



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

**MICHAEL BENT**

BESTSELLING ABDL AUTHOR

# WHERE BIG BABIES LIVE

A CITY OF DREAMS FOR  
BABIES OF ALL AGES

*Where Big Babies Live*

# **Where Big Babies Live**

by

**Michael Bent**

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## *Where Big Babies Live*

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# Contents

Foreword.....	8
Prologue.....	10
Part One – four babies.....	12
Baby Zoe .....	13
Baby Eric.....	22
Baby Abbie .....	32
Baby Tabitha .....	45
First Contact .....	55
Cecilia and Gloria.....	68
The Brief Defiance of Abbie.....	79
Who else is a baby?.....	91
Part Two – Wellsprings of Hope.....	105
Salandra .....	106
Open Day.....	121
Finding their place .....	138
Houston, we have a problem .....	156
The boy who fell to earth .....	163
The thirteen-year-old bedwetter .....	171
Eric’s Epiphany.....	180
The coming of change .....	188
Aftermath .....	201
Coming Out .....	221

## *Where Big Babies Live*

Reconciliation and Salvation.....	225
Step-sisters .....	232
Epilogue .....	234



## *Foreword*



**T**his book was born out of a dream – the type of dream that expresses your inner desires and hopes for a past you never had but desperately wanted. It is not exactly a novel or new theme in literature. How many of us have wished we had been able to openly and unashamedly express our baby sides and to wear diapers as kids and teens? Most of us or *all* of us?

We all suffered from the enforced anonymity, the feelings we couldn't understand and the desires that drove us, and with no one to explain or support us.

In this book, there is a place where kids and teens who are also strongly diaper-wanting babies can express themselves in a safe and nurturing environment. A school environment that teaches not only the three Rs but also about personal identity, responsibility and acceptance of minorities such as Teen Babies, Pre-teen Babies and of course, the Adult Babies they all eventually grow into.

As far as I know, such a place does not exist, but perhaps one day in the not-too-distant future, some wealthy individuals will remember the diaper struggles of their own childhoods and help



## *Where Big Babies Live*

establish a place of support and help for the rest of us. Then,  
perhaps, there really will be a...

City of Dreams.

**Michael Bent**



## *Prologue*



**T**imothy Hamilton looked proudly at his latest project – a project few knew about and still steeped in secrecy. It was a large empty area landscaped with roads that went nowhere but for a handful of homes. In the middle of the area, slightly elevated from the rest of the surrounds stood a large building. A school. An empty school to service the empty houses.

But it was more than just a school. It was designed to be a refuge as well as a place of learning.

Timothy Hamilton was one of life's secret pariahs – an adult baby. But he was also an extremely *wealthy* pariah. Having made his money from investing and construction, Mr. Hamilton was now a billionaire, but he never forgot where he came from.

He came from a place of frustration, confusion, disappointment and a sense of being a second-class citizen. Since the day he had finally conquered bedwetting at fifteen, he had craved to be back in diapers again, and not just diapers, but baby attire as well. He wanted it all but could have none of it.

In 1983, there was no internet to find out about adult babies, just the underground networks of magazines and the odd bulletin board. But in that time, Timothy had discovered that not only was

## *Where Big Babies Live*

he not alone, but there were also millions like him. Most handled it well, but for some, being a regressive baby was a living nightmare, wanting to be something you couldn't be in a world that would never let you.

He set about to change all of that. Over a period of two years, he established and built a school he called Wellsprings of Hope. He found suitable AB-tolerant staff, and in 1984, the school opened with nineteen students living mostly in the handful of homes that had been constructed on site.

And from there, the dream grew. It was small, it was unimpressive, but in his mind, one day, the place he called Salandra would become...

### **The City of Dreams.**

*Where Big Babies Live*

# Part One – four babies



## ***Baby Zoe***



**R**obert Kingston walked through the front door of his middle-class, four-bedroom home at 7 pm, tired from his day at work and the unnecessarily long commute. He hated arriving home after dark. To his thinking, night-time was a sign the day was over and yet, he was forced to spend his hours of precious daylight largely cooped up in an office or in a car and bus travelling there and back.

"I hate buses," he muttered, as he opened his front door. He had spent over an hour sitting next to an unkempt and apparently unwashed, overweight man in a suit that he clearly bought at a garage sale. The twenty-minute drive from the bus interchange back to his home had been a welcome and well-vented relief, but by the time he arrived home, the sun had just set, and the gloom of darkness was setting in.

