

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

BEN PATHEN

BEST-SELLING ABDL FICTION WRITER



**A BABY FOR
MELISSA
AND
HER MOTHER**

A Baby for Melissa and Her Mother |

A Baby for Melissa and Her Mother

By Ben Pathen

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In The Beginning...



There was just one thing missing from Melissa and her mother's idyllic lifestyle - a baby. Their home simply would not be complete without a baby in the house. Together, they had made a plan of how to get a baby and now, they were about to put that plan into action. It was a risky plan, but they felt the risk was worth it if it got them the infant they both wanted.

It had to be a baby boy and Melissa already had someone in mind.

Now, it was time to have the baby they both wanted... and needed.

Now...



V You are a good baby, Thomas. Such a good baby boy for your mummy. I bet you are glad that I decided to have you as my baby. All that silly nonsense of telling mummy and nanny that you were a man. I bet you are so glad that now you are a baby and will always be a baby."

Thomas kicked his legs about and absorbed all the wonderful feelings his thick nappies, covered in soft baby plastic, gave him. He loved it when mummy gave him a special 'treat'. He loved it when he spurted his baby 'milky' into the soft folds of his terry nappy or her plastic-covered hand. It was the best thing ever to be a baby again.

He was very glad that mummy and nanny had decided he should be their baby. They could have chosen someone else, and that would have been terrible. He was so happy they had chosen him. Life was so much better for him as a baby than it ever was as an adult.

But it wasn't like that only a few months before...

Back then, Thomas hated being treated like a baby.

He was twenty-five years old and thought that Melissa and her mother were mad. How dare they keep him against his will and treat him as their baby? They were mad to think he would willingly submit to their whims. He would show them, his time would come, and he would make sure they would suffer for how they were treating him.

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He would go to the police and tell them what had happened to him. How that against his will, he had been kept and treated like a baby, dressed as a baby, bottle-fed as a baby, and had been sleeping in a cot as if he was a baby.

Thinking about that only made him feel embarrassed and a bit confused. They would probably laugh at him and tell him they had more important things to deal with. It was a bit of a conundrum for him. Would anyone believe what had happened to him? Would anyone believe that as a fully-grown adult, he had been treated like a baby? Surely, that would be impossible? No real man would allow himself to be treated in such a way!

Now, he was as helpless as a real baby. Any thoughts of escaping were well in the back of his mind and it was beyond him now to make a plan of escape. He was what Melissa and her mother wanted - a complete baby, despite his age and size. And to be honest, he loved it. He loved being their baby more than anything else in the world. He had been introduced to a world he had never heard of - a world he now loved beyond compare.

Thomas felt that he had let himself down. Not only that, but he had let the male of his species down. He should have fought harder. He should have resisted more. He should have ...

Thomas cuddled his teddy bear closer to his body and sucked his dummy harder and fell asleep. Everything was okay again. He was safe, he was loved and mummy and nanny had told him it was okay for him to be a baby again.



Thomas still couldn't believe that he was now dressed as a baby and laying in a cot. He was very aware of the thick nappies

between his legs and the cool feel of the plastic pants against his inner thighs. He had never felt so humiliated. He couldn't believe what had happened to him over the last few days. He felt so helpless. He wanted to be away from these two women and back to his normal life. All he could do for now was to bide his time. They would make a mistake and he would have his revenge.

He felt he had let himself down and was now very vulnerable. He had very little strength in his arms and legs. There was no way he could get out of the infantile piece of furniture he was in and all he could do was look through the rails of his cot or up at the ceiling. He couldn't understand why a mirror had been put above the cot. It just compounded his embarrassment when he had his nappies changed.

He could see what was happening to him, he could see his wet and soiled nappies being removed and his private parts being washed and dried. He could see the application of nappy rash cream and baby powder. He could see the first nappy being slid under his bottom and three booster pads put in place and then all of the material being pulled up between his legs and secured tightly in place, not only by the Velcro on the nappies but by some sort of stretchy elastic fastening device. Thomas had never seen such a thing before and it seemed to be a replacement for safety pins. The nappies were Velcro fastening contour shaped nappies and were much easier and quicker to fit on a 'baby' such as Thomas than the old traditional terry nappies.

