

An AB Discovery Book

Ben Patthen

BEST SELLING ABDL FICTION AUTHOR

OLIVER

**A Baby for
Felicity**

A Baby for Felicity

A Baby for Felicity

by

Ben Pathen

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A Baby for Felicity

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The Phone Call



The phone rang and Felicity answered it.

“Is Olly there?” came the voice at the other end.

“Do you mean Oliver?”

“Yes, Olly,” he replied. “Oliver?”

“Yes, Oliver is here. Can I ask who is calling?”

“Dave. Can I speak to him, please?”

“Oh no, it’s far too late.”

“It’s only 7.30, not that late. I haven’t heard from him in a long time, so I was just phoning to see if he was okay.”

“Oliver is fine. He has never been better.”

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"Has he had a busy day and gone to bed early?" Dave asked.

"No, it was a normal day for him."

"Oh, so is he still up?"

"Oh no, I always make sure Oliver is in his cot fast asleep by seven pm at the latest. He needs so much sleep. After all, he's a baby now."

"I'm sorry? Are we talking about the same Oliver?"

"If you mean the owner of this phone number, then yes."

"Oh, perhaps we may have got our lines crossed so to speak. I am talking about Oliver. Oliver who is a man."

"I know."

"And can I ask who you are, if you don't mind?" Dave asked

"I am Oliver's mummy."

"His mummy? This is all a little confusing. The Oliver I know is an adult, not a baby," he said. "He wouldn't sleep in a cot unless you are using the American term for a bed. And I thought his mother was no longer here. Sorry if I have got that wrong, but I am sure he told me that."

"Yes, it is a little confusing. Perhaps I should explain, I am Oliver's new mummy and he is now my baby."

"Your baby? But he's a fully-grown man."

"In build, he is, but not in mind," Felicity explained.

"Do you mean he has had a nervous breakdown or something?"

"No, Oliver is fine, in fact, he has never been happier. He is what he has always wanted to be, a baby. I don't suppose he would

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have told you that," she continued. "He was very embarrassed about people knowing he wanted to be a baby."

"He wanted to be a baby? He can't be a baby, he's grown man," he exclaimed

"It doesn't matter if he is grown-up or not. It is how he is treated that makes him what he is now."

"This is very odd," Dave said, warily. "Are you telling me that you treat Oliver, a fully-grown man, as a baby?"

"Yes. He is just like an eighteen-month-old now. He is so helpless and needs me to look after him all the time, just like any baby needs his mummy to look after him."

"Are you kidding me, is this some sort of sick joke?"

"Not at all. Oliver wanted to be my baby and I wanted to be his Mummy. What is wrong with that?"

"A lot if you ask me. Come on. You're pulling my leg," Dave exclaimed in an exasperated tone. "Let me speak to him. I expect he is standing beside you laughing his head off."

"I can't hear any laughing. Oliver is in his cot fast asleep and he won't be awake until eight in the morning. Just in time for his morning bottle feed."

"His morning bottle feed? This is mad."

"No, not mad at all. All babies need a feed in the morning. And after his feed, I will have to change his nappies. I am sure he will be very wet. Oliver always is after a long night's sleep."

Felicity was enjoying this conversation immensely. She had often wondered when Oliver's mobile phone would ring and what she would be saying to whomever it was on the other end. It wasn't

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something she had thought about in great detail. All she was going to do was be truthful and let the conversation flow.

“Change his nappies? Oh, come on now this is silly. Only babies wear nappies, not fully-grown men”

“Why is it silly? If I don’t change his nappies, he’ll get nappy rash, and I don’t want my baby to get nappy rash. Oliver is happy as my baby, and if he wants to be a baby again why shouldn’t he? He loves being my baby and he just can’t get enough of all the fussing I make over him. He really is a cute and adorable baby.”

“Right, let me get my head around this,” stated Dave, his temper starting to rise. “Are you telling me that the Oliver I know, the person I would normally talk to when I dial this number, a fully-grown man, is now being treated like a baby?”

