nappies.





I should never have grown up, I should have remained a baby. A baby that was always dressed in terry nappies, plastic pants and other cute baby clothing. Why grow up when you are so happy being a baby?

Having experienced being 'grown-up' I know it is not for me.



Blue plastic pants from Cosy 'N' Dry



Wearing my blue plastic pants from Cosy 'N' Dry. I so love all the bulk between my thighs, the feel of the plastic when I bring my legs together, feelings I would have experienced when I was a baby the first time but did not understand or appreciate, now I do. Perhaps I did acknowledge the tactile sensations of my plastic pants against my flesh, perhaps that was why as a baby I kicked my legs about?



I have never had any desires to be physically punished. I don't want to experience a sore bottom that has been made red from a thorough spanking. As a baby, I just want to be loved and fussed over by mummy.

It seems to be quite a popular theme with some adult babies, to be spanked and humiliated, and I can understand that if it is what happened to you when you were under some sort of baby punishment for one reason or another.

Perhaps you were a border at school and if you were a bed wetter were put back into nappies and plastic pants by the matron. Perhaps it was a punishment given out by your mother for wetting the bed and leaving her with the task of washing your sheets.

That never happened to me, so it has not become part of my baby desires.

I do remember a teacher at secondary modern school who would use a dummy as a form of punishment if a child was too talkative or misbehaved. The offender would be given a dummy to suck for the remainder of the lesson. That made me behave myself. I didn't want to endure such a punishment. Did those who endured such a humiliating punishment in front of all their peers become adult babies? Did something like that get them started on a journey seeking out the life of babyhood?



The above 'plastic' pants are from Japan, made by 'FuuBuu'. They have nursery printed cotton outer and a plastic-lined inner.

They have a Velcro and popper fastening system, I tried them out of curiosity, but as I like my plastic pants to be of a certain type of plastic and for the plastic to be there for me to feel whenever I wanted, they weren't really for me. I'm sure they will be popular with some adult babies, perhaps those of the disposable nappy generation.





Inner view of the Fuubuu pant.



View showing Velcro and snap fastening.

I did 'indulge' myself when wearing just plastic pants next to my skin, fantasizing that I was being treated as a baby by a loving mummy figure (always a mummy never a daddy), in a lot of cases after I had 'indulged' I would feel guilt.

I must be a 'disgusting' person to have done such a thing, but that guilt did not last long and now no longer exists.

Nappies



Of course beneath your plastic pants, a baby needs to be in nappies, and for me I prefer terry nappies - thick terry nappies - as I love the bulk between my legs, plus it means I don't have to change my nappies that often. The thick nappies and cool feel of my plastic pants confirms in my mind that I am dressed as a baby as they give me security and comfort.

At first, I only wore plastic pants, but as my baby desires progressed I started to wear nappies and then other baby clothing to enhance the experience of being a baby.

It is now well over 20 years since I decided to fully encompass my cravings to be a baby, to take those cravings as far as is possible.



The nappies above are Velcro fastening nappies made by Cosy 'N' dry. I have 40 of these nappies.

Having now worn nappies and gone to bed in them for so long it would be very difficult for me to go to bed without them. I would be getting up so frequently to use the bathroom and therefore would have a very disturbed nights sleep.

I now need to go to bed dressed as a baby to have a good nights' sleep and not have to get up to go to the bathroom. I feel safe and content, no stress, just feelings of helplessness and feeling like a baby.

I have become addicted to wearing nappies as much as I have become addicted to wearing plastic pants.



The above nappies are side fastening, they are not as thick as the Velcro fastening nappies, and so are easier to rinse and quicker to dry once they have been in the washing machine. These nappies are made by 'cuddlz'.



These are absorbent terry inserts, they add to the bulk I love and how long I can stay in my nappies before a change is required.



Another picture of the contents of my airing cupboard.



A selection of printed cloth Velcro fastening nappies from Babykins in North America. I do like these nappies, since they dry quickly and I really like the nursery prints. They are very reasonably priced, the only problem I had was the cost of post and package and then having an additional charge of import duties.



Close up of a Babykins printed nappy.



Another close up of a Babykins nappy with a different nursery print.



A stack of plain white Velcro fastening nappies also from Babykins.

Not sure how many nappies I have, I know I have more nappies now than I had when I was a baby the first time. It now must be well over 100 nappies. And I will still be treating myself to more nappies and more baby items over the next few years, I would much prefer to treat myself to baby things than go on a holiday.

