

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

*Baby Dani
And The Two
Sisters*

Evelyn Hughes

Baby Dani and the two sisters

Baby Dani And The Two Sisters

by
Evelyn Hughes

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Baby Dani and the two sisters

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CONTENTS

Chapter One – The Holiday Begins	8
Chapter Two – Whispered Dreams	17
Chapter Three – The Offer.....	20
Chapter Four – First Night.....	23
Chapter Five – Daytime	27
Chapter Six – The Morning Mess	30
Chapter Seven – Slipping Away	33
Chapter Eight – The First Time	37
Chapter Nine – Dolly and Bottles.....	40
Chapter Ten – Baby Days, Baby Girl.....	42
Chapter Eleven – The end of a stigma.....	44
Chapter Twelve – A nursery life	47
Chapter Thirteen – Homecoming.....	49
Chapter Fifteen – Overwhelmed.....	51
Chapter Sixteen – The Call	54
Chapter Seventeen – Going Home Forever	56
Chapter Eighteen – The Nursery	58
Chapter Nineteen – Out in the World.....	60
Chapter Twenty – Full Day Babyhood	61
Chapter Twenty-One – Night and Day Baby	64
Chapter Twenty-Two – A Mother’s Visit	66
Chapter Twenty-Three – Deepening Babyhood	68
Chapter Twenty-Four – Nursing and Nurture	70

Baby Dani and the two sisters

Chapter Twenty-Six – A Night Out and Trusted Care.....	74
Chapter Twenty-Seven – Babysitter’s Perspective.....	76
Chapter Twenty-Eight – Settled Routines and Neighbourhood Attention	78
Chapter Twenty-Nine – Full Immersion	81
Chapter Thirty – Admiration and Playmates	83
Chapter Thirty-One – Playgroup Acceptance.....	86
Chapter Thirty-Two – The Example of Dani	88
Chapter Thirty-Four – Questions from Two Mothers.....	90
Chapter Thirty-Five – The First Steps Back.....	92
Chapter Thirty-Six – New Playmates.....	93
Chapter Thirty-Seven – Following the Model	96
Chapter Thirty-Eight – A Nursery Gathering	98
Chapter Thirty-Nine – Deeper Regression and Envious Curiosity	100
Chapter Forty – Toddler Days at the Daycare	102
Chapter Forty-One – The Next Step	104
Chapter Forty-Two – Daily Reports.....	105
Chapter Forty-Three – The Next Steps.....	108
Chapter Forty-Four – First Nursing	110
Chapter Forty-Five – Milk and Miracles.....	112
Chapter Forty-Six – The Park and a New Request.....	114
Chapter Forty-Seven – Becoming a Baby Girl	116
Chapter Forty-Eight – A School Transformed.....	118
Chapter Forty-Nine – A Community Transformed.....	120
Chapter Fifty – A School and Daycare in Transition.....	122

Baby Dani and the two sisters

Chapter Fifty-One – The Power of Breastfeeding.....	124
Chapter Fifty-Two – A Magnet for Regression	126
Chapter Fifty-Three – A Park Full of Babies.....	128
Chapter Fifty-Four – Managing All the Baby Needs	130
Chapter Fifty-Five – A Village of Babies	132

Baby Dani and the two sisters

Chapter One - The Holiday Begins

The train wound its way through the countryside, slowing as it approached the small lakeside town. For Margaret and Ellen, the sisters, it had been years since they'd taken their mother anywhere beyond the local shops. At seventy, their mother still insisted on keeping a clean, orderly home, though it was old-fashioned in every respect with lace doilies, polished wood, and the same curtains that had hung since the girls were children.

The holiday cabin, when they arrived, felt like stepping into another time. Its wood-panelled walls smelled faintly of pine and damp, and the wide porch looked straight down onto the glittering water of the lake.

"It's lovely," Ellen said softly, smoothing her prima and proper dress as she stood in the doorway. Margaret, the older of the two by three years, nodded in agreement, though she was already fussing with her mother's bag, ensuring it was placed neatly by the bed.

They unpacked slowly and deliberately, as they always did. Holidays were rare for them, luxuries normally reserved for families with children, with noise, with life and the chaos that went with it. The three women lived quietly, content in many ways, but with an unspoken ache that none of them mentioned outright. The sisters were childless, and their mother would never have a grandchild. And they were both virgins, never having even come close to sexual intimacy with a young man, even in their youth.