“Yes, treated like a baby, dressed like a baby, fed like a baby,” she explained, once again. “As he has been for the last three weeks and will continue to be so treated all the time from now on. I know it is hard for you to understand but it’s a funny world out there. Some men want to live with other men, and women with other women, but for Oliver, it is to be living with me as my baby. He almost begged me to treat and keep him as a baby, and as I love him so much, I could only do as he asked.”

“I think I should call the police,” he threatened

“Okay, but what are they going to do? There is no law against someone wanting to be a baby again, certainly none that I am aware of.”

“I expect you have drugged him or something. Olly would never want to be willingly treated like a baby, no man would.”

“No drugs, nothing like that at all. It is what he wanted and has wanted since he was a little boy. No one really knew Oliver, but

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I do. I know everything about him and I know what he wants. I know he only wants to be my baby and that is what he is now - my baby."

Oliver would have been mortified had he been aware of this conversation, that one of his friends was being told of his desires to be a baby again. He had always kept it a secret from all his friends and family. There had only been a couple of women he had told face to face and a few he had chatted to online, a place where he could be open about his baby desires with those who would understand.

Oliver had met Felicity on-line and was over the moon when she said she would be a mummy for him. He had told her he would be a very good baby for her and always do as he was told. But he didn't know how far Felicity was going to go in treating him as a baby. He honestly thought it would only be occasionally because no woman would want to keep a man as a baby all the time. He was sure of that.

But he was to be proved very wrong.

Ever since he arrived at Felicity's home, he had been treated just as if he was a real baby, apart from some very special treats. It was only fair that Felicity should give her baby some pleasure and for her in return to also have some pleasure. She loved the power she had over Oliver as her baby and enjoyed the many occasions where she would bring him to a climax and made him spurt all his baby milky.

Even Felicity's mother and sisters had seen him as a baby. They had all fussed over him and all had spent time bottle-feeding Oliver and changing his nappies, and even playing with his penis. He was often brought to a climax in front of them all, made to spurt his baby milky and made to admit to them that he was a baby and loved being a baby. It was nearly always done in his nursery just

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before he was about to be put into fresh nappies and plastic pants. This wasn't done without reason. Felicity was determined to have Oliver behaving as near to a real baby as possible. She had to get him to overcome any embarrassment he felt at being seen by other people as a baby and to associate being treated like a baby in front of others as an enjoyable experience.

Oliver always associated the moment he ejaculated with real babyish feelings. He seemed to be overcome with real feelings of helplessness that were for him as close as what he must have felt like when he was a real baby. That was how important it was for Oliver when he played at being a baby. It had to be as real as possible for him since he simply wanted to believe that he really was just a baby.

At first, it had been very humiliating for Oliver, to be just lying there having his member played with by one of the many women in his life, as if it was theirs to do with as they wish, and then for them to see his behaviour as he finally climaxed. He always felt so babyish when that happened and couldn't help kicking his legs about and making lots of silly baby sounds. He was unable to resist expressing how much of a baby he felt. What man wouldn't feel humiliated at being exposed in front of so many women behaving like a baby? And then for him to openly admit in front of them that this is what he wanted to be.

Felicity told Oliver he had to tell his Nana and aunties how much he loved being a baby because they were now going to be his new family and would play an important part in his new life.

In the beginning, when he realised how far she was going to go with treating him as a baby, Oliver had tried to protest. But he was told by Felicity that if he didn't behave, he would get a very good spanking, and one thing Oliver didn't like was physical pain. He just had to comply and hope that in time Felicity would tire of

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treating him as a baby and let him go. He had also hoped that an opportunity would come along where he could escape and get back into the real world, not that he knew how he would do that anyhow.

