

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

FLOATING AROUND IN MY HEAD

A COLLECTION OF AB/DL SHORT STORIES
VOLUME 1

BY

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Floating Around In My Head

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by

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Floating Around In My Head

diapers
The Fulltime, Permanent Adult Infant
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A Mother's Love
The Psychiatrist and her Patient
The Reluctant Baby
Alice and Her Baby
Damaged Goods
Embracing Infancy
The Rehab Regression
The Daycare Regression
The Virtual Reality Regression
The Reporter Regression
Max, the Diapered Zombie Killer

Contents

A Tale of Two Words.....	8
Preface.....	8
Chapter One.....	10
Epilogue.....	38
Why Charlie Is Thankful.....	40
Not What It Seems.....	53
Mommy's Little Girl.....	60
Coming Home.....	77
Home Again.....	77
Back When.....	83
Back Where We Were.....	91
Dinner for Four.....	97
Date Night.....	101
Explanations.....	111
Playdate.....	116
Epilogue.....	122
MAGIC.....	125
Chapter 1: Nursery.....	125
Chapter 2: Outdoors.....	135
Chapter 3: The Fete.....	140
Chapter 4: A Whole New World.....	151
Changes.....	155
Seizure.....	155
Baby.....	159

Floating Around In My Head

Changes.....	162
Fostered.....	167
Nursery	173
Sleep.....	182
Grandma.....	189
Email	199

Floating Around In My Head:
A Tale of Two Words

A Tale of Two Words



By Max Harper

Preface

For justification, I, Tom, referred to as Daddy in the following text, would like to thank each and every one of you for following along with Nora's exploits. When I originally sat her down to write out her transition, she resisted. After some careful reminding of her place and why we were doing this, she finally relented. Not that she had a choice in the matter. She doesn't have many choices these days. I remind her daily that she chose this life and through all of the pouting, brattiness, and adorable childish whimsey, she's happy.

Floating Around In My Head:

A Tale of Two Words

What follows is her story - in her words, unaltered by me. I did have to transcribe it from crayon, and sippy cup stains, so if certain words or phrases don't line up, I did the best I could. I hope that you enjoy reading this little tale as much as we enjoyed living it.

Chapter One

I want to start by introducing myself. My name is Nora, known around the office as *Big Boss Bitch*. I run an accounting firm for a major corporation, and I don't take shit from anyone. I've made men cower and women cry. Why am I telling you this? Because I go by another name. A name that doesn't instill fear or respect. A name that is a mockery of my career, my success, and my independence.

Baby Girl.

How did I come by this name you may ask? Well, therein is the tale. A tale of how my life spiraled out of my control and I came to understand the freedom inherent in two little words.

I guess it started last year. I had just finished up a late night at the office securing a new client that would bring hundreds of millions into the firm over the next ten years. My take-home bonus would be enough to retire with. Not too shabby for someone who was in her early thirties, if I do say so myself. I had sent the rest of my team home for the night without so much as a good night. They didn't earn it. They never do. While the interns had done a passable job of compiling all the relevant data, it fell on me to negotiate the terms of the contract.

I know what you're thinking. That's some boring shit right there. All this bitch does is *blah blah blah*. And you would be right. At that time in my life, I didn't answer to anyone or anything. Single, successful, and arrogant, I thought I was on top of the world. What few friends I had would only say they were my friends when they were around me. I was a snob, blatantly ignorant of my own misgivings and poor demeanor.

Floating Around In My Head:
A Tale of Two Words

One of those few friends I had suggested one night that I really needed to get laid. Can you imagine that? Here I had everything a girl could want or need but it wasn't good enough because I didn't have a man in my life? As if! They wouldn't relent though, even when I told them to drop it. They said that I needed to get out more, that there was no point in all I had accomplished if I had no one to share it with.

Sharing has never been my strong suit. With the current climate, I don't need to share. And why would I weigh myself down with someone else when no one has done anything for me? But they persisted and it was one Friday night out on the town that changed everything.

I hate dating. The awkwardness, the trivialities, the pathetic attempts to impress. All of it disgusts me, particularly the latter. No one impresses me. No one can, so stop trying, thank you, and good night. I hate dating so much that I avoid it if at all possible. The downside to being a collective of single, successful women is that no man can seem to measure up. And that's before the bedroom, am I right? But we keep trying for some neurotic reason. As if some billionaire would be looking for his 'forever love' in a speed dating cafe.

