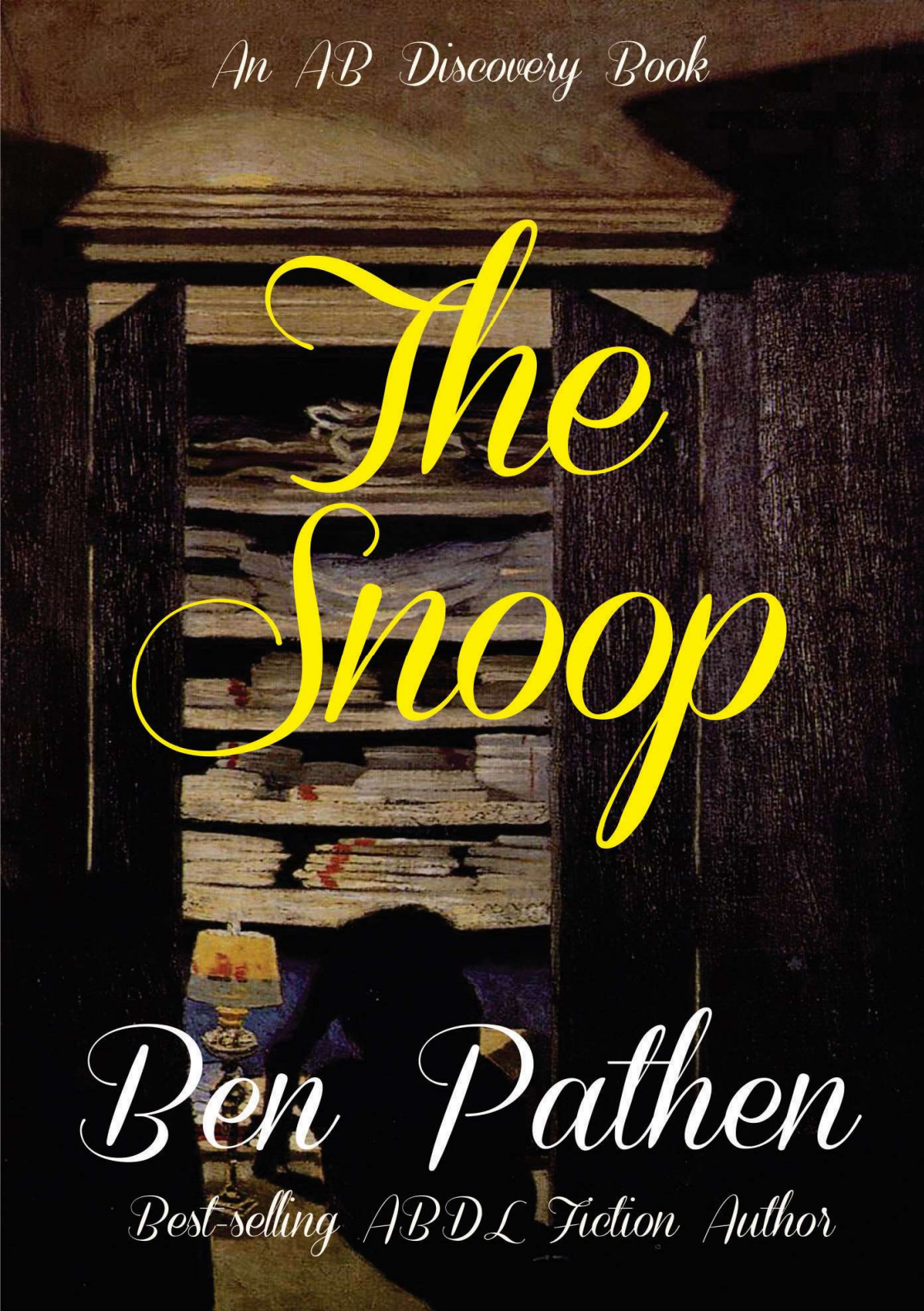


*An AB Discovery Book*

# *The Snoop*

The background of the cover is a dark, atmospheric illustration of a library or study. A tall, dark wooden bookshelf is filled with numerous books, their spines and pages visible. The lighting is dramatic, with a warm glow from a small lamp on a table in the lower-left foreground, casting long shadows and highlighting the textures of the wood and paper. The overall mood is mysterious and intellectual.

