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**BEN  
PATHEN**

BEST-SELLING ABDL AUTHOR

**THE  
CLOTHESLINE  
OF  
SHAME**

*The Clothesline of Shame*

# The Clothesline of Shame



By Ben Pathen

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# *The Clothesline of Shame*

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Author: Ben Pathen

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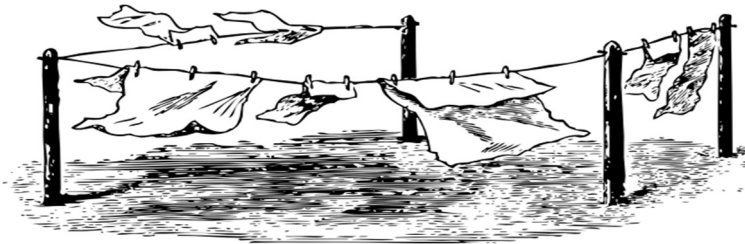
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# *The Clothesline of Shame*

## Introduction



**T**his story is about something I would so love to have happened to me when I was a teenager, but sadly, it did not, so now all I can do is describe what for me would have been a dream come true had it actually happened. I knew at that tender age what I wanted to be - a baby.

I had known that for several years. I knew what I wanted. I knew what I wanted to be, but of course, had what I have written really happened, it would have been considered by most to be a form of child abuse, but for me, it would not have been so. For me, it



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would have been the perfect experience, but of course, those who think they know better, cannot understand this. How dare someone deny me pleasure? What right have they to do that?

There is nothing wrong with my desires, they have never involved real children or babies. It is just a yearning I have to be a baby myself. Ever since I was 'found out' at the age of 18, I was made to feel as if there was something wrong with me, as if I needed to be cured. Cured of what? Cured of a harmless desire? Why should I need to be cured of something that was no threat to anyone else, and gave me so much pleasure, gave me so much comfort? So, I have had to live with that burden of *needing to be cured* for almost 40 years, which is how long it has taken me to realise that there is nothing wrong with me.

Yes, it is an unusual desire, one that I can only share with very few people. I can understand why most people would not understand and that is why I keep it to myself. I do not wish to know what my friends get up to in the privacy of their own home. It is none of my business, and as long as it does not involve anyone being pressured into doing something they do not wish to do and does not cause any physical or mental harm to anyone, then as far as I am concerned, I do not see what right I have or anyone else to judge or condemn.

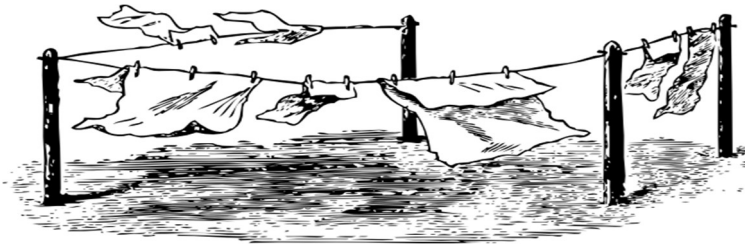
So, if you have come across this publication by mistake, and have no idea about people who have desires to be treated like a baby, it is best that you do not read my story. But if you do, then do not condemn me, or others like me. I understand if you find such desires unnatural, but they are harmless. Just because it does not appeal to you, it does not give you the right to take a higher moral stand and think ill towards myself and other like-minded people.

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For those of you who have such desires, I do hope that what I have written, and how I have written this story, fills your imagination and gives you the chance to escape from the realities of the real world, even if it is only for a short time. I also hope that you do not consider yourself sick in any way. Please don't waste so many years of your life, as I have done, coming to terms with your desires. Simply accept them, indulge yourself and be who you want to be.

**Ben Pathen**

## The Clothes Line



**I**t was the sound of a click that made Benjamin realise that he was not alone in the garden. A feeling of absolute terror came over him. He had been caught.

“And what do you think you are doing, young man?” came the voice from behind him.

Benjamin turned his head and recognised the woman standing there with a camera in her hand. It was a teacher, Miss Goodwin from his old Infant’s School. How was he going to explain

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what he was doing in her garden with a pair of plastic baby pants in his hands that he had just removed from her washing line?

