

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# MALCOLM'S SURRENDER

WHEN BABYING ALONE NO LONGER WORKS

ANDREW STEPHENS

*Malcolm's Surrender*

# Malcolm's Surrender

*Andrew Stephens*

First Published 2025

Copyright © AB Discovery 2025

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form, by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events is a coincidence.

Title: Malcolm's Surrender

Author: Andrew Stephens

Editor: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

© 2025

[www.abdiscovery.com.au](http://www.abdiscovery.com.au)

## Contents

Chapter One: Alone in the Nursery .....	5
Chapter Two: A Mother Returns.....	10
Chapter Three: The Carer Who Knows .....	14
Chapter Four: The Baby Beneath .....	18
Chapter Five: Crybaby .....	21
Chapter Six: Building Baby's World .....	26
Chapter Seven: Baby Among Babies .....	29
Chapter Eight: Home Again, Forever Baby .....	33
Chapter Nine: First Night in the New Nursery.....	37

# *Chapter One: Alone in the Nursery*

Malcolm's small two-bedroom rented house was quiet except for the soft hum of his air purifier and the occasional crinkle of his plastic mattress protector when he shifted in bed. Morning light filtered through thick nursery-print curtains—teddy bears on moons and stars, casting a dappled warmth across the nursery-coloured room. It wasn't technically a nursery, but for Malcolm, now twenty-four, it might as well have been.

He woke slowly, his thumb near his mouth and his favourite soft doll, Mister Bumble, tucked under one arm. The sheets beneath him were warm and slightly damp, as they often were. His thick pinned cloth nappy had long since soaked through, and the inner lining of his plastic pants glistened faintly in the morning light. He let out a soft breath and rolled onto his side. He didn't rush to get up. There was no real reason to. This was his life—alone, private, and padded. He was quite happy and comfortable where he was.

The plastic mattress crinkled as he shifted, the smell of baby powder mingling with a faint scent of overnight wetness. He had long ago given up on trying to stay dry at night... or during the day, really. Toilet training had never quite taken with him, not in childhood, and not in adolescence. And now in his adulthood, he was no better. He had always needed nappies. Always. But they also were his primary release of sexual tension. His first orgasm had been in his morning wet nappies and the experience overwhelmed him and he became a compulsive and frequent masturbator. Every morning he would wake up, stretch and feel his penis also stretch out to full length in anticipation of the pleasure that awaited him.

He would roll over face down in his bed and slide his erection through the soft soaked nappy pinned around him and think of baby things – bottles, cribs, teddy bears and dummies. He would quickly

## *Malcolm's Surrender*

orgasm in his nappies and thrill to the experience. When he came home from school he would ask to put his nappies back on again but was usually denied and so he would creep into his bedroom, pull the morning's wet nappy and plastic pants out of the nappy pail, pull them on again and jump on his bed to hump away yet again, sometimes aware that he was slipping in his own cum from that morning.

Masturbating twice a day was his usual ritual and while he pretended to be discreet, his mother knew all about it, not from prying but from the sounds of his crackly plastic sheet as he thrust away on top of it.

After a few unfortunate moments of being seen in action, she listened for the sounds of cracking before entering his bedroom to avoid seeing what she didn't need to see.

That morning, Malcolm felt his penis erect in readiness for his morning release and rolled over, holding Mr Bumble near him and humped his bed noisily before finally ejaculating with a loud moan. He rolled back over, smiled and stayed put as his post-erection penis began to deliver the remaining pee in his bladder into the nappy.

From as early as he could remember, Malcolm had loved nappies. It had started as a need as his mother, overwhelmed and exhausted after her husband left, had continued to put him in pull-ups through primary school, then cloth nappies by the time he was ten. Disposable ones no longer fit and had started to cause rashes. Cloth was cheaper and reusable and she didn't ask questions about why her teenage son was still soaking nighttime nappies at his age. Some careful conversations with other school parents had revealed that he wasn't the only one still wetting the bed, but he was one of only a few and his bedwetting was every night and soaking while others was a few times a week and fairly small.

She never really asked about his feelings on the matter either. But she noticed things though. She saw how he'd linger in his nappies even when he could've changed out of them. She'd find his teddies arranged carefully around his pillow, and his old bedtime baby bottles sometimes went missing from the kitchen only to

## *Malcolm's Surrender*

mysteriously return later clearly having been washed. Once, in his teens, she'd asked him carefully if he needed to see someone, but he'd just looked at the floor, too ashamed to speak. That was the last time she brought it up. Neither of them wanted to admit there might be a problem and so... ignored it.

Instead, she quietly bought bigger nappies. Then plastic pants. Then a bulk box of safety pins and extra liners. She didn't say much but only reminded him to wash properly. She worked a lot of hours as a single mother and so after school when she wasn't home, he would put his overnight wet nappies on again and hump them, sometimes twice. They never really talked deeply about it. But she knew. And she let it be.