Melissa and her mother had decided on terry nappies and plastic pants as opposed to the modern disposable nappy. It was nothing to do with being environmentally friendly but was all to do with bulk and appearance. They both felt that the wearer of terry nappies and plastic pants looked more babyish, and you could achieve more bulk with terry nappies between the legs than

disposable nappies. In this instance, it was very important that Thomas should be aware of as much bulk as possible between his legs. They would still use disposable nappies, only in the morning in preparation for his bowel movement, it was just for convenience, it was far easier to just dispose of a disposable nappy than to clean a messy terry nappy.

Melissa and her mother were certain that Thomas would quickly become addicted to all the bulk between his legs and associate the bulk with being a baby.

As Melissa or her mother went about their task of changing Thomas, they constantly spoke to him, but he was not spoken to as an adult, he was spoken to in the same manner as a woman would talk to a baby where no reply was possible or expected.

"It won't be long, Thomas. Mummy and nanny will quickly have our baby back in thick nappies and plastic pants and you will soon be all safe and secure. You are an adorable baby Thomas. Mummy and nanny love you so much."

Thomas hated all that 'mummy to baby talk'. He was an adult and shouldn't be spoken to as if he was a baby.

Thomas could see a second nappy being secured in place and then a pair of milky white plastic pants guided over his feet, along his legs, and around his nappies. He could have closed his eyes and not observed the humiliating act of having his nappies changed. He didn't know why he continued to look at the mirror, perhaps he couldn't believe it was really happening. Surely no woman would want to dress and treat a man as a baby? Why on earth would they want to do that?

He was then subject to some patting on the front of his plastic pants as a sort of reminder to him of how he was dressed. He

found the wearing of plastic pants the most humiliating. To him, they just said 'baby'.

Another two terry nappies were secured in place over the plastic pants and then a pair of clear plastic pants were guided over his feet, along his legs, and manipulated around the very thick bulk that now encased his groin. He couldn't understand the reasoning of the other two nappies and the other pair of plastic pants. What was the point of that? Again, the front of his plastic pants was patted.

It was now impossible for him to bring his legs together, not that he had the strength to do so. His legs were forced apart and even to him, it made him look like a baby. Why was it necessary for him to be able to see that?

He was soon to find out.

"Look, Thomas, what can you see in the mirror? Mummy and nanny can see a baby, can Thomas see a baby? All that thickness between your legs must be giving you nice feelings. Is it making you feel like a baby? I bet it is, but you will not admit that yet, but you soon will. Can you feel all the pressure of your nappies against your little baby peepee? Your peepee is so small. It doesn't belong on a man. It belongs to a baby. Yes, Thomas, your little peepee belongs on a baby, not a man. Therefore, it is only proper that you should be treated like a baby. Is mummy right, Thomas?"

No, she wasn't thought Thomas, but he could not tell her that.

"It is tiny Melissa. It would never satisfy a woman. It is only useful for wetting his nappies."

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This constant verbal assault only furthered his humiliation and being able to see how he had been dressed, only increased that humiliation.

He took another sip of liquid from his paci-feeder, at least now he could quench his thirst when he wanted to.

Melissa had noticed this.

"You like your paci-feeder, don't you, Thomas? I found it on an American web site and I was sure it would come in useful on your journey back to infancy."

Thomas did not like 'his' paci-feeder at all. He was a man and a man would not take onboard liquid via a device that was obviously for a baby. What on earth were Melissa and her mother thinking if they thought that by treating him as a baby he would become a baby? He would never become a baby, surely they must understand that? No man could go from an adult and back to a baby.

It was difficult for him to think this way. Being constantly told he was a baby made it very hard for him to concentrate. When he was awake, he was continuously having his thoughts interrupted. There always seemed to be something happening to him, and when he was left alone, he was soon fast asleep in his cot. He never had any time to create a plan of escape.

All of his senses were under attack, his visual sense - his audible sense, his tactile sense, his sense of taste and his sense of smell. There always seemed to be the aroma of baby powder in the room. It was what he had first sensed when he entered the nursery waiting to be paid. The attacks never ceased. They were continuous.