He only had baby clothes to wear now and Felicity had told him she had thrown out all his adult clothing. He was now always in nappies and plastic baby pants and dressed in some cute baby outfit, rompers or footed sleepers. The very worst thing was for him to be dressed in a very frilly baby outfit, but Felicity loved to dress him as a sissy baby at times and had introduced him to such an outfit after just a few days of his baby treatment. There were also all the pictures and video she had taken of him dressed as a baby, so even if he did get away from her, she would still have a stronghold over him. What would she do with all those pictures and video? Would she expose his baby desires to his friends? She had his laptop with all their e-mail addresses, and he was terrified of having his most secret desires exposed.

There was one other thing.

After just a few days, his attitude completely changed. He became addicted to being dressed all the time in thick nappies and plastic baby pants and some cute baby outfit and was enjoying all the fussing made over him. He began to realise how wonderful it was to be treated like a baby all the time and that it was silly for him to even consider trying to escape, after all, it had been his fantasy to be treated like a baby since as far back as he could remember. Now that his fantasy had come true, he really had no choice but to make the most of it, and as being treated as a baby excited Oliver so much, he could see no reason to object to how he was treated.

As a single person living on his own, Oliver had indulged himself as often as he could with his baby desires, but he had never been dressed as a baby for more than ten or twelve hours a day.

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Now, though, he was always dressed as a baby. His initial resentment at finding out he was to be kept as a baby forever had diminished and he now loved the continuous baby treatment. He soon forgot about seeking an escape from his new life, simply because he loved how he was being treated and quickly realised he had no option other than to accept that for him the adult world no longer existed. He had settled down to his new life as a baby and was as happy as he had ever been.



Perhaps he had been foolish to have accepted Felicity's offer to be treated like a baby, but it was something he had fantasized about for many years and he just could not refuse. Even when she told him there was no going back, that once he was her baby a baby he would remain, he just didn't believe her.

Well, he got more than he bargained for and Felicity was true to her word!

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Perhaps when she showed him the nursery with an adult-sized cot and changing table, the boxes of baby toys and the piles of thick nappies and plastic baby pants neatly stacked on a trolley, and then all the baby outfits in the nursery wardrobe, he should have had the sense to think twice. It was clear to him right from the beginning that she intended to take his baby treatment to a higher level than even he could imagine. She really was going to keep him as a baby all the time.

While he was still in his adult clothes and still had his car keys, he could have said no, this was not what he had expected. He didn't want to give up his adult life completely and he could have made a dash for the front door and made his escape and she probably couldn't have stopped him. But he was transfixed by all he saw, and like all men, his penis controlled him, so he had no choice and submitted to her almost immediately. The thought of being pinned up in tight nappies and have her slide plastic baby pants along his legs was too powerful a thought for Oliver to resist.

After that, it was too late and he was there to stay, regardless of any contrary thoughts. It was only after just a few days of continuous and intense baby treatment that Oliver finally gave up on ever finding a way out and was now completely hooked on being treated like a baby. He soon got used to being seen by his new 'Nana' and new 'aunties' and loved the regular times he was 'milked' in front of them. They didn't mock him or laugh, rather they praised him for being a good baby. This acceptance by them of his status as a baby made his guilty feelings about his desires become just a distant memory.

Felicity wanted a well-behaved baby, not one who was truculent and resented how he was treated. By fussing over him and giving him so much pleasure, she was sure Oliver would soon get to love being treated like a baby all the time. She wasn't into

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giving physical punishment and would not have enjoyed spanking him. So, she would conquer his mind with love and entice him into realising how good it was to be a baby again by pampering and fussing over him. The way she treated him was just like any mother with a real baby.

She would make sure he was always occupied when awake, otherwise, he might find life as a baby, dull. So, there was lots of time playing with his baby pee-pee. She knew he would love that, and really what 'man' wouldn't enjoy a woman playing with his penis frequently? Not many, if they were to be treated like a baby as well, but since Oliver had always wanted to be a baby, it was different for him. She just had to get him over all that silly embarrassment and make him feel it was okay to be a baby again. Once she had achieved that, she was sure he would soon settle into his new life and accept all the baby treatment without hesitation.

