

# HOME DETENTION



*the making of a baby..*

MICHAEL BENT

**HOME DETENTION**

*The making of a baby*

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**Michael Bent**

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Title: Home Detention

Author: Michael Bent

Editor: Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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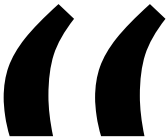
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# *Judgement*



Will the defendant please stand.”

Jordan Airesdale slowly stood up. His new suit, bought just for court, was uncomfortable, not that being in court facing sentencing was ever like to be anything other than very uncomfortable.

“You have pleaded guilty to breaking and entering, wilful damage and theft,” the Magistrate continued. “Your partner has already been sentenced to jail and it is now my duty to sentence you to an appropriate period of detention.”



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Jordan's blood went cold. He had hoped to escape jail. He had turned eighteen only weeks earlier and could now be sent to an adult prison rather than a juvenile facility.

"The court has taken into account that you were not the ring-leader, but rather, the easily-led accomplice. Your criminal record to this point has been spotless, but your crime was significant and there was a large financial loss to the victims as well as psychological injury. If you had not pleaded guilty and not shown the remorse that you have done, this court would have had no other option than to send you to prison. But at the same time, the nature and outcome of your crime means that I cannot, therefore, let you off without *some* sentence of detention."

Jordan's lawyer grabbed his client's arm as he began to sway, looking as if he were about to collapse.

"However, the psychiatric report has indicated that you would suffer increased risks in prison and therefore, I am sentencing you to one year of home detention."

Jordan's heart began to beat again.

*Home detention! I can do that!*

"But understand this, Mister Airesdale. This means that you are to remain inside the boundary of your mother's home or any place that she moves to. You will be allowed to leave only to visit your probation officer, church and emergency medical needs. If at any other time you are found to be away from the home, you will immediately be arrested and taken to prison to serve the rest of your sentence. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Your Honour," he replied in a crackly voice.





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"And if you come back to this court, your medical issues will not keep you away from prison a second time. You have been given one chance, young man. Don't waste it."

The Magistrate stood up and the entire court did the same. Jordan turned around, still ashen-faced and saw his mother and older sister coming toward him. Neither was smiling.

"Let's get you home now," said Mrs Claire Airesdale icily. "You have disgraced us and our family name. Now you can spend the next year stuck inside."

His sister gave him an equally harsh look.

"But I am glad you won't be in prison," she added, showing just the hint of a smile. "And you can thank Doctor Woods for that."

Jordan knew that her mother and sister were very angry at him and with good reason. He had kicked himself repeatedly in the last six months for being so gullible and foolish as to follow Travis Morton, thug, criminal, and general waste-of-space. He had joined him on a burglary that had gone wrong and they were arrested within the hour. He only wanted a bit of excitement and he had certainly had that, but it was all the wrong kind of excitement. Since then, he had been terrified of going to prison.

Jordan was seventeen when he committed the crime, but had turned eighteen just before the trial. He pleaded guilty and had shown genuine remorse to the court. The elderly couple whose home they had burgled had, however, been traumatised to a great extent and had been forced to move to a nursing home. The Victim Impact Statement had been a devastating condemnation of his actions.



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He was genuinely sorry and remorseful and he wanted to make amends, but for now, he was to spend the next year within the confines of his mother's smallish home in the inner city. The house was well presented and tastefully decorated in line with his family's modest wealth and position. But it had almost no back or front yard and he was already imagining spending an entire year trapped indoors with a mere fifty square metres of outside area to go to.

*But anything is better than prison!*

He consoled himself with that message and prepared himself for the difficulties to come.

The young man followed the court official into a side room to sign his release papers and to once again be informed of the onerous conditions of his home detention. He would not have to wear an ankle monitor as he had seen in countless American crime shows. But there would be random visits – day or night - and if he were not at home when they occurred... Prison.

He smiled as he walked out of the room after being told he was allowed to attend Church for ninety minutes once a week. That curiously Anglo-Saxon doctrine of not denying someone the right to worship had given him the chance of a weekly leave from his confines to go to Church. He had never gone in the past and yet now, the idea of a boring sermon and antiquated music was attractive compared to the confines of a home with his dominating mother and critical older sister.

"Come with me, Jordan," said his mother crisply. "You have to go home right now, so let's be off."

Claire slid into the driver's seat of her dark grey Jaguar XJ limousine. His sister, Connie, full name Constance Eileen Airesdale,

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slid into the passenger front seat while Jordan was once again, relegated to the rear.