And 'gloom' was the perfect metaphor for his mood. His wife's text had forewarned him of what awaited him inside. It was far from the first time, but he was growing tired of the debacle and the obvious truth that it would never be any better.

"Hello honey!" his wife exclaimed with a genuine smile. Rose hugged him and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Tough day?"

## *Where Big Babies Live*

He muttered a meaningless response, dropped his suitcase in the hallway and walked to the family room. It felt like a walk to a doctor with bad news.

"How is he?" he asked hopefully, knowing all the time what to expect.

Rose said nothing. There was nothing to say.

Robert stepped into the family room and saw his ten-year-old-son playing on the floor.

Simon had been born just over ten years before, the first in a planned brood of three, but there had been no more since his ironically easy pregnancy and birth.

"Zoe," Rose announced cheerily. "Daddy's home!"

At the sound of his mother's voice, Simon – now known as Zoe – turned her head, smiled and crawled over to her father. The ten-year-old boy was dressed in a thick diaper and an infant-style footed sleeper, a pacifier firmly planted in her mouth.

Overcoming his frustrations, Robert bent down and picked up the child who was his daughter... now. She was small and light for her age and he carried her easily. The little child held on tight and Robert squeezed her lovingly as the tears began to flow, unbidden and unwanted. Her short curly brown hair was neatly brushed and added to the feminine image.

"All day?" he asked quietly of his wife.

"She woke like this and there has been no let-up all day."

"Talking?"

Rose shook her head.

Robert knew what to expect. There were days like this one when his highly-intelligent son – his daughter – would be no more

## *Where Big Babies Live*

than a twelve-month-old infant and they just had to wait it out. There was no telling how long it would be. It could be two hours or two days. They dreaded the possibility of it becoming permanent.

"She hasn't been fed yet," Rose hinted. "Would you like to feed her and get her ready for bed while I get dinner ready for us?"

Robert nodded and carried his smiling and obviously wet child to the couch and laid her head on his lap. The happy child – more of a baby – looked up at him and smiled as only babies can.

A minute later, Rose returned carrying two hot baby bottles filled with formula. At the sight of the bottles, Zoe spat out her pacifier and opened her mouth for the quickly proffered formula. She drank quickly and the second bottle was emptied nearly as fast.

"Bedtime for you, young lady!" he exclaimed.

It had taken him some time to refer to her as a girl. It was easy to expect other families and parents to accept such things, but when it is your own... it takes a little while until hope evaporates and reality replaces it.

Robert carried the large-sized baby down the upstairs hall, pausing just briefly at what was once Simon's boy-themed bedroom, before continuing down to Zoe's room. It was not as much a bedroom as it was a nursery. Up against one wall was a baby crib – the largest they could find. Luckily, she was a small child for her age. The rest of the room was painted pink and themed with baby girl toys, decorations and mostly, just unabashed love. The room was more than just a practical place for an obviously, complicated child. It was Robert's personal and practical act of love and acceptance.

Five years previously, he had taken a week of his holidays and renovated the room, painting it in feminine colours, decorating

## *Where Big Babies Live*

it for the youngest of babies, sourcing a new larger crib and finally declaring that Simon was gone, and Zoe had arrived.

‘Zoe’s Bedroom’ was emblazoned on the door in large, bright letters.

Robert had cried many times during the renovation. But by the time he had finished, the tears had run dry and he had accepted and welcomed the fact that the boy he wanted was in fact, a girl. And not just any girl, but a baby girl.

With practised ease, he placed Zoe on the large change table – another difficult find – undid her now damp sleeper and changed her wet diaper. He no longer took any notice of the physical discrepancy on view, but quickly powdered and rediapered her and with a little help from Zoe, got a pretty, pink and white unicorn sleeper on her skinny body. Then it was time to sleep. Time to get in the crib and spend twelve glorious hours of contented, relaxed sleep. Baby sleep.

He was at times, jealous of the happy and contented nature of his daughter. He spent a lot of his days stressed at work and, being honest, stressed about his home life.

Zoe had never slept outside a crib. Her first crib was in their own bedroom before being moved to the boy’s bedroom that now sat as an unwanted testimony to the changes they had faced. Her new crib was a much larger one and currently handled her diminutive frame well.

Robert pulled up her quilt and kissed her on the forehead.

