

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

LUCAS'
COMPLETE
REGRESSION TO
BABYHOOD

BECOMING
small

MADELINE WOOD

Becoming Small

by

Madeline Wood

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Introduction

Deep in the heart of many adult babies is the desperate - but hopeless - desire to be more than just an adult baby. To be not just a large semi-replica of a baby, but to literally become smaller and smaller until such time that our diapers are genuine baby diapers and the crib we sleep in is just a regular crib where we don't even touch the sides.

There is a deeply understood conflict between the baby inside and the adult outside. We often imagine ourselves as real babies and ignore mirrors that remind us of who we aren't. We are babies in part. But we want to be babies entirely.

This story is about that wish and that perhaps we possess in ourselves the psychological ability to turn back time and become the babies we truly want to be – not just in part, but in all its diminutive fullness. We become small again.

Chapter 1 – Hairline Shift

Lucas blinked into the bathroom mirror, eyes narrowing as he leaned forward, inspecting his reflection like a forensic scientist studying evidence. It wasn't something dramatic. His nose hadn't changed shape. His eyes weren't a different colour. But... something was definitely off.

"Clear skin," he muttered to himself, running fingers across his cheek. There were no breakouts, no roughness or dark circles, just smooth, oddly glowing skin like he'd stepped out of an acne commercial. And his hair... it *was* thicker. Not a lot, but enough that he'd stopped needing product to puff it up. He tilted his head, catching the side profile in the mirror. There was no doubt. He definitely looked younger. Fresher. Less twenty-two years old and more... eighteen maybe?

"Lucas?" Aunt May's voice called up the stairs, cheerful and like a singsong. "I made banana oatmeal, sweetheart! With almond butter swirls, just how you like it."

Lucas sighed. "Coming, Aunt May. Be there in a sec."

Mornings were always a bit of a struggle for Lucas. He had always felt this way, ever since he could remember. Even before he started school, he wanted to be a baby. Always had and he presumed, always would. He had struggled to overcome his bedwetting and by age 16 it had finally stopped not out of embarrassment but from need, a need to fit into the world he didn't really mesh with most of the time. He occasionally wore nappies, usually cheap disposables just to quell the ache in his heart that refused to be quietened. Every morning it required an effort for him to put that deep babyish desire to one side and contend with the adult world in front of him.

It sucks to be me, he thought sadly. *But it is what it is. I'm an adult. Time to move on, I guess.*

Aunt May was already bustling in the kitchen by the time he reached the bottom of the stairs, humming and placing a warm bowl

at his usual seat right next to the window that overlooked her overgrown garden of daisies, lavender, and sunflowers. Her apron read *'One Hug Per Cup of Tea'*, and her face lit up when she saw him.

"Sleep okay, baby?" she asked, running a hand through his hair before he could duck away.

"Fine. Just... weird dreams."

"You've always been a dreamy one," she smiled. "Maybe it's the moon. I heard it's in Pisces."

He longed to tell his aunt or anyone of the dreams he had most nights. They were dreams of him in nappies and baby clothing, lying in a crib or crawling on a floor somewhere playing with toys. He could recall most of them every morning and they were hard to ignore or leave behind. Almost every night he dreamed that he was starting to wet his nappy and would suddenly awake, startled and ready to pee. He would make it to the toilet, just in time, but so often he wished that he was actually wearing nappies so that he wouldn't need to wake. Before he stopped wetting the bed, the same dreams would come but then he would simply empty out onto the sheets on top of his crackly plastic sheet and sleep on. He was content and happy to wake up wet and it fitted with his innermost thoughts. But life is not that simple, and he knew he had to stop wetting the bed and was reminded about it a great deal as well and so, with considerable effort and much regret, he stopped. But the dreams still came, and they were even more intense and more babyish.

Lucas chuckled awkwardly at his aunt and took a bite of oatmeal. It was warm, too sweet, and comfortingly familiar, like most things Aunt May made. She'd taken him in after his parents' fatal car accident, and now, years later, she still fussed over him as if he were still ten. It had been for Aunt May that he had stopped his bedwetting. She had put up with so much and gave him so much love and care that he felt he owed her dry sheets and so after two long years of stop-start efforts, he had finally stopped. Aunt May felt like it was a victory celebration but for Lucas, it was more of a failing.

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As if on cue, his phone buzzed. It was a message from his best friend Jesse:

[u up? Coffee? or are u still being spoon-fed like a prince?]