*Ben Pathen*

*Best-selling ABDL Fiction Author*

~ The Snoop ~

# The Snoop

by

# Ben Pathen

First Published 2019

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# ~ The Snoop ~

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# *Prologue*



**N**OW...

Nathan sat on the floor and continued playing with his toys. He was very cute with beautiful blond curling hair that was a little too long and clear blue eyes that were framed with lovely long lashes making him look a little astonished. A smile graced his symmetrical face and two dimples appeared in his cheeks each time he grinned.

His long body was clothed in a soft blue bib and brace outfit that covered his legs and underneath was a white top with sleeves

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that ended at his wrists. On his feet were beautiful handmade slippers with a small bell on each foot that tinkled as he moved.

He was having so much fun in his nursery. He was so happy with what had happened to him because he had been so nosy. Had he not been nosy, he would have still been working his socks off trying to make a living. Instead, he now he had a stress-free life full of love and cuddles and being taken to heights of pleasure he had never experienced before by the woman in his life who was his now his mummy.

Nathan was an adult baby - now.

He was 29 years old but treated like a baby 24/7 by the woman who had caught him poking around her house when he should have been fitting a new kitchen for her. He had tried his best to resist at first, had even tried to escape, but in the end, he had to accept his punishment. The thing is, his punishment had now become something he loved, and he couldn't imagine not being in nappies and plastic pants and dressed in some cute baby outfit. He had become thoroughly addicted to his new life as an adult baby.

Before he had been caught, he had never heard of adult babies. He didn't know such a thing even existed and that some men enjoyed being dressed and treated like a baby, rather than being an adult. Had Nathan known of such a fetish before he had been caught, he would have been disgusted. He would not have understood why any adult would want to be dressed and treated like that.

Nathan had now been Jordan's baby for three years. Admittedly, not willingly at first, but with a bit of persuasion from Jordan and four of her friends, he had succumbed to their motherly instincts and now he could think of nothing better than to be a baby for his mummy.

# *The Snoop*



**T**HREE YEARS AGO...

Nathan didn't know what Jordan did for a living, but he knew she was fairly wealthy, as she had ordered a very expensive and modern kitchen with granite benchtops, brushed steel appliances and two-pack high gloss cupboards. It was going to make him a good income for the three weeks it would take for him



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to demolish and remove the old kitchen and fit the new one. Had he known what Jordan did to earn an extravagant income, he may not have snooped, but then he would have missed out on all the benefits of this new life.

Jordan was 42 years old, divorced and lived on her own. She was tall and willowy with wavy blond hair and a pair of penetrating dark eyes. She had exquisite taste in everything she touched from clothing to furniture and this was reflected in the things she made for others.

She had a small unit on a nearby industrial estate where she and four other women were active in the manufacture of high-end adult baby clothing. She made everything any adult baby would need - nappies, plastic pants, rompers, onesies, footed sleepers, bibs, bootees, bonnets, dresses and other clothing for all adult babies – particularly sissy babies.

She was also able to supply adult-sized dummies, real glass feeding bottles and hand-made adult baby furniture from her specialised network of trusted and valued suppliers. Her motto was to provide the best service, best quality and best product – she also expected the best prices for her unique inventory too.

When she checked her home security camera on her mobile phone at lunchtime to check on the progress of the carpenter who was installing her new kitchen, she noticed he was not in the kitchen, but was instead, roaming through her home as large as life – as if he owned the place. He opened drawers and rifled through her belongings, poked into rooms and cupboards at will – into rooms and cupboards that held many samples of their wares. He seemed to find these interesting because he handled most of the items on display with interest, or so it seemed from the security camera.

It was infuriating and shocking in equal measure. Her staff, who were also her close friends were united in their dismay at his

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behaviour and between them, devised various schemes with what to do with such a man.

So far, Nathan, had done a first-class job on the new kitchen and it was evident he deserved the high praise that had been attached to his name – he had come highly recommended from a close friend who was renowned for being picky and finicky. He was efficient and capable and worked with ease and an effortlessness that came with someone who has much experience and expertise. This was made more apparent by the fact that he was ahead of schedule and the whole job should be finished in a few days' time.