“Good night, Princess,” he said softly.

Calling her ‘princess’ was his gift to her – acceptance of her complex identity.

He turned on her nightlight, the mobile above her head began to rotate slowly and he quietly left the room. The infant was



## *Where Big Babies Live*

asleep minutes later as the baby monitor sitting in the kitchen clearly showed.

"She's been like this all day?" he asked Rose, as he sat down at the dining table for a late dinner.

"I got her up just after you left this morning and it took three seconds to see that this was just going to be a baby day."

Robert sighed.

"I hoped she would grow up by lunch-time, but nothing happened. She stayed baby all day."

"How old, do you think?"

To an outside observer, the question was an odd one. Zoe – born Simon – was ten years, one month and six days old. But to Rose and Robert, it was a question they had learned to ask and observe a long time ago.

"Six to nine months, I'd say," Rose replied. "No speech, no walking, and very basic play."

Robert exhaled loudly and his shoulders slumped.

"What are we going to do with her?" he exclaimed. "This is supposed to be getting better but if anything, it's worse!"

"I know, sweetheart." Rose was implacable and tried to calm her frustrated and angry husband.

By age three, Rose knew something was very different with Simon. He was clearly a smart boy, very smart in fact. But she could not toilet train him or even get the slightest progress with it. Being a teacher by profession, she had taught him to read by age four and his language was well above average. Everything looked fine to anyone looking in.

But it wasn't.

## *Where Big Babies Live*

Simon wanted girls' clothes. And dolls. And he let them know it. At first, it was just asking for them, but then it was tantrums. A typical three-year old's tantrum.

Then, Rose bought her son a little girl's dress.

Everything changed. Simon loved it. She also bought other little girl's clothes. He loved them even more. And his first doll had become a bed-time companion from the very first day. One spectacularly important day came when Simon was writing words with his mother.

"Can you write your name for me?" Rose had asked. She had taught him to write a number of words and his reading and writing were exceptionally advanced.

Simon wrote just one word.

ZOE

Rose simply looked at the page, picked it up and attached it to the refrigerator door with a magnet. As mothers so often do, she knew that Simon was transgender or more succinctly, just a girl. From that moment on, she called her Zoe. Robert took a lot longer to make that transition – years in fact. But that wasn't the biggest hurdle they had to face. The real problem was that Zoe was a baby – a baby that was refusing to disappear.

Zoe had 'special times'. Her parents were thrilled with her intellectual and educational achievements. Because of the circumstances, Rose decided not to return to work and instead to home-school her very special child. She followed the state curriculum and Zoe thrived in it. She was already three years ahead

## Where Big Babies Live

of her erstwhile peers in math, science, and language. She was even further ahead in her reading and comprehension.

But Zoe was still in diapers and had made no progress with toilet training at all. She still slept in a crib and her clothes were deliberately very young. A pacifier was pinned to her clothes all the time and was frequently used. Much of the time, Zoe was a smart and happy young girl, acting like most ten-year-old girls do, but come night-time, the pre-teen child was replaced with the very infantile baby Zoe. And then there were her *Special Times*.

With no apparent trigger, Zoe would regress quickly and become a very, very young baby. Night-time baby-times could be managed relatively easily, but daytimes were very different. It always started with her face.

The happy and smart girl with the inquisitive look would soften and the more immature and uncomprehending face of an infant would appear in its stead. She would stop talking, stop walking and in a short time, *Baby Zoe* was there in place of *Big Girl Zoe*.

Baby Zoe was somewhere between three and eighteen months old as they saw it. That day, Baby Zoe was about the middle of the range.

"What are we going to do about her, Rose?" Robert asked. It wasn't the rhetorical question it usually was. It was the real thing. "We have to do something about this. She isn't getting any better. We need to do something. Anything!"

"I started her on algebra this week," Rose offered.

"I don't give a shit about algebra, Rose!" he shouted. "She still wears diapers!"

"A lot of kids wear diapers," she offered.

## Where Big Babies Live

"Disabled kids, yeah," he replied. "But Zoe isn't disabled. She is... She is..."

"A baby," Rose stated simply.

Robert went silent.

"I know she's a baby," he admitted. "But she is getting older and what do we do when she hits puberty and teens? How does she handle life when she sleeps in a crib, drinks formula and still wears baby clothes?"

"We do take her outside, you know," she replied.

