



An AB Discovery Book

MILDRED'S BOARDING HOUSE FOR UNWANTED ADULT BABIES

*Where do you live if you are an adult baby and
no one wants you, but you can't care for
yourself? There is only one place left to go.*

ANTHEA MACBRIDE

Mildred's Boarding House For Unwanted Adult Babies

Mildred's Boarding House for Unwanted Adult Babies by Anthea MacBride

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Mildred's Boarding House For Unwanted Adult Babies

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Chapter One: Nerida



Nerida looked at the letter in her hand as she stood in front of the large two-story house. She was beyond nervous and read it once more, just to remind herself that it was all okay and she was indeed in the right place.

Dear Ms Clark,

Thank you for your application to stay at my Boarding House. As I mentioned to you on the phone, we have a very strict criteria here and you have indicated that you fit all of them. Your written application has been successful towards the next step which is the personal interview. Please come to 14 Borthan Ave at 11 am on the 15th June.

You are required to be dressed in your typical baby wear for the interview including nappies, so please ensure you have them with you when you arrive and you can change into them here. There is a strict dress code here, even for interviews. Please bring your dummy with you as well.

Thanking you,

Mildred H

Nerida folded the letter back into the envelope and slid it back into her pocket. In her backpack, she had her baby outfit to wear for the interview and hoped it would be satisfactory. Her thick cloth nappy was on underneath her plastic pants and was already quite wet. Ironically, being caught in the baby outfit was the major reason she was even here. Her mother had caught her wearing it and now...

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She was being thrown out of her home.

At the ripe old age of twenty-four, Nerida had been given her marching orders.

By her mother.



“That’s it, girl!” her mother had screamed at her just ten days before. “I want you and your shitty nappies out of this house! I won’t put up with it anymore. Do you understand?”

“But mum...” she replied.

The slap across the face stung her and brought even more tears to her eyes. It wasn’t the first slap. Slaps and spankings had been part of her life for many years, ever since the baby part of her had surfaced and was now beyond her control... and beyond her mother’s tolerance.

“Mummy,” she pleaded. “I don’t want to leave! Please, I will be better.”

“No, you won’t,” her mum yelled back, anger filling her face. “We’ve been through this all before and look at you now, wearing stupid *baby* clothes.”

She spat the word ‘baby’ out.

“I won’t wear them anymore, I promise,” Nerida offered, between cries.

“Yes, you will, and you know I don’t allow you to have them and yet, you still wear them. I know where you hide them and I’ve chosen to let that go, but when you wear them in front of *me*, that’s enough!”

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Nerida began to sob quietly, wearing her baby dress over the top of unnecessarily thick cloth nappies and plastic pants while her mother continued to criticise and demean her.

"You have rejected me, just like you rejected your potty training!" she continued. "I damn well had you day-trained by four and then, as soon as you left school, you let it all go again? What the hell is wrong with you?"

"I can't help it, mummy!" Nerida screamed, a sound that was cut short by yet another stinging slap across the face.

"Of course, you can help it. You're just lazy. Lazy like the fifteen years it took you to stop pissing the bed. Now you piss and shit your nappies because you are just lazy!"

Nerida was silent, sobbing and unable to speak a word. Years earlier, she had been caught wearing a baby outfit and her mother had spanked her so hard, she could barely sit afterwards and as she watched, had cut the dress up and thrown it out.

"There won't be any babies in this house," she had explained at the time, in between each set of ten fierce spansks with the paddle over her knee.

Soon after leaving the horror of high school, Nerida had obtained a job, but at the same time, had decided to discreetly return to wearing day nappies. With very little encouragement, her daytime potty training had begun to fail, and her nights were wet once again. All it took was for Nerida to simply stop endlessly struggling to remain dry... and grown up. Her bladder ceased holding itself shut and her nappies were wet minutes after putting them on. She had reverted to a pre-toilet-training state. And it made perfect sense to her.

Her initial suggestion of night-time nappies had been met with a torrent of abuse, but eventually, the practicalities of wet sheets every night led to night-time nappies once more. Her mother

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was not amused and would humiliate her regularly about it. Within the year, Nerida had completely left her potty training behind and had gone back to nappies full-time. Even her mother had accepted that there wasn't much of an alternative. It was her singular gracious acknowledgement.

