

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

BECOMING LIANA

a boy becomes a baby girl

diaper version

SALLYANNE CASTLETON



Becoming Liana

by
Sallyanne Castleton

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Chapter One: Terry's Secret Nights

Every morning began the same for Terry. The first sensation he felt on waking wasn't the light through his curtains or the muffled sound of his mom moving about in the kitchen. It was the chill. Sheets clammy and heavy, clinging to his legs. The thick, sour smell rising up as soon as he shifted. His mattress had long ago lost any hope of dryness, and the fitted sheet underneath the floral quilt bore stains layered like rings in a tree.

He lay there, staring up at the ceiling, dreading the familiar ritual.

"Up, Terry?" his mom's voice called from the hallway.

He swallowed, cheeks burning though she hadn't even opened the door yet. He knew what she'd find: a boy of fifteen who woke drenched every single morning, and no matter how much detergent or sunlight she used, his sheets never truly smelled clean anymore.

"Yeah, Mom," he answered, voice cracking slightly. He sat up, quilt falling away, revealing the broad, dark patch that stretched nearly to the edge of the bed. He tried to fold the covers quickly, tucking the worst of it out of sight before she came in.

But she always noticed.

Her eyes flicked to the mattress, then back to him. She didn't scold him anymore, not out loud, but her sighs cut him sharper than words. "We'll change it later. Get yourself ready."

At school, Terry carried his secret like a heavy backpack no one else could see. He avoided sleepovers, made excuses for camp, and even the rare overnight sports trips. Boys in the locker room bragged about girlfriends, joked about childish things like bedwetting, and Terry laughed along even as his stomach twisted. If they only knew.

But that Thursday, something unusual happened.

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It was during lunch, when he was sitting off to one side of the courtyard with his sandwich, watching everyone else in their noisy groups. Carl, a boy from his year with shaggy hair and a habit of chewing his pen caps in class, dropped down beside him.

"You always sit here on your own," Carl said casually, tearing open a packet of chips. "You don't like the noise?"

Terry shrugged. "Guess not."

Carl munched for a moment, then glanced at him sidelong. "Hey... random question. Do you ever... I dunno... wake up wet?"

The words hung in the air, sharp and dangerous. Terry's heart thumped so hard he thought his chest might burst. He turned, face pale. "What?"

Carl didn't flinch. In fact, he gave a crooked smile. "'Cause I do. Every night. Proper soaked. Thought I was the only one, but..." He shrugged, as though it were no big deal.

Terry's mouth went dry. He wanted to deny it, laugh it off, but something in Carl's steady gaze made it impossible. For the first time in his life, the words slipped out. "Yeah. Me too."

A strange relief flooded him, dizzying and light.

Carl grinned, leaning closer. "Serious? You too? Man, that's brilliant."

"Brilliant?" Terry echoed, incredulous.

"Yeah! Means I'm not the only freak. Listen, you should come round mine sometime. You'd fit right in."

Terry blinked, confused and curious all at once. "Fit in?"

"You'll see," Carl said, popping another chip in his mouth. "How about Saturday?"

Terry hesitated, heart racing. A sleepover, his first ever. The thought terrified him. What if Carl saw, what if he laughed, what if his parents found out? But Carl's grin was warm, and for the first time in years, Terry felt the flicker of something he'd nearly given up on. Hope.

"Alright," he said softly. "Saturday."

Carl clapped him on the shoulder, smirking. "Good. You won't regret it."

As the bell rang and the courtyard emptied, Terry gathered his things, pulse still thrumming. For the first time in a long time, he didn't feel entirely alone.

Chapter Two: The Sleepover

Saturday came far too quickly. Terry packed a small overnight bag with some pyjamas, a spare T-shirt, and a toothbrush, though he couldn't shake the gnawing worry of what would happen when Carl saw his soaked bed. He almost cancelled half a dozen times, but the memory of Carl's grin, that strange sense of being understood, carried him through.

Carl's mom picked them up in an old sedan that smelled faintly of vanilla and fabric softener. She was cheerful, chatty, and didn't bat an eye when Carl teased Terry in the backseat about "his first sleepover."

"You'll like it at ours," she promised. "We're very... relaxed."

The words made Terry's stomach flutter.

Carl's house wasn't far, just a narrow, two-storey place with a sagging front porch. Inside, it felt warm but cluttered, with laundry baskets piled in the hallway, and a faint smell Terry couldn't quite place. Something sour and faintly plasticky, like damp washing.

Carl dragged him straight upstairs. "Come on, I'll show you our room."

The door swung open, and Terry froze.

Carl's bed was pushed up against the wall, quilt flung back, revealing a sheet blotched with dark stains, overlapping and spreading almost to the edges. It looked like it hadn't been washed in weeks.