He saw the photograph coming out of the front of the Polaroid camera. He was caught red-handed and the proof was in her hand.

Miss Goodwin spoke again. "Benjamin Peters, what on earth do you think you are doing? Why have you got those plastic baby pants in your hand?"

Benjamin was mortified. He didn't think that anyone would be about at 6.30 in the morning and he had been so quiet. He had never stolen anything before in his life, but he had often seen several pairs of plastic baby pants on the washing line as he rode past the back of the house on his way to work at the hardware store. His unusual desire for plastic pants had been too strong for him to resist. He had to have some, and he was only going to take a couple of pairs from the eight hanging on the line.

"I err, I um, um, I don't know, Miss."

He had not prepared himself for being caught and had not thought that possibility through.

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Miss Goodwin moved closer. "What do you mean, you don't know? That is a silly answer, even from you, Benjamin. I thought you were a clever boy, not a silly one. Now tell me, otherwise, I will call the police."

He gulped. He needed an explanation, but none was forthcoming. How could he tell Miss Goodwin that he wanted to be a baby again? She just would not understand.

"I am sorry Miss. I was just messing about."

It was the best answer he could come up with, and not a very good one at that.

"Messing about?" she replied. "What do you mean? That is not a proper answer, I think you had better come inside. We need to have a little chat. Follow me, hurry up, come on. You, little man, are in a lot of trouble."

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For a second, he thought that perhaps he could make a dash for his bike and make his escape, but that would be futile. Miss Goodwin knew him and had a picture of him with a pair of plastic baby pants in his hand. There was nothing he could do but follow her into her house.

A few minutes later, Benjamin was sitting at the kitchen table in Miss Goodwin's house. He still hadn't come up with a plausible excuse as to why he was in her back garden at 6.30 am, and why he had been trying to steal some plastic pants from her washing line. Had he known it was her house, he would have not done what he had. He would have steered well clear of anyone's garden that he knew.

He had liked Miss Goodwin when he was in her class many years earlier. She was a very nice teacher and not strict at all. He remembered how kind she was when he fell over in the playground. He had grazed his knee and was soon in tears and for that, he was called a cry baby by the other children. But she came to his rescue, comforted him, and made it all better. She was a very young teacher and was still single when he had left her class. He figured she must have married and had children. The plastic pants on her washing line were after all, for a baby.

"How old are you now, Benjamin?" Miss Goodwin had a rough idea but was not exactly sure.

"Nearly nineteen, Miss."

"And what are you doing at this time of the morning?" she asked. "It is the school holidays and I would have thought you'd be having a lay-in."

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"I was on my way to look for work at the hardware store, Miss. I have finished school now and am looking for work and they open at 7 am."

"Does looking for work include going into people's gardens and helping yourself to items hanging on washing lines?"

"No, Miss."

"So, why did I catch you in my garden with a pair of plastic pants in your hand that had been hanging on my washing line, and don't tell me you were just messing about," she exclaimed. "I don't suppose you knew it was my house and my garden, did you?"

"No, Miss."

"Well then, why? I want to know, if you do not tell me the truth, you could be in a lot of trouble."

Benjamin didn't know what to say. He had never told anyone that he wanted to be a baby again. Not his parents, no one at all, how could he? No one in the world would be able to comprehend such unusual desires, that he, almost nineteen now, wanted to be dressed and treated like a little baby. Most boys of that age wanted to grow up as quickly as possible, but not him. All he wanted to be was a baby. He didn't know why he wanted to; he just knew that he did. He just wished he had never grown up and had remained a baby.

"Come on boy," she said impatiently. "I am not going to sit here all day waiting for an answer. If you tell me the truth, I am sure we can sort it out. Why were you stealing some plastic pants from my washing line?"

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Benjamin had never been in trouble before. Perhaps if he told her the truth, she would let him go on his way and not tell anyone.

"I err, I sort of ummm, I like the feel of the plastic."

Benjamin felt his face go red, he felt so ashamed of what he had admitted.

"I see," she replied. "Is it just holding them in your hands or do you like wearing plastic pants? It's okay, you can tell me."