To be clear and honest, I wasn't looking for anyone or anything, so for the sake of those involved that night, deal with it. I was just going through the motions.

The losers were in force that Friday night. In the few hours that I spent there, I had been propositioned for everything from a nice dinner to having my ass licked. Swear to God, that actually happened. I was already checked out before the night got started and the few glasses of wine I'd had during the night didn't help matters much. I went from being cruelly oblivious to messing with them, leading them on as the alcohol lowered my inhibitions.

*Floating Around In My Head:
A Tale of Two Words*

I guess that with my antics I must have made an impression with one of the drooling Neanderthals. I didn't notice him until he was three or four tables away in the rotation. My girlfriends were busy laughing and carrying on, slutting their way into phone number after phone number. I, however, hadn't gotten a single number worthwhile, and every one I did have, lay crumpled at my feet on the floor. A few more numbskulls came and went, having figured out that I wasn't remotely interested when *he* sat down across from me.

I had thought that I had made it abundantly clear that I wasn't interested in any part of this and was only here for the laughs. I'm not sure if he couldn't take the hint or wasn't paying attention but when he shook my hand and sat down, I could tell that something was different. I was out of wine and therefore, out of patience.

"Just spit it out and wrap it up. I don't care who you are or where you're from or what you do."

"As long as you love me?" He mouthed a few more words, which I don't know because I wasn't paying attention.

I stopped in my tracks. He was bold, I gave him that, but I was not impressed. It took me a moment for my addled brain to understand that he was joking, and the all too familiar jingle of the Backstreet Boys tune played through my head. I scoffed at having fallen into such an obvious trap.

"That the best you got?" I asked him.

He glanced under the table at the discarded numbers on the floor and shook his head in disgust. At least, I took it as disgust.

"No," he said sardonically. "I know a lost cause when I see one. You have yourself a wonderful night."

*Floating Around In My Head:
A Tale of Two Words*

My attitude erupted as it normally does when talked down to. "Like you stood a chance anyway, limp dick!"

He simply smiled. He was either used to being reminded of his inadequacies, or he liked being ridiculed, I couldn't tell which.

"You can always tell those that are overcompensating by the way they address others and carry themselves."

"I am not overcompensating!"

"Yet you see the need to argue and defend yourself as if you have been slighted by something. I merely noticed the amount of discarded numbers at your feet and know that any attempt I could make to give you my number would end up the same way. Instead of wasting my time, I'm going to go enjoy myself elsewhere. While you may think that we are all here to beg at you, in actuality, you need us more than we need you."

"I don't need you! I don't need anyone!"

"Quite right, which is why you are alone and miserable. Your success and your wealth can't buy happiness. It certainly could buy manners but why bother?"

"I'll have you know-"

"Nothing. You will teach me nothing. Because you have nothing to teach. You have much to learn, but your mind is closed to the possibilities."

Flustered and angry, I sputtered something drunken and incoherent, but he wouldn't lament.

"Let me guess," he said, gesturing to my friends gathering around me. "You are all successful, single women who've made their careers by stepping on or stepping over anyone and everyone that gets in your way. You think you are the queens of your own

Floating Around In My Head:

A Tale of Two Words

little worlds and revel in the concept of men begging you for a scrap of attention when instead, you face the harsh realities that no one here or anywhere else is even remotely interested in you or anything you have to say. You are hollow, empty, vain little girls, mindlessly convinced that you are somehow special and deserving of everything you want. That said, you are allowed to think and feel however you wish. The world wants to tell you that you are perfect in every way. Go ahead and believe that. It's your right, but don't come crying to us when you can't sleep at night.

"And with that, ladies, I bid you adieu, good night and sweet dreams, for in our dreams we are truly free."

And like a typical coward, he was gone, retreating into the mockery of claps from the dateless virgins who had heard his little speech. My girls and I rolled our eyes and jeered at him as he left. We spent the rest of the night discussing among ourselves what life would be like if there were no men. I didn't need one and certainly didn't need the bullshit that I just sat through. It was my fault for having too much wine. I would have been able to cut his dickless tirade off before it even got started.

Pussies. The lot of them, I thought to myself. I have one of my own so why would I ever need another one?