Terry's cheeks burned hot. His own sheets were bad enough, but they never stayed this way in full view. "You... you left it like that?" he whispered.

Carl laughed, unbothered. "Of course. Everyone does. Come on, I'll show you."

Still dazed, Terry followed him from room to room. Carl's sisters' beds, each one the same, quilts pulled back, sheets mottled

and greyed with old stains. Even his parents' double bed bore two broad, overlapping patches on either side.

"See?" Carl said proudly, as though revealing a family tradition. "No one hides it. It's just who we are. We're all bedwetters."

Terry's heart pounded. It was strange, shocking, even a little disgusting, and yet he felt a wild rush of excitement too. For the first time in his life, he wasn't the dirtiest secret in the house.

When they returned to Carl's room, Terry noticed the second bed already waiting. The quilt had been folded neatly at the end, and the sheet beneath was just as stained as Carl's.

"That one's yours," Carl said, grinning. "Figured you'd feel better if you didn't have to pretend."

Terry touched the sheet tentatively, his fingers brushing over the stiff patches, the faint roughness where the cotton had warped. He swallowed hard, a strange thrill tingling in his chest.

That night, as they got ready for bed, Carl rummaged in a drawer and held something out. "Want a nightie? Softer than PJs."

Terry hesitated, but curiosity and the warmth of Carl's smile pushed him forward. "Alright."

The fabric was pale blue, short-sleeved, with a frill at the collar. Slipping it over his head, Terry felt both foolish and oddly comforted. It was light, loose, and strangely soothing as it brushed against his legs.

They slid under their quilts. The room was dim, the air thick with the faint sourness of old wet bedding. Carl yawned, rolled on his side, and whispered, "You'll see in the morning. We'll compare."

Terry lay awake for a while, listening to Carl's steady breathing, the nightie soft against his skin, his heart racing with a nervous excitement. He didn't know what morning would bring, but for the first time, he looked forward to waking up wet.

Chapter Three: Morning Discoveries

The first thing Terry felt was warmth. Not the gentle, cosy warmth of blankets, but the heavy, unmistakable warmth of his soaked bed. The nightie clung to him, damp down to the hem, and the sheet beneath was sodden. For a dizzy moment, shame hit him, and then he remembered where he was.

Across the room, Carl stretched and sat up. His quilt slid down, revealing a sheet as saturated as Terry's. Carl grinned at him through his mussed hair. "Well? How'd you do?"

Terry pushed back his covers. The sheet beneath him was completely darkened, waterlogged almost to the edges. His face burned, but instead of mocking, Carl leaned forward, impressed. "Nice. That's nearly as big as mine."

Together they padded barefoot through the hallway, Carl leading the way. Each bedroom door was already open. His sisters' beds all bore their own enormous patches, some stretching right down to the foot. Carl's parents' double mattress was wet on both sides.

"No point hiding it," Carl said with a shrug. "Everyone does it, so who cares?"

Terry trailed behind, astonished. The sight should have been revolting, but instead he felt something tug inside him... relief, almost joy. Here, what shamed him most wasn't shameful at all.

Downstairs, the kitchen bustled with noise and chatter. Carl's sisters came in yawning, their nighties blotched at the fronts, damp patches obvious where their diapers, or lack thereof, had failed. His mom and dad wore dressing gowns over equally stained sleepwear.

"Morning, boys!" Carl's mom called cheerfully, sliding a stack of pancakes onto the table. "Sleep well?"

Carl dropped into his seat with an easy grin. "Soaked as usual. Terry too."

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Terry froze, heat rushing to his face, but the family just laughed warmly, nodding like it was the most ordinary thing in the world.

"That's good," Carl's dad said, patting his hand. "Nothing worse than waking up dry. Means you slept properly."

Terry blinked. Waking up dry... worse? The thought turned his world upside down.

They ate breakfast together, the air rich with syrup and butter, the whole family in their damp clothes, laughing and teasing as though nothing were strange. Terry barely touched his food, too busy stealing glances around the table. No one seemed ashamed. No one tried to hide. And strangely, no one treated him like the odd one out.

After the plates were cleared, Carl tugged Terry toward the stairs again. "There's more to show you. C'mon."

Back in his room, Carl knelt beside his dresser and pulled out a neat stack of folded white cloth, thick and padded, alongside a collection of shiny plastic pants in pastel colours.

Terry's eyes widened. "What's that?"

Carl held one up proudly. "Day diapers. We all wear them. Saves the furniture, and... well, you'll see." He tossed a pair of pink plastic pants onto the bed. "Want to try?"