Lucas smirked and texted back:

[meet u at 10. yes to prince]

They met at the usual café, the corner one with string lights and a sleepy golden retriever always lounging by the door. Jesse was already at their table, his long legs stretched out, hoodie halfway unzipped, sipping something overly iced and unnecessarily caffeinated.

"Hey, fresh face," Jesse grinned as Lucas slid into the seat. "New skincare routine or are you Benjamin Buttoning on me?"

Lucas rolled his eyes. "Don't start." His heart clenched briefly at the Benjamin Button reference. His entire inner being longed to grow young and eventually into a baby like he had in the book. He had cried at the movie for all the wrong reasons.

"No seriously," Jesse said, narrowing his eyes. "You look younger. Like... I dunno. High school senior young. Are you taking collagen or some miracle gummy? You holding out on me?"

"It's not funny," Lucas said, trying to brush it off, but his voice betrayed him with a flicker of unease. "I noticed it too. I look... different. It's kinda weird."

"Well," Jesse grinned, "if you find the fountain of youth, save me a sip. I'd love to skip all this adult crap and go back to fifteen again. You know... sleep in, no taxes, maybe get a redo on the awkward years. The first time around I pretty much made a mess of it."

Lucas stiffened.

Fifteen. Fifteen years old.

He hadn't thought about that year in a long time, and he tried not to. Back then, the wet sheets were still an almost daily occurrence, and the quiet shame of hiding pull-ups under his mattress made him dread sleepovers or camping trips. Even his Aunt's gentle understanding hadn't made it easier. The idea of being

fifteen again made his stomach twist. But at the same time, his confused angst remembered that wetting the bed at 15 made sense to him and the dreams had gelled with his then-reality.

He forced a laugh. "Yeah. No thanks. Once was enough. I also made a bit of a mess of it then. Like with girls..."

Jesse blinked at the edge in his voice. "Hey, I was just kidding. But you do look pretty good, and I think it is disgusting that anyone can look as fresh and smooth and... I dunno... this time in the morning!"

"I know. I'm just tired. Didn't sleep well."

He didn't mention that his sleep was disturbed by almost continual dreams of babyhood and that he had needed to go to the toilet three times to avoid disaster as the baby in his dreams began to wet the nappy they were wearing.

Lucas stood to order his drink, hoping to change the subject. At the counter, a perky barista smiled at him. "Hi there! Starting college this year?"

Lucas blinked. "Uh. No. I'm... I've graduated."

"Oh!" She looked surprised, then laughed. "Wow, sorry! You just look really young. Must be good genes. Can I have some?"

Lucas mumbled something and took his drink back to the table, his cheeks burning. Jesse raised an eyebrow.

"See? Even strangers see it. Maybe you're just... unstressing? I read somewhere that people can physically change when they're finally in a good mental space."

Lucas wasn't in a good mental space. He was starting to feel like he was slipping, like something beyond his control had started and he didn't know how to stop it. He wanted to believe it was nothing. A growth spurt in reverse. A fluke. But under his clothes, he could *feel* the difference: slightly smaller wrists, looser waistbands, softer limbs.

What if he really *was* going back?

No, that's stupid! You can't go back, he thought bitterly. *No one can! I'm just having a weird time. It will pass. I know it will.*

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Not fifteen years old. Not the hidden diapers in the trash can on sleepovers. Not the frequent neck-to-knee pee floods on the sheets. Not the therapy appointments. Not the feeling of being a child trapped in a body expected to grow up faster than he was ready for. And that was the real nightmare. He still felt like a toddler or baby deep inside. It was his body that was lying to him.

He swallowed hard. Across from him, Jesse sipped his drink, blissfully unaware of the turbulent thoughts, anxieties and fears filling him up. Lucas envied his friend's easy demeanour and wished he could be like that and be an adult, happy with being one and coping.

That was not him. Not at all.

Chapter 2 – Slipping Back

It started with the hoodie.

Lucas had always liked the dark green one. It was oversized, cosy, and slightly worn from years of college cramming and late-night gaming. But when he pulled it on Tuesday morning, the sleeves swallowed his hands, and the shoulders drooped down like he'd stolen someone else's clothes. He tugged at the hem, trying to make it look normal in the mirror, but the reflection didn't lie.

"I'm smaller," he whispered. "I'm actually bloody smaller! What the hell is going on?"

He was not just thinner. He was also a little bit smaller. His wrists looked delicate. His face — even without product — was nearly blemish-free, lips pink and full, cheeks more youthful than the photos in his phone from just a year ago.

"Lucas?" Aunt May's voice floated up the stairs. "Want me to cut up some apple slices for you?"