Her tone had become gentle rather than filled with anger and frustration. Benjamin felt so embarrassed. He could feel his face getting very warm. What would she think of him if he told her he liked wearing baby pants?

"Err, yes, I do sort of like wearing them, miss," he answered.

"Really? Why do you like wearing plastic baby pants?"

Miss Goodwin knew perfectly well why Benjamin liked wearing plastic baby pants. She knew about people who had a fetish for such baby items and in fact, she had hung all the plastic baby pants on her washing line for one reason - to entice and trap someone. She had set the bait, but she just didn't think she would catch the boy she had just caught.

"I err don't know Miss. I just do."

"Mmmmm, I see, is it because you want to be a baby again, Benjamin?" she asked. "It is okay if you do. I will understand. Little boys grow up far too quickly and I think at times, they wish they could stay as a baby for a little longer. Is that what you want?"

She was doing her best to coax Benjamin into telling her what she was certain was the truth but was too shy and



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embarrassed at the moment to do so. She had to make him feel relaxed in her company. She was being very blunt with her questions, but she knew she only had a short time to get an explanation from him before she sent him on his way. At this moment, it would be foolish of her to keep him in her house for too long.

Benjamin didn't know how to respond. How did she know that he wanted to be a baby again? It couldn't be just from the fact he had tried to steal some plastic baby pants from her washing line, surely?

"Look, Benjamin, I won't think badly of you if you have a desire to be a baby again," she responded quietly. "There is nothing wrong with that at all. It will be our secret and I promise never to tell a soul, but I need to know. I can help you, but I have to get to the bottom of this. I can't let you just go on your way. If I do, and you try to steal some plastic baby pants from someone else's washing line and get caught again, they may not be so understanding and then you will be in trouble. Just tell me, it's okay."

He realised that sooner or later, he would have to tell her. She was being kind to him, despite what he had done. It wasn't going to be easy, but he felt he had no choice.

"Yes, I err, um, yes miss, I sort of want to be a baby again," he stammered.

He had finally said something he never thought he would. He was overcome with guilt at what he had just admitted. She must think he was mentally ill and that he would be sent away to some facility for mad people and a few tears rolled down his cheeks.

Miss Goodwin could see how upset he was. She needed to comfort him, make him feel okay about his desire to be a baby

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again. Despite his young age, he could be the ideal person to be a baby for her, an answer to all her maternal desires at having an older baby in her life. She loved the power she would have over such a person, to know that as her baby, they would be totally under her control. She wasn't a wicked person, but she had always wanted to treat an older boy as a baby. It had at one time been a struggle for her to come to terms with this desire, but it was such a powerful desire, she had to see if it were possible to make it happen, despite the potential problems it may cause.

"It's okay, Benjamin, I understand. There is nothing wrong in wanting to be a baby again and I can help you," she said, with a kind smile on her face. "Don't cry. All will be well. Your secret is safe with me, and I can help you, so let me see a smile on your face. You were always a happy little boy from what I can remember, always laughing. You were so cute, just as you are now. Look, why don't you forget the hardware store and go back home. What do you normally do then?"

Benjamin felt a little better and he got his handkerchief out and blew his nose.

"It depends, I usually have breakfast, then I maybe go off to do some fishing. I'm not sure really?"

"Right, well today once you have gone home and had your breakfast, I want you to come back here," she suggested, in a voice that was clearly not to be disobeyed. "If you do, that will be fine. So, let's say 9:00. Can you be back here by 9:00? Don't worry, I said your secret is safe with me. All I am going to do is help you with your special feelings. You will not be punished, not one little bit, but you must promise me that you will come back here, otherwise, I

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may have to contact your parents. Do you understand that, Benjamin?"

"Yes Miss, I promise, are you sure you won't tell anyone else?"

Miss Goodwin smiled. She liked Benjamin and he had been one of her favourites at the infants' school all those years ago. Perhaps he would be just right for what she had planned for the person who she was sure she would eventually have caught trying to steal some plastic baby pants from her washing line. Admittedly he was a little young, but that might be better, as it was easier to control him.

"Yes, I promise not to tell another soul. Off you go, be careful and don't fall off your bike. I want you back here all safe and sound at 9:00."