Rompers and other baby clothing.



Everything about rompers just says one thing to me 'Baby'. Only a baby would wear rompers, so if I am wearing them it must mean I am a baby. I love wearing my rompers and admiring my reflection in the mirror (and all the photographs I take). It's important to me that I am visually aware that I'm dressed like a baby. I want to see my thick nappies covered in soft baby plastic, and to see my voluminous rompers covering my nappies and plastic pants. It all enhances the baby experience for me.



Sailor Bear Rompers and Victorian cotton Rompers from DreamyNCreamy.



These are the first pair of rompers I purchased from 'DreamyNCreamy', I love them so much. I was so impressed with the quality and had no choice but to order two more pairs. I will in time order more. I would so love to be in a situation where I would be in a playpen dressed in my rompers and playing with toys as mummy keeps an eye on me and encourages me to play. These are 'Sailor Bear Rompers', and to me they look adorable. I find they enhance my baby appearance and add to my feeling that I am a baby. Only a baby would be dressed in them.



These are PVC Rompers, also from DreamyNCreamy, they are described as Sissy rompers although I am not a sissy baby, I am a boy baby. Most of the clothing on the DreamyNCreamy web site is described as 'sissy' clothing, in hindsight I should have ordered such rompers more in keeping with a boy baby, but I was so eager to purchase some to see what they are like I just went ahead and ordered them. When I order some more I will request that they are more in keeping for a baby boy. I do like them - I like the feel of them and the noise they make as I move about.



Victorian cotton rompers.



To help me get the zip of my rompers up or down (as it is very difficult to do unless you are a contortionist), I have attached a large split ring to the zip pull on all of my rompers and use a length of dowel with a hook screwed into the end. I have called it a 'Zip Stick'. It works very well.

I probably could use a length of ribbon tied to the zip pull, but I prefer this method to get my zip fully pulled up or pulled down.



These are my Victorian rompers; I had them made 2" longer to avoid them being too tight, I want my rompers to be roomy enough to accommodate the very thick nappies I wear.



I Love the 'puffed' sleeves, the 'Peter Pan' collar and decoration down the front, it gives that authentic baby look.

Perhaps I need to see if I can have some nursery print T-Shirts made with puffed sleeves and a 'Peter Pan' collar.



Do you think my rompers look cute?



I love my rompers and am so glad I discovered the DreamyNCreamy web site.



There's a baby on the bed.



Of course, I have nappies and plastic pants under my rompers, a baby should always wear nappies and plastic pants. You can just see the leg elastic of my plastic pants



I love the bulky look.



The poppers at the crotch come in very handy if I do have a problem with the zip, and would come in very handy if I had a mummy who needed to change my nappies.



I love the look of these rompers; the pattern is so very babyish. I need more rompers with cute baby print.



Is there a mummy out there who thinks I look like a baby?



It would be so much fun to play with my baby toys so dressed with mummy keeping an eye on her baby boy.





I think the 'frilly' material at the arm and leg openings adds to the baby appearance.



I should have shaved my legs and arms, I hope the hair on my legs and arms does not distract too much from me looking like a baby.



So very bulky and babyish.



More PVC rompers will have to be purchased.



Probably could have had a few more inches on the length to give them a more roomy look.



My plastic coveralls made by 'Cosy'n'Dry.

Plastic coveralls. As you are now aware I do love plastic, so to wear a garment that encases my torso in plastic is a delight for me.



I would love mummy to pat my bottom.



I love feeling the soft baby plastic that is covering my body.



I love seeing my plastic pants making an appearance below my plastic coveralls.



Another wonderful picture showing how bulky my bottom is, it's crying out to be patted.



I love the feel of the plastic against my inner thighs.



It is impossible for me not to run my hand over my plastic coveralls.



What a big bulky bottom.



This is my plastic bib made by 'Cosy 'n' Dry.



Time for baby to be fed, he will need to be strapped into a highchair.

Footed Sleepers



Footed sleepers keep baby warm at night and when baby is up and about during the day, perhaps playing with his or her toys in a playpen, or being spoon-fed in a highchair.



This is my collection of footed sleepers.



These footed sleepers were purchased from CosyNdry, and are made from the same material that real baby footed sleepers are made from and by the company that makes real baby footed sleepers.

They do not seem to be available anymore, I expect this is because the manufacturer may have had some issues with making such items for adult babies.