Nerida paid for all the nappies – cloth and disposable – all the plastic pants and kept everything neat and tidy and hygienic. There was an uneasy truce between the two women, but it was a constant battle to keep from being punished.

Nerida had been over her mother's lap and spanked with the paddle for longer than she could remember. It was always the same infraction – her babyhood. It wasn't for bad grades or swearing or for mouthing off to her mother. The paddle was the punishment of choice for her bedwetting, her nappies and now... for her baby clothes.

After her father had left them when she was just three years old, her mother had taken out the anger on her and in particular, her backside. The once kindly woman had become the stereotypical unloving mother who seemed to relish the opportunity to spank her. And Nerida struggled with only two things – her potty training and the growing infant inside of her, becoming her, overwhelming her, taking control of her life.



And so, on that fateful day, Nerida went over her mother's knee, still wearing her baby dress and with her wet cloth nappies unceremoniously pulled down for the spanking of her life.

Her bottom was pee wet and so every strike of the paddle tripled the pain. Her mother swung hard and often, and Nerida lost count of how many times she had been hit. Her bottom was numb,

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and the tears had long since stopped flowing when it was finally over. The bruises on her backside and tops of her legs bore testimony to the assault and even as she had dressed herself in her more babyish thick cloth nappies for the interview, she felt, rather than saw, the large purple bruises still shining on her backside and legs.

Nerida walked up to the front door and nervously rang the bell. She nearly vomited from fear.

Mildred's Boarding House for Unwanted Adult Babies was lore among the AB community, but most believed it to be just a legend, a fantasy or worse, a ruse, a scam to rip off desperate ABs. But when she had posted online about being thrown out and wondering where she could go, a mysterious email had arrived suggesting that Mildred's might not be fiction after all. It was all very circumspect and had suggested that there was indeed a spare room available and if she qualified, it might be hers.

The application process seemed utterly bizarre to her. The email required her home address to which a paper application form would be sent. Nerida was immediately on guard thinking this was some kind of scam, but when a second email arrived the very next day reminding her that Mildred's rooms were rarely vacant for long, she took the chance and replied with her home address. Paper forms were an anachronism in the days of electronic forms, but she determined to do whatever was necessary.

I won't be living at home for long anyhow, so what difference does it make if they know where I live now?

Two days later, a letter arrived for her and remarkably, her mother did not open it beforehand, a courtesy that was not always extended to her. The letter was an invitation to apply for a room at *Mildred's Boarding House for Unwanted Adult Babies*. The letterhead even used that title in it.

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The name made her both flinch and smile.

I am an adult baby, and I am definitely unwanted.

And that was the truth of the matter. Nerida's mother really didn't want her at all and never had. Right from the beginning, a child was the furthest thing from her mind and only the pestering from her husband had encouraged her to have a child. And then he had abandoned them both a mere three years later. Nerida was the literal whipping child for her mother's hatred of her father. The fact she wet her bed and behaved like a baby simply provided a convenient pretext for the beatings. She would have been abused, nonetheless.

The application was unlike anything she had seen before. It asked deeply personal details about her sex life (*virgin*), orientation (*straight, I think*), baby age (*one? two?*), bedwetting history (*stopped at fifteen and then started again at twenty-one*), current continence (*no bladder, limited bowel*), baby experience (*home only, solo*) and more and more and more.

Are you nappied 24/7/365? We do not accept anything less.

Yes, for two years now. It is too hard to stay hard and even staying clean is increasingly difficult.

Ever been in a parent and child AB relationship?

No, I wish. I really really want to, though.

Are you bottle or breastfed now or in the recent past?

Bottle on my own occasionally. Formula and milk and a juice bottle for night. Want to be breastfed. Don't know how to arrange it though.

What is your spanking history?

Since childhood and still with paddle, spoon, and hand. High frequency and still spanked weekly at least.

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Are you looking for a 'parent'?

The thought scares me, but I think so.

Do you still crawl?

When I can. I find it is preferable to walking when I am very little.