Benjamin felt a great sense of relief as he peddled quickly away on his bike. All thoughts of getting a job that day had evaporated. A huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders, and he could only trust that Miss Goodwin was actually going to help him.

He was soon back at home gulping down his breakfast. Afterwards, he changed into some smarter clothes and was soon heading back to Miss Goodwin's house. It was 8.45 by the time he left his home again. Both of his parents had already left for work and his younger siblings were just getting up. Thankfully, his older sister would look after them today and they weren't his responsibility.

There was a mixture of excitement and anticipation in Benjamin's mind as he cycled the short distance to Miss Goodwin's house. Ever since he started to have desires to be a baby again, he

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had often fantasised about being treated as a baby by a pretty young woman, someone who could be a mommy for him

Is that what she had in mind to help him? Probably not, he thought, I expect it will be just a lot of talking, so it could be a bit boring, but it was better than her telling his parents or going to the police.

Benjamin did as Miss Goodwin had told him. He came in through the back garden gate, leant his bike against the shed, walked under the now empty washing line and knocked on the back door.

"Well done Benjamin," she remarked. "You are back in time, good boy, come on in."

Benjamin followed Miss Goodwin into the kitchen.

"Would you like a drink, Benjamin," she asked. "I have some orange juice delivered by the milkman this morning."

Benjamin loved the orange juice that came in a glass milk bottle. It was treated as a special treat when he had it at home.

"Yes please, Miss."

A few minutes later Benjamin was sitting on the sofa in the living room with his glass of orange juice in his trembling hand. Miss Goodwin sat on an armchair almost opposite him.

"Right, first of all well done for being so quick and getting back here before 9:00, I knew you wouldn't let me down, so well-done Benjamin." Miss Goodwin wanted to make him feel at ease in her company, she needed to get him in the right frame of mind, to open up, and tell her all she wanted to know.

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"We're going to have a good chat, Benjamin. I need to know all about your special desires, and then I can decide where we should go from there and what I think will be the best course of action to help you. So, I don't want you to hold back. Just answer all my questions truthfully. You have no need to feel awkward or embarrassed because it's just the two of us. Just be honest with me, that is all I ask. Are you okay with that?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Good boy," she continued. "So, tell me. When did you first realise that you wanted to be a baby again?"

Miss Goodwin had no intention to beat about the bush. She was going to be direct in her questioning. She needed to know why this young boy wanted to be a baby again.

Benjamin didn't hesitate as he did earlier this morning. He suddenly felt he could implicitly trust Miss Goodwin. She had been very good about everything so far, and he had nothing to lose in being as honest as he could.

"Um, I think it was when I was about seven or eight. I had been visiting some relatives and they have a son who had learning difficulties. He was a little younger than me but was always dressed in diapers and plastic baby pants, just like a baby. He got a lot of attention and lots of cuddles and it made me feel jealous of all the attention he was getting. I also just liked the look of his diapers and plastic pants that he had to wear. I don't know why. I just did. Ever since then I have tried to get hold of some plastic baby pants for myself. I do have some already, but when I saw those hanging on your washing line, I just couldn't help myself. It was exciting for me to take them. I'm sorry I tried to steal them from you, I truly am Miss Goodwin."

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He hung his head, realising the huge error in judgement he'd made that morning.

"That's okay, Benjamin," she said. "Thank you for your apology, but there's no need to apologise anymore since you know you did wrong. I just have to see what I can do to help you with this problem because you can't just go about stealing plastic baby pants from washing lines. It will only get you into trouble. What were you intending to do with the plastic pants when you got home?"

Benjamin bowed his head. Even though Miss Goodwin was being nice to him, it was still hard for him to be open about his baby desires.

"I was going to wear them." He whispered.

Miss Goodwin knew perfectly well that is what he would have done, but she needed to hear him admit it to her.

"Do you like the feel of the plastic pants against your skin when you wear them, Benjamin?"

"Yes, Miss."

"That's okay. Don't feel ashamed. There is no need to look down, you can look at me. I don't bite, so come on, lift your head up. I want to see a smile on your face."

