

*An AB Discovery Book*

# for your love

EDNA E ROBSON

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by

## Edna E Robson

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# Chapter 1

I woke with a start. It was only 3.12 am according to the bedside alarm clock, but I was awake nonetheless. The ache in my bladder had stirred me from a deep dream in which I was holing out on the 18th green for the US Masters golf tournament. Now, instead of winning a big sports title, I had a major need to urinate.

I moved the hand that lay across my chest in readiness to visit the bathroom and relieve myself, but before I could swing my legs off the bed, the crinkling sound coming from beneath the duvet brought me back to my senses. The feeling of comfortable padding around my genitals hit me. Of course, I was wearing a thick disposable nappy. How could I have forgotten?

As I lay there looking around our room at the various bottles and pacifiers on table tops I knew it wouldn't be long before I was wetting yet another nappy, soaking it with the waste liquid that I produced from suckling from one of the bottles I had been given earlier, flooding a garment that I had once thought only babies wore and I thought how on earth did it come to this? I looked to my left, at the owner of the hand that had previously been draped across me.

"Ah, Karen, my beautiful Karen," I whispered to myself as my mind wandered back to a time many months previous, "the things you've made me do!"

I'd first heard of Karen Terry in 2012. She was the mother of a classmate of my 8-year-old son and was already dividing the opinions of parents at the school gates. My then wife had told me of the easy way she made 'enemies' of the other pupils' parents with her overprotective nature towards her only child. How she would scold other children who had dared mess about with her precious son, and how she told the scolded pupil's parents how precious her baby boy was compared to their own offspring.

She was single, and it was said that her baby father had run off when their son had developed health problems aged just two, and

by all accounts Karen had devoted the six years since to caring for her “little Georgie”. She alone had nursed him through the first sign of health difficulties and the subsequent kidney transplant he eventually needed, and she alone had spent every moment after that she could caring for her ‘baby boy’. Some of the other mothers had said that she went overboard with the protection she demanded others give her son. That the successful operation six years previous had meant that her George was a normal 8-year-old child. There were even suggestions that Karen had Munchausen by proxy, that she was exaggerating the boy’s health problems to get attention. But despite all that and the growing animosity aimed towards Karen, she was steadfast with her Motherly protection.

I had all these tales in the back of my mind the day I first actually ‘met’ Karen that summer. I had volunteered to help on a day trip my son’s school class was taking to a local nature reserve. Looking after a group of 8-year-olds for the day held no fear for me, and it had given me something to do on a very rare day off from work. There were numerous groups on the trip, and I spent the morning concentrating on assisting the teacher I was assigned to, helping deal with and educate the 12 children in our care.

Lunchtime, we sat and ate the packed lunch that we had bought with us. I watched as other groups of children arrived at the eating area in the hope of spotting my son. I hadn’t been allowed to join his group for the day as they had already had a parent volunteer, but it wasn’t long before I caught his smiling face wandering through the trees. My eyes followed his group as they made their way down the dusty hill, and I was drawn to a dark-haired woman who held the hand of a rather tubby boy in the class. She was stunning. She had dark shoulder-length hair, a golden tan, and you could clearly see that under her tight summer clothing, she had a body that would rival any Page 3 model. As the group came closer, I could see that she had the darkest eyes I had ever seen and a natural, hard pout that I’ve always found sexy. I hadn’t even realised I was staring at this beauty until my son walked in front of me and broke my eyeline.



My son and I ate together and then took the opportunity to have a kick around with a football during the hour lunch break afforded us. Although even while I ran about with a few children all playing football, I took every opportunity I could to look in the direction of the beauty sitting alone with the tubby boy. Just before the groups were gathered to continue the afternoon nature lesson, I kissed my son goodbye and asked him who the adult was who was helping in his group. He replied, "Oh, that's George Terry's Mum, I think her name is Karen."

That's Karen Terry, I thought to myself. I'd remembered all the horrible tales I'd been told of her antics, but nowhere in those stories relayed to me by my wife was the mention that Karen was an absolute stunner. I never saw my son's group or the lovely Karen for the rest of the trip, and at the end of the day, I met my son when he returned to his classroom to take him home. Work commitments always meant that I'd never gotten the opportunity to collect my son from school, and it was years before I clapped eyes on Karen Terry again.