"I'm fine," he called back. "I'm coming down now."

She met him at the bottom of the stairs with that mix of calm efficiency and overzealous care she always carried with housecoat tied neatly, a mug of herbal tea in one hand, and a plate of neatly sliced apple in the other.

She squinted as she looked him up and down. "Hmm."

"What?"

"You look... er... well rested." Her smile deepened. "No, not just rested. Lighter. Brighter. Did you sleep well?"

Lucas shrugged. "I guess."

It was a complete lie. While technically he slept, his nights were full of vivid colourful dreams of being a toddler and playing in a daycare with others like him. He was thickly napped and enjoying himself. He had wet the nappies in his dream, but Lucas hadn't woken and in the morning Lucas was horrified to find his pyjama bottoms were damp. The sheets were dry, but it caused him to fear that his old

nemesis bedwetting might be returning. Wet pyjamas were not a good omen.

"You've got colour in your cheeks," Aunt May continued. And your eyes look bigger."

He flinched. "They're not *bigger*, Aunt May."

She chuckled and pressed a kiss to the top of his head before walking past. "Maybe it's the tea I've been slipping into your dinners."

Lucas didn't laugh. There was nothing to laugh about. Everything about him felt wrong and very much out of sync.

Later that day, Jesse swung by to hang out — unannounced as usual — and flopped onto the living room beanbag like it was still sophomore year.

"Dude," Jesse said, looking Lucas over. "Did you shrink?"

Lucas grunted. "Don't start." He was not ready for this topic again.

"No, seriously. You look like you're in, like, tenth grade. Do I need to start checking your ID?"

Lucas hugged a cushion to his chest, half to hide himself, half for comfort. "It's just a phase. A weird thing."

"Aunt May feeding you youth potions? If so... I want some too!"

"She thinks I look fresher too. I dunno. I feel... weird."

Jesse tilted his head. "What kind of weird?"

Lucas hesitated. He hadn't said this out loud yet.

"I've got more energy. Like, *too much* energy. I wake up with this buzzing in my chest. Like I wanna run or yell or slam a door. And... mood swings. I got mad at my toast one morning for burning and then I almost cried when I couldn't find my socks.... And don't you dare tell anyone!"

Jesse blinked. "Damn... sounds like puberty? But we're both well past that. Well, I am anyhow!"

"Don't even joke about that."

"Sorry. It was kinda interesting the first time around though, remember?"

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Lucas closed his eyes for a second, trying to ground himself. But the feeling was there again, just under the surface. An ache in his stomach that wasn't hunger. A restless crawl under his skin. He'd forgotten what teenage hormones *felt* like, but now that they were back, he remembered exactly why he hated them. He was having mood swings and all the other... messy aspects of growing up. But worse than the feelings was the *fear*.

He glanced sideways, then lowered his voice. "You remember how I used to have... issues... in high school?"

Jesse squinted. "What issues? Like jerking off? We all did that."

Lucas swallowed hard. "No... I meant at night."

A pause. Then Jesse's eyes widened a little. "You mean the... bed...?"

Lucas nodded. "Yeah. It didn't stop until I was sixteen. And now I'm—" he broke off, not wanting to finish the sentence. Not wanting to say that he felt like he was probably, physically fifteen already. Maybe younger.

Jesse looked stunned and for once, was silent. He knew of his friend's bedwetting, but it was nothing they discussed. In fact, it was something they avoided talking about entirely, merely understanding that sleepovers came with hidden pullups and whispers.

"I don't want to go back there," Lucas whispered. "Not the dreams. Not the panic. Not waking up cold and wet and ashamed. I can *feel* it coming. It's screwing me up big time."

That night, Lucas stood in his room for a long time, holding a pair of pyjama pants in one hand and an old towel in the other. His heart was pounding. Just in case, he told himself. Just until this passed. He folded the towel in half and laid it under his sheet.

He hated how natural it felt, like muscle memory, like routine. He hadn't done this in years, and yet his body moved like it remembered it all too well. He slipped into bed and pulled the covers up to his chin.

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But sleep didn't come easy. Because even beneath the soft hum of the night, and the safety of Aunt May's warm house, Lucas felt it again: the tension in his belly. The awareness of his bladder. The creeping fear that by morning, something inside him would have slipped just a little further. And he wouldn't be able to stop it.

The dreams teased him to wet the nappies he was wearing in them while his waking mind knew it would be the sheets that would take the actual brunt. He didn't want to go back there not because he hated it but because... he hadn't.

