

An AB Discovery Book

*The Descent
of Leo*

MARTIN COSTER

The Descent of Leo

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by
Martin Coster

First Published 2025
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Title: The Decent of Leo

Author: Martin Coster

Editor: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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Introducing the Characters

Cassie Hawthorne (Age 38) - The Matron, Owner of the House

Cassie once worked as a private-school headmistress. She was known for her calm, no-nonsense discipline style: no shouting, no chaos, just structure, accountability, and firm correction. But it was the boarding students, particularly the “shameful” ones with bedwetting, behaviour issues, or odd fixations like panty-sniffing, who clung to her most tightly.

After a tragic incident where a student secretly self-harmed after weeks of hiding bedwetting accidents, Cassie left the school system with a vow, “There will be no secrets where I live. I will see, hear, and know everything. And those under my roof will be safe from shame, because shame has nowhere to hide.”

She bought the house and began accepting women who shared her desire for structured, ritualised living. Her rules are not moral, rather, they are logistical. There are no secret habits, no silent shame, and no pretending something didn’t happen. Secrets rot the soul.

She does not spank for pleasure. She sees it as a necessary interruption to unhealthy spirals.

Marcy Vale (Age 32) - The Empath, Trained in Psychology

Marcy is soft-spoken, affectionate, and often barefoot, but she believes in precision. She worked briefly in behavioural health before quitting due to the hypocrisy of institutions that punished children for symptoms of trauma.

She became obsessed with systems that reparented broken people, not through talk therapy, but through structured nurture. She believes punishment is not to hurt, but to ground. She supports Cassie’s rules because they allow people to become knowable again.

Marcy has been known to cuddle someone after punishing them. She insists on pacifiers, soft blankets, and clear rules. She

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watches Leo's regression not as an erotic fantasy, but as a long-awaited exhale from a boy who's carried too many secrets.

Vivienne "Viv" Rook (Age 24) – The Enforcer, Youngest but Fiercest

Viv grew up in a chaotic, boundary-less home where everything was tolerated, but nothing was safe. She was molested by an older cousin. When she spoke up, her family said, "Don't make trouble."

Now, she makes trouble on purpose. She craves rules, clarity, and consequences. She is not maternal, rather, she is blunt and physical. She believes some people need control, or they fall apart. She punishes without hesitation.

To Viv, Leo is a test of structure. He's weak, secretive, squirming with guilt. But she also sees in him something familiar: a soul begging for limits.

Leo's Backstory – The Secrets That Shaped Him

Leo was always a bedwetter. As a child, his parents punished it harshly. His sheets were hung outside "to teach him a lesson." By thirteen, he was sneaking used underwear from the laundry for sniffing and masturbation.

At fifteen, his mother caught him sniffing a pair. She slapped him, screamed that he was sick, and threw his mattress outside. The shame seared into him like fire. From that moment on, he lived by a rule: "If they don't know, they can't hate you."

He became excellent at hiding plastic sheets under real ones and a sealed plastic bag under his bed for soaked briefs. But the shame never left. The more he sniffed his mother's or sisters' worn panties, the worse he felt. The wetter the bed, the more desperate his hiding became. At 19, after a failed attempt at university and another wet dorm mattress, he was given one last chance: move in with "Miss Hawthorne's house"—a quiet home with strict rules. He didn't know what the rules were.

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But they were about to know everything about him.

Chapter One

Leo arrived at dusk, the sky pink and bruised, his suitcase thumping nervously against the porch steps. The house stood still and square, two stories tall, ivy-throttled, and with polished glass that gave away nothing. It was the kind of home that looked stern even before you knew who lived inside.

Cassie Hawthorne opened the door before he knocked.

"You're on time," she said. Her eyes were not cruel, but they were not warm either. "Good. Come on in."

Leo mumbled a thank you and dragged his suitcase over the threshold, past the white tiles and scent of wood polish. His shoulders were hunched, clothes rumpled, the waistband of his jeans damp where the pull-up he wore underneath had leaked barely, but enough that he knew, enough that he felt it. Shame clung to him like a second skin.

Cassie led him to the front sitting room, where two women waited.

"This is Marcy," Cassie said, nodding toward a woman curled into an armchair, socked feet tucked beneath her, mug steaming in her lap. "And Viv."

Viv didn't rise. She leaned against the windowsill, arms crossed. She looked about his age, but her eyes had the flint of someone who'd already lived two wars and was expecting a third.