Are you able to sleep outside of a baby cot?

Yes, but wish I had one. I have fallen out of bed a few times and wish I had cot protection. I want a cot quite badly.

Do you have adequate supplies of baby clothing to wear whilst in the Boarding House? Adult clothes are forbidden except for coming and going.

Only a few. Would need to get more. I have the money to buy a complete set.

Are you scared of the dark?

Yes, terrified.

Do you cry at night?

Yes, about every second night. I try not to let anyone know but I have a dummy and teddy bear to comfort me and a nightlight.

Nerida winced at the way the form exposed herself. Yes, she cried a lot at night, and she was certainly afraid of the dark. When she cried repeatedly in the early hours, she would sometimes see the hall light come on as her mother was woken by the sounds. But she never came in to comfort her. And when her mother wasn't home, she would crawl more than walk some days. It made more sense to her. It was about wanting to be an authentic baby.

Do you soil your nappies and if so, accidental or deliberate?

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I am soiling more and more despite being punished for it and struggling not to. It isn't exactly accidental, but not really deliberate either. The toilet makes no sense to me, but a nappy does. I'd prefer to not use a toilet at all.

Are you able to handle not using a dummy away from home?

She was surprised by the question because, over the past year, her use of a baby's dummy had increased so significantly that she was unable to sleep without one and had a couple of times forgotten it was in her mouth. That had led to face slaps and abuse. She considered her answer honestly.

Currently, yes. Unsure about the future. I can't sleep without one and some days I desperately need one but often can't.

Do you masturbate discreetly or openly? How often?

Nerida began to cry. She masturbated every day, sometimes twice and occasionally three or more times. It was a very, very strong need for her and had been so since she started as a twelve-year-old. Her mother had caught her several times and had blistered her backside as well as spanking her hands. Since then, she had been more discreet, but deep inside, felt it was weird that such pleasure should not be able to be done openly. She wasn't an exhibitionist, but to her thinking, it was silly to have to be private.

Yes. 1 to 3 times a day and try to be discreet but wish I didn't need to be so. I don't really understand why I have to be so secretive.

Are you independent enough to live alone without assistance?

Once again, she shook with fear at the consequences of the answer. The letter had warned that there were no wrong answers, only lies. So, she determined to be as honest as she could.

Not fully. I've never tried but I don't think I have the skills or the maturity to handle it. I don't want to try and find out I am not up for it.

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It was her biggest fear of all, the knowledge that she was not really up to the task of living alone. It wasn't just the practicalities like cooking and cleaning, but also being alone and worse... being a *baby* on her own. In her own bedroom, she became a very young child much of the time, probably an infant and even an abusive mother was better than being a child on her own. Just the knowledge that there was an adult in the house gave her some degree of safety, even if it was only the barest of safety. No one really knew what happened to her some nights when the adult evaporated and the happy, but infantile child was all that was left alone in her bed, wearing nappies and sucking on a dummy, holding tight to her teddy bears.

What assistance would you require?

The thought of complete honesty scared her so much that she literally messed herself while considering her answer. The fact was that her independence was not just inadequate, but that it was fading. It scared her how her baby nature was taking over.

Sometimes I am too babyish to change my own nappies for hours past when I should. I might need assistance there. As a baby, my nappy changes are not really often enough or good enough. I get scared easily and I am afraid of the dark so can't sleep without a light. Sometimes, I can't talk. Sometimes, I even find walking a bit difficult. I don't really feel safe on my own. I would like at least a baby friend to be with, but I also need some adult help with some things and also with decision-making.

It was true. There were times, hours at a time, when she was incapable of speech. On those days, it was a struggle simply to walk, but talking was altogether too much. Her mother preferred her silence, but when she was unable to talk, it scared her and yet, at the same time, made perfect sense. It was then that she felt so infantile that she believed she was less than a year old and perhaps

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a *lot* less than a year old. Her body betrayed her look, but inside, she was just a baby.

There was more assistance that she wanted to ask for but couldn't bring herself to write down.

"I wish I could ask to be fed and changed and dressed and burped and cuddled," she thought to herself. "But I can do that for myself, at least for now."

