

An AB Discovery Book

Stories From a Big Baby's Nursery

ANDREW STEPHENS
CHRISTINE TEDDY
CHARLOTTE DOLLY

Katie's Washing Line

Stories from a Big Baby's Nursery

by

Andrew Stephens

Christine Teddy

Charlotte Teddy

Madeline Wood

First Published 2026

Copyright © AB Discovery

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.

Katie's Washing Line

Title: Stories From A Big Baby's Nursery

Author: Andrew Stephens, Christine Teddy, Charlotte Dolly,
Madeline Wood

Editor: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

© 2023

www.abdiscovery.com.au

THIS BOOK and all AB Discovery titles are now available in audiobook as well.

Contents

Stories from a Big Baby's Nursery	2
Katie's Washing Line.....	10
Chapter one	11
Chapter two.....	15
Chapter three.....	20
Chapter four	24
Chapter five	29
Chapter six.....	36
Chapter seven.....	41
Chapter eight	46
Chapter nine.....	52
Chapter ten	58
Chapter eleven	66
Chapter twelve.....	69
Chapter thirteen.....	78
Chapter fourteen.....	83
Chapter fifteen.....	88
Chapter sixteen	94
Chapter seventeen.....	98
Chapter eighteen.....	105
Chapter nineteen.....	111
Chapter twenty	118
Epilogue	129
Princess	133

Katie's Washing Line

Chapter One: The Prophecy of the Future Queen.....	134
Chapter Two: A Royal Secret	138
Chapter Three: The Royal Nursery.....	142
Chapter Four: The Prince and the Pressure.....	146
Chapter Five: The Truth Beneath the Lace.....	150
Chapter Six: The Forest and the Wise One	154
Chapter Seven: The Choice	158
Chapter Eight: A Prince for the Princess	162
Chapter Nine: The Royal Nursery Wedding.....	165
Chapter Ten: Motherhood in Lace and Lace	168
Chapter Eleven: Secrets Become Tradition.....	171
Chapter Twelve: The Crib and the Crown.....	172
Chapter Thirteen: The New Prophecy.....	174
Epilogue: Forever and Ever After	176
The First Lost Child	178
Shared:	182
Chapter One: Welcome to Maple Eaves.....	183
Chapter Two: A Second Soaked Soul	186
Chapter Three: Changed Together	188
Chapter Four: Bibs, Bites, and Bedtime Plans.....	190
Chapter Five: Two Babies, One Nappy	192
Chapter Six: Morning Squish and Soft Goodbyes.....	195
Chapter Seven: The Sea, the Smile, and the Shared Nappy	198
Chapter Eight: The Shared Romper and a Day for Babies	201