"Okay suit yourself, I don't believe a word. I expect he lost his phone and you found it and you're just having a big laugh at my expense. I will call round his house and see him myself. You can get lost!"

The line went dead.

Felicity could only wonder what would happen when this so-called friend of Oliver's discovered that he no longer lived where he was and that the house was now occupied by a new tenant. Would he phone back? She wasn't sure if she could keep the phone or discard it? She had perversely enjoyed this chat and it could be

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quite interesting and thrilling for her to speak to David again. She hoped she could have the opportunity to speak with him again.

She loved being able to tell others what Oliver was for her now and wasn't bothered what they might think. She felt perfectly at ease with having him as her baby and she had no feelings of embarrassment. After all, she wasn't the one dressed and being treated like a baby.

Felicity couldn't wait until the morning when she could tell Oliver about the phone call. Even though he now loved his life as her baby, she was sure he would be very shocked to be told that his secret was now out and that quite possibly all his old friends now knew he was being treated like a baby. She had no idea who this person would tell or if he even believed what she had said, but it really didn't matter. It would be Oliver's imagination that would make him feel uncomfortable. It would mean that he could never again be seen by his old friends for fear of ridicule and that he could only remain as her baby. It would be another reason for him to just accept what he was going to become; he could not go back to his previous life and he could never show his face again as an adult. Everything had changed for him completely.

It was a few minutes later that Felicity was on the phone to her mother telling her all about the phone call and the conversation she had with David.

Before she went to bed, Felicity went into the nursery to check on her new baby because she always made sure he was sound asleep before she retired. She would stand by his cot looking down on him and admiring how much of a baby he had become. She would often find herself thinking back to that first day when the reality of the situation Oliver now found himself in had sunk in and how he had reacted at being told he was to be kept as a baby forever. It was shortly after she had put him into his nappies and

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plastic baby pants for the first time and was about to give him his first bottle feed, that she told him the news.

Reality



“

Do you feel comfortable, Oliver?” asked Felicity.

“Yes, mummy.”

“And do you feel like a baby? You look like a baby, and I can’t see a big boy anymore. I can only see a baby.”

“Yes mummy, I do feel like a baby. I love feeling like a baby and it’s the best feeling in the world.”

He did feel very comfortable and had never felt as babyish as he felt now. He had loved how Felicity had gone about bathing him, then dried him and led him back into the nursery and helped him up onto the changing table. She was saying all the right things and

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talking to him as if he was just an infant. He was so excited at what was about to happen next. She was about to pin him into thick terry nappies and guide a pair of plastic baby pants along his legs. He could think of nothing better than to have a loving mummy put him into plastic baby pants and for him to hear the sound of the rustling plastic as they were pulled along his legs and then around his thick nappies. It was something that would only happen to a real baby as far as Oliver was concerned.

Felicity took her time in applying nappy care ointment to Oliver's hairless penis and groin area. She wanted a reaction and as expected, he did become very stiff. It was very clear that Oliver was very excited at the way she was treating him. She then applied copious amounts of baby powder to his groin and then all over his body. It was important to her that not only was he dressed as a baby but that he had all the aromas and fragrances you normally associate with a baby. It was then just a case of securing his three nappies with four nappy inserts in place and guiding a pair of milky white soft plastic baby pants along his legs and he was almost ready.

Next, it was on with a nursery print T-shirt to which she attached his dummy clip and he was now ready for his next stage of babyhood - being bottle-fed. During that time, Oliver had been totally compliant because the way Felicity had treated him made him feel so much like a baby. It was something he had never experienced before, and he just couldn't resist what She was doing to him.

After he was dressed, he was led over to a long couch. Felicity sat down and told him to lie along the couch and settle his head down on her lap. He could only imagine how it would feel for him to be bottle-fed formula just as if he was her real baby. Like most, if not all people, he had no memories of being fed when he