Those were my sentiments as I got ready for bed in my lush condominium. I looked around at all the things I had. There wasn't much. Who needs things when you have money? Money buys things and I had plenty of money. But if I didn't need anything besides the necessities, why waste the money?

I tossed on my favorite nightie and slipped under the covers of my queen-sized bed. With no pets or man-child, I didn't need to share it with anything. I tucked a support pillow between my knees to support my joints and brought it up snugly between my legs. It

Floating Around In My Head:

A Tale of Two Words

gave me a comforting feeling and ensured that I wouldn't wake up with joint discomfort in the morning. I was already expecting a mild hangover which I would then take into work and make everyone else as miserable as I was. The perks of being the boss bitch.

Settling my thoughts and closing my eyes so that the room wasn't moving, I thought about what that guy had said. I had already given him too much of my time but for some reason, I couldn't get him out of my mind. He'd be gone by morning, like any other poor sap that thought they could entertain me. His last words echoed in my mind like a crying child unable to get a chocolate at the grocery store.

"...Good night and sweet dreams..."



...A younger girl stared back at me through the mirror. How she got there and how she wore my face was beyond me. I was simply dressed with my hair done in curls. The summer dress I wore was covered in a sunflower print, falling to my knees. My socks came up near the rest of the way, covering my lower legs and the black Mary Jane shoes I wore shined like the sun outside. The details of the room were fuzzy at best, and I was unable to look around. All I could see was the girl in the mirror and some of the objects behind her.

Daddy came into the room. I knew it was him in my heart and I was both scared and happy. Daddy had an air about him, one of grim determination. He stood behind me, towering over my short frame, and rested his hands on my shoulders. I couldn't see his face through the mirror, but the weight of his hands told me he was real.

"I'm very disappointed in you, Nora. Your mother told me what you did and the nasty things you said to that poor girl."

*Floating Around In My Head:
Not What It Seems*

Mommy's Little Girl



By Christine Kringle

It's a funny thing when someone offers to make your fantasy a reality. You're faced with the realization that the very thing you've repeatedly played out in your mind to such great satisfaction might soon be meeting the reality of a world that is indifferent to your desires, and so very rarely plays out the way you wanted it to, and that that impending collision promises to be either a dream come true or a living nightmare with little hope of knowing which it will be until it is fully upon you. Sean McBride found himself facing just such a dilemma.

Sean was an adult baby - or AB for those in the know - and more explicitly, he was a *sissy* baby. Sissy babies were, in his mind at least, men who enjoyed having women not only regress them back to babies but impose upon them a female identity at the same time. This combination of emasculating acts, as they stripped away

*Floating Around In My Head:
Not What It Seems*

his public persona, revealing his innermost desires, always had the most profound effect on Sean, but his experiences had been limited exclusively to phone conversations at this point.

He certainly enjoyed these calls a lot, especially if he found a woman who had the skill and experience to develop the scenario fully and embrace her role as his Mommy. This level of intimacy was effective in quelling his burning desires for several years, but as is so often the case, his appetites grew, and as they did, he found less and less satisfaction with his phone interactions, and he longed for a more intimate, personal interaction with a woman who would understand him and his unique nature.

It was a Wednesday afternoon when Sean was sitting and sipping his coffee at the local coffee house and quietly thumbing through the pages of a local paper that covered the nightlife and art scene. His expectations for the task were low, as he had followed this same routine for months and had rarely ever found anything of interest to him. This day would prove to be the exception though, as he had found an ad for a woman in the back pages, and her ad intrigued him. Hers wasn't the only ad in the classified section that dealt with adult matters, that was for certain, but hers *was* the only one to mention adult babies among her various interests. This caught his attention immediately, of course, and started him thinking about what it would be like to actually be in the same room with a woman who actually knew who and what he was, and was willing to see it brought to reality.

Sean wasn't impulsive by nature, so he took his time to finish his coffee and consider the possibilities. The mere fact that she had included adult babies in her ad did not mean that she had any actual skill or experience in dealing with them. Then again, she might have had the experience, but they might be a bad match as she might view it as a form of punishment and he was seeking

*Floating Around In My Head:
Not What It Seems*

someone more interested in a nurturing role. He thought of an exhaustive number of excuses for why this wouldn't work out and how he might regret going forward with it, but despite all that, he knew he was going to call her before he even stood up.