I like leaving the poppers undone down to my crotch to allow me to feel my plastic pants.



The poppers go down about 6" below the crotch on each leg.



They are a bit stretchy and very roomy and accommodate my thick nappies adequately. They are made from cotton, so perfect for the warmer months of the year.

In most cases I prefer to go to bed just in a nursery print T-shirt, nappies and plastic pants, since this allows me to touch my plastic pants as often as I want.

Even if I do go to bed in my footed sleepers, I will leave the poppers or zip down to allow me to feel my plastic pants.



The baby motifs are just what you would see on footed sleepers for a real baby.



These are my 'Animal' themed nursery print fleece footed sleepers. The full-length zip goes from the foot up to the neck.



They are also very roomy and keep me warm when I move about the house or asleep in my bed.



These are my 'digger truck' themed fleece footed sleepers. The company that made them no longer seem to offer adult sizes in such childish designs. I presume it is because they feel uncomfortable about making such large sizes in the 'baby/nursery' print.



They also have a full-length zip running from the bottom of the left leg up to the neck.



They also have an opening in the back to allow easy contact with my plastic pants.



Rear opening closed.



These are my 'farm' themed footed sleepers.



The long zip is so handy to allow me easy access to my plastic pants whenever I feel the need to run my hands over them.



I do love being able to touch and run my hand over my plastic pants.
I may have mentioned that before?



These are my 'alphabet' themed fleece footed sleepers.



I am so glad I purchased so many of these footed sleepers before they changed their policy on adult-sized material themes. I do have a problem trying to view their sight now for some reason, so am not entirely sure what material they now have for adult footed sleepers.



Bedding



I need to make the place I sleep in as near to that of what an infant would sleep in, being able to purchase such infantile duvet covers and pillowcases just add to the baby environment for me.



This is my 'Pirates' duvet cover, it is reversible, and this I think is the cutest side.



This is the other side of my pirates themed duvet cover. I do like this side, but not as much as the other side.



This is my other duvet cover: 'Digger Trucks'. This is the main side, and the one I think is more childish. What joy it is for me to be able to surround my life with so many things that take me back to infancy.

It is just laying on top of the pirates cover, I didn't think it was necessary for me to feed it over the duvet; it is not a job I love at the best of times.

I could probably do with another 2 or 3 sets, I will treat myself soon.

Having purchased so many baby things over the years, it would be a tragedy if I fell in love with a woman, as a real man would fall in love with a woman, and have to get rid of my baby collection. It could never happen, could it?



This is the reverse side (with pillowcase) which I don't think looks so childish, so will never have this side showing.

My aim (as I have probably mentioned before) is to have a cot. Nothing could be better than to sleep in a cot, nothing could be better than to have a mummy put me in a cot, lift the side of the cot in place and secure it, read me a story and see me fall asleep. Of course, mummy would be there in the morning with three bottles of formula.

Of course, I would be wet, mummy would change me and then choose what outfit I would be wearing that day?

Talking about feeding, below are pictures of my feeding bottles.

Baby shampoo, baby powder, baby bedtime bath, nappy rash prevention lotion, baby wipes and baby fragrances. I have some 'mommies Diaper Fresh scent' and some Baby Powder room spray to add to the ambience of my baby environment.

I wash my plastic pants in baby 'bedtime bath' or baby shampoo, both are gentle on the plastic, the bedtime bath has an added baby fragrance which I love. I love all baby fragrances.



I love my bedroom having the aroma of baby powder, so I have stocked up.

Baby Feeding

If you are to be a baby again, you need to eat baby food.

I cannot imagine anything better than to be strapped into a highchair and being spoon-fed baby food by a woman who is my mummy.

She would not consider me to be an adult in any way and as far as mummy is concerned, I am just a baby, and my treatment must be as that of a baby without exception.

There will not be a return to adulthood for me, that option does not exist.



Baby food has to be eaten with baby spoons from a baby plate.



My baby plate.

Nothing would be better than to be strapped in a highchair and have mummy spoon feed me. Of course, I would have to wear a bib, since I'm sure I would dribble some of my food down my chin after all that is what babies do.

I take my baby life very seriously as it's what makes me who I am. I love being able to express my baby desires in my many stories and now this brief description of what I so love about being an adult baby.

That's about it for now; I hope you have enjoyed this 'glimpse' into my baby lifestyle. If you have any comments (only nice ones please or constructive comments) please mail me at 'babypba@aol.com'

Ben Pathen