



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

Annie Grows Down

ANDREW
STEPHENS

Annie Grows Down

Annie Grows Down by Andrew Stephens

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Author: Andrew Stephens

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Chapter 1 - The Hidden Dummy (Age 12)

The sheets were damp again.

Timothy blinked up at the ceiling in the dim half-light of early morning, his cheeks already hot before he moved. He didn't need to check to know... his bed was wet. It always was. It had been for as long as he could remember. Doctors had called it "chronic enuresis," but none of the treatments or routines had worked. The truth was, deep down, he hadn't really minded that much. It made him feel small, somehow safe. Still, it was hard to explain that to anyone. And so he didn't.

With a soft sigh, he rolled onto his side and reached under his pillow. His fingers closed around smooth silicone. A pale pink dummy. His heart slowed the moment it touched his lips.

Click.

The bedroom door creaked open.

"Sweetheart, did you—oh."

His mother's voice was gentle but surprised. Timothy sat up slightly, dummy still in his mouth, unsure whether to hide it or not. Madison's eyes flicked to the obvious wet patch on the sheets, then to the pastel dummy bobbing gently between his lips. There was no judgment in her eyes. Just acceptance.

"Come here, my love," she said, crossing the room with open arms and sitting on the end of the bed.

Timothy hesitated only a moment before crawling into her lap, burying his face in her shoulder. The dummy slipped from his mouth as he began to cry—not loudly, not in a panic, but in a way that said: *I don't know what to do with this part of me.*

Madison held him tightly, her hand stroking slow circles into his back.

"There now," she whispered. "A dummy isn't naughty. It just means you need comfort."

"I didn't mean to..." Timothy mumbled.

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Madison pulled back just enough to look at him. "You didn't do anything wrong, honey."

Timothy sniffled. "I always wet the bed. Always. I've never stopped. I just... it doesn't bother me like it should. Is that weird?"

She tucked a stray hair behind his ear. "Not weird. Maybe your heart just knows you're someone who still needs that kind of care."

Timothy's eyes dropped. "Like a baby."

There was silence, the kind that was full, not empty. Then, with a small smile, Madison kissed the top of his head.

"You've always been my baby. That never changed and it never will"

From the hallway, unnoticed at first, a figure lingered in the shadows. Samantha, his older sister, stood barefoot, her arms wrapped around a stuffed lamb. She watched for a moment, eyes soft and thoughtful. Then, stepping forward just enough to enter the room, she placed the lamb gently on Timothy's dresser, close enough to see, but not too close.

Neither Madison nor Timothy said a word as she tiptoed back out, leaving behind only the quietest creak of the floorboards and the presence of something unspoken. A gesture of care.

Timothy curled tighter against Madison, a faint sigh escaping his lips as his mother rocked him slowly.

"You don't have to hide who you are when you're with me," she murmured.

The dummy found its way back into his mouth, and Madison's arms held him like they used to before the world told him to be big.

Chapter 2 - The Drawer (Age 13)

It was a quiet afternoon. The house smelled of lavender and something baking, maybe cinnamon muffins. Timothy had his door closed, which wasn't unusual, but Madison noticed he'd been quieter than usual over the last few days. Ever since the night she found him with the dummy, something in him had begun to shift, like a tide rolling inward instead of out.

She knocked softly.

"Timmy? May I come in?"

There was a long pause.

"...Yeah," came the mumbled reply.

Madison opened the door and stepped inside. Timothy was sitting cross-legged on his bed, eyes fixed on a spot on the floor. His cheeks were red, but he didn't look up.

She moved toward him gently, sitting beside him on the edge of the bed. Her gaze scanned the room. It was neat enough, except for his dresser. One drawer was slightly open, fabric poking out.

Madison tilted her head and gave a warm, quiet smile. "Sweetheart, is there something you want to talk about?"

Timothy's mouth opened, then closed. His shoulders hunched.

"I... I didn't mean to," he whispered, voice barely audible. "I just wanted to feel... it wasn't bad. I just... I took them."

She waited.

"My... your panties," he finished, finally looking at her with brimming eyes. "I didn't know why. It just made me feel soft. Like... like I was supposed to wear them."

Madison nodded slowly, thoughtfully. There was no anger in her expression. She reached out and held his hand in both of hers. It wasn't exactly surprising to her.

"Thank you for telling me, baby. That was very brave."

"You're not mad?"

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"No," she said softly. "I'm not mad. I think you're telling me something without the words for it yet. Something about who you are inside, maybe?"