The two women were going to focus his mind on all things baby, all things soft and cute

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Thomas wondered what had happened to the £4500 he had dropped to the floor when he had passed out. He realised he had been drugged and he wished he had never accepted that mug of milky coffee. There were now many things he wished he had not done. He should not have taken the job on in the first place, but their acceptance of his fees made it impossible for him to decline. They had already paid him £6500 in cash for decorating the nursery and the en-suite bathroom. It was a lesser fee for decorating the playroom as no tiling was required, but £4500 was still a lot of money to him.

It was an odd thought that he should be concerned about his money. Surely, he should be more concerned about how he was being treated by Melissa and her mother?



Thomas loved it when mummy or nanny changed his nappies. He loved it when they played with his penis and made him ejaculate. He had never experienced such orgasms before. It made him feel so loved and safe and it made him feel that he was just a baby. He could not even imagine being a man again. He had never been so happy and content.



The first time Thomas wet his nappies was a great moment for both women, and they were sure it would not be long before he would also mess his nappies. For Thomas, it was a total shock. He could not believe he had done such a thing, something that only a baby would do, not a fully-grown man. No such man would do

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something that only a baby would do. He felt so ashamed and they should have let him use the bathroom.

He would make them suffer for what they had made him do and how they were treating him. At least that was part of the plan.



Thomas accepted the teat of the bottle and sucked strongly. It was a strange feeling for him as he had no memories of being bottle-fed when he was a baby the first time. He knew that once he had finished his first bottle of formula, another would follow and then another and after that, he would fall into a deep sleep. He also knew that when he woke up, he would have a very wet nappy and that once again, as had happened so many times before, he would have his nappies changed just as if he was a real baby.

Nothing was more embarrassing than having his manhood exposed to these two women and to just lie there for them to do what they did to him. He was spoken to as women do to a helpless infant. They treated him exactly like a real baby in all ways and at the moment, there was nothing he could do about it.

Initially, he was confined to his cot. His days consisted of bottle feeding and nappy changing. He was never allowed out of his cot, he was bed bathed, encouraged to play with toys for a baby, cooed at, and praised when he did a babyish thing like wetting or soiling his nappies. His treatment as a baby was never-ending and continuous. He couldn't understand what their plans were for him. Why had they in effect, kidnapped him and why were they treating him as a baby?

What were they expecting him to do? To submit to their whims and be a baby for them? If so, they would be very

disappointed. There was no way he would ever be a baby for them. After all, he was a man, there was no way he could or would be a baby again. As a child, he could not wait to grow up and become independent, he was so happy when eventually he left his childhood behind and became a grownup.



"Please, please, please, Melissa. Please let me go!" pleaded Thomas. "I do not want to be your baby."

"Thomas, let's not go through this again," Melissa replied. "I am Mummy to you, and babies do not call their mummy by her Christian name. Do you understand, Thomas?"

"I am not your baby, Melissa," exclaimed Thomas. "I am a man. I am sorry for ignoring you when we were younger. I knew you wanted to be my girlfriend, but I was not ready for such a relationship. I obviously must have upset you very much, I didn't mean to, but surely, it's not right for you to want me as your baby. Not only is it not right, but it is also impossible. I cannot be a baby, I am too old and too big to be a baby, you must know that!"

"Your age and size are of no consequence, Thomas," replied Melissa. "It is how you are treated and dressed that will make you a baby. You are dressed and treated as a baby by myself and nanny. You will soon begin to accept that you are our baby and give up trying to deny that. It is inevitable that you will eventually comply and become the baby we want."

Melissa was not going to be harsh towards Thomas when he made a protest. She would reason with him. She was intellectually superior to him and knew she could answer any questions that he put forward as to why he should not be her baby.

"Why, why do you want me to be your baby?" he asked.

"Women love babies, Thomas," she answered. "It is in our DNA to love babies. You did not want me as your lover, so I felt I had no choice but to have you as my baby instead. I prefer you as my baby than a lover. It will give me total control over you, and I love being in control over you. It is too late to be sorry now, Thomas. You had a chance and blew it. Things could have been so different had you accepted my advances. I am not surprised that you are trying your best to change my mind, but you are wasting your time. It would be for the best for you to just accept what is going to happen to you. I will not change my mind. I don't want you to call me by my Christian name ever again. It must always be mummy, do you understand, Thomas?"

