

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

The Baby Way

The Life of Adult Babies

Vol 2

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Never Grew Up

The Baby Way

Vol 2: The life of Adult Babies

by

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Never Grew Up

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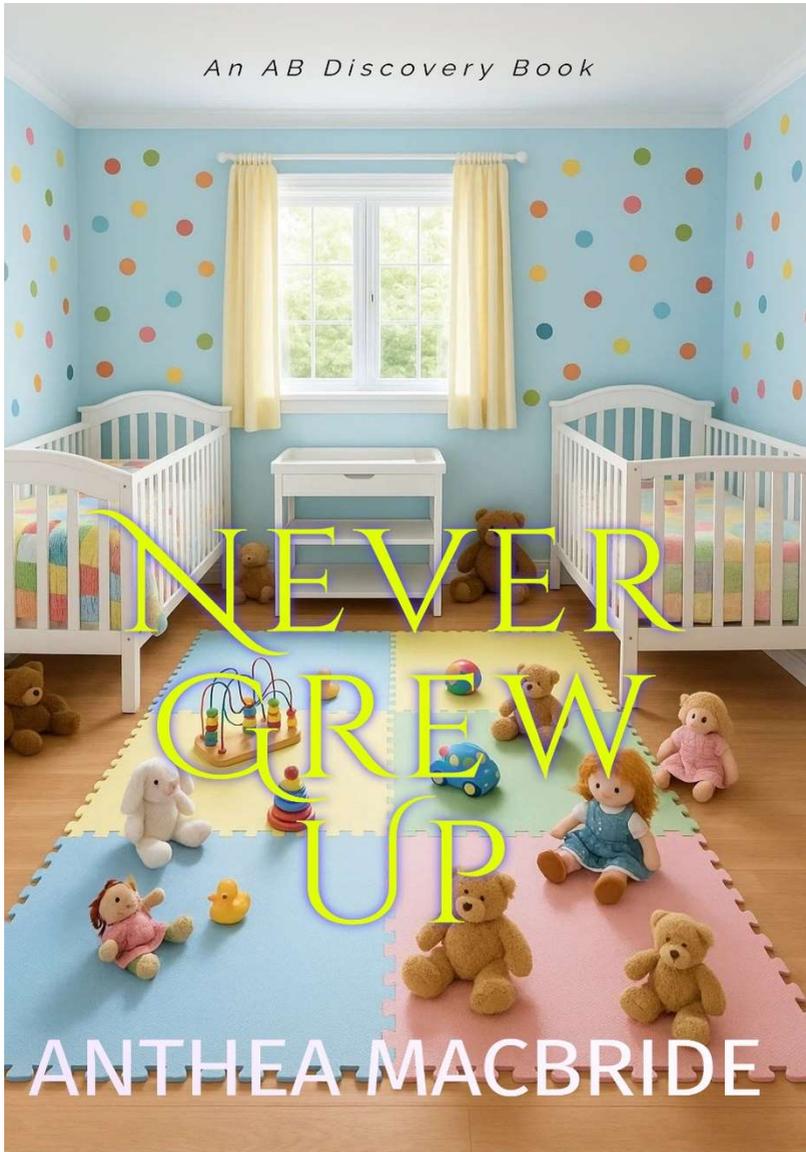
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Never Grew Up

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by

Anthea MacBride

Chapter One: Our Mess, Our Secret

Tom and Simon had always been a pair. From toddling through preschool with matching backpacks to trudging through adolescence with shared shame, they had been together, two quiet boys with a secret bond stitched together by wet sheets, secret panties, and nighttime cuddles.

At seventeen, most boys were sneaking out to parties. Tom and Simon were sneaking fresh nappies into each other's drawers, still waking up soggy most mornings. It never stopped them from laughing or whispering in the dark. They knew each other's accidents, each other's shame, and every little secret that didn't fit the outside world. Including the silky pairs of panties they sometimes dared to wear beneath their jeans.

By twenty, the world hadn't fixed them. They were still bedwetters, still a little odd, still so tightly knit that people mistook them for brothers, but now they had something no one else had... a rented little house, just for the two of them.

There were rules. No closed doors, no shame, and no changing the sheets until the weekend. Their beds smelled like them... warm, musky, and honest. They didn't pretend anymore. Sometimes Simon would lean on the doorway and smirk at Tom sitting on a yellowed patch of mattress. "You beat me this week," he'd joke. "Yours is way worse."

Tom laughed when it was funny, but lately, things were different. He wasn't just waking up wet. He'd been having daytime accidents too, embarrassing ones that left his jeans dark and his cheeks red. It started as a trickle, then became a pattern.

One cold Tuesday, Tom stood frozen in the hallway, pants soaked. He didn't even try to hide it. Simon found him like that,

trembling slightly, a stuffed bear clutched to his chest even though it wasn't bedtime.

