

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

The image is a vertical triptych showing a woman with dark hair and a pinkish-brown top in three different stages of her child's life. In the left panel, she is holding a newborn baby. In the middle panel, she is holding a baby with a bow in her hair. In the right panel, she is holding a toddler with a bow in her hair. The text 'from boss to baby girl' is overlaid in white serif font across the center of the panels.

from
boss to
baby girl

GROWING ALL THE WAY DOWN

ANTHEA MACBRIDE

From Boss to Baby Girl

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by

Anthea MacBride

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From Boss to Baby Girl

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CONTENTS

Chapter One: The Pink Envelope	5
Chapter Two: First Night in the Crib	10
Chapter Three: Baby Bella’s First Morning.....	13
Chapter Six: Public Playdate	16
Chapter Seven: The First Accident in Public	19
Chapter Eight: The Sticker Chart and the Spanking.....	22
Chapter Nine: Punishment and Pampering.....	25
Chapter Ten: A Chance Encounter.....	28
Chapter Eleven: Twin Playdate Pyjama Party.....	31
Chapter Twelve: A Visit from the Nappy Fairy	34
Chapter Thirteen: The Softening of Bella	38
Chapter Fourteen: Back to Baby	41
Chapter Fifteen: Doctor’s Visit for Littles	44
Chapter Sixteen: The Rocking Cradle.....	48
Chapter Seventeen: The Naming Ceremony.....	51
Chapter Eighteen: Reborn	54

Chapter One: The Pink Envelope

“Mr Harris? This envelope was just dropped off for you.”

Melissa’s voice was chipper as always, but there was something in her smile. A spark of mischief. I looked up from my monitor, startled.

“What envelope?”

She held it out with both hands, an impossibly pink, glittery envelope sealed with a sticker of a cartoon lamb. I frowned.

“This isn’t funny, Melissa.”

“I didn’t open it,” she said, shrugging as she set it on my desk. “But it *is* very cute.”

I waited until she was gone before I picked it up, the thick scent of baby powder clinging to the paper. Inside was a single card, shaped like a baby bottle.

“Are you ready to become what you always wanted to be? Say yes, baby girl. Come to Mummy tonight. 8 PM sharp. Wear your nappies, your training panties, or nothing at all, and I’ll provide the rest. No more pretending, no more shame. It’s time you were *cared for*.”

There was no name, but I didn’t need one. It was Natalie.

She wasn’t just my girlfriend. She was *the one person* I had ever trusted with my secret... the real one, not just that I liked nappies, not just that I fantasised about being small, vulnerable, helpless, but that I didn’t always feel like a man at all. Natalie, gorgeous, commanding, and terrifying in her calm certainty, had simply nodded that night when I confessed it all to her.

“Well, little girl,” she had said, brushing my cheek. “You’re going to be my baby now. But not just any baby. You’ll be my sissy princess. And Mummy doesn’t tolerate backtalk.”

That had been two months ago, and we hadn’t spoken of it since... until now.

From Boss to Baby Girl

My hands were trembling as I folded the card and placed it in my drawer. My heart pounded so loudly I thought Melissa might hear it through the walls. I tried to keep working, tried to think about quarterly projections and product strategy and all the meaningless things that once defined my sense of control, but all I could think about was 8 PM, and what would happen when I knocked on Natalie's door.

At 7:56 PM, I stood outside her townhouse in a hoodie, trembling beneath. I wore the softest disposable nappy I'd dared to purchase in person, in baby pink with princess designs. I had shaved, powdered, and even added the soft lace training bra she had once "accidentally" left in my laundry.

I was shaking in fear, but I knocked.

Natalie opened the door with a wide, slow smile. "There you are. I was worried my baby girl got scared."

She reached out and took my hand, pulling me inside. Her home smelled like perfume and vanilla, and something deeper, more primal.

"Strip," she commanded gently, gesturing to the foyer rug.

I looked at her, then lowered my hood. "I... I'm nervous, Mummy."

"You should be," she said, leaning close. "Because the man who came here isn't going to leave. Just my little sissy baby. And you're going to learn that Mummy *means it*. Now... strip!"

I obeyed, and piece by piece, the armour of adulthood fell away until I stood there in my nappy, trembling.

Natalie took a slow breath. "Look at you. Soft. Silly. Confused. *Perfect*. Come, sweetheart. Let's get you into your nursery."

The hallway was dimly lit, the scent of powder growing stronger with every step. Natalie led me by the hand, her grip firm but never cruel. She said nothing, just walked slowly, as if letting me absorb the weight of each moment. The carpet muffled our steps until we reached a white-painted door with pink stencilled letters:

"NURSERY"

From Boss to Baby Girl

She pushed it open, and my mouth fell in shock. Inside was... not a joke, not a makeshift playpen or a couple of plushies tossed around. This was a real nursery scaled for an adult, but unmistakably infantile.