When he got back to his place, he set the paper down in front of him, took a deep breath, and then began dialing the phone. He felt quite anxious as he did, which was odd since he had spoken to a number of women about his desires in the past, but this time was going to be different, and he knew it. This represented a bolder exploration of his desires, and he simply couldn't help the way he felt about it.

“Hello?”

Her voice was pleasant and inviting, and should have been enough to calm his fears, but he found himself suddenly tongue-tied. His *mind* was racing, but his mouth was stuck in Park. After all, how does one start a conversation that deals with your desire to have the other person turn you into a sissy baby you've always longed to be?

“Hello?” she said again, and he knew she was about to hang up on him, and so he finally found his voice.

“Uh, yeah, hi. I, um saw your ad, you know, the one in the back of the paper, and I uh, I wondered if I might um, ask you about it?” He sounded like a blithering idiot, and he knew it, but that didn't mean he could do anything about it.

“Sure,” she said in a confident tone. “What do you want to ask?”

“I saw that you, ah deal with, um babies, adult babies...”

*Floating Around In My Head:
Not What It Seems*

“Yes, I do. Are you an adult baby, sweetie?” There was a genuine enthusiasm in her response that helped to ease his anxiety somewhat.

“Yes.” His voice was weak, and his answer was timid. He felt like a naughty child being called to the principal's office.

“Oh good,” she said. “I just adore adult babies. Tell me about yourself. How old are you, dear?”

He swallowed hard and answered, “I'm 24.”

She laughed. “No dear, how old are you *really*?”

He was confused for a moment and then he understood. “I'm 12 months old.”

“That's better,” she replied. “12 months, that a good age for an adult baby. You're still kept in diapers, too young to walk or talk, but you're capable of doing more than just laying about. Yes, 12 months should work quite nicely. What else can you tell me about yourself?”

This next part seemed a bit trickier, not that any of this so far had seemed easy. “I'm a... a baby girl.” He felt so stupid saying it out loud.

“You *are*?” was her response. “Oh, how wonderful. I simply adore adult baby girls. There's just so much more you can do with a baby girl when it comes to dressing her up and making her look pretty. You want to look pretty, don't you princess?”

“Yes... please.” He was so embarrassed he could barely keep from crying.

“And tell me, dear,” she continued, “What role do you envision for me? Am I your babysitter, nanny, or am I your Mommy?”

*Floating Around In My Head:
Not What It Seems*

"Mommy... please." he mewled.

"Excellent. Then you shall always address me as Mommy from now on, do you understand?" There was a certain glee in her voice.

"Yes, Mommy." Saying those two words were so liberating for him. He had said them on the phone before, but it seemed so much more real and permanent this time.

"Good girl." Her voice was soft and warm and drew him in. "Mommy is pleased that you listen so well, baby. Now tell Mommy, what kind of diapers do you wear, baby girl?"

"I wear cloth diapers, Mommy." His answers were coming more easily now as he felt a developing rapport.

"You *do*? Oh, how wonderful. Mommy just adores her adult babies in cloth diapers. I just love how those diapers give their bottoms such a nice big puffy look that simply makes the babies look so cute, and of course, removes any notion that they could ever be anything more than a big baby for Mommy." As he listened, he felt a sense of pride, because she understood that he so desperately wanted to be a good baby girl for her.

"I assume that since you wear cloth diapers that you wear plastic panties as well. Is that right, baby? Do you wear plastic panties over your diapers?" She questioned him like one might a small child, and despite the associated humiliation, he reveled in it.

"Yes Mommy," he answered. "Pink carousel plastic panties. I like them because they make me feel like such a sissy."

"Well of course they do, baby girl. That's because that is what you truly are, aren't you? You're just a big sissy baby who loves to wear diapers and plastic panties for Mommy, and that's all

*Floating Around In My Head:
Not What It Seems*

you'll ever be." There was no hint of reproach in her voice as she said it, just a simple acknowledgment of who and what he was.

"Now, baby girl, when would you like to come to visit Mommy so she can set about fixing this silly notion that you could ever be a man or even a boy? When can Mommy start you down the road to permanent sissy babyhood?"

His enthusiasm for the encounter was beyond measure, and he immediately said, "I want to come now, Mommy."