Robert and Rose would proudly take their ten-year-old daughter out in her finest age-appropriate clothing. But underneath the preteen girl fashions was a diaper and her mother always took a pacifier with them 'just in case'. And Molly, her favourite doll, was never left behind. Her regressive moments would sometimes come when least expected and more than one family outing had been curtailed as a vivacious *Big Girl Zoe* devolved into *Baby Zoe*, complete with a pacifier and baby behaviours.

"It's not enough," Robert repeated. "We need a solution. Rose, we need help!"

Robert was notably self-reliant and independent. Throughout his life, he had taken on challenges and beaten them. His son's transgender issues had been confronted and beaten. His own less-than-pretty family history had been faced and if not exactly defeated, it was at least managed. But Baby Zoe was a battle he was losing.

"Funny you should say that," Rose replied with a curious smile. "I've been talking with a woman online about Zoe and she understands her perfectly."

Robert's face showed his surprise.

## Where Big Babies Live

*Someone understands Zoe? Perfectly? Not sure I think that is even possible.*

For a few moments, neither person spoke. Perhaps the most stunning statement was that someone ‘understood Zoe’. They had taken her to multiple therapists, and they were ineffective. ‘*Bloody useless*’ was Robert’s less generous, if more accurate, assessment. No one had been able to help them even in the slightest.

“So, what do we do then?” Robert said in a voice that was more a desperate plea than a question.

“She and her husband are in town next week and asked if we might want to meet them and discuss Zoe.”

Robert’s protective antenna suddenly activated.

*People from the internet? Meeting us? Not exactly a reference.*

“She said that she knows dozens of children and teens like Zoe,” Rose continued. “And adults!”

Robert was stunned – and suspicious. But he was also desperate.

“Then, let’s meet them and see what they say! It can’t be any worse than this...”

Robert pointed to the screen of the baby monitor. Zoe was asleep, breathing deeply and sucking her pacifier. Without the benefit of knowing otherwise, she was indistinguishable from any other toddler in a crib.

Except she was ten years old.



## ***Baby Eric***



“Eric,” his mother shouted at him. “I need to talk to you!”

Eric was fourteen years old and the last person he wanted to talk to was his mother. He had only just gotten home from school and he had other things he wanted to do. Private things. Maybe not what most horny teenage boys wanted to do, but still... Private things.

Eric threw his school bag on the floor of the kitchen and stumbled off to his parent’s bedroom where the disembodied voice of his mother was coming from.

*What now? Can’t I just get some peace and go to my room and...*

As he stepped through the bedroom door, he knew instantly why he was there. Spread out on the large double bed were some of his things. His personal things. His very private things.

“Shit!” he mumbled under his breath. Normally, bad language would have gotten him a lecture and until recently, a wallop with the wooden spoon. His conservative mother allowed no bad language and even his now long-disappeared father had been on the receiving end of that at least once.

## *Where Big Babies Live*

"Sit down, please," she ordered. Her voice was not one to be disobeyed.

Eric sat down carefully, trying to assess his mother's mood and just how much 'shit' he was in. He figured it was a lot.

"We need to talk about all of this, Eric," she began.

Eric inwardly sighed with relief. Her mood was conciliatory and one of almost compassion, but still, he knew he was in trouble... again. But at least it looked like yelling and tears were not on the agenda.

"Why are you wearing diapers again?" she asked.

The bed had three piles of disposable diapers, but not infant or even toddler diapers. These were teen-sized diapers he had obtained with great difficulty.

"I wet the bed!" he mumbled. "You know that!"

It was true. At age just fourteen mere days earlier, Eric not only wet the bed still, but he wet the bed every night. From the moment his eyes closed in sleep, his bladder became an independent nation and emptied itself easily and often during his dead sleep. Waking up in a puddle of pee from knees to shoulder was a nightly experience.

"I know that Eric," she replied impatiently. "It was the one gift your dead-beat father gave you."

Eric was still very young when he discovered that his father still wet his bed occasionally. He didn't realize at the time just how unusual that was.

"But I also know you are wearing diapers during the day and not at night. Remember, I wash your sheets. I know."

It was true. Eric found great comfort in diapers and since before he could remember, loved wearing them. He grew out of

## *Where Big Babies Live*

baby and toddler diapers by the age of six and unwilling to perpetuate a 'laziness' problem, his mother left him to wet the sheets, hoping the discomfort would drive him to stop.