So now, Jordan and her cohorts had a problem. To their thinking, it was not appropriate to report him to the police which would probably mean the new kitchen would be held up and that would mean hiring someone new who would most likely only make a mess of what was already complete. They also were aware that the police would not have been able to do much as he hadn't stolen anything - he had just been very nosy. Anyway, the women wanted to dispense their own sort of punishment.

Janet, the accountant, who contrary to popular stereotypes that all accountants were non-sporty, was an amazing rock climber and with her hair pulled back in her signature ponytail, looked much younger than her years, suggested castration.

Quiet Cheryl, a talented seamstress with an acute eye for detail, pushing her grey wispy hair from her brown eyes suggested in her musical voice... a spanking.

Boisterous Vivienne, the life of any party, the other seamstress in her own sparkling fashion opted for... public exposure.

It was finally Sandra, the red-haired, busty fashion designer, who came up with the best idea. She had known Jordan had longed for her own adult baby for a few years now, so perhaps this was an

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opportunity not to be missed. Could this tiresome man become her friend's very own adult baby?

She, like the other women, knew Jordan had taken a fancy to Nathan that first day he'd walked into her home, but had thought because she was some years older than him, it was pointless trying to chat him up. That sort of relationship would only work if he was looking for a motherly figure in his life.

Jordan and the other women caught onto Sandra's bold plan, but being able to implement it would be tricky. They knew they would need to be able to control him and have a secure hold over him, but despite those drawbacks, everyone was enamoured with the notion of forcing Nathan into the role of baby – at their demand and requirement. The trick would be to find the best way to go about it and then not deviate from the scheme.

They had the proof from the security camera of what he had been doing, but was that sufficient to force him into compliance? Between them, it was decided that what Jordan needed to do was to set a few traps that would entice Nathan and to catch his attention and interest.

Jordan loaded her car at the end of the busy workday with more adult baby clothes which would be left as a tempting display in the spare bedroom. Everyone agreed that with a sufficiently interesting assortment of baby gear, they would have what they needed – a baby – but perhaps not a willing one. Time would tell.

# *The Plan*



**W** Look, it's working, he is touching them!" declared Sandra, very pleased that her idea was working.

All the women had gathered around Jordan's computer because that was much easier than trying to see the security camera footage on her smartphone. Nathan was once again prying through Jordan's possessions like he had the day before, and it was the pile of plastic pants on top of a drawer unit in the spare bedroom that had caught his eye. He was holding a few pairs in his hands and had them up to his face. It was obvious he loved the feel of the soft plastic against his skin.

The fact that he'd not considered the possibility there may be security cameras about the house just proved to all the women

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that he was a bit daft. In fact, Jordan had specifically mentioned that she was going to have a complete security system installed with cameras once the kitchen was completed, so Nathan had no reason to worry that anyone could see him at this moment.

"Doesn't he know about Wi-Fi security cameras?" Janet piped up.

"No, I had mentioned to him that I was going to have the system installed once the kitchen was done. I don't think it really is a good idea to give away all your security secrets, do you?" she said in a smug tone. "I didn't ever think he'd go snooping around my home, and just thought that he'd do his job. The cameras are very well hidden, and he'll have no idea that he's being watched. Let's see what else he does and then we can look back and then decide what we should do. I certainly didn't expect to catch him with the baby clothes in his hands, that is a surprise."

"He is opening the drawers now." It was Janet again, she loved this.

Nathan spent over half an hour looking through all the drawers and wardrobes in the spare bedroom. He couldn't believe what he was finding, there were so many clothes which were obviously styled as baby clothes, but were not the right size for a baby. In addition to plastic pants, he found nappies, bibs, mittens, booties and dummies in several drawers, but the real surprise was hanging in the wardrobe. Here he found rompers, onesies, t-shirts, and footed sleepers and so much more. He could not understand what he was seeing.

"Look he is holding the footed sleepers up to his body, I wonder if he will try them on?" It was Cheryl this time.

Nathan put the footed sleepers back in the wardrobe and went back to the plastic pants in the top drawer of the unit by the window. He found himself enticed by the look and the feel of the

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plastic pants and held them in his hands again letting the smooth plastic run over his calloused fingers. He stood for several minutes doing nothing but running the plastic across his hands or along his face as he stared out the window.

Janet then announced, "If you give me his number or email address, I can send some stills of the video to his phone pretty much straight away. I'll create another Gmail account, so he'll not know who it is from, and suggest that he needs to make contact otherwise the pictures could find their way out to his other clients. After all, we do know a number of them. That should give him something to think about!"