He was the youngest child and the smallest and often felt like he was a disappointment. Certainly, the events of the day had not exactly disproven that assessment.

The Airesdales were that classic Family of Name that once possessed power, prestige, and influence, but now just had wealth – and modest wealth at that. Generations of indolence and waste had led to the family being relegated to one of historical significance, but contemporary irrelevance. Claire had been widowed five years before and at just forty-six years of age had used all the little influence she still had, to garner a reduced sentence for her son.

Doctor Woods, Jordan's psychiatrist, had made a very positive and generous assessment of him to the court, despite some of his obvious flaws and character weaknesses. Jordan had a history of petty theft although none of it had been reported. He had been suspended twice from school and threatened with expulsion. Despite a first-class mind, he had failed to pass high school.

One of Claire's still influential contacts, someone who had once been a friend, passed on some 'advice' to the Magistrate to be lenient on him.

Claire had used up all of her influence and favours to keep her son out of prison. From now on, she was on her own. For all her hardness and feelings of loss, both of her husband and her position, she loved Jordan deeply. He was her only son and for all his flaws, she loved him and wanted desperately to protect him.

There had been one fact that she knew had tipped the balance between prison and home detention. One deep dark secret that Jordan did not want anyone to know, not even his doctor. But



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Claire had told his doctor about it regardless and was aware that the report she produced contained that secret in it. The doctor had shown her a copy beforehand, despite it being unethical to do so. Jordan did not know his mother had passed the secret on to the Doctor.

But it had worked in his favour. While all Claire's influence had managed to get his likely sentence reduced to less than a year in prison, this final secret was enough to move him from jail to home detention. The secret was immensely embarrassing.

Jordan Airesdale was a bedwetter.

And not just once a week with a small puddle. From the age of thirteen, after the death of his father, he had wet his bed every night, solidly and extensively. He had only been dry for barely a year before that devastating event, and the trauma of the death had triggered its return. And it had returned with a vengeance.

A heavy bedwetter in prison would have been tormented or worse and it was the key issue that had kept him from living behind bars. It was the 'medical condition' that the Magistrate had so cryptically referred to.

Jordan knew none of this. Only his mother knew that her influence and her candour had saved him. And of course, his wet sheets.



# *Barnsdale*



Jordan looked out the window of the car.

“Where are we going?” exclaimed Jordan, his voice rising in fear, as they left the courthouse. “This isn’t the way home! If I don’t get home in the next two hours, I will go to prison!”

“Stop worrying, convict,” spat Connie, with a curious smile on her face.

‘Convict’ was a new nickname and one he hoped wouldn’t last. It was even worse than his normal nickname of ‘stinky’, a reference to his bedwetting.



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"Connie is right, Jordan," explained his mother. "While you were busy getting yourself nearly in jail, I've bought all of us a new home out in the country."

"A new home?" spluttered Jordan. "You bought a new house and didn't even tell me? But I have to go to our old place!"

Jordan began to cry. It was one of his regular habits when upset and over the last few years, he would cry often. It was deeply embarrassing for his mother and sister.

"If I am not there soon, I will get arrested!"

"Stop crying, stinky," Connie interrupted. "Mum bought a bigger place so her convict son will have more space to run around in for a year."

"You did, mum? How did you know I would get home detention?"

"I still have some influence left, Jordan," she said, as she drove the quiet Jaguar saloon onto the freeway. "I knew two weeks ago you would get home detention, so I bought this place and cleared it with the court this morning."

"You knew I wasn't going to jail for two weeks and you didn't tell me?" he replied in a strangled voice. His anger was rising. "I have been scared witless for a fortnight, hoping I would not get sent there and you knew?"

"If you are looking for an apology young man, you won't be getting one," exclaimed Claire, her voice controlled, but angry. "You did the crime and now you are going to do the time and in a much larger house, so thanks for your appreciation!"



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Jordan realised that his mother had done something very nice for him and all he had done was yell at her.

“Sorry, mum,” he said. “I really do appreciate what you are doing. I’ve been stupid and I know you are only trying to help.”

“That’s okay, Jordan,” she said, her voice now calm and maternal. “I wasn’t supposed to know about it either. I pulled a few strings and I found out you were getting detention just two weeks ago, but I couldn’t tell you because technically, it is improper to know.”

“Oh, okay,” he replied. “That makes sense, I guess.”