## Chapter 2

The summer of 2022 wasn't particularly a very pleasant one in England. Despite earlier warnings of hose bans due to a drought to come, parts of the Country had flooded due to record amounts of rainfall.

It wasn't pleasant for me either. I had split from my wife in January when we both realised that the relationship had run its course, and although we remained on friendly terms, I didn't get to see my children as often as I did when living in the same abode.

I'd moved to a shared house in the next town. Unfortunately, all I could afford was a small room as I continued to pay the mortgage on the family home. So, as well as a tiny bedroom of grotty furniture, I also had to share a bathroom and a kitchen with three other tenants. If there was a bright side, it was that the three people I shared the house with were female. Lotty was a petite brunette who worked in the local pub as a part-time barmaid. Helen and June were both blonde and were both trainee nurses at the local hospital. Let me tell you now, I spent many a night imagining just how wonderful it would be to have all of them knocking at my door looking to be 'serviced', but it was just a fantasy, and no knock ever came. We were all on friendly terms, though, and would always exchange pleasantries when we passed in the shared facilities. I was still working long hours in the city, so I rarely got the chance to socialise. My circle of friends had become smaller, which made the split from my wife seem even harder. I was becoming very depressed and knew that if I didn't take charge and change my life around, I'd be forever miserable. I needed to get out more and expand my horizons. I decided that I would take up every social invitation I was given and get out and meet new people, and even a new partner.

The first opportunity came quickly.

Helen and I had passed on the stairs on Tuesday morning, and she had asked whether I'd be interested in attending a party in the

local church hall that weekend. It was a fundraising event for some hospital equipment, and Helen mentioned that there'd be plenty of single nurses there that I could chat to. I readily agreed.

So that Saturday night, despite being held up late at work again, I found myself walking through the doors of my local church hall. My late arrival had meant that most of the attendees had been at the alcohol for some time, and the atmosphere was rather lively. I got to the bar just as there was a shrill blast from the P.A. announcing the start of the cheque presentation. I ordered my pint and turned towards the stage. I had quickly spotted June amongst the young nurses gathered at the foot of the stage. Helen was on stage and standing behind a group of older men.

The speech went on a bit about how government cuts had meant that charity work was even more important than ever, and how locals had clubbed together to make the donation for the hospital equipment. But they were keen to highlight one individual who had helped more than anyone. My interest was piqued when I heard the man on the microphone say the name Karen Terry and ask her to come up to accept a special gift. I watched intently as a woman worked her way through the crowd to get to the stage. As I saw her take to the stairs, I realised that it was 'little Georgie's' Mum, Karen. She'd filled out a bit since I last saw her a number of years previous, a little more 'mumsier' than centrefold, but nonetheless, she was still a very attractive woman. I half listened to what was being said as I gazed at the beauty on stage. The sound of applause brought me to my senses, and I had watched her exit the stage holding a bottle of malt whisky.

I clearly remember the one thought I had going through my mind at the time was that if I could only get the nerve to go and chat with her, then my life would end and change forever...

How right I was.

## Chapter 3

My thoughts of times past were interrupted. My bladder spasmed, a swift reminder that I had an urgent need to urinate. I had moved the arm that had lain across me earlier, so my way was clear to get out of bed and visit the bathroom.

"I'm sure I can get into the toilet without waking Karen," I thought, "I'm sure she won't mind if I lower my plastic pants and untape my nappy this time."

I pivoted my body and lowered my legs to the ground, slowly and quietly, I slipped from under the covers and made my way to the toilet. As I entered the bathroom, I caught sight of myself in the full-length mirror on the left-hand wall. The reflection staring back showed a man nearing his 50th year, dressed in a puffy pair of white plastic pants. You could clearly see the bulky disposable nappy underneath the overpants. It screamed *You are a baby*.

I'd seen TV shows that had featured grown-ups who enjoyed wearing and using incontinence products, but never for a minute thought that one day I'd be sporting clothing that I had last worn over 47 years before. I closed the bathroom door and considered myself for a minute. I'd always liked my partners to wear silky panties and enjoyed feeling them during foreplay. Looking at the smooth pants I was currently wearing, perhaps, I thought, these are very similar.

My bladder twitched again, and I turned and walked to the toilet. I reached the bowl, I hooked my fingers around the elastic waist of the plastic pants, and began to lower them. Just as I had worked them down to my knees, the bathroom door opened with a start.