I saw a crib with soft pink railings, oversized but caged like a playpen, a full-sized rocking chair beside a bookcase lined with books, some familiar children's titles, others with names that stunned me:

"Relearning Comfort: Regression As Healing"

"The Caregiver's Guide to Sissy Littles"

"From Shame to Snuggles: A Practical Manual for Adult Babies and Their Mummies"

"Crinkle Culture: Why Regression Isn't Rebellion, It's Return"

And then, along the far wall, like a throne for the age-reversed, stood the changing table.

It stood tall and wide, with a cushioned mat, safety straps, drawers of nappies, creams, powders, and even some folded outfits, such as onesies, rompers, frilly dresses in a range of colours and prints.

"You weren't expecting this, were you?" Natalie said, watching me drink it all in.

"I..." My voice caught. "This is real... This is just."

"As real as you are, sweetheart." She stepped behind me, wrapping her arms around my chest. "This isn't a kink dungeon. It's a nursery, and you're not just a man who wants to be humiliated. You're a baby girl who's been waiting her whole life to be allowed to be one."

I trembled, tears already threatening to spill. "Is this okay, though? I mean... am I damaged for wanting this?"

Natalie turned me around and cupped my cheeks. "No, baby. You're brave. Do you know how many others feel the same way? That they're babyish inside? That they want to let go of control, to be nurtured and seen without judgment?"

She nodded toward the bookcase.

From Boss to Baby Girl

“There’s a whole world of us. Mummies, Daddies, babies, sissies, caretakers. People who know that regression isn’t some failure of adulthood. It’s a valid expression of the self. There are therapists, guides, and communities. Some of the world’s most successful people regress in private because it heals them.”

She smiled warmly.

“I’ve read everything I could. I’ve spoken to caregivers online. I’ve watched other Mummies bottle-feed their grown babies and talk about the joy it brings them. So don’t you dare think you’re alone. This is not a whim. I’ve been researching and planning this for some time now.”

I sniffled, touched beyond words. Natalie leaned close and kissed my forehead.

“Now... up on the table, little miss.”

I hesitated, still shy, but climbed up. She helped me settle back on the padded mat and strapped a soft belt across my waist.

“From this point on,” she whispered, “you don’t need to make decisions. You don’t need to be strong. You don’t even need words unless Mummy says so. You just lie back... and be changed.”

She opened the nappy tabs with a gentle rip-rip-rip and pulled the already soggy garment away, smiling down at me with a glow I’d never seen before.

“Time to make you fresh, baby girl.”

She wiped me clean with warm cloths, humming softly an old lullaby I hadn’t heard since childhood. Then came the baby powder, the thickest, pink-trimmed nappy I’d ever seen, and a pair of nursery-print plastic panties sealed with snaps. She rubbed in lotion that smelled like warm vanilla and safety. My legs were lifted, my bottom powdered, and before I even noticed, I was taped in snug and sealed into soft babyhood.

“There,” Natalie cooed, kissing my tummy. “Fresh as a daisy.”

I blinked up at her, lips slightly parted. “Mummy...”

She smiled. “Yes, princess?”

“I feel...”

“Little?”

From Boss to Baby Girl

I nodded.

She leaned down until her nose was touching mine. “You *are* little now. And you’re staying little. This is real. It’s not a game. It’s not a weekend thrill. You were born to be babied, and Mummy is going to give you the life you never dared to imagine.”

As I lay there, crinkling softly, the pink dummy she held up to my lips felt like a wondrous gift. I opened wide, and she slipped it in, and just like that, I was home in a place I always wanted.

Chapter Two: First Night in the Crib

I waddled, not because I was told to, but because I *had* to. The padding between my thighs was so thick and soft that walking like an adult wasn't even an option anymore. Natalie—Mummy—walked just behind me, hand on the small of my back, guiding me gently into the nursery corner like I was the most precious little bundle in the world.

“Such a good girl,” she murmured. “Every step is a little bit further from that grown-up mask you used to wear. My brave, brave baby girl.”

The words made me shiver in the warmest way. We reached the crib, high-sided, impossibly cosy, with quilted bumpers and a soft, fleecy pink blanket embroidered with fairies and bunnies. Inside it waited a stuffed unicorn, a soft bear, and a pale pink dummy-clip ready on the pillow. But Mummy had one more surprise.

“Arms up,” she said with a smile.

I obeyed without question. My t-shirt was pulled over my head, and she revealed the outfit she'd laid out just for me. It was a short-sleeved baby dress in soft pink corduroy with frilly lace trim at the collar and sleeves. It had puff shoulders, a high empire waist, and embroidered white bunnies hopping along the hem. Underneath were matching bloomers to go over my plastic pants and make the nappy puff out even more.

“Oh my gosh,” Mummy said as she dressed me. “You look like a little storybook baby girl. I don't think I've ever seen someone melt into their role so sweetly.”

I felt my cheeks burning. My hands were trembling, but they weren't trembling from fear. They were trembling because, for the first time in my life, I felt like my inner person was now being seen and accepted.

Once I was dressed, Mummy helped me into the crib. It didn't feel like a cage. It felt like a nest. A soft, padded, crinkly little womb