"Oh sweetie," she replied, "Mommy would like that too, but Mommy already has a full schedule I'm afraid. How about next Tuesday at 4 PM? That will give you time to properly prepare as well, since my baby girl must be free of all hair, except for the top of her head and eyebrows. Mommy also wants you to purchase some baby food, formula, bottles, and toys. You'll be a good girl for Mommy and do all that, won't you?"

"Oh yes, Mommy. I'll do whatever Mommy wants me to do because I always want to be Mommy's good baby girl." He was disappointed that he would have to wait, but he understood the importance of obeying Mommy at the same time.

They finished the conversation by his Mommy explaining the amount of the tribute he was to bring and giving him directions to her place. She told him that she knew it would be hard to wait, but that she would make it well worth his while to do so, and he knew she would.

Over the course of the next several days, he set about preparing everything for his first meeting with his Mommy. The purchases were the easy part, if a bit awkward as he had no idea what he would say if asked why he was buying baby items, but the shaving proved to be the trickier part, but he did that too.

Floating Around In My Head: Not What It Seems

He took Tuesday off from work, as he didn't want to risk anything delaying his appointment with his Mommy. He prepared everything to go in advance so that he would be ready at the proper time, but then the rest of the day just dragged on as he did his best to distract himself. When the time to leave finally arrived, he was excited and just a bit fearful at the same time. He wanted so desperately to meet a woman in person who would transform him into the baby girl he longed to be, but at the same time, he feared the entire outing would be disappointing, or worse, a degrading plunge into physical abuse and debasement. He had no desire to experience that and worried that something like that might not be able to be recovered from very easily, from a psychological standpoint.

His mind raced through all sorts of possible scenarios as the miles passed by. When he finally got to her condo building, he rang the bell and she buzzed him in. When he got to her door, he took a quick look at himself and checked his bag to make sure he had everything she had told him to bring, and after a couple of deep breaths, he knocked.

"Who is it?" came a voice from the other side of the door.

"It's Sean... Sean McBride. I had a 4:00 appointment." He was tingling with anticipation.

"Who?" was her response, and he started to panic. Had he gotten the date wrong? Was this the wrong time? He tried again. "It's Sean McBride. We spoke last week about me coming over."

"I'm sorry, who? *Who* are you?" There was an inflection in her voice that he finally picked up on.

He got really close to the door, and in a low volume stated, "It's your baby, Mommy."

*Floating Around In My Head:
Coming Home*

Coming Home



By Madeline Wood

Home Again

It was 9 pm and Alana Mayweather was seated comfortably in front of the TV enjoying a quiet evening watching a romantic comedy she had seen a dozen times before. With a glass of wine in her hand, it was a relaxing and happy time... if singularly... alone. A widow of eleven years, she had adapted to her quiet home life since her daughter had left home just four months earlier. It had been a struggle to adjust, but she had done so and filled her time at home after work with books and even trying her hand at writing.

It was the urgent knocking on the front door that woke her from her semi-slumber.

"Who is it?" she shouted hoarsely as she got up from her comfy chair and made her way nervously to the front door. No one ever knocked on her door at that time of night, not even in her safe, middle-class neighborhood.

*Floating Around In My Head:
Coming Home*

"Mommy!" came the plaintive cry from the other side of the door.

Alana knew instantly who it was. Only one adult in the entire world still called her *mommy*. It was Dakota, her only daughter and, in fact, her only child.

"Sweetheart," she exclaimed, as she opened the door and her sobbing daughter fell into her embrace. "Oh, honey. What's wrong? Tell mommy."

Alana knew *exactly* what was wrong, however, she waited for Dakota to stop crying and tell her.

"Sit down and tell me all about it."

As she sat down, Alana ran her eyes over her daughter and especially the bottom half and her suspicions were proven correct. But that was for later on.

"Blake dumped me!" she exclaimed with a sob.

"Oh, honey," she said as she hugged her crying daughter. "I understand and I'm here to help."

"He dumped me last night and... I've... been... I didn't know what to do!"

"You should have come here right away. Why didn't you?"

"I didn't... er... think you'd want me back home again" she whispered in Alana's ear.

"Oh, you silly girl," Alana exclaimed, stifling her hurt feelings as she hugged her daughter tightly. "You are always welcome here. I will never turn you away. You are my baby girl!"