Benjamin looked up and did his best to smile though came out a bit shaky and hesitant.

"That's better, good boy. What sort of feelings do the plastic pants give you? Do they make you excited?"

"Yes Miss, they make me feel like a baby, and I err, I like feeling like a baby. I know it isn't normal. Will I have to see a special doctor? Is there something wrong with me?"

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As it was the late 60's, there were no personal computers or internet for Benjamin to find out that he was not the only one in the whole world who wanted to be a baby again. He thought his desires made him unique and therefore alone in the world.

In reality, though, there were hundreds of thousands of people out there who had similar desires. It was harmless, but it would be considered by most people, particularly in those days, that people with such desires were mentally ill and needed psychiatric help. To their way of thinking, it wasn't normal, and it had to be cured.

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with you, Benjamin. Besides, if it gives you pleasure and doesn't harm anyone, as far as I am concerned it is okay, but you have to go about it in the right way. Stealing plastic baby pants from washing lines is not the way to go about it. There is a far better way. So, what have you been thinking about since I sent you on your way this morning? Were you looking forward to coming back here?"

Miss Goodwin was trying to make it as easy as possible for Benjamin to come clean about his baby desires.

"Not sure really, I was glad that you were going to keep it a secret between us and not tell my parents. They would have given me a hard time about it and would not understand at all. I just don't know what they would have done," he answered in a miserable tone.

"Was it just that Benjamin, that you were relieved that you were not going to get into trouble, or did you have other thoughts in your mind? What did you imagine I would do to help you? You can tell me, as I have already said, it will be our secret."

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Could he tell her? Could he say what he had been fantasising about for the last couple of hours what he wished she would do to him on his return? It wasn't going to be easy. He was still young, and he hadn't yet really come to terms with his baby desires. Yes, he loved the thought of being a baby and all the nice feelings that gave him, but they left him very confused. To say what he wanted to say would be a big step, a massive step and he was sure she would think him a very silly boy.

"Well, it isn't easy for me to say. It is very embarrassing. You won't laugh or think I am mad will you, Miss?"

Miss Goodwin knew that Benjamin was very close to saying what she wanted to hear. Her tactics were working, and he just needed a little more gentle persuasion, a bit more confidence. He needed to be made to feel it was okay to talk about his desires.

"I know Benjamin," she said. "You are still young, still a baby really. You are at that age where you are finding it difficult to come to terms with the new and special feelings that all boys have at that age. I can honestly say that nothing you tell me will shock me, and whatever you say will not mean that I will think you're mad. I am not going to laugh at you, and you've done very well so far. You have been so brave so just tell me what you would like to happen, that's all you have to do."

Benjamin knew that his face was probably going to go bright red, if it wasn't already, but he had gone this far, so he had to do as she asked. He was still worried that she might tell his parents, despite her promise not to. She had a hold over him and he had no choice.

"I, I, I was hoping you would treat me as a baby."



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At last, thought Miss Goodwin. At last, he had told her what she wanted to hear.

"Well done Benjamin, well done," she exclaimed. "You are a very good boy, very good, very brave. That didn't hurt, did it? Just a few words, nothing for you to worry about at all. See, I am not laughing, and I do not think you are mad. So, would you like me to baby you, dress you as a little baby, put you in diapers and plastic pants? Would you like that, Benjamin?"

Benjamin felt a certain part of his body react to Miss Goodwin's words. To his thinking, this was a fantasy come true, or was she just playing with him? He didn't know.

"Um, err, yes please Miss, yes, I would love you to treat me as a baby."

Benjamin never thought he would ever be saying such words to anyone. It was just a fantasy of being treated like a baby, one that he thought would never happen.

"Are you sure, Benjamin," she asked. "Are you? If I do treat you as a baby you must never tell anyone, ever. It must be our secret, do you understand?"

He put his head up and looked her directly in the eyes, "Yes Miss" he declared.

"Tell me again Benjamin, tell me how you want me to treat you?" she demanded.

Miss Goodwin was as excited as Benjamin, at last, her desires were about to come true. She had often fantasised about treating an older boy or young man as a baby. It was something she had issues about when she was growing up, but she had over the years done some research on the matter from books and reading