Thomas was in despair. Was nothing he said going to change her mind? How could she be so cruel to him? No man wants to be a baby again. She must know that! It was the ultimate humiliation for a man to be treated as a baby. But he was hungry and thirsty. He had no choice but to comply.

"Yes, mummy," he replied with a sense of despair and defeat.

"That's better Thomas, good baby, good baby Thomas. I do enjoy these exchanges with you, Thomas. They all help you to accept being our baby much sooner. The more you struggle, the quicker you will succumb. You will soon understand that there is nothing you can do to stop your return to infancy and you will soon understand that it is better to be a baby than an adult. Being a baby will make you so happy. This time you will remember everything about being a baby. It will not be possible for you to forget it, as you will always be treated like a baby."

It was another win for Melissa and another loss for Thomas in his attempt to regain his adult life. It was so unfair thought

Thomas. He had never been nasty to Melissa and he didn't deserve to be treated like a baby.

"Now, I hope this is the last time I have to tell you off, Thomas," she replied in a firm tone of voice. "It is all getting rather tiresome. Mummy has much more important things to attend to. Do you understand, Thomas?"

"Yes, mummy."

"What do you understand, Thomas?" she repeated

"Umm, that I have to be a good baby for mummy?"

"Yes, Thomas. You have to be a good baby for mummy and your nanny."

He had no option but to once again accept the teat of his bottle and drink the contents of it down.

Melissa did not expect that she would not hear any more protests from Thomas. She knew that she would have to put him in his place again. It was still very early in his life as a baby to expect him to fully comply. She would have been disappointed had he done so as she enjoyed these exchanges with her new baby.



It took a few weeks of continuous baby treatment before his will broke and he gradually and reluctantly accepted his fate. He began to accept that if he behaved himself and became the baby they wanted. He would be loved and fussed over and given lots of 'treats'.

It had worked better than they had expected. Melissa and her mother were both sure it would not be long before he would be the baby they wanted him to be. There would be no need to

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continue medically restraining him or have him sedated. He would be the baby they so desired and there would be no turning back. Ever.



It was the best Christmas ever.

Thomas loved all the toys and new baby outfits that mummy and nanny had got for him. He loved all the attention he was given. He felt like a little prince and he was a very happy baby. In particular, he loved the new rompers nanny had made him. He couldn't wait until he was dressed in them and to be taken over to one of the many mirrors about the house to see his reflection and how babyish he looked. He cooed with pleasure at what was before his eyes. He gave nanny a big cuddle and was rewarded with lots of kisses on his cheeks and lots of pats on his bottom.

"You are such an adorable baby Thomas; nanny cannot help but love her baby grandson, I think these rompers will be your Sunday-best rompers. Do you like your rompers, Thomas?"

It was a silly question - it was obvious he loved his rompers.

"Ummm, errr, mmmmm, yeath nana, baby luv his wompers."

Thomas would always be able to utter adult words, but they would be accompanied by lots of baby words. It was important that he should respond in this way and understand what had happened to him.

If he was ever in a situation where he felt embarrassment as a baby, he would seek comfort by sucking harder on his pacifier

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and holding his teddy bear closer to his body. It was the memories of his previous adult life that made him do that. The only way for him to overcome that embarrassment was to gain comfort from his pacifier and teddy bear.

His teddy bear was also dressed as a baby, in a nappy and real plastic baby pants. Thomas loved holding his teddy bear and feeling the cool feel of its plastic pants. Part of his baby treatment had given him a love of plastic baby pants.



How could it be that a fully-grown man could return to the nursery and accept all the baby treatment as if it was the most natural thing in the world?

He knew he was a man. They often teased him about that, telling him that once he was a man, but now he was a baby and would always be a baby. He tried to resist, but he was now becoming addicted to the comfort of the thickness between his legs, and he also loved all the fussing he was given, as it was obvious to him that they did really love him. But most of all he loved how aroused he felt.

He was continuously aroused and loved it when Melissa or nana took his manhood in their hands and took him to the heights of ecstasy before he was finally allowed to ejaculate. His body seemed to tremor with pure excitement, and he would be engulfed in feelings that he associated with being a baby. At first, he was 'milked' three or four times a week, it was to show him that being a baby could be a very rewarding experience. It was to encourage him to struggle less and accept his new life as a baby.

