

AN A B DISCOVERY BOOK

KARA'S BABY PROJECT

MADELINE WOOD

Kara's Baby Project

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by

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Chapter One: Breaking Point

Kara stared across the table, her wine glass untouched. Owen was laughing too hard again... too loud, too long. His face was red, his hands fluttering in nervous energy as he rambled about something awkward from college. It didn't land. Certainly not the way he thought.

Their dinner guests smiled politely, but Kara saw the shift. The sideways glance from Elise, the subtle sip of wine from Jonah as if to mask a cringe. And then Owen, sweet, anxious, oblivious Owen, knocked over the olive dish with a dramatic hand gesture, sending it clattering across the table and onto the rug.

There was a stunned silence. Owen's eyes went wide. He stammered something and apologized, reached for a napkin, only to fumble that too. Kara's gaze was fixed. Not on the olives, not on the stain, but on him.

Small. That's the word that bloomed in her head like ink in water.

She cleaned up his mess and smiled. She patted his thigh under the table in that way that reassured him she wasn't mad, but inside her chest, something clenched and didn't let go.

Later that night, Kara sat alone in her upstairs office, the room dim except for the blue glow of her laptop screen. Owen had disappeared into the guest room without a word. Embarrassed, probably crying. He did that sometimes, when things were too much.

She opened a blank document, fingers hovering over the keys. Her thoughts weren't entirely formed yet, but something was taking shape.

He wasn't capable. Simply not capable of adulthood.

She'd known this for a long time, even if she had chosen to ignore it. Owen was sweet, intelligent even, but he was also fragile and timid, the kind of man who apologized for existing. He couldn't hold eye contact with a waiter, and couldn't manage a grocery list without spiralling. His idea of masculinity was ironic graphic tees and

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avoiding confrontation. He was a grown man in theory only, but a child in practice. And what was she doing, holding this relationship together with duct tape and gentle reminders? What was the point? What was her end-goal, or was there even one?

Kara was a trained behavioural therapist. She worked with regression cases, trauma patterns, and trust conditioning every day. She had shaped wounded people into functional adults dozens of times before, and yet here, in her own home, lived a boy in a man's body who wet himself during nightmares and came in his sleep from stress. Like a young teenager or even a young child.

She leaned back in her chair, crossing her legs, a smirk tugging at the edge of her lips. Maybe adulthood wasn't what Owen needed. Maybe she'd been wrong to push him to "man up." Maybe it was time to let him fall, to let him regress, and let him be what he clearly was begging to be: soft, docile, dependent, helpless.

He was her little project.

She imagined it then. Vividly in her mind. She envisioned Owen seated on the floor in a pastel onesie, cheeks flushed with shame, a pacifier bobbing nervously as he looked up at her. She wouldn't need to raise her voice. Just a look would make him tremble. A diaper crinkle would punctuate every step he took, and ironically, he'd thank her for every humiliating moment, because in the end, it would make him feel safe.

Her fingers finally touched the keyboard. She typed a title at the top of the page.

Phase One: Reclassification.

Chapter Two: The Ultimatum

Owen hadn't spoken since the dinner. He'd padded around the house in his usual defeated silence, giving Kara space and avoiding eye contact. She let him stew, let the guilt soak in deep. She was done tiptoeing around his moods, done treating his tantrums and anxiety spirals like storms to be waited out. This time, there would be no gentle return to normal, no comfort blanket, no passive reset. This time, Owen would break... and become hers completely. This was her new plan of attack.

She found him on the living room couch the next evening, curled beneath a throw blanket like a child hiding from monsters. He looked up as she entered, then quickly looked away. His lips moved like he wanted to apologize again, but was too afraid to try.

Good. She thought. He's in the right frame of mind to begin his transformation.

Kara sat down opposite him, legs crossed, her tone cool and surgical.

"Owen. We need to talk."

He flinched. "Okay," he whispered, pulling the blanket tighter.

She watched him squirm for a long moment, then spoke clearly, deliberately. "This relationship no longer works as it is."

He tensed. "I... I know. I'm sorry about the dinner, I didn't mean—"

"This has nothing to do with the dinner. Not really." She leaned forward slightly, letting her words slice through the air. "It has to do with you, Owen. You're not a partner. You're a burden. A sweet one, yes, but a child trapped in an adult shell. You're timid, messy, dependent, and I've spent too long trying to fix you like a broken man."

His face twisted with shame. "I'm not... Er... I didn't mean to be—"

"Shh." She silenced him with a finger raised. "I don't want your apology. I've heard it too many times. I want your decision."

He blinked. "Decision?"

She stood and began to pace, circling him slowly like a predator. "You can pack your things and leave. You can try to prove your adulthood out there, but good luck with that. Or..." She stopped behind him, lowered her voice to a silky threat. "...You can stay, but under my care, under my control. You'll have no responsibilities, no choices, but also no freedom. I will take care of everything. Your schedule, your clothing, your needs. You'll eat when I say, sleep when I say, and use what I provide. You will obey. Me absolutely in every way and at every moment."

He turned, eyes wide. "What are you saying?"

"I'm offering you a solution, a new relationship dynamic. You become what you truly are... which is soft, manageable, and humble. You submit to me fully, and you will be trained, dressed, and treated appropriately."

He gawked. "Like... a child?"

Kara walked over and gently tugged the blanket from his hands, exposing his pale, shivering form.

"No, Owen. Not like a child. Like mine."

He swallowed hard. "What do you mean... yours?"

"I mean you will live under my rules, but not as a man, not even as a boy, but something smaller, simpler, younger." She sat beside him now, cupping his chin. "My little one. My helpless, obedient, shamefully needy little thing."

Owen's mouth parted, but no words came. She could see it in his eyes, the struggle between humiliation and arousal, between dignity and surrender.

"You want to feel safe, don't you? You want to stop trying to be something you're not?" He nodded slowly, unable to speak. "Then say it."

"What...?"

"Say: *I want you to take care of me, Kara. I want to be yours.*"

There was a long pause, then, soft as a whisper: "...I want you to take care of me, Kara. I want to be yours."

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Her smile was slow and wicked. She rose and leaned in to press her lips just beside his ear. "Then go upstairs. Strip. Leave your clothes in a pile on the floor. I'll be up shortly with your new ones."

He sat frozen, trembling. "Oh, and one more thing."

She stepped back, eyes gleaming. "From now on, you call me Mommy."