"What are you doing, baby?" came the voice in a rather stern tone.

I turned to see the love of my life standing in the doorway, hands on her hips. She was wearing a short, silky nightie and a rather cross look on her face.

"Hi Karen, I needed to use the toilet and thought I might take the nappy off just this once," I replied.

As Karen walked towards me, I thought I caught a flash of anger in her eyes, but by the time she reached my position, it had turned to a soft, loving gaze. "But baby, you have your nappy on. Why on earth would you want to remove it when you can just go ahead and wet it?" Karen asked

I looked at her and then lowered my head. I couldn't reply.

Karen reached across and felt the front of my nappy, "You haven't even used this one, so there's no chance it will leak," And with those words, she slowly began working the plastic pants back up my legs to cover the disposable I had on. "But it's better to be safe than sorry."

Once Karen had checked that the entire disposable nappy was contained within the PVC overpants, she reached for me and held me close in her arms.

With my head lowered onto her shoulder, she whispered into my right ear, "You know why I put you in your disposable and plastic pants. You know I like my baby to wet his nappy, so please, if you need to go, fill your nappy for Mummy."

Karen's soft velvet voice sounded full of love. She was urging me to release my bladder into the disposable, and as she whispered, "Be a good boy for Mummy" over and over, she gently pressed my lower abdomen. I stifled a moan. I was at the point of no return. On the insistence of a beautiful woman, I was again about to wet myself like a little baby.

Then it happened, I listened to Karen's loving encouragement, and as her soft hand stroked below my naval, I let my muscles relax. The flow came quickly, I felt the pee enter the padded garment and wash around my scrotum, as quickly as it was filled, the thirsty disposable managed to absorb the liquid. I could feel the bulk increase as the urine spread to the rear of the nappy, taking the moisture away from the landing area. Karen lifted my head and gazed into my eyes.

“You are such a good boy for Mummy, such a good boy for using your baby nappy,” she said as I felt that tingly feeling below that only comes from a completely empty bladder.

Karen held me close for a minute more and then broke away from our cuddle. She held my hand as she led me back to the bedroom. When we reached our bed, Karen pulled back the duvet and ushered me into my side. I lay there watching her walk around to her side of the bed. Before Karen got under the covers, she reached for the bottle that was sitting on her bedside cabinet.

“My little baby must be thirsty after expelling all that liquid from your body.”

Lying on her back, she pulled me over to her chest and presented the baby bottle to my lips. I accepted the rubber teat and began to suck noisily from the oversized baby bottle. Karen stroked my hair and told me that she was so proud of me and how she would make sure that the ‘ladies’ were told what a good baby boy I had been. I listened to her quiet, calming voice as my thoughts returned to the day it all started.

## Chapter 4

I'd been watching Karen from a standing area at the bar for the same time it had taken me to finish four pints of lager. She had been sitting at a table the entire time with a bloke by her side. Several people had come up to her and offered their congratulations on her fundraising efforts. She had spoken to them all, offering the odd smile whilst using her gorgeous dark eyes to look intently at whoever was in front of her. Whilst she didn't look completely unhappy, even a relative stranger like I was could see that there was an underlying sadness to her. I studied the body language between Karen and the man sitting beside her. I didn't see any romantic contact, any stroke that would give a clue to their possible relationship.

"Maybe they're just friends," I mused, but even after four pints, I knew that I would never take the chance and put myself in a position of embarrassment by taking a drink over to her and 'trying my luck.'

I'd just ordered my fifth pint from the barman, my last, I considered, before I made my lonely way home to my room. When I turned, I saw June standing next to Karen's table. They were in deep conversation; it was obvious they were good friends, as Karen was much more tactile and open than she had been with any of the previous people she had spoken to. June turned towards the bar and saw me standing there watching the table she was sitting at. June lifted her hand, smiled, and waved at me. I returned the wave just as Karen said something to June. I'm sure it was a question about me as they both took turns looking at me throughout the conversation. I turned away to pay for my latest drink for just a minute when I felt a tap on my shoulder.

"Hey, you, how are you enjoying yourself?" June said to me.

"I'm having a great time, thank you," I replied

"Well, instead of standing here on your own, you can buy me and my friend a drink and come and introduce yourself as she wants to meet you," June said, nodding her head in Karen's direction.