"I slept in my car, mommy. Then I drove around and... you know..."

*Floating Around In My Head:
Coming Home*

Alana looked directly at her daughter's lower body. Her mother's nose told her the rest.

"You haven't changed in twenty-four hours?" she asked softly.

"No, mommy. I couldn't..."

Alana truly *did* understand why she couldn't.

"Kotie," she said gently, using the diminutive form of her daughter's name. "You need to go to sleep. That's the most important thing. Mommy will help you, okay? We can talk about everything tomorrow."

Dakota nodded and curled up to her mother's strong arms and whimpered softly – the sound of an upset toddler.

"Come with me, Kotie. Hold mommy's hand."

The twenty-two-year-old woman stood up and took her mother's hand as she led her down the hall and opened a door with a teddy bear drawing stuck to it. Below it was her name, written in crayon in the hand of a young girl – *Dakota Annette Mayweather*.

As Alana turned on the light, Dakota smiled for the first time.

"It's still here, mommy!" she exclaimed.

"Of course, it is, Kotie. I'd never change your ... your ... nursery."

The room was not the bedroom of a teenage girl or of one in her twenties. Nor was it even the bedroom of a preteen girl. It was instead, the nursery of an infant or toddler girl.

"Now, let's get you cleaned up. It's too late for a bath so I will just get you ready for sleepy-time, okay?"

"Yes, mommy," came the soft, quiet reply.

Floating Around In My Head: Coming Home

Dakota's voice had become softer, slower, and more... childlike. Alana didn't even need to look at her to know what was happening. She was very familiar with the transformation. Her daughter was becoming a baby again.

Dakota held up her arms as her mother took off her jacket and top and held onto her as Alana took her daughter's shoes off. Alana knew better than to expect much help at this stage. The wet patches on the front and back of her jeans told her what to expect and sure enough, as soon as she slid the jeans off, she saw the soaking wet diaper and the suspicious aroma told her that worse was contained within.

"Let's get you cleaned up, shall we?" she said as Dakota climbed the short steps and laid down on the adult-sized diaper change table.

As Alana untaped the stinky diaper, she carefully wiped up the worst of the mess and folded up the very over-used disposable, and placed it in the diaper pail. Using a number of baby wipes, she carefully cleaned her daughter's diaper area taking note of the redness from the beginnings of diaper rash and slathered cream on the affected areas. She grabbed an adult pacifier from the shelf underneath the table and popped it into her mouth. Dakota immediately began to suck on it intensely, drawing comfort as any other one-year-old would do.

She lifted her bottom automatically as Alana slipped the fresh diaper beneath her, powdered her generously, and taped the sides together. No words were said as Alana unfolded a footed Disney print sleeper and flicked it out to full length. Taking off her bra, Dakota stepped into the garment and put her arms in as her mother pulled the zip up to her neck and she giggled.

*Floating Around In My Head:
Coming Home*

"I think you need a bonnet tonight, Kotie," Alana said softly as she found a pretty white knitted bonnet and tied it on tight. She had discovered many, many years before that Dakota calmed down when wearing a baby bonnet and so it was always a comfort item for her. There were booties to go with the bonnet, but that would be for another time.

"Have you had anything to eat, Kotie?"

"No, momma," she answered, shaking her head.

"Sit down and I will go and get you something, okay?"

I knew this would happen. But you can't tell young girls these things. They have to find out for themselves. I'm glad I kept everything.

Alana chuckled softly. As if I could ever get rid of Kotie's things!

She went to the cupboard and found her daughter's favorite feeding bottles, grabbed three along with a tin of formula, and quickly heated up the water, and made a typical baby meal for her child.

When she sat on the end of the couch in the nursery, Dakota quickly laid down with her head in her mother's lap just as she had done a thousand times before and quickly attached to the nipple on the formula bottle and began to drink hungrily.

"My, my, you are a hungry baby girl, aren't you?"

The first bottle was emptied in near-record time, as was the second. By the time the third was nearly empty, Dakota's eyes were closed and she was nearly asleep.

"Time for sleep, little girl."

*Floating Around In My Head:
Coming Home*

Alana led her to the adult-sized crib – Dakota’s bed since she was seven years old and had grown too big for her toddler crib – and laid her down. She found *Katie* and ‘*dog*’, two of her favorite soft toys, and placed them under the quilt with her. She lifted up the side of the crib and locked it into place, turned on the baby mobile above her head, and switched on the nightlight she always needed.