Katie's Washing Line

Chapter Nine: Forever Babies204

Chapter Ten: The Next Step — Used, Shared, and Loved
.....206

Chapter Eleven: Shared Nappies, Swapping Smiles.....208

Chapter Twelve: The Shared Crib210

Chapter Thirteen: Morning Warmth and the Trio's Nest
.....211

Chapter Fourteen: Welcome to The Trio's Nest.....212

Chapter Fifteen: Three's Company — Challenges and
Cherished Moments.....215

Chapter Sixteen: Twins in Town and New Shared Ways
.....217

Chapter Seventeen: Arrival at The Haven.....220

Chapter Eighteen: Second Night at The Haven222

Chapter Nineteen: Sharing, Healing, and Hope.....224

Chapter Twenty: The Guidance Home226

Chapter Twenty-One: Homeward Bound, Hearts Full....228

Chapter Twenty-Two: A Future Wrapped in Love.....231

Fairytales for Big Babies 233

Introduction:234

Mummy's Special Girl235

Mummy's Special Girl – Pram Walk and Park Time.....237

**The Castle of Cuddlewood: A Fairy Tale of Three Baby
Princesses**241

Mummy's Morning with Baby Joanne244

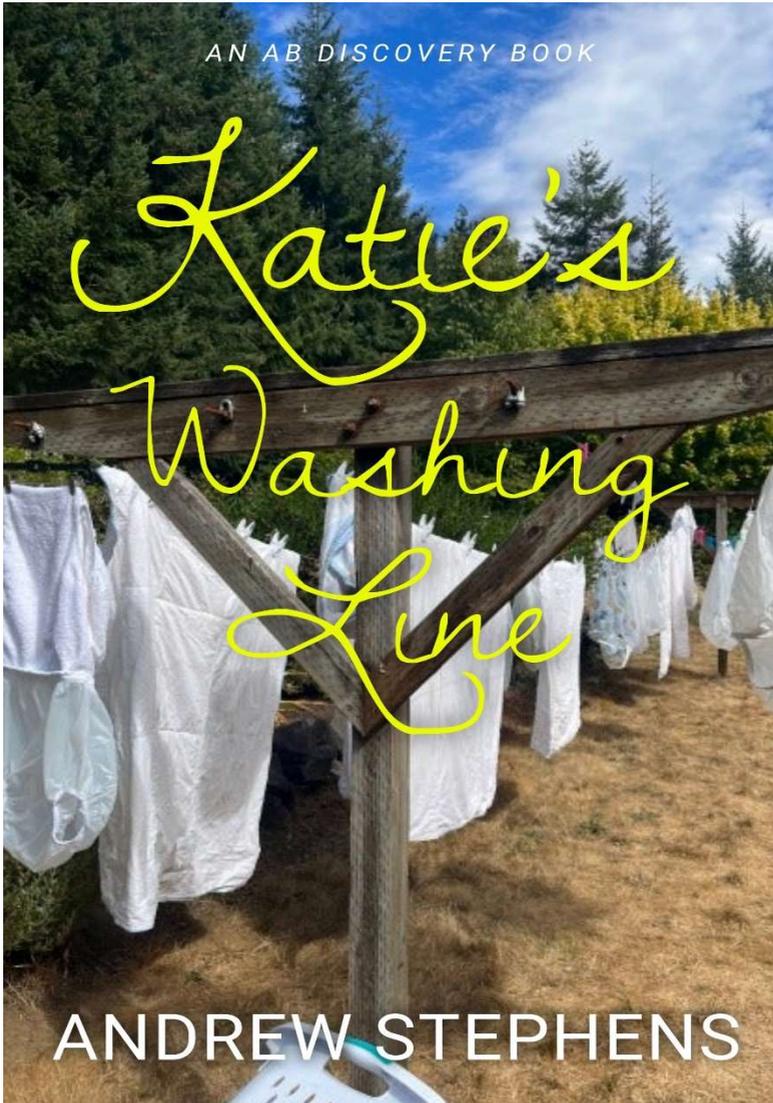
Shopping Day with Mummy246

The Magical Outing of the Three Baby Princesses.....250

Katie's Washing Line

Cassie Comes to Play.....	252
<i>Petal Pirouette</i>	254
Bathtime for Joanne and Cassie.....	257
<i>The Wishing Blanket</i>	259
Baby Joanne's Special Day with Mummy	261
Mummy's Gentle Rules for Baby Joanne	263
Baby Joanne & Cassie's Special Visit	264
<i>The Wishing Blanket and the Unicorn Castle</i>	266
A Special Afternoon with Cassie – Part 2	268
A Special Afternoon with Cassie – Part 3: The Play Surprise	270
<i>The Castle of Evernaps</i>	272
A Special Afternoon with Cassie – Part 4: A New Baby Friend	274
<i>The Soft Snowy Baby Village</i>	276
A Special Sleepover – Part 5: Ellie Comes to Stay	278
The Day the Unicorns Came to Play	280
A Special Sleepover – Part 6: Breakfast for Baby Girls	282
The Butterfly Ride.....	289
Baby Joanne's First Day in the New Nursery	292
Joanne's Special Day	294
Storytime: Mummy Helps Me Understand	296
Joanne's Bassinette Morning	298
Pram Ride for the Littlest Baby	300
Back to the Bassinette – A 2-Month-Old's Sleepy Night	302
Joanne's Dream in the Cloud Nursery	304

Waking in Mummy's Arms	306
Rolling Baby Joanne	308
Peekaboo on the Quilt	310
Kara's Baby Project.....	313
Chapter One: Breaking Point	315
Chapter Two: The Ultimatum	317
Chapter Three: Reclassified	320
Chapter Four: Wet Proof	323
Chapter Five: Rules of the Nursery.....	326
Chapter Six: Public Shame	329
Chapter Seven: The Regression Deepens.....	333
Chapter Eight: Mummy's Boy	336
Chapter Nine: Permanent Status.....	339
Chapter Ten: Shared Joy	342
Epilogue: Seeds of Obedience.....	345



Katie's Washing Line

Katie's Washing Line

by

Andrew Stephens

Chapter one

Ronald hated his name. He was 27 years old and while his parents still called him 'Ronald', he went by Ron to anyone and everyone else. But what he hated about his name more than the fact that it was old-fashioned, was that it was... the wrong gender. The name he used at home or in his head was *Joanne*. But not simply 'Joanne' but *Baby Joanne*.