"I think I need..." Tom whispered. "I think I need to start wearing them again. During the day."

Simon didn't laugh. He stepped forward slowly, took Tom's hand, and gave the tiniest nod. "Let me help."

That night, Simon laid Tom down on the couch, crinkling a fresh nappy open with quiet reverence. He powdered Tom carefully, the way someone might care for a porcelain doll. Their eyes locked. Tom's face was redder than ever, but he didn't look away.

"You're so cute like this," Simon murmured. And then came the kiss, tentative, sweet, and soaked in twenty years of knowing.

It didn't stop there. They kissed more and more and became intimate.

They stopped pretending to be two boys hiding things. The panties came back, openly. Tom's collection grew pinker and lacier. He wore a bra sometimes now too, just because it made him feel hugged. He clutched his dummy between kisses. And when Simon whispered things like, "You're my soft little girl," Tom just nodded.

They started sleeping together with no nappies, just bodies pressed close in the sticky damp of unwashed sheets and warm accidents. Tom's dependency grew. The nappies weren't just for accidents anymore. They were normal all the time. The bottle feedings came quietly and then stayed. The baby dresses were timid at first, then bolder. Simon helped him into a frilly pink one with a satin bow one Saturday, and Tom cried because it felt like everything he never knew he needed.

Then came the knock on the door. Both boys were still and silent. The house smelled of old pee and baby powder. A pink dummy dangled from Tom's lips, and his soggy nappy peeked from under his dress.

It was their mothers.

They were not angry nor shocked, just amused.

Simon's mum was the first to laugh. "I told you," she said to Tom's mother. "They were always meant to be like this."

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Tom stood there, trembling, expecting a scolding, but his mum just pulled him into a soft hug, dummy and all. “If you’re going to be a baby, you need proper care,” she said, brushing his hair back gently. “And don’t think I didn’t know about the panties. I’ve always known.”

The four of them had tea with Tom in his brand-new highchair, fidgeting in a soaked nappy. They talked openly about girlfriends and boyfriends, about bottles and bras, about regression and intimate love and needing care. By the end of the visit, Tom had dirtied his nappy right in front of them. He didn’t even cry, and his mother just smiled.

“He’s going to need a crib soon,” she said casually.

And Simon? He just held Tom’s hand under the table.

“Don’t worry,” he whispered. “You’ll always be my baby girl.”

Chapter Two: A Proper Nursery

It started with a text from Tom's mum.

"I found something in the attic you might like. Do you want the old changing table?"

Tom blushed when he read it. He was curled up on the couch in just his wet nappy and a powder-blue camisole, his dummy bobbing gently as he suckled. Simon peered over his shoulder and grinned.

"Well?" he said, brushing Tom's hair back. "Should we say yes?"

Tom nodded behind his dummy.

Within days, the two mothers were back. They arrived in a van packed with treasures: the changing table, an old but still sturdy large wooden crib, boxes of vintage baby clothes, and even a faded mobile with soft spinning bears. Tom nearly cried when he saw the pale-pink footed sleepers trimmed with lace and satin bows. His mum unpacked a bonnet and slipped it over his curls without even asking.

"Much better," she said, tying it snug. "Now my little girl looks like she should."

Simon kissed Tom's cheek, hard enough to leave a pink mark. "I think I'm falling for her more every day."

The guest room was transformed that afternoon. The spare bed was removed entirely. The walls, once bare, were now decorated with pastel prints, cloud decals, and a banner that read "TOMMY'S NURSERY" in soft felt letters. The two women worked quickly, smiling and laughing as they fitted the surprisingly large crib with waterproof sheets and fluffed it with baby pillows and teddies.

Tom watched in a daze, thumb in his mouth. He felt like a toddler whose life had finally caught up to the truth.

Later that night, Simon carried him into the nursery and laid him gently in the crib.

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"You're not my roommate anymore," Simon whispered as he adjusted the mobile above the crib. "You're my baby girl now. My little wet sweetheart."

Tom whimpered, halfway between a moan and a sigh. His nappy was heavy and messy, but he didn't want to be changed yet. He liked the way Simon looked at him like that. Dirty, helpless, and adored.

They hadn't washed the sheets in the master bedroom in ten days. Simon's side was soaked, reeking of stale pee and boyhood shame. Tom's old bed was worse. It had dried puddles, a sagging bear soaked through, and panties flung at the corner like the remnants of a lost childhood. But Tom didn't sleep there anymore. He belonged in the crib.

The next morning, the women returned for coffee. They brought bibs, sippy cups, and a soft pink nappy bag embroidered with "Princess." Tom blushed furiously but didn't resist when his mum changed him in front of them all, cooing softly while wiping his messy bottom and reapplying powder with practised ease.