After he had succumbed and they were sure he was coming to terms with being a baby, his 'milking' would be less frequent,

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after all a real baby would not be 'milked'. But as a reward, as he was being such a good baby he would be giving an occasional 'milking' as a reminder that if he continued to behave himself it was a wonderful thing to be a baby.

After his 'milking' he would soon be fast asleep in his cot absorbing the afterglow of what had just happened to him. It was an effective way of settling him down for the night.



"I think he is almost there now, mother," Melissa exclaimed. "I think he has fully accepted that he is a baby now. He has completely lost control of his bodily functions and he wets and messes his nappy just like a real baby and kicks his legs about just as a real baby would. We didn't even have to encourage him to do that - he just did it instinctively. I'm not sure why, though? I can only imagine that the movement of his legs has an effect on his groin and must stimulate him. I love seeing him do that, it is such a babyish thing to do and I love the rustling sound his plastic pants make as he moves about. There is no way he could possibly return to his previous life as an adult - not that I would ever consider letting him return to that life. He is the baby we have always wanted. We have total control over him and I love it so much."

"I agree, Melissa. I thought it would take much longer, but the continuous baby treatment was beyond his ability to resist. I remember how he resisted at first and that he was determined to remain an adult and yet now, he is totally compliant and fully accepting of his life as a baby. His personality has changed so much. Not only does he look like a baby, but his behaviour is very much that of a baby. It is as if he has mentally returned to the time he first

arrived in this world and is as much a baby as he once was. You have been proven very correct about all of that."

"Thank you, mum," she replied. "I wasn't 100% certain, but I had a feeling that if we bombarded his mind with all things baby and made it so clear to him that we loved him as a baby, he would be unable to resist and therefore have no option other than to regress to infancy for us."

"Well, he has certainly done that! He is so much like a real baby in all ways," she exclaimed. "There is nothing adult about him at all now. I know he is fully aware of his previous life as an adult, but how much aware, I do not know."

"I am not sure, mum," she countered. "But his adult life no longer beckons to him. He knows being an adult will not give him the feelings he now loves at being our baby. He has become so addicted to his baby life and he now prefers it to his adult life. I was positive that would happen, but it surprised me how quickly it happened. There are so many pluses to him in being a baby - no getting up in the morning to go to work, no busy traffic to get through. Being a baby is a stress-free life for him. He understands that now, I told him he would eventually. He is overwhelmed by his new life as a baby. I am sure it is now impossible for his adult mentality to ever regain control, and with his continuous treatment as a baby, I am sure he will never want to experience adulthood again. He will remember that as an unpleasant and unloved period of his life. There is no need for him to regain his adult personality, why would he regain something that would never give him the pleasure he now gets as a baby."



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Thomas enjoyed being strapped into his highchair and have mummy or nanny tie his plastic bib around his neck. He couldn't help but wet his nappies. It was further proof to him that he was just a baby and that his adult life was in the past. It was no longer there for him to even long for. He didn't need or want to be an adult and he much preferred being a baby now. He felt he had tried his utmost to resist, but whatever he tried to stop his return to a baby had been thwarted by mummy and nanny. He was unsure if that was even a bad thing. Being a baby validated his inner being.

"Has baby Thomas wet his nappies again?" Melissa asked. "You are so very much a baby now, yes you are, Thomas... just a baby for your mummy and nanny. To think that not long ago you were a man decorating the room that is now your nursery. Mummy and nanny don't think you were ever really a man, Thomas. You were always a baby and it was just a case of getting you to accept that. I think you now know that. You know it is better for you to be a baby than a man. You have a life full of love, what could be better? Do you agree, Thomas? Are you glad you are my baby now?"

Even after he accepted his life as a baby, the verbal reminders of what he had once been would not cease. It was a thrill for both women to press home to him of what had happened to him, knowing that they had achieved what they had set out to achieve and make it very clear they were in total control of his life.

In response, Thomas wet his nappies again. It was natural for him to do that. He didn't have to think he had to wet his nappies. He could no longer control his bladder, it was almost a subconscious and submissive gesture from him to prove to them he was a baby.

"Umm, gah gah, mama, gah gah, baby, me a baby, mama mama, love mama."

