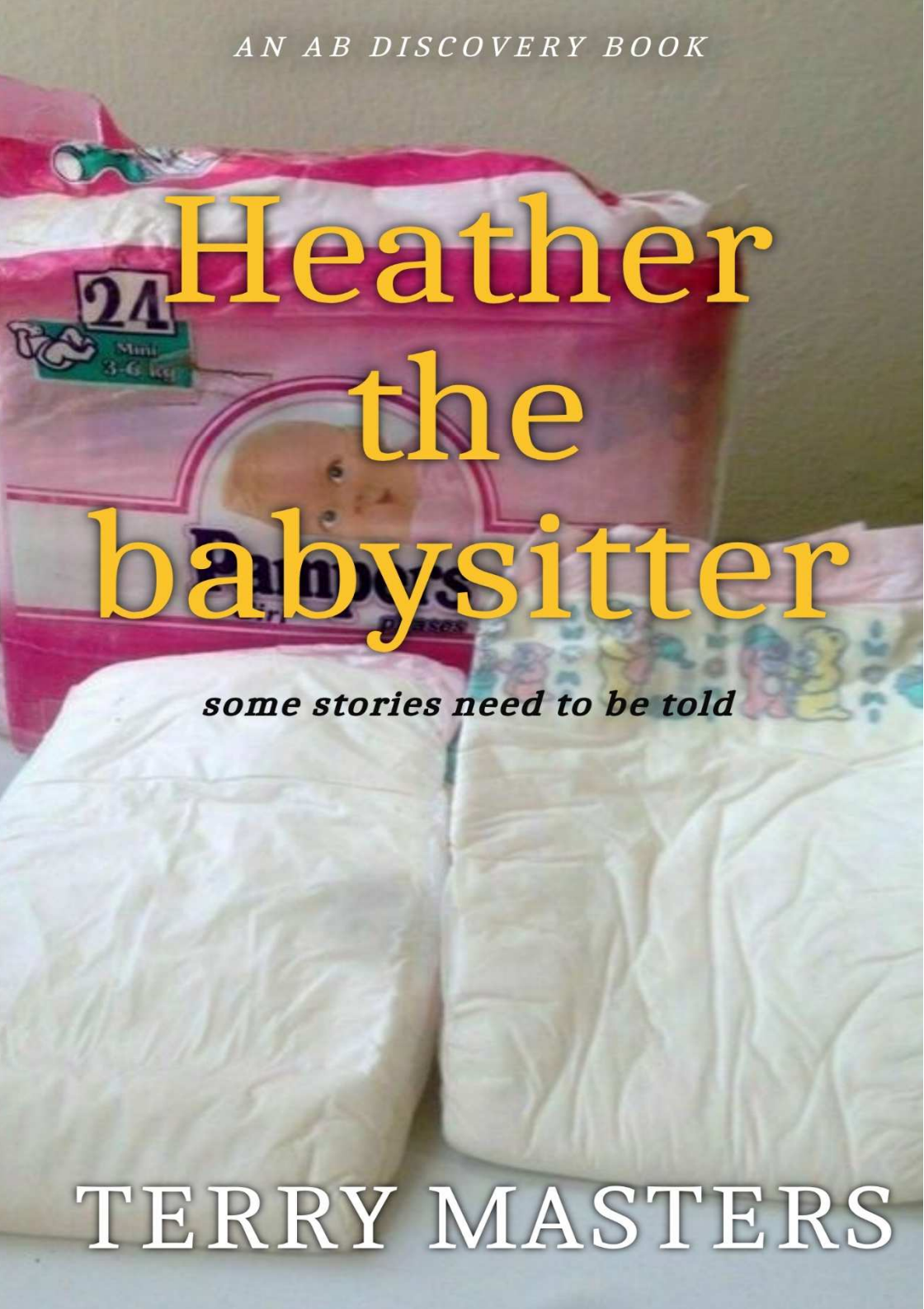


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



Heather the babysitter

some stories need to be told

TERRY MASTERS

Heather the babysitter

By Terry Masters

These stories were originally published by BBW in the early '90s and have since been updated and republished by AB Discovery and Unicorn Tales.