It was a well-intentioned epic fail. His bed was awash every morning and Eric was still to reach the stage where it disturbed him. To his thinking, bedwetting seemed normal. While none of his current friends still wet the bed – as far as he knew anyway – he was unworried by it in any meaningful way. In a bizarre twist, it justified his feelings about diapers. His driving ambition was to wear diapers all the time.

"I could wear diapers to bed to stop the sheets getting wet," he offered weakly.

"We can talk about that later," she offered, and Eric immediately picked up on the first sign – ever – of compromise on the great 'diaper disaster'. "But for now, we need to talk about all of this."

"You're wearing diapers to school, aren't you?"

Eric blanched. His secret was out. While his diaper stash contained some bulky baby-style teen diapers, there was also a small number of very thin, very discreet diapers that he had indeed begun using at school. They were easily hidden and unnoticeable to anyone but him. And he wet them. His face instantly betrayed him. Like a billion mothers before her, she knew all.

"Are you in a diaper now?"

Eric nodded. His baggy school trousers were ideal for covering a diaper and especially a wet one.

"Go take it off now and then bring it back to me."

"Bring it back?" Eric was non-plussed but decided that now was not the time to argue. Everything was out and it could only get worse.



## Where Big Babies Live

Eric stumbled to his room and immediately saw the drawers under his bed pulled out. It was where he kept his diaper stash... and everything else. He pulled down his trousers and untaped the quite sodden plain white diaper, folded it up, pulled his trousers back up and returned to his abject humiliation. He walked up to his mother and handed her the still warm, folded wet diaper.

“How often are you wearing these?” she asked, as she unfolded the diaper and laid it out on the bed to inspect. “This is very, very wet.”

“Just sometimes, mom,” he answered. It was truthful by the typical teenage standard. He wasn’t wearing them *every* day, but only because his sparse pocket money and moderate earnings made purchasing them difficult. He had to make them last.

“It isn’t safe to wear diapers to school, Eric,” she said, with an atypical sense of compassion and even empathy.

*What’s going on? Why is she like this? Is she going to ground me or what? Why isn’t she yelling at me?*

“I know,” he replied. There was nothing else to say. He regretted not taking the wet diaper off at school and dumping it which he usually did. Not that it would have changed what was happening now. But at least, he wouldn’t have had to show her the actual soaking wet diaper which even now, laid open on the bed, betraying his babyhood to them both.

“And there are these other things,” she continued.

She pointed to the bed and the ‘other things’ that Eric had collected. There were two pacifiers, one curiously larger than an infant would use. Next to it was a teddy bear which had been given to him many years earlier but which he had hidden away so it would never be thrown away.

## *Where Big Babies Live*

"Why do you still have Benny?" she said, pointing to the scruffy brown teddy bear.

Eric suddenly burst into tears. "He's my best friend, mommy!" he cried.

Everything changed.

Cecilia - Eric's mother - melted and leant over and hugged her crying son.

"I understand, baby," she said. "I really do."

"And I need these too," he sobbed, pointing to his pacifiers.

"I know."

There was silence for a while, punctuated by a few sniffles and mommy sympathy. But there was still more to discuss.

"What about these?" she asked, pointing to a pair of girl's panties. "Do you wear them to school?"

"No, mommy," he answered truthfully. "Just in my bedroom."

Cecilia instantly knew that meant for masturbation and tactfully changed the topic. But she was wrong and deep inside, she knew it. It wasn't the first panties she had discovered him wearing. The first pair was as a preschooler.

"Eric," she asked tentatively. "Are you having trouble staying dry?"

Eric was a smart boy. Maybe not school-smart, but certainly street-smart. His mother was inadvertently giving him a ready-made excuse for diapers, but he didn't want to take advantage of this unexpectedly civil discussion. He was still basically, an honest boy and figured that his mom was smarter than he was in things like this.

"Sometimes, you know?"

## Where Big Babies Live

Cecilia nodded. "How often?"

"My boxers are often a bit wet if I'm, not wearing a..."

"Diaper?"

He nodded.

"I'm sorry about that and I think we need to make some changes here."

*Excuse me? Changes? I hope this means what I think it means.*

"Like what?"

"Perhaps you should be wearing diapers to bed now. We've tried long enough to get you dry at night and let's be honest. It isn't working. Do you think you will stop wetting the bed any time soon?"