She was asleep before the door was even closed.

Alana slumped back in her chair and quickly drank the remains of her glass of wine.

I always knew she’d be back. She thought he loved her enough, but she’s still a baby and only a mom can handle that. He took her virginity but never really understood that she is still a baby. She’s better off at home with me.

Before she went to bed, Alana crept back into the nursery and turned on the baby monitor. A glass of wine often made her sleep soundly – a little *too* soundly – and she suspected that her baby daughter may need her during the night. The baby monitor would help her wake up if her... one year old needed her mommy.

Floating Around In My Head:
Magic

This story was told in person by Florence Aberdeen to Andrew Stephens who wrote it down so that others could share her remarkable journey. Others have contributed information to fill in some of the details that an infant could no longer recall.

MAGIC

By Andrew Stephens

Chapter 1: Nursery



It was one of those mornings that stick in your memory because everything was just 'right'. Perfect in fact. I live in a country not renowned for its wonderful weather. History, yes. Architecture, yes. Weather? No. Rather, I live in a place where a bright blue sky, warm sun, and a light breeze is a thing of wonder and rarity. But that was exactly the morning I awoke to. It felt truly magical.

As normal, I awoke in my baby cot, my nappies soaking wet and my dummy having fallen out of my mouth during the night and

Floating Around In My Head: Magic

hanging on its chain to the side. Before I even opened my eyes, I carefully felt my footed sleeper for leaks. A lifetime of bedwetting and an identity as a baby girl meant that nappies were forever, and long sleeps sometimes exceeded their capacity. But in keeping with the perfection of the day, my sleeper was dry as were the Disney princess sheets on my cot.

A bit of a wiggle confirmed what I suspected. My overnight nappy was also dirty. This also made me smile. The discarding of my entire toilet training was an achievement of note and one I was proud of. Waking up wet was a lifetime constant. Waking up dirty, however, was a more recent achievement and only served to confirm who I identified as. I was a baby girl aged twelve months.

I smiled broadly when I realised I was both wet and dirty.

The nursery was atypically light with the sun streaming through the somewhat thin nursery curtains. While blackout curtains may be common in some countries for nurseries, almost constant overcast days made waking up to a dimly-lit nursery the expected standard.

My smile grew even more as I put my dummy back in my mouth and cuddled up to Christine, my pink teddy bear that shared my cot and my life and had done so for many, many years. No longer pristine and a little misshapen, Christine was different from other dolls and teddy bears that filled my cot, my nursery, my playroom, and indeed, my house.

Christine was real.

From the early days of her arrival in my nursery, Christine was special and in the darkness of scary nights, I would talk to her and she would answer back. She was my best friend. I slept with her. I took her everywhere with me. I even had a child's car seat just for her. We were best friends and always would be.

Floating Around In My Head: Magic

Christine looked at me that morning and I knew what she was thinking.

Today was special. A one of a kind. And she wanted to share it with me.

Eventually, it was time to get up and explore the day in front of me. Because I was still only an infant, I routinely awoke no later than 6 am, ready to play. As well as Christine, my cot also had a Fisher-Price PlayStation that could entertain me for some time. I normally had two or more dollies that sat at the end of my cot and sometimes I could play until 8 am or longer with my friends and my sentient teddy bear. Because Christine was an older girl than me, it was usually she who told me that it was time to finally get up.

And this morning I saw the big nursery clock on the wall with its big hands and in the fog of my ever-present infancy, I saw that it was 7:30... ish. I was too young to understand the full differences of where the minute hand pointed. I just knew that it was time for a feed.

The biggest lack in my life was the absence of someone to care for me. This meant that while I had to rely on Christine to guide me, it also meant that I had to feed, change and dress.

The hardest part of every day was right there and then. Up until then, I was nothing more than a one-year-old infant girl, lying in her cot in wet and dirty nappies and playing with her toys waiting for mummy to come and get me up.

But mummy would never come and so it was that Christine prodded me to get up and arrange a feed.