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Originally submitted to BBW in 2008 by an anonymous author, then edited by Terry Masters at Unicorn Tales, this story tells the tale of Steven, a lazy 18-year-old who takes a babysitting job so he can get access to pull-ups, then gets caught.

Now the babysitter is getting a babysitter and being turned into a baby.

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Author: Terry Masters

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Steven Finds Pullups



I just turned 18 and was looking for a summer job to add to my savings before I went off to college next fall. I had been thinking about mowing lawns to earn some extra money this summer, but I was handed another opportunity that seemed like a better idea since I didn't think it would involve as much physical work as pushing a lawnmower around on a hot summer afternoon.

Just before the school year ended, Mom told me that Heather, the girl who lived next door to us, had baby-sat the boy next door to them every summer since she was twelve and the boy was a baby. She had also baby-sat for others as well. Now Heather was twenty-one and old enough to try working out in the real world. I was offered the job for twenty-five dollars a week - five dollars a day for about six and a half hours of watching a kid.

For the 1960s this wasn't too bad. I did the math, and it was less than a dollar an hour and less than what mowing lawns would have been. Still, I looked at it as a hundred dollars a month instead, which was pretty good money for an eighteen-year-old kid like me, and it beat Dad's measly allowance of ten dollars a week for all the work he made me do, including mowing the lawn. The job of baby-sitting sounded easy enough as I was told what it would entail.

The boy, named Tyler, was four years old. His mother Lynn knew our family well enough and of course, she knew me and trusted me to take care of her child while she was at work. He behaved fairly well, about as good as any four-year-old boy behaved. The only problem his mother was having with him was getting him to use the

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potty, in particular, when he had to go poo-poo. He wore Pull-Ups because he was still having too many accidents and reportedly ruined all his Barney underwear, his favorite TV character.

I was told to make sure he was using the toilet by asking him periodically if he needed to go potty and to praise him lavishly when he does, especially when he poops into the toilet. He would still need to have his bottom wiped, I was told, and if he had an accident, I was to clean him up and change his Pull-Ups for him.

I was not to scold him harshly if he had an accident, but just give him a firm reminder that “big boys use the toilet.” Lynn didn't expect him to have any wetting accidents, and she told me that he should be able to change his own Pull-Ups if all he did was wet in them. Other than that, I was pretty much free to do what I wanted, just as long as I kept my eye on Tyler, paid attention to him, and played with him. I was also to serve him lunch and take him outside to play as well.

What attracted me to the job the most was not the money, but the free run of the Pull-Ups. I had a guilty conscience, and I knew I shouldn't be doing it, but I wanted to try wearing some Pull-Ups. I never understood why, but I wished I could have worn diapers.

I hated toilet training, and my parents told me that I had similar difficulties with toilet training and often pooped in my pants, which I still remembered. In fact, I continued to have bowel accidents until I was seven years old.

At that time, I was threatened with being put into diapers if I didn't stop messing my pants. I look back upon that day with much regret that I didn't push myself further and have another accident so I could prompt my parents to carry out their threat to put me back in diapers.

That was five years ago and ever since then, I have wanted to wear diapers. The best thing I could do was put on about six pairs of underpants and enjoy the look and the feel of them. I didn't dare poop

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in them, however, lest I be caught. It isn't easy to conceal a smelly, soiled pair of briefs, a lesson I learned when I was seven years old.

On my first day of babysitting, I went over to Lynn's house early enough for her to get me oriented and show me where everything was located, including Tyler's supply of Pull-Ups. There were three packages sitting there in his closet, just waiting to be used, hopefully by me. Lynn reiterated the points she wanted to stress regarding Tyler's toilet training and what to do if he does have an accident. She emphasized it, making sure I kept asking him if he needed to go to the potty and to be persistent.

Lynn then left for her work, and I was now in charge. Tyler had been dressed and had already been given his breakfast. I brought along my Doom CD-ROM and played it on the computer at Lynn's house to pass the time while Tyler sat on the floor and pushed his Fisher-Price cars around. He seemed to be preoccupied enough with his toys that he didn't seem to want my attention, so I just sat at the computer and kept playing my game.