"Yes, mummy knows you are a baby. Mummy knows you love being a baby. She was right in making you a baby. Was mummy right in making you my baby, Thomas?"

"Agahgah, mmmmm, gag gag, mmmmm, , yes mummy. Baby, , gag gag."

Thomas loved being able to make such baby 'words'. It further confirmed in his mind that he was a baby, he wasn't a man anymore, mummy and nanny always told him he was a baby.

It was the only way he could respond now, a mixture of infantile sounds with a few 'adult' words.

"I thought so Thomas," she replied. "You are so happy as my baby and to think at one time I considered you to be husband material. I am so glad that you spurned my advances. I made the correct choice in having you as my baby. I went to great effort to get your attention and to hope you would ask me out, but you just ignored me. I even spent a lot of money on a sexy leather skirt. I was sure that would catch your eye, no real man could resist a woman in a leather skirt, but no, you still ignored me.

Melissa continued explaining herself to the newly infantilised 'child'.

"The thought that you would be holding me close to your body and running your hands over my leather-covered bottom was something I really wanted to happen. That is all in the past now, there is to be no going back. You are my baby and will always be my baby. Yes, Thomas, here you are a 25-year-old but not living as a 25-year-old, but as a helpless baby boy all for mummy and nanny to fuss over. Perhaps I will wear my leather skirt for you. I still have it and it still fits me like a glove, you will see what you missed out on. You will get lots of cuddles from me, but you will never be intimate

with me. Only a man can be intimate with a woman, but you are no longer a man, Thomas. you are a baby."

Thomas fully understood what Melissa was telling him, but he didn't care. He loved what she had done to him, he was glad she had made him her baby.

In a way, he was contradicting himself. That was how confused his mind was now. There was still an odd glimmer in his mind that he should still be an adult, but that glimmer was not powerful enough for him to want to return to adulthood. The deed was done. He had traversed the boundary between adult and infant.

"Mummy and nanny have babified you, Thomas," she continued. "You're now addicted to all things baby. You have given up of ever regaining your adult life. It has gone forever, never to return. Your life as a baby is full of mummy and nanny love. We both love fussing over our helpless baby boy, knowing we are in total control over you, something that would not have happened had you remained an adult. A life of nappies and plastic pants, rompers, footed sleepers, being bathed, being bottle-fed, a life of soft cuddly toys and total innocence is your present and your future. Being spoon-fed in your highchair, sleeping in your cot, kicking your legs about in true baby fashion is your life now. Just a helpless baby boy who now needs his mummy and nanny to take care of him just like a real baby needs his mummy and nanny to take care of him. It will not matter how old you become. For mummy and nanny, you will always be a baby."

This talk from mummy did not unsettle Thomas. It only increased his acceptance in his mind that he was a baby. Melissa considered him a pathetic example of a man, but as a baby, though he was perfect. She could fully love him as a mother loves her baby.

"Soon mummy will be spoon feeding her helpless baby, as baby is unable to feed himself, everything has to be done for baby Thomas. Apart from your size, you are no different from any other baby. You will dribble some of your food down your plastic bib and mummy will have to scoop it up and get you to swallow it down."

Thomas knew she was right and had already begun to experience that.

"Mummy and nanny are in control of your life: when you eat, when you sleep, when you have your nappies changed and when it is time for baby to have his bath. And of course, as you are such a good baby when you get a special 'treat' and are allowed to make baby 'milky' for mummy or nanny. Mummy and nanny both know you love that, Thomas. You love having your baby peepee played with and the resulting orgasm and wonderful feelings that overwhelm you and make you more babyish in every way."

Like any adult, Thomas loved orgasm but now, it was just as powerful but 'different'. It was fun but in a non-sexual way.

"You will always be able to understand what mummy and nanny are saying to you, but you will be in such a deep state of infancy that any form of reasoning will be beyond you. I intend to get you back to the age of a year-old baby in how you behave, perhaps even younger. Can you imagine that Thomas? Can you imagine being such a young and helpless baby? You will see life through the eyes of a baby and will not be concerned one bit at all. It will be so natural for you. You will have no worries, you will have just a little understanding of the outside world. You are in a safe world now. Mummy and nanny will take care of everything for you. You just have to be a baby, it is that simple, what could be better, Thomas?"