The frustration of his life was that while he felt he was male – sort of – he also felt quite female as well and more complicatedly, also at times more of a baby than an adult. Every morning when he awoke and his bed was dry he felt that something was wrong. At the age he truly considered himself to be – around two years old – a wet bed made more sense or... at least a wet nappy. It was just epic confusion day in and day out and confusion on a fundamental scale. But he wasn't wearing a nappy and nor was his bed wet. He was *never* in a nappy and his bed was *never* wet. And in so many ways this infuriated and frustrated him. He didn't know how to reconcile his baby feelings and his feminine identity with his adult male outer shell and behaviour. And he didn't even wet his bed. Something felt very off.

The conflict had raged from his early teens, making him hope against hope that his bed would be wet in the morning. When he saw panties in the stores, all he wanted to do was grab them, try them on and see if what he suspected was true – that he was inwardly a girl. But he lacked the courage to investigate these matters because he was terrified of where it might lead. And now that he had moved out of home and was renting a very small two-bedroom house, he felt that if he were to lose control over his feelings, there was nothing – or no one - to stop him. There were no parents to hide wet sheets, nappies or panties from. There was no one to ask why there was a pink frilly dress hanging in his closet. And so, he used all his

Katie's Washing Line

willpower to pretend that he was an adult male with no identity crises. It was his only plan.

But Joanne couldn't hold it in together as much as 'she' wished.

It was on the 5th of October that Joanne – aka Ron – woke at the considerably later than usual time of 8 am on a workday. Normally she awoke well before 7 am but that morning she awoke later, feeling surprisingly happy, refreshed and...

Wet.

Her bed was wet.

For the first time since she was 3 years old, Joanne had actually wet her bed. And it was no small patch either. It was full-size and...

Comfortable.

"Fuck!" exclaimed the surprised 'girl' when she pulled back the quilt and was presented with wet pyjamas and a very wet bed. "What the fuck happened?"

It was already very late and there was no time to spend pondering this startling development. Leaving the unexpected wet sheets on the bed, Joanne rushed to the shower and as well as washing her pee-soaked body, she also sought to wash off the confusion. After ten minutes, Ron emerged and quickly dressed in his work clothes while staring constantly at the wet bed, trying to work out what had happened.

Is this bad or what? he pondered. *What does it mean?*

Minutes before leaving for work and already likely to be late, he quickly pulled the wet sheets and mattress protector off the bed and threw them in the washing machine. He looked at the wet patch on the mattress and sighed yet again.

It's only the once. It won't show.



Katie's Washing Line

Three mornings later, after Ron had confidently concluded that it was indeed a once-off, and blamed it on the single beer he had enjoyed after work, Joanne awoke wet once more. It was the same thing all over again. She had awoken very late, happy and surprisingly comfortable and yet the bed was wet from mid-back to knees.

Joanne sighed. She was not angry or even frustrated at the wet bed. Despite her best efforts to control her thinking, the last three days had been a constant re-visiting of her first wet bed since childhood and what it all meant. There were moments when she felt a small tingling of something unexpected.

Pride.

It's not that I'm proud of having wet the bed, she rationalised internally. It's just that it kind of feels normal and something I shouldn't be ashamed of. I don't want to wet the bed though, but the fact I've done it once seems significant. It's hard to know what it all means.

Ron tried not to think too hard, but Joanne however was a deep thinker about matters of the heart and who she truly was. And now there was yet another wet bed to consider. And there hadn't been any beer the night before either so that lame excuse couldn't be used again.

So, why am I wetting the bed again? Ron asked out loud while Joanne internally replied, *Because you are a baby!*

The conflict between the outer Ron and the inner Joanne was nothing new. Since early puberty when Ron discovered that his penis could be enjoyed, he had often imagined being a girl while he rubbed and stroked and yet, after orgasm was over, he was once again happy with being a boy. For an hour at least.