About an hour later I asked Tyler if he needed to go potty, just as I was told to do. He said, "I gotta pee-pee," and, following a minor fussing episode, I led him to the bathroom and waited until he had his Pull-Ups down and was peeing in the toilet. While he was in the bathroom I sneaked into his bedroom and went straight to the closet for his Pull-Ups. I reached into the opened package, which was nearly full, and took one of the diaper-like garments and stashed it underneath my armpit. I had to be careful since I was afraid that Tyler might snitch on me to his mom.

After Tyler left the bathroom, I went in there with the Pull-Ups and shut the door. The toilet lid was still up, and the water was yellow. There were pee dribblings on the floor and on the stool he used to get to the toilet.

I pulled down my shorts and then my underwear. I examined the Pull-Ups and noted how they put a fake fly front on them to make

kids think they're wearing regular underwear and will be ready for "the real thing."

To me, I felt this only encouraged a kid to think that anything with a fly front on it-- real or fake-- is okay to pee and poop into. I hoped that the Pull-Ups would stretch enough to allow my body to fit into them, but, slender as I was, I was too big for them, and I had to tear the sides apart and stuff them into my underwear instead.

Little did Tyler know that I was wearing one of his Pull-Ups. It was about 11:00 when I felt a need to pee. Again, just to be sure I was doing my job I asked Tyler if he needed to go potty. I felt like such a hypocrite since I was wearing a Pull-Up and was wanting to use it. This time Tyler said, "no", but he acted like he did need to go.

"Are you sure you don't have to go potty?" I asked him.

"I don't haffa go potty!" he shouted.

"Okay, okay," I said. "I'm supposed to make sure you go to the potty."

Tyler asked me to put in his "Elmo Sing-Along" video for him, so I did that and then went back to playing more Doom on the computer.

Meanwhile, my bladder was becoming more difficult to ignore and I would either have to go to the toilet or use the Pull-Ups as I intended. I was hesitant to wet into the Pull-Ups, but I had already had them on and I might as well use them. I had to pause my game while I let the urine stream flow into the Pull-Ups and fill them up.

After I let much of it out, I felt around my shorts and detected a leak! I got up and noticed the chair was wet! I got up and grabbed a wet rag off the kitchen sink and tried to wipe the urine out of the chair's fabric. I went back into the bathroom and took care of the wet Pull-Ups, pulled them out of my underwear, and threw them away. I sat back down on the wet surface and continued my game.

Just as I got myself settled into the game Tyler suddenly shouted "Uh Oh!"

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I paused the game again and turned around to ask him what happened.

"I go poo-poo!" he shouted.

"You said you didn't have to go potty," I said, feeling frustrated.

"I didn't haffa go then but I haffa go now!"

I just stood there, thinking of how to approach Tyler without sounding like I was scolding him.

"Uh, you know, Tyler, big kids don't have accidents," I said gently.

"I don't wanna be a big kid!" he whined loudly.

"You want to keep wearing diapers?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," he said, nodding his head.

I was very tempted to say, "me, too!" but I didn't. Instead, I asked him why he could pee into the toilet, but he couldn't poop in it, too.

"I haff a diaper on!"

"If I take the diaper off, will you poop in the toilet?"

"No!" he said with determination. "Don' take it off!"

"Okay, then I guess you'll have to keep wearing those Pull-Ups!"

I didn't come across with very much conviction in my voice. One side of me was saying to carry out his toilet training the way Lynn would expect me to. The other side of me was saying that I was trying to take away from Tyler something that I knew gave him pleasure, and it was becoming increasingly obvious that he liked them. I liked them, too, and I had a hard time trying to tell him that he should be a big boy and not wear them.

"Let's get you cleaned up," I said. "You're starting to stink."

"I stink! I stink!" he repeated over and over as I led him into the bathroom.

I told him to stay put while I got him another pair of Pull-Ups. I went back into the bathroom and pulled his shorts off. The crotch

was full of poop, so that pair of shorts was done for today.

Next, I was faced with the gross task of removing the Pull-Ups from his body. I tore the sides away and pulled down the poop-loaded garment. His entire bottom was smeared with poop. The odor was so strong, and I could hardly tolerate it. I had to either clean him up or let him go around all poopy, and Lynn wouldn't appreciate that, so I grabbed some toilet paper and wiped up his little bum.