The next morning, Margaret was the first to rise. She pushed open the window shutters to let the sun in and paused. "Ellen," she whispered. "Come and look."

Ellen padded over, her hair loose from sleep. On the washing line strung between two posts outside the neighbouring cabin, a row of sheets flapped in the breeze. That in itself was unremarkable, but hung beside them were several pairs of panties, pastel-coloured and small, and a couple of bras, no larger than those of a schoolgirl.

Baby Dani and the two sisters

“They can’t belong to the mother,” Margaret said. She had seen the woman briefly the night before. She was younger than them, but with a sturdiness to her figure that made such delicate underthings impossible.

Ellen frowned thoughtfully. “Perhaps she has a daughter?”

“Perhaps,” Margaret murmured, though she doubted it. There had been no sign of another female voice, no giggling laughter, only the faint sound of a man’s low murmur the previous evening. The mystery tugged at them both, and for women whose days were usually predictable and plain, it felt strangely thrilling to speculate. Life was normally excruciatingly predictable, and the sight of unexplained young girls’ underwear with the obvious presence of a young girl was certainly something to talk about.

When they sat down to breakfast with their mother, the conversation circled back to the washing line. “It’s none of your business,” their mother chided gently, though there was a glimmer of amusement in her eyes. “But I suppose... it is curious just the same.”

Later, as they sat on the porch, they saw the young woman from the neighbouring cabin come out with a basket of fresh laundry. She was attractive in a tired sort of way, her hair hastily pinned, her expression weary. She glanced over and offered a polite smile, which the sisters quickly returned.

“Shall we introduce ourselves?” Ellen asked, almost nervously.

Margaret straightened her shoulders. “Yes. It would be neighbourly.”

Together, they walked across the grass toward the other cabin. As they approached, they noticed once again the incongruity of the washing line with the large sheets once again, and the dainty underwear, all blowing together in the lake breeze. Margaret’s heart beat faster with curiosity.

The woman looked up as they neared, shading her eyes with one hand. “Morning,” she said warmly enough, though her voice carried an undertone of fatigue.

Baby Dani and the two sisters

“Good morning,” Margaret replied. “We’re staying in the cabin next door. I’m Margaret, and this is my sister Ellen. And our mother, Mrs Hayes, is with us as well.”

The woman introduced herself as Laura. She seemed grateful for the company, though somewhat distracted. They exchanged a few pleasantries about the lake and the weather before Ellen, unable to restrain herself, gestured lightly toward the line.

“You have quite a wash there,” she said delicately. “I hope you don’t mind me asking... those are awfully dainty things for you, and you wash the sheets every day, do you?”

Laura’s mouth tightened briefly, then she gave a small shrug, almost defensive. “They’re not mine,” she said bluntly. “They belong to my son.”

Both sisters blinked, startled. For a moment, silence hung between them, filled only by the flutter of sheets in the wind.

“My son,” Laura repeated, with a weary sigh. “He’s nineteen. Still wets the bed every night. Those are his sheets. And the panties... well, he steals mine, so I gave him his own.” She gave a small, almost bitter laugh. “It’s just easier that way.”

Margaret and Ellen exchanged a glance. Their hearts fluttered strangely, not with scandal, but with something awkward, something that felt dangerously like hope.

“We are sorry to pry,” Margaret responded. “It must be difficult for you, but I’m glad you can get away on a holiday here. It is truly a beautiful place.”

“The endless washing can get me down sometimes, but at least here, the sun and wind will dry them quickly. At home, the washing can sometimes take all day to dry, and I don’t like hanging out Danny’s panties and bras for neighbours to see.”

Margaret nodded. “That makes sense.”

Laura seemed almost relieved, once the words were spoken. As though she had been carrying a heavy bundle alone and, now that it was set down, there was no use in trying to hide it. She gestured toward a pair of chairs on the porch.

Baby Dani and the two sisters

“If you’ve the time,” she said, “sit a while. I don’t get much chance to talk to people about... all this.”

The sisters sat quickly, politely. Margaret folded her hands in her lap, Ellen smoothed her skirt, both waiting with the kind of rapt attention that only the lonely can offer.

“It started when he was little,” Laura began, her eyes turned toward the water but not really seeing it. “Danny was late with everything. Potty training, speech, and even walking. He stayed in nappies until he was five, soaked through most mornings, sometimes worse. When the doctors told me to be firmer, I took the nappies away. Cold. Just stopped. For months, the sheets were wet every single day. Sometimes messy too.” She rubbed her forehead with tired fingers. “It almost broke my back, but I thought it was better to fight the battle than let it drag on forever.”