Janet had been thinking about what could be done to grab his attention hard and fast and make him realise he needed to get in touch quickly to avoid any problems in his personal and professional life. She was actually quite pleased with herself for coming up with such a brilliant idea.

"Do you think he would make a good baby for you, Jordan?" asked Vivienne.

"Mmm, yes, I think he would," she replied, thinking deeply. "Obviously, because of the business, I've made lots of contact with heaps of adult babies and their spouses, partners, mummies and so on. I've only ever met a few face-to-face, but none have stirred me to a point of wanting them like my own baby. But for some reason, Nathan is different, and of course, there's the added thrill of introducing him into such a lifestyle, even if it is something he doesn't really want. What could be more fun than forcing a man back to a baby?" She laughed delightedly.

"Perhaps he's a customer already or maybe a closet adult baby?" It was Cheryl again, her eyes sparkling at the idea.

"If he is, then he's very secretive, like most of our clientele. I've looked for his name on our current mailing list or any

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purchases to his residential address, but I've come up with nothing. I think this all seems to indicate that he knows nothing about the adult baby world," added Janet.

"He will soon!" Vivienne burst in with a large laugh. She found this current situation with Nathan so exciting, and like the others, apart from Jordan, had never met any adult babies personally. Despite there being a huge market for their goods, she still wondered why so many men enjoyed being babied.

Perhaps that would all change now and she would get more understanding of what drives someone into nappies, plastic pants and sleepers.

All the girls giggled as they looked at each other excitedly anticipating the journey toward babyhood for Nathan.



Nathan was very panicky.

He'd received two pictures of him in Jordan's house on his phone during lunch break and his heart had lurched. One was showing him holding some plastic pants close to his face and his eyes were closed with pleasure and in the other, he seemed to be measuring some nursery print footed sleepers up to his body, as if he was seeing if they were his size. He was furious with himself because he was sure Jordan had told him she didn't have a security system and one was to be installed after the kitchen was completed. What was going to happen now?

Fortunately, he'd finished the job of Jordan's kitchen three days earlier, but unfortunately was now waiting for payment from her. Initially, payment was to be a simple transfer from her account

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to his, but yesterday, she'd sent him a text message saying that she had cash available if he would prefer that. Of course, he had said yes, but that was before he'd received the photos. What was he going to do now? As yet he'd not responded to the text message that had accompanied the pictures and was frantically trying to think of what his options were. If any of his mates, or worse, his family found out what he had been doing, he would never live it down and he'd have to go and live in Outer Mongolia (wherever that was), or maybe Timbuktu. How was he going to face her and confess what he'd been doing and then explain why he was touching those things in her house?

He hadn't recognized the email address of the person who had sent him the pictures, but he did know it certainly wasn't Jordan's address.

There were no threats in the message, just hints of what could happen, which left his imagination to take flight and delve into all the worst possible scenarios it could come up with. What wasn't up for debate was that he needed to make contact with them, and soon.

His phone pinged as another text message arrived, thankfully, this time from Jordan.

*'Are you coming around to the house to pick up your money soon Nathan? It is all here. I can't wait in for much longer as I am going out soon.'*

It was strange to see her use his full name because most people called him Nate, but Nathan was how his mum always called him when he was younger or more often than not, in trouble. So, seeing it in full made him feel a bit childish as if mum had texted him.

Nathan didn't know what to do. Was it Jordan who had sent him the pictures, or was it an external security company who



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monitored her system and were having a laugh at his expense? Besides, he'd only snooped around and touched a few things. He hadn't stolen anything.

Getting back to Jordan's text, he didn't have much of a choice in the matter. He needed the money right now as he'd laid out a lot of expense in obtaining the materials and also paying the plumber and electrician for their part in the re-fit. He simply couldn't afford to lose so much.

He replied to her text. *'Be there in 10 mins'*

He would just have 'man up' and just say he was a little curious about what she did and apologise. After all, once he had his money he could just leave and that would be the end of it. Surely, she wasn't going to do anything about it, was she?

That hope was soon to be dashed.



"What do you think you were doing snooping around my house?" were the first words Jordan spoke as he walked through the front door. "You need to explain yourself, Nathan!"