And that was Nerida's biggest fear – that the time would come when she was not able to handle the enormous pressure of her baby side and she would revert in large measure to an actual infant and need all the care a baby needed. It terrified her and at the same time, felt like a welcoming door to a life of love and joy and toys and... her real self.

Are you more baby than an adult? If so, how big is the discrepancy?

This question took a long time to answer, not because it was difficult to answer but rather because it was exceedingly *easy* to answer. Nerida considered herself a baby entirely and had for as long back as she remembered. As a young girl of around eight years old, she decided then that she was still a baby and since then had considered that her 'older self' was just a façade, even if she didn't know what that even meant. But as she had gotten older, she realised that the truth was just a simple one: she truly was entirely a baby with add-on adult abilities that were an act, a falsehood and not her true self. Her toilet training failures were the result of her identity as a baby who was, of course, not toilet trained. She mulled the question for an hour before writing her simple response.

I am more a baby than an adult and have always been so. I find the discrepancy is huge and it is hell on me. I don't really understand being an adult, but I do understand being a baby very

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much. It is hard to explain but I could easily imagine a life as a complete baby but never one as a complete adult.

How old are you?

Six months.

That answer took only seconds, and she wrote it down without thinking. As a young teenager she had been around a young infant for a while – a six-month-old – and as she watched the crawling, the crying, the dependency on others, the playing with toys, she saw herself there. She knew then that inside, she was indeed a six-month-old infant, willing and happy to give up speech, walking, independence and more. And it was then that she understood her inability to stop wetting the bed or soiling her underwear. She was only six months old and so, of course, it made perfect sense.

It took Nerida a long time to complete the rest of the application, but she persevered as home was becoming more and more intolerable. Her mother was already planning on what to do with her bedroom before she had even left. Obviously, there was no path back once she was gone.

She knocked a second time on the imposing door and this time, it swung open.

CHAPTER TWO: mildred's BOARDING HOUSE FOR UNWANTED ADULT BABIES



Nerida stared at the mid-fifties woman who filled the open doorframe. She was not quite what she was expecting – not that she had any real expectations.

She's smiling!

A smiling mother figure was a new experience for her.

"Come in. You must be Nerida, am I right?" the woman asked.

"Yes, that's me," she replied nervously.

Mildred was a shortish woman with long grey hair pulled back in a ponytail and was wearing a very functional dress and as Nerida noticed, comfortable shoes. She was not stylish but was all pragmatism and even... parental. Nerida felt instantly both at ease... and wary. Her own mother was anything but caring and understanding and yet... Mildred felt different. Very different. Confusingly different.

"Why don't you come with me into my office? Let me help you with your suitcases."

Nerida had brought two suitcases with her belongings as well as a large – and uncomfortable – backpack containing the required 'change of clothes'. Bringing her belongings to the

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interview was presumptuous and Mildred immediately noticed it but said nothing. Nerida was not the first completely desperate adult baby to come to the interview.

Nerida's eyes darted around the large room that they stepped into just at the end of the short hallway. It was not at all what she expected but was instead, very welcoming.

"This is our main common room, dear," Mildred explained. "Anyone can come here anytime until lights out which is at 11 pm. I like all my... er... babies... to be able to interact with each other. Let me introduce you to two of our eleven current residents."

The common room displayed a large TV that was playing a constant stream of children's TV and as she was to find out later, was the only channel available without Mildred's 'parental consent' password. There were three large sofas and a square mat in the middle of the room that was clearly a children's play mat with teddy bears and cars printed on it. But most noticeable were the two people sitting on one of the sofas. They were adult babies and dressed completely as such.

"This is Charlie," announced Mildred to which a young man obediently stood up, took out his dummy and greeted the young girl. He was wearing shortalls over the top of a rather obvious nappy and wore toddler-style shoes. Nerida took a lot of interest in shoes and had since she was a little girl and made a mental note to find out where he got them from. Babyish or toddler-style shoes for adults were not easy to source.

"And this is Mavis," she added as another young man stood up wearing a pretty baby's dress with matching bonnet and knitted booties. "She is one of our sissy babies and I think you will get on very well together. Now both of these babies have a day off from work today and the rest are at their places of employment. There is one baby girl still here, but I will introduce you to her later on."