Eric shook his head. He was being honest that despite his disinterest in being dry at night, it didn't seem to be a choice he had either. He wet his bed every night of his life and he couldn't imagine that being any different. In fact, the idea of *not* wetting the bed actually scared him. He wasn't sure why – only that it did. The morning wetness was part of who he was, not just something he did.

Eric's face brightened at the thought of night diapers and he couldn't hide his glee. He knew he should react like he was just getting some help with a problem, but he was excited about being able to openly wear night diapers again.

"Are these the ones you would prefer?"

Cecilia picked up a curiously baby-patterned diaper in teen size.

"Yes, please, mommy."

## Where Big Babies Live

"I thought so," his mother replied, a curious look on her face. "I can't really afford these. As you know, money is tight."

"I can, mom," Eric replied. "I have my job and I get enough money to buy them."

Cecilia noticed how he was calling her 'mom' again instead of 'mommy'. Like most teen boys, 'mom' was the best she could expect. A look and a grunt were about the average at this age.

"I think it is best you wear diapers to bed from now on if that is okay."

Eric leant forward and held his mother tight. "Thank you, mommy."

"Now, about school."

"I know, I know," he stammered. "I know I can't."

Cecilia pushed Eric back and looked him in the eye.

"Did I say you can't, hmm?"

Eric's eyes opened wide. This was a very unexpected development. He instantly played back the classic movie line: *Who are you and what have you done with my mother?*

"I can wear diapers to school?"

"As long as you can afford to buy them, you can wear those *thin* diapers to school. But only the thin ones, remember!"

Eric almost whooped in delight. Something had changed and while he wanted to know what it was, he was not going to ruin this utterly unexpected and almost magical moment. He was allowed to wear diapers again!

"But..." she added. "You need to take special care. Always keep your shirt tucked in. Make sure you have a spare diaper hidden in your bag and always be careful."

## *Where Big Babies Live*

He was stunned. Never would he have expected such a dramatic change in his mother's attitude. There had been many, many arguments in the past about his bedwetting, his stealing of diapers and it had never gone well. He was faced with an unstoppable urge facing an implacable foe. And his 'foe' had suddenly surrendered.

"Before you go to school, I need to check that your diaper can't be detected, okay?" Eric nodded. "And from now on, you can wear diapers if you want at home."

Eric was stunned.

"Thanks, mommy."

"Now before you take all your 'things' back with you to your room, I wonder if you might like these back again."

Cecilia picked up a large cardboard box that had been sitting in the corner of the room and put it on the bed. Eric looked inside.

"These are all your toys from when you were little. I just wondered if you wanted them back again."

Tears flowed down the teenage boy's face again as he fondly looked through the bags of blocks, the toy cars, the soft toys and the relics of his infancy and preschool playtimes.

"Take all of these back to your room and there is only one rule I demand."

"What's that?"

"Total honesty and no hiding. I don't want you hiding diapers or baby things or even... panties. No secrets, Understand? And if you want more panties, ask me first, okay?"

Cecilia suspected that the panties were stolen and it was much better that she buy them, than have him arrive home in a police car.

## Where Big Babies Live

"Okay," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"Now, go tidy up your room and get a diaper on."

Eric took all his belongings and still in a state of shock, put everything away, but this time, not in his hiding places. As he laid on his bed taping on a thick, baby-print diaper, he wondered what had happened over the past week or so that had changed his mother's attitude to his issues. His diaper was damp even before he finished putting his toys away with Benny and his pacifier sitting on his pillow. He didn't even know he was wet.

Life had taken an astonishing turn and instead of being grounded, Eric was about to show his mother his diaper and he half-expected her to be proud of him.

He wanted his mom to be proud of him. All of him. Even the 'baby' him.



Dear Gloria,

You were right about everything. A few days ago, I told Eric he could start wearing diapers to bed and even to school as you suggested. It was an incredible experience. He even called me *mommy*! He never calls me that. He barely calls me anything at all, but now, he calls me mommy most of the time.

I don't miss washing wet sheets, I can tell you that! He is wearing diapers all the time and even using his pacifier at night. And he is now the happiest boy I know. It is like he is three years old again. He is sweet, obedient and so happy. He even cuddles me at times. He doesn't hide his diapers from me, and he seems proud of them. Oddly, I am proud of his diapers too. That has been the biggest surprise for me.