Now, years later, Malcolm was still in nappies, by choice and by comfort, but also out of necessity. The accidents weren't just at night anymore. He hadn't used the toilet to pee in for almost three years. He wasn't sure if he even stay dry anymore and the thing was... he didn't want to. His body had settled into something that felt natural. He felt safest when padded thickly between his legs, snug plastic over the top, soft babyish clothes layered on his skin. His bowel control technically still existed if he chose to exert it. If he felt the pressure to have a poo all he had to do was to do nothing at all and the mess would slide easily and softly into his waiting nappy. It took no effort at all. If he didn't want to poo himself he could stop it, but he usually didn't. It made no sense at all for him to use a toilet and he realised that if he kept up his routine, he would one day be unable to stop pooing himself. He was pleased with that prospect.

His house reflected this babyish regression. While the living room still bore the hallmarks of adult life—a computer desk, a minimalist bookshelf, clean modern lines—the bedroom was his sanctuary. He had pastel walls, shelves of plushies and pacifiers and a changing table he'd made himself out of a reinforced dresser. And his bed was custom-fitted with a plastic-covered mattress and pastel-coloured sheets.

Most days, Malcolm worked from home doing tech support and freelance coding. It was easy to hide his lifestyle over Zoom calls,

## *Malcolm's Surrender*

a muted microphone and camera aimed just above the waist of his exposed nappies. No one knew what he was like, and no one needed to. He kept himself to himself and ordered new nappies and plastic pants online. He washed them all regularly. Sometimes, he made himself babyish meals on divided plates. He didn't go out often, except in loose clothes that hid the bulky nappies. And that was fine. Mostly.

And then came the morning a few days later. This morning, something felt off. His head ached. His skin felt flushed and damp, not just from the overnight soak but from the fever. His limbs were heavy. When he tried to sit up, he swayed slightly and fell back. A wave of nausea passed through him.

He closed his eyes and took slow breaths. He was supposed to be updating two systems before midday. He was supposed to get his nappy changed, start a bottle of formula, maybe eat a banana in his high-sided bowl but, instead, he lay there, heart thudding and breath shallow.

He whimpered.

There was no one to call for help and he knew this was more than a cold where he could sleep it off in a day or two. He rarely got sick but this was something new and not good at all. There was no one he trusted to help and he knew he was going to need that. There were no friends who knew... the real him. He could barely get to the bathroom, even if he wanted to. His legs trembled at the thought of moving at all.

And then, somehow, a thought clearer than the rest cut through the haze: Mum.

He hadn't called her in months. Their relationship was a kind of gentle detente—she sent birthday texts, and he replied with awkward thanks. She knew about the nappies. Had always known. They weren't close but they remained in contact just the same. Maybe...

He reached for his phone with trembling fingers and dialled. It rang three times.



## *Malcolm's Surrender*

"Malcolm?" Her voice. It was still warm, still carrying that hint of concern she'd never managed to hide.

"M-Mum..." his voice cracked. "I'm sick. I—I need help."

A pause.

"Okay, sweetheart. I'm coming. Tell me your address again. Right now." He mumbled the information. "I'll be there in about an hour. Just stay in bed and I will be there soon to help you out."

"Go around the back, The back door is unlocked. I don't think I can make the front door at the moment."

"Just stay where you are in bed and I will be there soon."

And just like that, his thumb found his mouth again. He curled under the covers, still soaked, still messy, still frightened. But for the first time in years, he didn't feel completely alone.

But Susan, his mother was very concerned. Malcolm sounded terrible and she knew that he wouldn't have asked for her help unless it was serious. And she wondered just how babyish he had become in the three since he had last seen him.

## Chapter Two: A Mother Returns

Malcolm didn't remember falling asleep after the call, but when he stirred, the world felt heavier. Dimmer. Fever still gripped his body. His thick, sodden nappy squelched slightly beneath him, warm and uncomfortable, and the plastic pants clung damply to his thighs. He whimpered again, curling around Mister Bumble. He hadn't even had the energy for his regular morning humping.

Then he heard it, the unmistakable sound of the back door opening. A creak. A pause.

"Malcolm?" his mother called gently.

He tried to speak but only managed a hoarse whine. Footsteps followed quickly. Then she appeared in the bedroom doorway.

She looked older. Her curly hair had gone silver around the edges, and her eyes held both a mother's worry and the steel of a woman who had seen some hard years. But there was love there and so much of it, that it made him feel dizzy.

She looked around the room, taking in everything—the teddies, the mobile above the bed, the open shelves of folded nappies and baby powder. Her eyes lingered on Malcolm, pale and sweating, his cloth nappy visibly soaked and sagging beneath a too-short pyjama top. His face was flushed and tear-streaked, and he was clinging to a doll. She recognised Mr Bumble immediately. He had slept with it since he was 15.

Her lips parted slightly in a soundless exhale.

"Oh, sweetheart..."

She moved toward him. Her expression flickered between surprise, concern, and something else. Not shock exactly. She'd known he still wore nappies. But she hadn't expected... this.

Malcolm looked up, dazed, and his voice cracked. "I'm sorry..."