Ellen’s breath caught. She tried to mask it with a soft “mm,” but her eyes shone strangely. Margaret, ever steadier, leaned forward with gentle sympathy. “That must have been very hard on you.”

Laura gave a short, humourless laugh. “Hard? It was bloody miserable. But the worst of it is... it didn’t really work. Even now, he’s nineteen, and he still wets every night without fail. And heavy, too often full-length of the bed and even the pillow. I even brought his own pillow here because he often wets it. And of course, his plastic sheet. It’s so crackly now, I’m surprised you can’t hear it! He just can’t help himself.”

She gestured toward the washing line, where a sheet snapped crisply in the wind. “That’s my every morning. He gets up, acting ashamed, but it’s me who strips the bed, me who washes, me who hauls it all out here. It’s me that washes his panties and deals with the... er... deposits he leaves in them every morning.”

Everyone knew what Laura was referring to. The sisters knew that boys masturbated every day, and they both gave a silent sigh since neither of them had even seen an erect penis, never mind experiencing an ejaculating one.

Baby Dani and the two sisters

Margaret and Ellen exchanged another glance, but this one lingered longer. In Margaret's face was curiosity tinged with pity, while in Ellen's, something softer, almost yearning.

"And the other things?" Margaret asked carefully, her eyes flicking briefly toward the row of panties.

Laura sighed heavily. "He's always been... peculiar. When he was younger, I kept finding my things missing. Panties, bras, even stockings. Sometimes, it was camisoles and nighties. I thought it was just a phase, but it didn't stop. Eventually, I just bought him some of his own. Better than pretending it wasn't happening. It was surreal the day I went and bought a lingerie set for my son, and frankly, he has prettier bras and panties than I do. But at least he soon stopped leaving deposits in my panties."

"He was doing that in your panties?" Ellen croaked out.

Laura sighed theatrically. "I was finding his deposits in my panties several times a week for a couple of years. I was almost expecting it. and after I got him his own lingerie, I told him he had to stop doing that in my panties, or I'd take them away."

"Did that work?" Margaret asked, stunned by the deep revelations they were hearing. She assumed they were probably the only people she had ever told.

"It took a while, but eventually he stopped doing it in my panties, but he was confused by my demand for a while."

"Confused?"

"We had a very deep mother-son conversation one evening, and he cried and admitted he thought he was doing a good thing by masturbating into my panties. I was shocked but also felt a little thankful. In his mind, he thought that since I am single, I might like having semen in my panties. It was cute in a way, if horribly misplaced."

Ellen shuddered slightly. She wondered what it might be like to wear panties with a load of cum in the crotch, right up against her pussy. She had never felt that, and for a brief moment, she felt as if Laura was wrong in disappointing her son and ignoring his 'gift'.

Baby Dani and the two sisters

Her voice hardened with fatigue. “You can imagine how it feels. A boy his age, sneaking my things, soaking his bed every night, wandering through life with so little control. He can’t hold a proper job, can’t manage to be away from home more than a day or two. I love him, but it’s like living with a child who never grew up.”

For a moment, only the rustle of laundry filled the air. The sisters sat, silent, each caught up in her own thoughts. Ellen’s heart fluttered strangely, not with scandal, but with recognition. She leaned closer to her sister, whispering under her breath so only Margaret could hear: *“It’s like... she’s describing a baby.”*

Margaret gave the slightest nod, her lips pressed tight. She felt it too. Something in Laura’s weary confessions was not repellent but strangely inviting. As though the boy next door was not nineteen at all, but the very thing they had longed for and never been granted.

A baby.

Laura, unaware of their unspoken exchange, exhaled shakily and pressed on. “I suppose I’ve grown used to it. Sheets, laundry, shame, repeat. But sometimes I look at him, and I wonder if I’ll ever be free of it. He keeps me tied down. No holidays, no travel, nothing spontaneous. I’m trapped. I can’t date... not that I get any offers, but no man would put up with a bedwetter like Danny, not to mention his lingerie habit.”

She looked at them finally, her eyes sharp and searching. “I shouldn’t even be saying all this. But you asked. And the truth is, my Danny is a nineteen-year-old boy who still wets his bed like a toddler, steals his mother’s panties, and has no control over his life. And I don’t know what to do with him anymore.”

Ellen picked up on a word. It was the tense of the word.