Once I had him cleaned up, I put the clean pair of Pull-Ups on him. I didn't know whether or not to bother putting any clean pants or shorts on him since he was just there in his house, and I figured he didn't need to wear anything else. I saw little kids in diapers and Pull-Ups all the time and they didn't care, so I just left him in the Pull-Ups for now. I washed up and then prepared lunch, which was a matter of putting a tray in the microwave and pouring a glass of milk. I made a couple of sandwiches for myself.

After lunch, I decided to sneak another pair of Pull-Ups for myself and put it on in the same way. I decided it was time to play outside and I could deal with leakage in my Pull-Ups more easily.

I took Tyler out to his back yard in just his Pull-Ups. He ran around the yard and played with the hose. I played catch with him and joined him while he played with his toys in the dirt mound in the corner of the back yard. I was sitting on top of the mound with my legs open.

By then I had peed into the Pull-Ups and once again they leaked on me. They didn't stay close enough to my body since they sat loosely inside my underwear, and I put more pee into them than they were designed to handle.

Tyler pointed out that there was a wet spot on my crotch and said, "You pee-pee your pants!" I reached down and felt my crotch, and sure enough, it was wet!

"I'm gonna tell Mommy you pee-pee your pants!" the little twerp said.

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"No, don't tell her!" I said sternly.

"You pee-pee your pants!" he kept repeating. After about the fifth round I said, "Sometimes us big kids have accidents, too, you know."

I hoped this would shut him up, but it didn't. I told Tyler to get up and come over to my house with me while I changed. He toddled along still in his Pull-Ups, running up the sidewalk behind me.

The other neighborhood kids were playing in the street when they saw Tyler and me. One of them, his name was Tom and I didn't care for him, asked me what I was doing.

"I'm baby-sitting," I replied.

"Baby-sitting is for girls!" he said back to me. I ignored him like I usually tried to do.

"Better change his diaper!" Tom said.

"You might want to think about wearing one yourself!"

I took a look down at my shorts and saw that the leakage had spread to my backside and a wet spot was running up my butt.

"Shit!" I thought. "This is the last time I try wearing Pull-Ups!"

We got into my house, and I ran into my room. I told Tyler to wait out in the kitchen. I pulled off my shorts and my underwear and then changed into dry clothes. After I had dry shorts on and I was on my way out, I stopped. It occurred to me that if I put on some extra underpants they could hold the Pull-Ups in place and could also help to absorb any leakage. Right away I retracted my resolve not to try wearing Pull-Ups. I pulled my shorts off again and put on another three pairs of underwear. I figured four would be enough. Besides, I still needed my shorts to fit, and I didn't want a large bulge showing. I had to leave the wet diaper in my room to dispose of it later. I didn't want Tyler to see that I had it and risk having him tell his mom.

We walked back to his house and spent the afternoon back inside the house. I sneaked into his room, fetched another Pull-Up, and stuffed it beneath my four pairs of underwear. I realized the Pull-

Ups were being used up quite quickly. In fact, I was on my third one while Tyler was on his second pair.

Tyler asked me when “Barney” would be on TV. I looked in the television listings and saw that it came on at the same time as my show, “Power Rangers.” Damn!

When the time came, I asked Tyler if he wanted to watch “Power Rangers” instead of Barney. He started crying and throwing a fit.

“I wanna watch Bar-ney!”

“Shit!” I thought to myself. “Okay,” I said grudgingly. “We’ll watch BARNEY, all right?”

I turned on the TV and put Barney on for him. I then went to the computer and started playing my Doom game again. That damn purple dinosaur was getting infernally annoying, so I turned up the sound on the computer to drown out Barney. Tyler whined and said, “turn that down! I can’t hear Barney!”

“That’s the idea,” I said. He started bawling again, so I had to turn the computer volume down for him. A few minutes later he called me over and told me that he had yet another accident in his Pull-Ups. I had forgotten to keep up on making sure he got to the toilet. I didn’t smell a bowel movement. I asked him what he did.

“I pee my Pull-Ups!” he said. “You said big kids have akkidents, too!”

“Do you know what an accident is?” I asked him.

“When you go potty,” he replied.

