



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

THE NAUGHTY BOY

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DELIBERATELY
START WETTING YOUR BED?

TERRY MASTERS

The Naughty Boy

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by

Terry Masters

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A Little History

Dan and Wendy had been married for just over 5 years. Dan was a successful 31-year-old investment banker, who despite all his success, hated his job. He hated having to work for other people, and even though he made lots of money from his own investments, Dan longed to have his own business.

Wendy was a special services nurse, having worked as a pediatric psychology nurse before meeting Dan and marrying him. She was two years older than him, something she often teased Dan about, telling him to, "Obey your elders," whenever he disagreed with her, but generally was the passive partner in their happy marriage.

Dan's investments had paid off very well, and they had been able to buy a nice large house in the countryside, from which Dan commuted to his job in the city. Wendy, fortunately, worked at a small clinic in the suburbs, which treated special "disturbed" children and teens, helping them to adjust to the normal requirements of society.

When Wendy's father had passed away, they had been the sole inheritors of his fairly substantial estate and had been able to pay off their house and bank a substantial sum, which Dan had nearly tripled with his investment knowledge. Wendy's dream was to retire and stay home to raise babies. Working with children all day long and having learned so much about how to raise "the perfect child", she just knew she'd be an excellent parent. Dan's dream was to open his own small office, so he would have the time and freedom to do what he wanted.

Dan was an adult baby.

The Naughty Boy

That is, he was an adult but wanted to be babied, to wear diapers, and wet in his diapers like a baby, and to be held and cuddled like a baby, and fed a bottle.

Dan started being a very naughty boy, keeping a secret bank account from some of the investments he had made, to provide the money he wanted for buying adult baby magazines, stories, and tapes and especially for his weekly visits to Nanny Elizabeth, a very special lady who knows how to treat adult babies, and let them feel and act like the babies they want to be... for a fee, of course.

Lately, Danny had been working very hard on his last big deal. The one that would finally earn him enough commission to quit his job with the firm and open his own little haven. A place where he could write to all his adult baby friends and keep all his adult baby magazines, clothes, and things he'd started to gather over the past few years. And especially, a private place where he could listen to his very special tapes, and help him complete his plan, a plan that would help him to really enjoy the baby lifestyle he wants to have, without Wendy becoming suspicious or upset.

Danny was a very selfish, naughty boy, and was afraid to tell Wendy about his baby desires, knowing he had had a vasectomy before they were married, so could never give Wendy the one thing she wanted more than anything.

A real baby.

Beginnings

“Ahh, Good grief, Dan. Wake up I! You've done it again! Dammit, that's three nights in a row. I want you to get to Dr. Jones today or else. I've had it with this nonsense, regardless of how hard you've been working!”

Dreamily, Dan awoke from a deep sleep to hear Wendy yelling at him. As he awoke, he felt the warm, comforting soggiess of his wet underwear and PJs and thought, *“Neat! I wet the bed again in my sleep!”* Then as he realized what Wendy was saying, stammered, “Oh... oh... yeah, sorry. I guess I'm just so pooped from this project I sort of pass out when I get to sleep. I'll clean it up. Sorry, hon!”

Not to be placated, Wendy retorted, “Fine. I know how hard you've been working, but it's not normal to be wetting your bed like this at your age. And it's been going on for almost a month now. Do you remember when you started getting up in the middle of the night, having those little 'accidents'? Now, it's full-fledged bedwetting, just like a two-year-old, and I want you to see the doctor.”

“Yeah, yeah. I will. I just have to make time. You know the project deadline is this Friday, and then we'll be able to do just what we wanted. I'll open my own office, and you can stay home and raise babies. And it's not such a big deal. I'm just overtired.”

“Tired, schmired. I'm not sleeping with a bedwetter. It's worse than having a two-year-old in bed. Now get that cleaned up and in the laundry, while I make breakfast.”

As Dan stripped the bed, he was smiling to himself.

“Wow!” he thought. “Three nights in a row, and I didn't even wake up. I've gotta call Dr. Zucker and let him know how great it's going,” and packed his wet sheets and PJs in the laundry hamper.

At breakfast, Wendy again stressed seeing the doctor and said, “Now I've made an appointment with Dr. Jones for 3:00 o'clock today. Call when you get in the city and confirm, and don't forget!”

They had breakfast in silence after that, and Dan was peeved he'd have to cancel his visit with Nanny Elizabeth for that afternoon if he was going to make it to the doctor, then see Dr. Zucker as he was doing now twice a week, to help improve his little plan.

As he got ready to leave, Wendy added, “Don't forget to pick my lottery ticket numbers at the subway today. At least we can count on that, better than some of your harebrained schemes.”

Peeved again at Wendy's lack of confidence, Dan started to say something in reply, then realized. “Shit, I better not say anything, since she doesn't know about my little account, from all the side investments. Sheesh, I don't know what she's complaining about. We still have over \$250,000.00 in the bank, and the house is free and clear.”