"Hi," Leo said. He didn't meet their eyes.

"You'll be staying in the northeast room," Cassie continued. "It has a plastic mattress cover already, which saves a step."

Leo stood still, and his stomach twisted. She knew. Cassie turned to face him fully. "Here, Leo, there are no secrets. Whatever you hide will fester. Whatever you reveal, we can manage."

He didn't respond. His throat was tight, almost too tight to breathe.

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“Go upstairs, unpack, and shower before dinner,” Cassie said, already turning away. “We’ll go over expectations after you’ve had food and rest.”

The room was sparse with a double bed with plain sheets, a single dresser, and an old wooden desk. An old, faded framed print of a raven stared down from above the bed, like a warning. Leo unpacked in silence. His fingers moved mechanically, folding shirts into the drawers. One drawer he left mostly empty. The bottom one.

He reached into his duffel and pulled out the bag, airtight, zipped tight, and slipped it inside. Inside the bag were two pairs of panties, both used. One pale lavender. One with cartoon strawberries. They weren’t trophies. They were... touchstones. Scents of comfort. Shameful, sacred things, with the smell of pussy on them. He shut the drawer with care. No one needed to know.

Dinner was a surprisingly sumptuous affair with roast pumpkin soup, buttered toast, and tea. No questions, no conversation beyond polite murmurings. Leo didn’t eat much. He felt watched, even when he wasn’t. Afterwards, Marcy caught him in the hallway and smiled gently.

“Did you sleep okay last night?”

Leo blinked. “Last...?”

“At the hostel.”

“I... uh, yeah. Fine.”

She touched his arm, feather-light. “You don’t have to lie here. Cassie means what she says. Secrets don’t survive in this house. Not for long.”

Leo nodded, eyes down. His last night had been like every other night... wet.

That night, Leo lay stiff in bed. The plastic mattress cover crackled beneath him, every twitch echoing. He hadn’t worn the pull-up. He wanted to stop, wanted to prove he didn’t need it, but sleep came slowly, and wetness came anyway.

He woke just after dawn, sticky and damp and burning with humiliation. The bed was wet, soaked through his boxers and the

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sheet, and pooled in a warm shame beneath his hip. That was his first night.

His chest tightened. “No. No, no, no,” he whispered.

He stripped the sheet quickly, balling it up, throwing on pants without underwear. He’d sneak it out and wash it quietly. No one had to know.

He tiptoed downstairs, the bundle tight under his arm, heart thudding. The laundry door creaked open, and Viv was there.

As she was wearing headphones, she hadn’t heard him enter, but when she turned, her eyes locked on the bundle in his arms. She said nothing for three seconds. Then four.

Then she pulled the headphones down and asked, flatly, “Is that piss in your arms?”

Leo was still. His mouth opened, but no sound came out.

Viv stepped forward and plucked the bundle from him. She held it like evidence, nostrils flaring. Then, without venom, she said, “Rule One, Leo. You don’t hide what’s true.”

She dropped the sheets into the washer, then turned to him.

“You’re not the first. You won’t be the last. But if you ever sneak around again, you’ll be over my knee so fast you won’t remember your middle name. Got it?”

He swallowed. “Yes.”

“You don’t sound sure.”

He nodded. “Yes. Got it.”

Viv looked him up and down, then reached behind her and pulled something from the laundry basket. It was a pair of panties in pale blue. They were not hers, and they were not clean.

“Want to tell me how these got in your bag?”

Leo’s vision went white. His legs nearly buckled. “I... I don’t...”

“No lies,” she said softly. “Last warning.”

Tears stung his eyes. His breath caught.

“I just... I like... I don’t know, it calms me. I’m sorry. Please... don’t tell Cassie. Please.”

Viv tilted her head. “She already knows.”

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She tossed the panties back into the laundry. "But I'm telling you now. That bottom drawer of yours? She'll check it. You don't want secrets, Leo. Not here. Secrets rot. And rot gets burned out."

She stepped back. Her voice softened, strangely kind.

"You want to sniff used panties, fine. But don't hide it, and don't sneak. Cassie'll decide what's allowed and what isn't. You don't get to choose what's private anymore."

Leo felt something in him crumple. Not pain, but something else.

Relief.

Terror.

Both.

Viv turned away and pressed the washer on.

"Go upstairs," she said. "And tell Cassie everything. She'll deal with it. Better her than me."

He climbed the stairs on numb legs. The house was quiet, but the rules were awake now, and they had seen him.