“And she also wanted you to suffer, convict!” spat Connie.

Jordan said nothing and simply took the barb.

*She probably did want me to suffer too. And she wouldn’t have been wrong. This is the stupidest thing I’ve ever done.*

Unfortunately, that was true. There was a solid history of misbehaviours and foolish actions by Jordan over the past few years, culminating in his ill-considered and ill-fated burglary. He had been suspended several times from school for cheating, for bullying some of the little kids and was nearly expelled once. He was a small teenager himself and was often teased about it from friends and classmates and rather than take it the good-natured way it had been given, he would take it out on the much younger students who were significantly smaller than himself.

Rather than use his very smart brain to study and do homework, he resorted to cheating and plagiarising which had led to him being taken out of high school before completing his final year. Not that he was ever going to pass final exams. He simply hadn’t worked very hard.



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Jordan was lazy, undisciplined and childish.

And he still wet the bed every night.

“I think you will like the new house, Jordan. It has five bedrooms and is larger than the old one, but best of all, it is on four thousand square metres of land, so you will be allowed anywhere on it, as long as you don’t cross a fence.”

Jordan was silent and taken aback. His biggest fear of home detention was of going stir crazy inside a small home with only a little area outside and now, he was going to live in what sounded like a paradise of space.

Over the last few months, he had tried to imagine what it would be like confined to a cell and with an exercise yard full of bigger and scarier people than him. It terrified him and his fears had turned into not only wetter beds, but smellier ones that had earned him his new nickname of ‘stinky’.

A four thousand square metre property sounded like heaven compared to the prison hell he had imagined. It would still be tough being denied the ability to leave, but it already sounded far better than his old compact, inner-city home.

Jordan began to smile. In a day full of fears and terror, there was finally something to be pleased about.

Barnsdale was a very small town not far out of the city. It was one of those towns that had long since been encroached on by freeways and urban expansion, but it was still quaint and quiet compared to the noise and density of the inner city. Most of the homes were older and larger and most housing blocks were sizable, something that was increasingly rare in the city itself.





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Jordan looked out the window of the Jaguar and watched the freeway disappear and the smaller side roads emerge until finally, they were on a narrow road where cars could pass only at low speed and with some difficulty. The Jaguar XJ was a large car and it was fortunate that they came across no other vehicles.

Watching the road slowly go by, Jordan sighed at the loss of his driving licence. It had been suspended somewhat pointlessly for the duration of his detention. He couldn't drive anywhere anyhow beyond up and down the driveway – assuming the new house even had one.

“Here we are,” announced Claire, as they left the road and drove through the double wrought-iron gates and down the short driveway.

The house was a timber and stone residence less than fifty years old with a slate path up to the front door. It looked rustic but well maintained and it had substantial gardens, something that Jordan immediately appreciated. He wasn't really a fan of gardens normally, but it hit him then that these gardens would be the entirety of his outside world for the next twelve months.

He suddenly appreciated them very much.

“We have our beds and a tiny bit of furniture for now,” Claire explained, as she opened the front door. “The rest of our belongings will arrive tomorrow with the removalists.”

Jordan walked in and began to explore the house with his mother by his side. It was roughly twice the size of their old home.

“This is my room,” she said, pointing to the moderate-sized front bedroom. “And I have an en-suite bathroom and a walk-in ‘robe.’”



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Down the hall, right next to Claire's room was Connie's new bedroom. It was a larger room, with a large double window that made it very light and airy.

"Your room, for now, is just here," his mother announced, opening the solid timber door.

Jordan walked into a sparse if largish room that had nothing but his old bed and a small wardrobe in it. Their previous home had been very modern and well-lit while this new house was showing its age a bit and had poorly lit areas in most rooms. But Jordan was incredibly relieved to see his new room just the same. It was twice the size of the cell he had been expecting and it didn't have a grubby stainless-steel toilet on one wall either. It looked like paradise.

The next bedroom had been allocated to Claire as her personal study and was the smallest of the bedrooms.

"One more room to show you, Jordan," his mother said, and she opened the door to the largest bedroom in the house and clearly, what was once the master bedroom.

It was decorated as a baby's nursery and also had a large en-suite bathroom with both a bath and a shower as well as toilet.

Unlike the rest of the house, no expense had been spared in the decorating of this exquisite baby's nursery. The walls were decorated in pastels and pinks. Cartoon animals featured around the room. There were multiple shelves where teddy bears, toys and dolls once sat. Along one wall was a large built-in wardrobe that was empty. The floor was thickly carpeted, and the lighting was modern and dimmable.