In a pouty funk, Dan stomped out to his car and then felt the warm relaxation pass over him as he took his tape out of the secret hiding place under the seat and popped it into the cassette player for his daily ritual of listening to the special tape Dr. Zucker had given him to help supplement the program they'd started a month ago.

As Dan cleaned up the final details of his big project he thought, “When this closes on Friday, I'll clear over \$200,000.00 in commissions. Enough to quit my job, open my own special place, and really start to enjoy the things I've so much wanted to have.”

He planned to put \$80,000.00 of it in the bank and keep the

rest in his special account so he could keep enjoying his visits with Nanny Elizabeth, and buy all the really special baby clothes, and accessories he wanted. And of course, with that much money, he could order any books, magazines, and so on that he wanted. And especially, he'd hire the best hypnotist he could find to help him with his special training.

As he checked his watch, he thought, "Oh damn, almost 2:00 o'clock. I'd better get ready for nanny Elizabeth!" and took his small bag to the washroom, telling his secretary he'd be gone for the afternoon.

In the washroom, Dan checked to make sure no one was around, then locked himself in the cubicle, and took out the cute, thick print cloth diaper, the print baby plastic panties, and the big soother. Carefully, he spread lotion all over his bottom, balls, and diaper area, then fastened the diaper securely. Pulling on the cute print baby plastic panties was a little difficult, what with his growing erection at the thought of what was in store for him this afternoon, but a little wiggling, and squirming and he had them up, securely covering his baby diapers.

Unfastening his shirt, he slipped his soother over his head, and rebuttoned his shirt to hide it until his session with nanny Elizabeth, then repacked his underwear, lotion, and other necessities in his bag, drank the required two glasses of water, and headed out for his little rendezvous. As he drove along to nanny's, Danny thought back on the past year and a half since he'd met Elizabeth.

She was a beautiful woman, about 36, tall, with long, dark brown hair, large full breasts, deep hazel eyes, and full red lips. Her voice could be deep and sultry, harsh and strident, or soft and

soothing, like a mommy. She was a professional dominatrix, who finally had specialized in dealing with big babies. She knew all the tricks, and after ten years of dealing only with big babies, knew exactly what they needed. Some needed to be spanked and humiliated until they admitted what they really were and accepted their diapers, soothers, and bottles as necessary, not just something they simply played with. Others just needed tender, loving mothering, with occasional stern discipline for transgressions. Whatever their needs, nanny Elizabeth just knew what they needed, and her babies willingly submitted to her stern discipline and able instruction.

When they'd first met, Danny had to be trained to accept his desires and needs, and after a few spanking sessions, and some proper potty training, now knew he truly needed diapers and plastic panties. Once he had admitted his needs, nanny lovingly changed his wet diapers, gave him his bottles, and played satisfying baby games with him with her special "rattle", while Danny nursed on her large, full breasts.

As time and their relationship developed, nanny knew that Danny needed mostly loving mothering. She took special care of baby Danny's needs and had a really nice wardrobe of cute baby clothes and boxes of baby toys for baby Danny to play with. When he helped her with some investment advice, which turned out very profitable for her, she began going even further to help Danny with his baby lifestyle, and eventually introduced him to Dr. Zucker, the hypnotist who had been helping Danny realize his dreams.

Dr. Zucker ran a legitimate business producing standard hypnotic and subliminal tapes to help people lose weight, stop smoking, or be more assertive, but found that his *special clients* proved far more lucrative, and had developed several techniques and tapes to help people feel and become more submissive, to help

transvestites feel and act more feminine, and finally to help big babies feel and act more like real babies.

Danny had been only the second patient who had wanted to be trained to actually wet his bed, and while Dr. Zucker had been reluctant at first, Danny's lies about being single, and the money he paid Dr. Zucker soon persuaded him there was no harm in this.

Danny never knew whether he was in for a soft, loving mothering afternoon, or a *retraining* discipline session with nanny Elizabeth, and as he parked and entered the building, his budding erection, in anticipation of nanny's special treatment, wilted and he suddenly realized he was wetting his diapers. He almost groaned at the pleasurable sensations of his warm peepee flowing uncontrolled from his bladder, and the soft, warm wetness spreading throughout his diapers.

Buzzing nanny's apartment, he heard, "Well about time. Is Danny wet?"

In his little boy's voice, Danny replied "Yes, Nanny. I wet my didee."

Danny had to wear his wet diapers all through his two-hour session with nanny, as punishment for wetting himself like a little baby and being two minutes late for his session. He'd had to stand in front of nanny, in his wet diapers, and tell her he was just a big baby who wet his diapers like a little baby. Then he'd had to tell her how he'd wet his bed the previous few nights and how Wendy had gotten really mad at him for peeing the bed. Finally, after a little modeling session, of increasingly younger and younger styles of baby clothes, nanny led Danny to her big bed, and helped him up on the bed, from his crawling position.

"I think Danny's a good little baby now, so nanny has a very