The wet patch on the mattress had dried out and Ron was happy that the expected stain was not really visible unless you looked carefully, and no one was ever going to do that.

A week went by with no more wet beds and Ron felt moderately happy that the confusion over wet beds had passed. A month went by with no more night-time accidents and Ron felt that

Katie's Washing Line

his struggle was finally over while Joanne was at best, ambivalent. Ron was afraid - desperately afraid - of getting panties or nappies, despite his sometimes-chronic desire for them. But frequent masturbation sated that desire to some degree for a short time.

But Joanne was restless and Ron knew it. They both knew it.

Chapter two

Fate interfered in Ron and Joanne's awkward co-existence of mutual pretence. One late afternoon when Ron came home from work, there was sitting on his front tiny lawn something that made his heart skip a beat.

A pair of girl's panties.

They were crumpled up and clearly had been blown around probably from someone's washing line nearby or the like. Ron stopped and stared motionless at the pink panties. Joanne however, bent down and picked up the treasured garment and took them inside. Clearly just laundered, Joanne smiled and held them close before suddenly, without much thought, took off her trousers and underpants and for the first time in her life, slipped women's panties up her legs and pulled them into place.

Joanne was ecstatic and her penis throbbed in excitement.

"I'm wearing panties!" Joanne said loudly to the empty house. "I'm a girl in panties!"

She stripped off completely down to just her panties and paraded around the house, her cock at full erection and poking out the front of the panties.

She sat on her bed and gripped her throbbing penis now encased in panties and in only a few seconds, moaned as a huge amount of cream erupted from her and soaked the front of them. Time and time again, waves of pleasure flowed over her as even more semen squirted out.

"Wow!" was all Ron could say as he tried to recover from the power of the orgasm. "I think I want to wear panties more often," a now sated Ron admitted out loud an hour later while inwardly, Joanne smiled deeply.

That night, that same pair of panties, now hand-washed and dry were slipped up Joanne's legs and the young girl snuggled under the quilt and fell asleep still grinning from the wondrous feel of the

Katie's Washing Line

panties and the awesome knowledge that for the first time in her life, she was going to bed... as a girl.



Morning came once more and Joanne was happy and relaxed and as her slumber evaporated, she realised that once again, she was wet. She had wet the bed again but rather than worry about this development, she laid there and smiled.

I'm wet again! she thought. *It feels quite nice!*

And there it was. The acknowledgement that wetting the bed was not only okay, but it was... nice. Comfortable. Natural. Even... desirable.

Will I, or won't I? Joanne asked herself once and then again spoke aloud to no one in the room. "Should I wet the bed some more?"

No one answered of course, but internally, Joanne felt 'someone' say it was okay and with no effort at all, relaxed her bladder and with no effort at all, felt the remainder of her bladder flow out onto the bed. No pushing, nor deliberate wetting, just no longer holding back and she smiled broadly as she experienced what she felt was infancy revisited. It was Saturday and there was no rush to get out of the bed and so wearing soaked panties and lying in soaked sheets, Joanne laid quietly enjoying the experience that she had feared and dreaded and yet was now exhilarated by.

An hour later, her hormones told her that release was necessary and so she rolled over and enthusiastically humped her wet panties to a satisfying orgasm.

"Now, I can get up," she exclaimed with a wide grin.

As she stood up, she pulled back the quilt and inspected the extent of the damage and instead of being perplexed, she admitted what she had long suspected.

"That looks beautiful!"

Katie's Washing Line

She pulled off the wet sheets and mattress protector, laughing at how the non-waterproof 'protector' was a complete waste of time against her bedwetting. And then she stared at the now quite wet mattress and conflicting thoughts emerged.

Should I get a proper waterproof protector now? The mattress is already a little stained and I don't really care about that, but do I want to ruin it?

Ron would have said yes to a proper waterproof, but Joanne was not sure. She had just enjoyed a wonderful morning and didn't want to change a single thing in case it diminished it.

I'll ask someone for advice.



Joanne, now dressed as Ron and reluctantly wearing men's underwear, drove to a shopping centre some distance away from home because she didn't want to risk being seen by anyone she might run into later. Her goal was to buy more panties at a minimum and perhaps seek out a waterproof for her mattress or at least an opinion on one.

It was a well-known bedding store and Ron walked up to a saleswoman when she was alone and asked his question.