“Go potty where?” I asked him.

“In my Pull-Ups.”

“Do you know why it’s called an ‘accident?’”

“No...” the boy replied innocently.

“An accident is when you do something that you didn’t mean to do. Did you mean to pee in your Pull-Ups?”

He didn’t seem to understand my question and perhaps I had

lost his attention as he returned to watching Barney.

“Did you know you had to pee?” I asked him, but he didn't answer.

“You need to change,” I said. “Go to your room and change.”

“I watching Bar-ney!” he said. “I don' wanna go change!”

“Okay,” I resigned. “Sit there in wet Pull-Ups if you want. I'm going back to my Doom game.”

Just before Lynn got home from her work, I got Tyler to cooperate and change his Pull-Ups. He came out of his room wearing another pair of Pull-Ups and only his Pull-Ups as he had been wearing for much of the day. Lynn came through the door and asked me how things went today.

“Okay, I guess,” I answered nervously.

“Did Tyler have any accidents?” she asked me.

“He had a couple,” I answered honestly.

“Why isn't he wearing any pants?” Lynn asked me.

“I thought it would be easier for him to get to the toilet if he only had his Pull-Ups to deal with.”

“He needs to learn to be able to get both his pants and his Pull-Ups down when he goes to the potty,” Lynn admonished me.

Lynn asked me several other questions about what we did, and she seemed to be satisfied with what I had done with him today. She looked at me again and commented on how she thought I had been wearing a different color of shorts when she left. I had to think quickly.

“Tyler's Pull-Ups leaked on me when he was sitting on my lap.”

“Leaked? What kind of leak?”

“Uh, wetting,” I answered.

“Wetting? He had a wetting accident?”

“Yeah, and he had a pooping accident, too.”

Lynn let out a sigh and looked at Tyler. She said, “When will you *ever* be potty trained?”

"I have akki-dents today," he said quietly.

"Let's get you some britches on, kiddo," Lynn said.

While she was getting Tyler's pants on, I retrieved my Doom game from the computer since I didn't want Lynn to see that I was playing such a violent game around her four-year-old boy. When she came out of Tyler's room she questioned me about why there were so many Pull-Ups that had been used up.

"How many of those Pull-Ups did he use?" Lynn asked me.

"I wasn't counting, Lynn. I guess he had more than a couple of accidents."

"Tyler!" Lynn scolded the boy sternly. "You're not being a big boy today!"

Lynn then dismissed me for the day and told me to be back tomorrow morning. I walked home with the Pull-Ups still stuffed in my underwear. I decided to keep them on the rest of the day and use the toilet as needed until I was in bed that night. Then I would try wetting them while lying in bed.

During dinner that evening Mom and Dad asked me how my first day of baby-sitting went. I said, "Fine, I did okay."

"Did Tyler have any accidents?" Mom asked me.

"Yeah, he did," I said. "I don't think he'll ever be toilet trained."

"Well, if I could get *you* toilet trained, Steven, then I'm sure Tyler will eventually get it," Mom said. "I thought I'd be sending you to kindergarten in diapers, especially since you were still having accidents at that age."

I felt embarrassed to have mom talking about my own toilet training difficulties, at the dinner table, no less. At least I was an only child, and this discussion wasn't shared with any brothers or sisters.

Mom and Dad never suspected a thing as far as my wearing the Pull-Ups in my underwear. I thought they would pick up on my mood or some other subtle hint that I was up to something I didn't want them to know. I just went about my business as usual, and I

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waited until I was actually going to bed before I took my clothes off instead of stripping down to my underwear about an hour before bedtime like I usually did.

Just for good measure, and for an extra feeling of having something thick and diaper-like around me, I put on another four pairs of underwear. Never before had this felt so good as it did when I had a pair of Pull-Ups underneath it all.

Once I was in bed I waited until I really needed to pee. Having drunk a glass of water and a liter of soda earlier helped to bring on a good wetting. I filled the entire garment until I was afraid it would overflow and soak through my underpants and into my sheets. My underwear did get wet, but it wasn't enough to soak through to the sheets. I slept for the rest of the night with a piss-filled pair of Pull-Ups buried beneath eight pairs of underpants.