“You said ‘steals’. Does he still steal your panties even now?”

Laura sighed once again.

“About once a month, I find a load in the crotch of my panties. I know he is trying to be nice, but I tell him he can’t do it anymore.”

“Clean or dirty panties?” Ellen asked, suddenly picking up on the distinction.

Baby Dani and the two sisters

"It used to be my worn ones, but now, he does it to my clean ones and leaves them on the bed for me to see."

"Wow."

"He told me only last week when I confronted him about it that he thought I might want to wear them like that."

Ellen swallowed hard, wanting to ask the obvious but deeply personal question.

Laura looked down at the ground and swallowed hard. "And a few weeks ago, I did just that. I wore them for a few hours one morning, but I didn't tell him. I didn't want to encourage him."

"And...?" Ellen asked, too afraid to say any more.

"If I'm honest, it felt like I was 20 years younger again, feeling semen in my underwear."

"Oh. That must have been confronting for you."

Laura suddenly giggled in a nervous way.

"It felt so nice I actually considered asking him to do it every day so I could wear them, then I realised how stupid I was being and told myself not to act so ridiculous."

"Sorry you got put in such a predicament."

"And this morning when I came back from my morning walk, I found myself hoping to find some panties with semen in them waiting for me on the bed, but there weren't any, so I didn't have to question my sense of reason... at least today. I must sound like a bad mother."

"No, no, not at all!" Margaret quickly interjected. "Raising your son must be very difficult, and if you can find anything at all that feels good, then you are welcome to it."

"Thanks, ladies. I've never told anyone about any of this. I feel very alone, and I doubt many have to deal with these things."

Margaret was quiet as she thought bitterly, *I'd put up with all of that just to have had a baby.*

Margaret and Ellen sat very still, hands folded in their laps, while Laura seemed to teeter between reluctance and release. She glanced at the washing line again, then back at them, as though

Baby Dani and the two sisters

weighing whether these two prim strangers could really be trusted with the darker truths she carried.

Margaret's voice was the first to break the silence. Soft and coaxing, she said, "You said you took his nappies away when he was five. Do you ever wish you hadn't?"

Laura gave a hollow laugh. "Wish I hadn't? I still don't know if it was the right thing. Back then, I thought it was the only way. He was still wetting, sometimes even messing, every day. The sheets were wet and soiled. The doctors told me to be firm. So I just stopped. No more nappies. Of course, the result was months of filthy sheets. Wet, smelly, endless loads of washing. And him crying, embarrassed, but not really trying." She shook her head. "I thought he'd improve if I forced him. He never really did. He just became... what he is now."

Ellen tilted her head, her voice quieter, almost conspiratorial. "Do you think he'd go back... if you let him?"

Laura's eyes narrowed, then softened in a grim kind of honesty. "Oh, without a doubt. Give him half a chance, and he'd be back in nappies tomorrow. Not just wetting, but everything. Like before school age. He'd sink into it with relief." She hesitated, her lips tightening before she admitted, "Sometimes I think he'd become a baby all over again, if I allowed it. And apart from his masturbating, he is more baby than teenager anyhow."

The words struck something deep in both sisters. Margaret cleared her throat. "And... you think he would want that?"

Laura sighed. "Want it? I think he dreams of it. He already acts like a child. He still sucks his thumb when he thinks I'm not looking. In the morning, he masturbates into his wet sheets like he's barely house-trained. He'll take any excuse to loaf in bed or hide in his room. And the clothes—" she gestured bitterly toward the line where a pair of pastel panties fluttered, "—he doesn't just wear them. He cherishes them. If I let him, I think he'd happily put on a dress and never take it off. I see him eyeing off dresses all the time."

For a moment, silence lingered, broken only by the lake breeze. The sisters tried not to stare too eagerly, but their eyes met in a private, electric glance. Everything Laura was saying only

Baby Dani and the two sisters

deepened the odd, aching sense that this troubled young man was not a burden at all, but something far closer to what they had craved for so many years.

Laura leaned back, tired lines etched around her mouth. “But I can’t allow it. I can’t. If I give in, he’ll lose what little dignity he has left. He’ll stop pretending to be grown at all. And then what would I have? A son who’s not a man, not even a boy, just a baby in nappies, stealing my underwear, drooling on himself. I already feel trapped. That would be the end of me.”

The sisters nodded soberly, but inside, both hearts fluttered with dangerous excitement. What Laura described as a nightmare, they were beginning to imagine as a dream.