"Er..." he began with a face and tone that immediately alerted the saleswoman that he was nervous. "I was just wondering about plastic mattress protectors and whether or not I need to get one."

"For a child or...?" she asked quietly.

"It's for my bed. I'm just not sure if I should get one."

The woman was silent for a moment. It was an unusual form of a question even though she often sold such protectors. But it was not the first time the question was phrased so curiously.

"May I ask how often the problem occurs?" she asked tentatively. She was a saleswoman, not a doctor or incontinence nurse.

Katie's Washing Line

"A few times a week," he began before adding, "and it's getting pretty heavy now."

"I see," she began while leading him to a small display shelf of protectors. "This might be what you want." She handed him the sizable package. "It will handle anything no matter how substantial. Look here." She pointed to the bottom right corner where it read: "For heavy bedwetting and incontinence for all ages."

"You think this will do it then?" he asked even though he knew it would.

"Of course, hun," she remarked sympathetically. "I sell probably ten of these every week to adult bedwetters. Sometimes we are even out of stock if there is a run on them." then she laughed. "I've even sold five of them to a single family – one for each teenage child and one to the parents!"

"Really?" he exclaimed in genuine astonishment.

"Like I said, it is very common, and we see it more than most would know. We trade-in old mattresses and you would be astonished at how many of them have extensive pee stains. And I don't mean children's ones."

Ron's eyes went wide in surprise.

"I would say that about one in three have pee stains and one in ten have huge pee stains and... I don't want to be rude, but is your mattress like that?"

"A bit. I've not been wetting on it for very long but..."

"Oh, I see. This is a new thing for you?"

"Kind of and not really and..."

"I understand, I really do," she answered.

"You do?" Ron's shoulders slumped and he sighed deeply. "I don't understand how I feel at all!"

"You poor dear," she said. "I've had a version of this conversation twice before and it's the confusion about the wet mattress, isn't it?"

Ron nodded.

Katie's Washing Line

"You don't have to put that mattress protector on just yet," she said quietly but confidently. Ron just blushed. "Or ever, if you don't want to."

"I don't?" he stammered.

"Of course not, hun," she replied. "It's your mattress and you are entitled to do as you want. If you are comfortable then it's no one else's business how you handle the wetting."

Ron was stunned by the unexpected turn in the conversation.

"It looks pretty," Ron whispered almost imperceptibly.

"Then how about you get the protector and use it only when you feel you are ready for it, okay?"

Ron nodded. "I think I will buy it and then think about it."

"That's great. And when you ever want a new mattress, we can pick up your old one and no one will even bat an eyelid!"

Ron walked out of the store clutching his purchase. Joanne was grinning inside.

Well, I guess I have a choice now at least. But I might not use it just yet! I don't think I'm ready. I have no idea why I'm even thinking about this!

Chapter three

From then on, Joanne wore panties to bed every night and every morning awoke refreshed and... very wet. The bedwetting was no longer occasional. It was now every night. Ron was no longer even denying the existence of his inner female identity and her name of Joanne. The panties were apparently triggering bedwetting and yet... the plastic protector sat unopened even though two weeks had gone by. The mattress was wet and stained and with warm weather, would easily dry off during the day ready for the next night.

It's up to me to choose when to protect the mattress! he would repeat most mornings, sometimes out loud to explain why he wasn't protecting it... yet. But Joanne knew perfectly well. It was pretty! Ron however was deeply conflicted. The mattress being wet and stained was less of a problem than it was simply... confusion.

And then came the day when things changed.

It was a lovely late afternoon and as was Ron's habit, he went for a walk around his neighbourhood. He liked to look at the gardens and see what people were doing to them or what work they were doing on their houses. But he went a different way this particular late afternoon and only a few houses down the street he saw a thick hedge fronting one property and as was often the case in old hedges there was a large gap that you could look through. And so, he did.

Shit! was his first thought. *Are they...?*

His eyes widened as he spied an old-fashioned wooden washing line strung between two poles and on it were... large cloth nappies and large plastic pants, clearly for a bedwetter and clearly... for an adult. Something inside Ron switched on and Joanne excitedly began to wonder what it would be like to...

Could I wear those nappies and plastic pants?

Joanne's penis immediately erected fully and began to twitch. It was very obvious that she was attracted to the sight and especially to the thought of wearing them. Ron's antipathy and even fear of nappies was overruled – at least for the moment.