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Mildred quickly ushered Nerida from the room and down another short hallway and opened the room to her office.

"Come in, Nerida, and I assume you have your baby clothes with you to put on?"

Nerida remembered the requirement and her backpack contained all she needed.

"Yes, Mildred. Do you want me to put them on now?" she asked nervously.

"Yes, dear. You remember the rule I mentioned in the letter?"

Nerida replied in the affirmative while she extracted her baby clothes out of her backpack and began to take off her now-hated adult clothes. Over recent months as the conflict with her mother had reached shouting levels, Nerida had begun to truly despise her adult life and wanted to embrace her infant life more instead. As she dressed in her baby dress and bonnet, Mildred began to explain the rules.

"Nerida, we have one very basic rule here and that is that this boarding house is for *babies only*. I am the only true adult here and you are expected to accept and abide by that. I also have a helper by the name of Helen who you will see from time to time. That means that adult clothes are *not* permitted other than the coming to and from work. Baby clothes are a requirement. Also, you are not permitted out of nappies at all. There is one functional toilet on each floor in the bathrooms, but they are not for your use. You are expected to do everything in your nappies and not to be embarrassed by it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mildred," she replied as she stood before her in baby clothes and relished the experience of not being treated like garbage.

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"I know you still wet the bed, but that is if no consequence here. Most of my babies quickly lose their potty training after living here for a while if they even had it before anyhow. Now let me explain the rules of living here. I will give you a booklet that covers it but let me explain the basics.

"All babies sleep in nurseries. We have six single nurseries and three doubles. Everyone sleeps in a cot, and we have a washing facility for baby clothes and cloth nappies."

"I'd like to wear cloth nappies sometimes," Nerida commented. "Mum would never let me do that."

"I understand, dear," she replied sympathetically. "Most babies here have had difficulties with family, so we *all* understand. Each nursery is kept stocked with a range of disposables and cloth nappies plus plastic pants for you to use as needed. Your board money covers all of this. You will need to put some name tags on your baby clothes, so they get sorted out easily. We have a lady who comes in three times a week to do the laundry, so you don't need to worry about that either.

"We do require that you tolerate everyone else and their various baby ways. We have a number that are almost always crawlers. We have one that almost entirely uses baby talk, and everyone is the kind of baby they need to be. We only have five highchairs so at evening meals and breakfast, they are allocated to the youngest of our babies. Now, one of the highchair users has just left us so one place is now vacant. You mentioned in your application that you are six months old. Is that right?

Nerida began to cry softly. The mere suggestion that she was only six months old broke her steadfast demeanour. All she could do was nod.

"My poor little baby girl," Mildred whispered as she came over and hugged the crying child. "I was right to put you in a double

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nursery with baby Ash. She's only six months old just like you. And I think *you* need the highchair more than the other older babies."

Nerida cried softly into Mildred's shoulder and sobbed as the pain of rejection and separation flowed out. Mildred simply held her for five minutes as she let it all out. Pain and anguish were typical for all the babies she let in.

"Are you ready for a tour of the place yet," Mildred asked gently as the tears and heaving slowed down.

"Uh-huh."

"Then put your dummy in your mouth and may I suggest you take a friend with you?" Mildred pointed to the small pink teddy bear still sitting next to her backpack. Nerida picked up the bear and held her tight to her chest, a hesitant smile breaking out on her face.

"May I suggest that you always have a special friend with you when you are here? You aren't alone. Many of my babies have one with them at all times and they are permitted at mealtimes as well. But only one, okay. If I permitted it, some babies would bring three or four friends with them! There's only so much room at the table or in a highchair!"

Nerida smiled thinly, still in shock at the unbelievable kindness and acceptance she had been shown. It seemed too good to be true and while she was naturally wary, the atmosphere of the baby-positive place filled her with happiness.

The two walked down the hallway and Mildred opened the door to one room. It was clearly the dining room.

"This is where we have breakfast and our evening meal. Breakfast begins at 6:30 am and finishes at 8 am. We have cereals and toast to choose from and since you are on formula you can ask