There she was using his full name again. It only made him feel small and guilty. Jordan had called him Nate all through the refurbishment, until now, so it only reinforced his feeling of being a child deserving some sort of punishment from his mum for his misdemeanour.

And yes, he did feel guilty and he did feel small and on top of that, he did feel embarrassed and ashamed.

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*Why did I go snooping around her house? Why did I pick up the plastic pants? Why did I hold up the footed sleepers?*

"I'm really sorry," he began with a red flushed face and eyes downcast to the ground. "I was just a bit bored waiting for some glue to set and umm, I err just had a look around. I do apologise, and I know it was a silly thing for me to do, but please know I haven't taken anything," he declared self-righteously as if that made it all better. He just hoped his face wasn't quite as red as he thought it must be.

"I know, but you can't just do what you did and expect to get away with it," Jordan retorted. "It was very naughty. I am just trying to work out what I should do to you?"

*Naughty?* He thought. *Naughty?* It was another word that made him feel as if he was being spoken to by a mother speaking to her errant child.

"Do to me? What do you me *do to me?* Look Jordan, if it has caused you any sort of inconvenience or bother, I can give you a discount on the account. Would a five per cent discount work for you?"

"Fingers crossed, this would be the end of it," he thought and besides, he'd padded the numbers with enough leeway and profit to not miss the five per cent too much, if it came to that.

"Oh, no, I'm not after a discount at all and in fact, am quite willing to pay the amount in full just as we agreed. I just think you need to be taught a lesson, as do my friends," she said ominously. "Yes, others have seen the video footage too."

Nathan couldn't stop himself audibly swallowing in his nervousness. So, not only had Jordan seen it all, these mysterious "others" had as well. The old saying of *curiosity killing the cat*, well, he may not be killed, but his curiosity was going to get him into a painful and humiliating experience for him now.

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"Do you know anything about adult babies, Nathan?" Jordan asked directly and seemingly off on a tangent.

Jordan wasn't one to beat about the bush. If something had to be said, she would simply say it. She had already decided not to prolong this part of the conversation with Nathan and would get to the point quickly and concisely.

"No, what's an adult baby?" he answered with a bewildered look on his face.

Nathan had no understanding about adult babies and why would he? Yes, he'd seen the clothes and stuff and assumed it was for adults who wanted to dress up like infants, but who would want to do that in the first place? He certainly had no desire to dress up in those sorts of clothes and behave like a baby, what real man would?

"I can see I'll have to explain," she began. "Sit down I'll make you a cup of coffee and we can have a chat."

"I thought you were about to go out?" he demanded. No way did he want to sit down and have a chat. He had already decided in the car coming here that his one goal was to just get his money and get away and do that as quickly as possible.

"Change of plan. One sugar, I believe?" she continued, leaving no room for defiance or disobedience.

"Yes please," he responded, meekly. Nathan obviously had no choice and sat down at the kitchen island he had just finished a few days ago.

The kettle had only recently boiled, so it didn't take her long to make two cups of coffee and then sit down opposite him.

Jordan began with a softer tone than her accusing manner earlier.

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"Let me tell you all about adult babies," she started. "Since you've had a good look around, you've seen some of the things we make and sell across the world. These are only for adult babies. The name says it all," she said with a gleam in her eye. "These items that we produce are for people who are adults, just like you and I who also want to be treated like a baby. And when I say baby, I mean a little, tiny baby."

"I, umm I presume," he stuttered. "It is adults who sort of play a game at being a baby?" He hoped it was a game and not anything more than that.

"Sort of, but not so much playing a game," was the mischievous reply. "For some, it is living as a complete baby, despite their age. In fact, I know of quite a few who live only as babies all the time and are kept and treated as a baby by their wives or partners.

"They are dressed as babies, wear nappies and plastic pants and use their nappies as well. Some just love wearing nappies in particular, and others want to return to their infancy, and be immersed into becoming a complete baby again."

She stopped and looked for a moment at Nathan who appeared to be a bit overwhelmed by this information.

"These desires," she went on in a matter-of-fact voice. "Could have been started by something that happened to them in their childhood or it might be just random. No one seems to know the genesis of such a thing. What is known is that it is a harmless desire, but quite an unusual one and a lot of people don't understand. The clothing you found in my spare bedroom are things I make for these adult babies and it's my total business. This is what I do to earn a living and a very good one it is."