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It was by far, the best decorated and renovated room in the house. Clearly, the parents had loved and cared for their baby very much.

“What do you think, Jordan?” she asked curiously.

“It’s very pretty,” he replied, not really sure why she cared for his opinion about a room they would never use as it currently was.

“All it needs is a cot and a change table and of course, a baby and everything is ready.”

“Yeah, I guess,” he grunted.

Jordan was exhausted by the emotional upheavals of the day.

“Would you mind if I just went and had a nap, mum? I’m exhausted.”

“Sure thing baby,” she said, sweetly. Her maternal voice had returned now they were home. Her self-assured, confident and somewhat unfeeling voice and nature, were her public persona, her protection against the world. At home, however, she was a happy and maternal woman who cared for the well-being of both her children.

“Your bed is protected, so you can have a good sleep.”

*Protected.*

Jordan winced at the word ‘protected’. He knew what it meant, precisely. As he slipped off his clothes and pulled back the quilt of his single bed, stuck in the middle of a room with nothing else in it, he half expected the plastic sheet on his mattress to crackle as it did every time he got in. But there was no crackle.



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*She got me a new waterproof! How cool is that?*

Lying in the bed, he could still tell there was a plastic under-sheet, the protection he had only briefly been without for a couple of months, before his father's death had brought the flooding back once again. Before his exhaustion claimed him, he lifted the corner of the sheet to see his new non-crackly plastic protector.

*Shit! It's pink! And it has teddy bears on it!*

He was surprised and humiliated by the sight of the babyish waterproof on his bed.

*They are just teasing me about the 'panties' thing. I know it!*

He laid back on the pillow and just seconds later, fell into a deep sleep, the day's traumatic events taking its toll.

Jordan had a history with panties. A long and not very attractive one. When he was ten years old, he had stolen his sister's panties and foolishly worn them to bed and had, of course, wet them. He was easily caught. Over the years that followed, he continued to take her panties and wear them whenever he could. He also stole panties from a clothesline on the way to school and raided clothes dryers in a communal laundry. By the time he was sixteen, his panty fetish had been the biggest issue of the argument between him and his mother, even topping his heavy bedwetting and indiscreet masturbation.

A year earlier, Claire had given up the battle and bought him his own panties to wear on the promise he would steal no more, a promise he had kept - until he committed the burglary that had nearly landed him in jail.



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Along with nightly wet sheets, Claire had the unpleasant task of washing his wet panties, often noticing that the wetness was not just urine.

When discussing her issues with Jordan with her own therapist, they had both decided that giving Jordan his own panties and possibly considering a bra at some stage, was the best way to keep him from stealing them and getting into serious trouble. It had worked well until he had fallen in with Travis who was that day, 'enjoying' his first day in prison. Claire was not unhappy about that.

After his arrest, Claire began her own desperate search for a way of bringing her intelligent, but wayward son, back into line. It was then that she found a book by Amanda Marsden simply called, *Saving my Son*. A lightbulb went off and Claire began preparations for saving *her* son.



# *“Saving my son”*



**J**ordan awoke two hours later to a very familiar feeling.

He was wet. Very wet.

His deep sleep had left him in a wet patch that reached past his knees and extended just short of his pillow. It was relatively rare for him to wet his bed during a day-time nap, but not unheard of.

“You will just have to sleep in it tonight,” exclaimed Claire, after he had gotten up and walked into the kitchen still wearing nothing but his wet boy’s undies. “I won’t have a washing machine until tomorrow at the earliest and that is the only set of sheets I have here.”



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“Okay,” he said, figuring they would easily dry out long before bedtime since it was still only early afternoon. “Do I have some dry... er...”

“Panties?” she suggested without a hint of condemnation. Claire had moved past feeling frustration at his pantie-wearing.

“Yes, please. These are wet.”

“I can see that,” she remarked with a tinge of sarcasm. “Connie!” she yelled. “Can you loan Jordan a pair of panties, please?”

The pee-wet boy went red at the open mention of his pantie-wearing. It was not exactly a secret, but hardly a matter of family discussion. Reminding his sister about it was even worse. And the irony was thick that his mother was asking his sister to loan him some panties, given that was how the whole ‘panties’ thing had begun so many years earlier.

“Here you go, panty-boy,” said Connie, handing him a pair of yellow panties with a bow in front. Her face was smirking. “Don’t make a mess in them!”