I was a heavily bottle-fed girl and so everything was already well set up for me. The nursery was where I had my morning or overnight feeds and on a bench in the corner were a dozen washed

Floating Around In My Head: Magic

and sterilised baby bottles, a kettle already filled with water, and three tins of baby formula. My breakfast choices were limited to which variety of formula I wanted. That suited me just fine.

Trying desperately not to leave any of my infancy aside, I quickly made up three hot bottles of formula and once again padded back to my cot where Christine awaited along with Strawberry and Helen, two of my favourite dollies. Strawberry was a real cutie and she had an entire range of outfits to choose from and a selection of nappies as well. Christine had told me recently that Strawberry was on the verge of...

Becoming real.

I admit I was excited by the hope that one morning when I talked to Strawberry that she might answer back. She had her own stroller – many of my dolls had their own strollers - and I had spent many hours with her and Christine sitting on a blanket behind my house. While Christine and I chatted away, I often suspected that Strawberry was listening and wanting to join in.

As I laid back in my cot, I looked to Strawberry and was almost certain I saw her eyes sparkle. The well-sucked nipple of the first bottle entered my mouth and the very familiar taste of baby formula filled my tummy and I was instantly transported to an even younger state.

Baby formula always did that to me even back when I was a teenager. Back then, a bottle of formula would render me completely infantile and at peace. Now, it was all that and more. As the magic wonder of formula filled me up, my age lowered until I was just three months old, and using my hands to hold the bottle was the limit of my abilities.

A few times when I was even younger, perhaps only weeks old, Christine would hold my bottle to my lips and feed me. As the

Floating Around In My Head: Magic

bottles continued, Christine comforted me, telling me that I was a pretty baby girl and nothing more. But the final bottle emptied and I began the gradual growing up to my normal age of twelve months. Laying there comforted by my full belly, my pink best friend, and the curiously alive eyes of Strawberry, it was the best of mornings.

Christine pointed me to the big nursery clock and I saw that it was now 8:20 in the morning and now that the big hand made more sense, I knew it was time to get up and face the day.

Leaving my cot was always difficult. In my cot, I was *entirely* infant. There was nothing that hinted at anything or anyone else. Pure infant. Total baby. But a part of me, a regretful part, knew that there was a big person there as well and worst of all... it was a boy.

I was painfully aware of the 'boy' part of my body as my penis was now fully erect, just as it was most mornings. From the early days of my teens, I had experienced this confusing feeling. As a thirteen-year-old waking up in wet nappies in my cot, I found this erection easy to dispense with and so a habit was formed. Every morning before the day really began, I would lie on my tummy, hump my nappy, and a few minutes later pleasure and release would course through me. Most importantly the conflict of adult sexuality and the innocence of infancy was resolved in favour of the latter. I could return to being the baby I knew I was.

Nowadays, my morning hump meant I could start my day properly and live up to being the baby girl I knew I was. I knew what to expect in my nappy now. In those pre-puberty days, I was used to seeing the colours yellow and brown in my nappy. They made sense and were expected. But the addition of the white substance took time to comprehend. Many years later, 'white' in my nappy was just another bodily waste for the nappy to contain just as it did the other two.

Floating Around In My Head: Magic

As I stood up next to my cot, I stretched my arms and legs ready for the day and giggled as I felt more poo flow naturally and easily out of my body and into my nappy. Sheer infantile bliss.

But the inevitable time of conflict was about to arrive, and I shuddered at the thought.

I walked into my ensuite bathroom, took off my bonnet, unzipped and removed my sleeper, and stepped out of it. The first illusion was broken as I saw in the hateful mirror not a tiny infant girl, but a curiously hybrid creature.

I pulled down my plastic pants and felt the weight of the pinned terry cloth nappy hanging from my hips. Hesitantly, trying to avoid the final illusion breaker, I unpinned my nappy and let it fall to the floor.

And there it was. The lie in all its awful power.

An Adult.

A Man.

Not a baby. Not a girl but rather, an adult with a penis.

I had suffered this illusion crusher thousands of times before, long before 'white' had appeared in my nappy. As I looked down at the soaked nappy, I saw the three colours that made up my morning before turning into the shower and cleaning off the infancy that still clung to my body.

The shower was good. The hot water was always a way to wipe away the tears that reality often imposed as well as heading off the greatest danger to a baby – nappy rash.

By the time the shower was over, the illusion had been broken and I once again accepted that while I was a real baby girl,