Timothy nodded, lip trembling. "I don't want to be wrong. Or weird. Or stupid"

"You're not wrong," Madison said firmly. "You're *never* wrong for needing softness and to feel right about yourself. Or wanting to be cared for. Or even for liking things that feel like they belong to the real you." She paused. "Maybe we just need to make sure you have your *own* special things. Would that feel better?"

He looked at her, blinking. "You mean... girl ones? For me?"

Madison smiled. "If you want, yes. But they wouldn't just be girl things, Timmy. They'd be *yours*. We can pick things that feel right for you. No more sneaking around and stealing, okay?."

A small sound from the hallway caught both their attention. Samantha stood there with her arms crossed, holding something behind her back.

"I figured it out a while ago," she said, stepping in. "It was my purple pair last month, right? The satin ones?" She rolled her eyes with a smirk, but there was no malice in it. "I was a bit mad. But only because you stretched the waistband."

Timothy's eyes widened. "I'm... I'm so—"

"Relax, squirt." Samantha walked over and gently plopped a bundle into his lap. It was a folded pair of soft pink cotton panties, with tiny bows on the sides. "I asked Mom if we could get you your own. These were my pick. Hope you like 'em."

He stared at them, speechless.

"They're yours now," Samantha said. "No need to swipe mine anymore."

Timothy looked between them both, overwhelmed. Madison pulled him into another hug.

"There's nothing bad about needing to feel like the little one you are inside," she whispered into his hair. "We're here. We see you."

Timothy buried his face in her shoulder, and this time he didn't cry because he was ashamed. He cried because he was loved.

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Something was shifting around him and he didn't know what it was only that he had a mummy and a sister that seemed to be looking after him.

Chapter 3 - The Nappy and The Bra (Age 14)

The evening had fallen quiet, the soft glow of the lamp illuminating Timothy's room. A soft breeze fluttered the curtains, and outside, the sound of crickets filled the air. But inside, there was a quiet sense of unexpected anticipation. Timothy had been feeling something new recently, a pull, a sensation that maybe, just maybe, there was more to who he was than what he had allowed himself to believe. He was beginning to understand that *Annie* might not just be a name or a passing feeling. Maybe it was who he, or rather *she* truly was inside.

Using the name Annie had been easier than she had expected. When he quietly whispered her new name to her mother, she hugged him with joy and instantly announced to Samantha that she now had a sister. Both women accepted it easily and happily and Annie wondered why she had waited for so long. After all, she had known she was a girl as early as age five and finding her real name took only a couple of years after that.

She sat on her bed, legs tucked under her, as Madison entered with something in her hands, something soft and cottony. Timothy's heart skipped a beat. Was this it? The thing she had been waiting for but hadn't known how to ask for? Could his mother be able to read her mind and do what she could not ask for?

Madison smiled, the kind of smile that spoke volumes without saying a word. "I thought we could try something new tonight, sweetie."

Timothy blinked up at her. "What is it?"

Madison sat down beside her, holding up a package of soft, white nappies. They were nothing like the ones Timothy had seen in stores for younger children. These were thick, soft, and lined with pastel designs—just a few simple flowers and stars, tiny enough to feel intimate, but not childishly so. A sense of comfort washed over her, and she instinctively touched the waistband of the package. She felt her chest tighten a little, not with fear, but with something else.

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"This," Madison said softly, "is for when you need extra comfort. When your body tells you it's time to be *little*."

Timothy's heart fluttered as the words sank in. She had heard about nappies before, but it had never felt *real*, not like this.

"Do you think you could wear one for me tonight? Just to try it on and see how it feels?"

Timothy nodded, her hands trembling a little. "I... I think I'd like that. I think I'm ready."

Madison leaned over and kissed her forehead. "I'm proud of you, Annie."

The next few moments were gentle and steady. Madison helped her into the nappy, guiding her through each step with the kind of calm that made her feel safe. The soft material crinkled lightly as she shifted, and for the first time in years, Annie felt like something in her life was *right*. This wasn't wrong. It wasn't weird. It felt... safe. It felt right

As she adjusted, Annie noticed something different in her reflection in the mirror, something about her posture, about the way she looked in the soft nappy, made her feel more herself than she ever had before.

"I feel..." She paused, then smiled softly. "I feel like Annie, mummy."

Madison's heart swelled with love. "You are Annie, sweetheart. I think you've always been Annie."

Later that evening, after a quiet dinner with just the three of them, Madison, Samantha, and Annie, Samantha sat next to Annie on the couch, watching her with a raised brow. She had noticed something had changed. Her little brother was no longer Timothy; he was becoming someone else. Someone new. But the question hung in the air: What now?

After a moment, Samantha asked, "So, is this, like... a permanent thing, Annie?"