The comment was an obvious reference to days gone past where he would wear her panties and masturbate into them. He hadn’t done that since he had his own girls’ underwear, but she still remembered and made mention of it whenever she could.

“The rest of our clothes and furniture will be here in the morning, so Connie will give you another pair in the morning unless you are perhaps planning on *not* wetting your bed for a change?”

Jordan left the humiliating discussion on his bedwetting and his panties and went to his new room to get dressed. It was convenient for him that he and Connie shared the same size of underwear. His sister, however, thought otherwise.

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As he explored the sizable back yard of his new home, Jordan felt a great sense of relief. Four thousand square metres was not a huge amount of area to be confined in for a year, but it beat a cell and an exercise yard by a very large margin. The ground sloped gently down to the back fence and there were a lot of trees, some semi-established gardens, and a large lawned area.

*This won't be too bad at all. I can do it. I just have to get through it and then move on.*

That evening, the three members of the family sat in the living room, reading books and magazines. Connie mainly used her tablet computer. Since his arrest, Jordan had been banned from computers and the internet totally. For the first couple of months of his ban, it felt like he was already in prison, but he had rediscovered his love of books and devoured them during the many internet-free hours he had. The television was still to be delivered along with their DVDs, so the room was unnaturally quiet, and the stillness of the semi-rural setting added to the sense of distance from everything. There was no sound of traffic or of people close and loud. Their neighbour's house was around a hundred metres away whereas before, the gap was less than two metres.

Before he went to bed, Jordan went to the toilet and sat down to masturbate as was his common ritual before bed. Normally, he would do this in his own room, with his own panties and his collection of printed porn and the pleasure of his vast array of fantasies. But that night, his room had none of those objects and so the toilet was his pleasure place. As he ejaculated, he felt more than sexual release. All of his fears and worries overwhelmed him and he silently cried. There was much to still fear, even now that prison had been avoided. He was still himself, and he scared himself with his laziness and inability to concentrate. It had been his



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weaknesses that had put him on the path of burglary and in his sessions with Doctor Woods, he admitted that he was easily led. That hadn't changed. He was safe for a year, but after that, he was still a boy with not as much control as he should have. And he still had all of the inner disturbances and imbalances he had always failed to control.

He was still scared.

When he went to his sparse bedroom, he stripped down to Connie's yellow panties and slid into the dry, but stained bed. He cried briefly before his tiredness claimed him and he slept solidly until the morning, not waking even once.

"How's my little boy this morning?" were the first words he heard the next morning. It was his mother standing beside his bed.

"What time is it?" he asked groggily.

"Time for my little bedwetter to get up!"

His mother never came into his room without knocking. This was new.

Claire pulled back the quilt to reveal Jordan's very wet bed. It was as it appeared every morning – soaking wet.

"Up you get, please," she ordered. "You need to go and have a shower quickly. The removalists will be here in an hour and you need to be dressed and ready to help."

Claire pulled a clean pair of panties out of her pocket and put them on his pillow next to his still half-asleep head.

"Here are some fresh panties for you. Now hurry up and shower. Leave the sheets on the bed to dry out. I won't get to washing today, so you will have to sleep in it again."

“Again?” he complained.

His mother gave him a withering look. “If you wet your bed, you can sleep in it. Don’t blame me. Now go and get clean and dressed.

The shared bathroom was quite functional, but nowhere near as pristine and functional as the old one. The shower took a while to warm up and while the bathroom was large, it was cold.

As he showered, he was still deeply relieved that he was waking up to a cold bathroom instead of a cold cell and a cold wet bed.

“Did you like my panties, stinky?” teased Connie, as they stood outside awaiting the removalists to commence unloading.

“They are fine,” he replied before adding, “And thanks for letting me have them. I had nothing else to wear.”

Their sibling relationship was testy at times, but Connie still cared for Jordan and like every other sister, wanted to help him. In this case, it meant loaning him her panties.

“Well, that’s about to change!” Connie said. The first of the boxes of personal items, including their clothes – and Jordan’s ten pairs of girl’s panties – were being moved into the house. “Your *panties* are in that box!” she whispered.

Jordan’s embarrassment continued as his bed was left open to dry off while men moved a number of boxes into his room. His status of ‘bedwetter’ was being exposed to others yet again. Not that it was exactly a huge secret in his family or with a number of his friends.

“Former friends,” he thought glumly.