Chapter 3 – Backslide

Lucas stood barefoot on the kitchen step stool, tugging down a mug from the top shelf. His arms felt longer than they looked. His hoodie sleeves now needed to be rolled back twice. Aunt May, sipping her chamomile tea at the table, tilted her head slightly as she watched.

“Honey,” she said gently, “you’ve gotten shorter.”

He froze. He knew it and was desperately hoping no one else had.

“I measured you last spring for your graduation shirt. You were just about my height. Now...” She stood, walked over, and turned him toward the pantry doorframe. She fetched a pencil from the junk drawer like she had when he was twelve. “Let’s see.”

Lucas didn’t resist. He knew what was coming. He stood up against the door frame as Aunt May measured. The mark came a full two inches below the last one. His breath hitched in his throat. Aunt May stepped back, brushing his hair away from his face. “You look like you’re thirteen or fourteen again. Maybe younger.”

“I’m not,” Lucas said quickly. “I’m not *actually*—”

“I know.” She kissed his forehead. “But something’s happening. You know that, right?”

He nodded once.

“I don’t think you’re sick,” she added softly. “But maybe we’re in new territory here. Maybe you should see a doctor?”

“No. Not doing that!” Lucas was adamant.

His experiences with medical doctors and therapists were not good ones. The doctors tried to find a physical problem for his bedwetting while he had always known he was wetting at night because he was still a baby. But how could he tell them that? And the therapists who tried to help him over the grief of his parents’ deaths also assumed his heavy bedwetting was a response to that trauma

but once again, he wet his bed because he was a baby. No one could ever understand him and how he felt inside.

But now some of that 'inside' was making its way to the 'outside'. Now it was a very real problem that couldn't be hidden.

Later that day, Jesse stood beside him in the hallway mirror, holding one of Lucas's old graphic tees from a bottom drawer. It had a faded design, a retro robot surrounded by comic-book-style lightning bolts.

Lucas pulled it over his head, and it *fit*. A little snug, but way better than the oversized adult stuff he was now drowning in.

"Whoa," Jesse said. "Shit man! You seriously look fourteen."

Lucas turned, trying to laugh it off. "Fourteen with fashion from 2010."

"You don't just look it. You *act* it too."

"What do you mean?" Lucas responded suspiciously. He had been trying his best to fake being his old twenties self and thought he was doing a good job.

"You're moody," Jesse said matter-of-factly. "Like, grumpy one minute, bouncing off the walls the next. Yesterday you told me you wanted to rewatch cartoons and eat peanut butter from the jar."

"I *did* want to," Lucas snapped, then winced realising what he had just said.

"There it is again," Jesse smirked. "Hormonal rage. And dare I ask if you are... tugging it off?"

Lucas turned away afraid that his red face would incriminate him. The old hormonal urges to masturbate were back in force as bad as he remembered and he was back to hidden moments in the toilet once or twice a day trying to deal with it all. And clearly, his best friend had picked up on it.

Lucas groaned and thumped his head gently against the wall. "This sucks."

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The next morning, Lucas woke to the feeling he'd dreaded for days: dampness. Clammy sheets. Cold cotton clinging to his legs.

His breath hitched.

He didn't move at first. He just stared at the ceiling, blinking back hot tears. The smell was faint but unmistakable. He peeled the blanket back just far enough to see it.

He had wet the bed once again. His heart pounded in his chest as if it were trying to race back into adulthood on its own. The shame came fast, the way it had at sixteen, just before it had finally started to taper off. And now it was back, soaking into his sheets and into his sense of control.

He remembered the ever-vivid dream he had had. He was wearing a nappy and toddling around some baby toys and giggling and he could *feel* himself wetting the nappy. He was soaking it, and he could feel the flood as it filled his nappy and the smile it brought to his face in his dream.

That's when I did it! he worked out. When I wet that nappy in my dream I must have just done it in the bed!

It was no consolation. It wasn't as if dreams could be controlled.

Aunt May didn't scold him. She just came in when he called her name softly through the door, eyes wide and brimming.

"Oh, sweetie," she said, sitting gently beside him on the edge of the bed. "It's okay. This isn't your fault." She knew what she was talking about. She had cleaned up hundreds of Lucas' wet sheets in the past and this wasn't all that bad compared to the past. But that wasn't a comforting thought to either of them, so she kept it to herself.

"I didn't mean to," Lucas whispered.

"I know, dear. Accidents happen." She brushed the hair from his face like she had when he was little. "Let's get you cleaned up. I'll change the bed, and you can hop into the shower."