Terry hesitated, heart pounding. He should have said no. But the sight of Carl's easy grin, the soft fabric of his nightie clinging damply to him, and the memory of breakfast laughter made him nod.

"Alright."

Carl showed him how to fold and pin the cloth, then helped him step into the crinkling plastic pants. The snugness, the padding, the faint rustle were strange and thrilling all at once.

"How's it feel?" Carl asked.

Terry swallowed hard. "Safe," he admitted.

Carl's grin widened. "Good. You'll get used to it."

For the first time, Terry thought maybe he already was.

Chapter Four: More Than Wet

The bulk of the diaper was unlike anything Terry had ever worn. Walking back downstairs, he could feel the thickness pressing between his thighs, forcing him into a slight waddle. At first, he thought Carl's sisters would giggle or tease, but when they saw him, they only smiled knowingly, as if he had joined some quiet club.

"You look cute," the youngest sister said brightly, brushing past in her own crinkling pants.

Terry's face turned scarlet. Yet beneath the embarrassment was a thrill that made his chest flutter.

They spent the morning in the lounge, sprawled on the carpet with a board game while cartoons droned in the background. Terry was hyper-aware of his padding, every shift and stretch a reminder. Carl seemed utterly at ease, nibbling snacks, laughing loudly whenever he won a round.

Then, halfway through the game, Terry noticed Carl pause. His face scrunched for a moment, then he relaxed with a soft sigh. The smell hit a second later.

Terry blinked, staring. "Did you just—?"

Carl grinned lazily. "Yeah. Told you, we don't bother with toilets here."

His sisters barely reacted. One of them was already squirming herself, a tell-tale bulge forming at the seat of her plastic pants. She wrinkled her nose but only laughed and moved her piece on the board.

Terry's stomach lurched with shock. He'd thought the wetting was the limit, a strange family quirk. But this... this was something else entirely.

Carl leaned closer, whispering. "You can if you want. Feels better than you'd think."

Terry shook his head quickly, heat rushing to his face. "I couldn't. Not... not that."

But as the morning wore on, he couldn't shake the thought. Every shift on the carpet reminded him of his padded safety. Every giggle from Carl's sisters reminded him that here, nothing was shameful.

By the time Carl's mom came in with a tray of juice boxes and biscuits, the room smelled faintly sour, yet she only smiled warmly at them all. "Snack time, babies. Don't spill on the carpet."

Terry's throat tightened. The word *babies* should have stung. Instead, it sent a strange, deep comfort rushing through him.

Later, when the others were distracted, the pressure in Terry's stomach built to the point of no return. He shifted nervously on the carpet, hands pressed into his knees, eyes darting to Carl. Carl noticed, gave a slow nod, and whispered, "Go on. It's okay."

Terry squeezed his eyes shut. The release came with a shudder, alien, messy, shocking. The warmth spread, and he gasped softly, heart hammering. For a moment, he wanted to cry, but Carl's hand rested on his, steady and sure.

"See?" Carl murmured. "Not so bad. You belong here."

When Terry opened his eyes, Carl's smile was waiting. The shame ebbed away, replaced by something new and startling: belonging.

Chapter Five: Coming Home Wrong

When Terry's mom picked him up on Sunday afternoon, she barely noticed the bundle of laundry Carl's mom sent home with him, his damp nightie and a plastic bag containing clothes he hadn't put back on.

"How was it?" she asked as he climbed into the car.

"Good," Terry murmured, staring out the window. The word felt too small. His mind spun with images: stained sheets left bare in every room, breakfast in soaked nightwear, the reassuring crinkle of diapers beneath Carl's shorts. He hugged the feelings close, terrified they might vanish if he spoke them out loud.

Back in his own bedroom, though, everything felt wrong. Too tidy. Too controlled. His mom had changed the sheets yesterday, so the mattress was smooth and pale. The air was clean, not sour. He climbed onto the bed and pressed his cheek to the pillow, but it didn't comfort him. It just felt empty.

That night, when he woke to the usual heavy dampness, instead of changing into dry pyjamas, he stayed put, rolling in the wet patches until his whole body was clammy. He wanted it to feel like Carl's. He wanted to belong again.

At school on Monday, he spotted Carl in the corridor. His friend grinned, gave a conspiratorial wink, and tugged the waistband of his trousers down just far enough to show the plastic rim beneath. Terry's heart skipped. Carl wore diapers under his uniform, and no one noticed.

By Tuesday, Terry couldn't stop thinking about it. At recess, he dribbled just a little into his underwear, testing. The warmth spread, and no one around him had any idea. His cheeks burned, but the thrill wouldn't leave him.

That afternoon, when he got home, his mom frowned at the damp spot on his trousers. "Terry... did you—?"