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His arrest and their moving house effectively terminated all his previous friendships. A few of them knew he wet the bed courtesy of sleepovers and even an afternoon nap at one place.

A couple of hours later, everything had been delivered and the unpacking had commenced.

Jordan's clothes – and beloved panties – didn't quite fit into the old wardrobe in his bedroom, but most of them did. He had a dedicated drawer for them along with his socks. His porn magazines were in a box of his books and he blushed as he realised his mother had packed them during the two days he was away from home during his two court appearances and hotel stays. The hotel had put down a plastic sheet for him and he had dutifully soaked the bed on both nights.

He thought he had hidden his porn well, but when his room had been emptied, the small hidden area behind one drawer while held his stash had been discovered. While his mother and sister were unpacking the rest of the boxes, he quickly opened his magazines and a few minutes later unloaded onto his still wet sheets.

Dinner that night was pizza, delivered to their door not long after dark. While the kitchen was fully set up, no one wanted to cook after a day of unpacking.

"Jordan, can you come to your room, please?" his mother suddenly announced, early that evening.

Jordan looked up from the sci-fi book he had been enjoying.

"Why?"

"Just do as you are told, please. Go to your room and I will meet you there."



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Unhappily, he closed his book and stalked off to his room. As he turned on the light, he froze in mid-step. In the middle of his now dry – but stained bed - was an already-folded, terry towelling nappy.

“In you go,” said his mother, pushing him from behind.

“What this?” demanded Jordan.

“It’s a nappy obviously,” she answered. “And from now on, you will be wearing one.”

“No, I won’t,” he replied, defiantly.

“Do I need to remind you that you are on home detention and that is effectively parole and if your parole officer finds you are being disobedient, it is off the jail for you?”

Jordan looked at her with wide-open eyes.

*She wouldn’t surely?*

The look in her eyes made him unsure.

*Maybe she would!*

“Now get all your clothes off right now and lay on the nappy so I can pin it on properly.”

Jordan was frozen in place.

“Now, young man!” she exclaimed.

“I can do it myself,” he countered, in a quiet and meek voice.

“No, you can’t,” she replied. “You have wet the bed long enough and from now on, you will wear nappies. And I will put them on you unless you want your sister to do it!”



## HOME DETENTION

*The making of a baby*

The thought of Connie seeing him in a nappy at all horrified him, but the idea of her pinning one on him was far, far worse. Slowly he stripped his clothes off until he was just in panties – his own panties.

“Panties off please,” she demanded. “I’ve seen it all before, way too many times.”

Jordan blushed, not just at stripping naked, but at the memory of being caught masturbating several times because of his carelessness. Now fully naked, he laid down on top of the kite-folded terry nappy.

“Slide down a bit more, please,” she asked and he did as requested.

Claire pulled a container of baby powder from a bag she had brought in with her and began to sprinkle him liberally with it.

Jordan was terribly scared of getting an erection and so resorted to his two favourite boner-killing images – his grandmother and the Queen. Both had tremendous power in killing his arousal level. It worked.

“Now, baby, it is time for the pins!” she exclaimed and then expertly opened the top of the metal nappy pin, painted in bright pink and slid it through the material. Then she pinned the other side forming a perfectly fitting baby nappy on her teenage son.

“I think we better make sure you are safe tonight and she used two more pins to provide even more strength and no gaps around the legs.”

“Well done, baby!” she announced. “The worst is over, but we have to put your plastic pants on now.”



## HOME DETENTION

*The making of a baby*

He had forgotten about plastic pants. A nappy without plastic pants was pretty much pointless. Claire took out a brand-new pair of plain pink plastic pants and flicked them open.

“Lift your legs please, so I can slide these on.”

Jordan lifted his legs just enough for his mother to slide the pink plastic baby pants up his legs.

“Bottom up now,” she demanded. And he did so, using his feet to lift his backside off the sheet below.

The pants slipped around the bulk of his nappy and Claire carefully made sure that his entire nappy was covered by the plastic protective pants.

“There,” she said happily. “All done and now you are ready for bed.”

“Bed, now?”

“Absolutely!”

“But it’s only nine o’clock and I stay up until eleven!” he protested.

“From now on, you will go to bed when I say so, do you understand?”

“Yes mum,” he replied grumpily. He figured it would not last long. Before long, he would be staying up late once more. He just had to weather the storm.

“Oh, I forgot one thing. You are also going to start wearing pyjamas. None of this walking around just in panties in the morning.”