"You'll get rashy if we don't do this right," she said with a wink.

Simon sat at the table, sipping his coffee like it was the most normal thing in the world.

"He was leaking again last night," he said. "I think we need double stuffing from now on."

Tom's mum nodded approvingly. "That, or switch to cloth and rubber pants. I can show you how."

It was then that Simon's mum leaned over, smiling. "You two really are girlfriends now, aren't you?"

Simon grinned. "She's perfect. I don't even care if she fills her nappy in front of my friends. She's mine and I love her."

Tom squeaked and hid his face behind his teddy. The dummy dropped from his mouth and bounced gently on its strap.

"You'll get used to it," his mother said. "This is who you've always been."

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From that day forward, things became even more public. Baby bottles weren't hidden. Dummy clips were clipped to every outfit. They went for a short walk in the park together with Tom in a flouncy babydoll dress and thick nappies underneath, Simon holding his hand and guiding him with slow steps.

A passerby smiled knowingly. "Adorable," she said.

Tom blushed, but he didn't cry.

That night, he messed his nappy in the crib without even realising it. Simon came in, sniffed the air, and chuckled softly.

"Uh-oh. Someone's really losing it."

Tom could only whimper and nod.

Simon leaned in, brushing Tom's hair back gently. "Don't worry, baby. Mummy's proud of you. I'm proud of you. You don't have to be a big boy ever again."

Chapter Three: Mummy's Rules

The new routine began without either of them really planning it. One morning, after another wet night and a sleepy, stinky wake-up, Simon leaned over the crib and said simply, "Time for your check, baby."

Tom lifted his legs without question. From then on, Tom didn't decide when to be changed. Simon did. It started with mornings and evenings, then mid-morning checks, then checks after every meal. Eventually, Tom stopped asking. He wasn't trusted to know anymore. If he was wet or messy, and he usually was, Simon handled it with wipes, powder, and fresh padding, all with patient, teasing affection.

"You're such a soggy girl," he'd whisper, kissing Tom's neck while strapping on his new printed nappy in pink with little ballerinas. "You're lucky I don't make you wear mittens so you can't touch yourself."

Tom squirmed every time. The rules appeared one by one, scribbled by Simon onto pink index cards taped to the fridge:

Nappies 24/7. No exceptions.

No big-girl words. Baby talk or silence when in dress-up.

Feeding time is from a bottle or spoon only. No adult utensils.

Nap from 1–3 PM. Lights out. Dummy in.

Teddy must be held for all changes. No fussing.

Only Simon picks your outfits, even panties.

No touching down there without permission.

Tom obeyed every one. Even the humiliating ones. Especially those.

Their house became something different, more like a nursery than a home. Feeding bottles lined the drying rack. Teddies spilled

off the couch, and the smell of pee was just part of the air. It was safe, padded, childish, and Tom loved it. They both did.

He began crawling more often without being told. He sometimes lisped around his dummy even when it wasn't required. One night, when Simon came to check him before bed, Tom tugged his sleeve shyly.

"Can I... sleep in mittens tonight?" he whispered, red-faced.

Simon didn't say a word. He simply went to the drawer, pulled out the soft pink locking mittens the mothers had brought last week, and fastened them over Tom's hands.

"There," he said gently. "Now you really can't be naughty."

That night, Tom woke up in a completely messed nappy, his first unknowing nighttime soiling. He didn't cry. He just sucked on his dummy until Simon came to collect him from the crib with his usual sleepy smile.

"You're really turning into a full-time baby," Simon murmured as he wiped Tom down in the morning light. "Soon we'll have to get you a bigger highchair and a proper changing mat. Maybe even a pram."

Tom let out a sleepy coo. He didn't care. He didn't want to be a big boy ever again.

They started going for drives with Simon fully clothed, Tom in just a nappy and a bib, sometimes with booties and nothing else. He drank his bottle during red lights. Once, at a petrol station, Simon leaned back in the car and popped a dummy into his mouth before stepping out.

"Stay," he whispered. "Babies don't go into grown-up places."

Tom sat in the seat, warm and wet, and felt happier than he ever had.

The mothers visited more often now. They dropped off new baby outfits they had found and bigger nappies. They smiled at Tom, kissed his cheeks, helped with changes, and praised Simon for "how well he's raising her."

One day, Simon's mum brought over a pastel-pink dummy clip shaped like a butterfly.

“It’s for when she starts daycare,” she joked.

Tom’s cheeks burned, but something fluttered inside him. The thought of needing that kind of care didn’t scare him. Not anymore.

That night, Simon changed Tom on the couch, with both mothers drinking tea just feet away. Tom’s nappy was brown and sagging, but no one looked disgusted.

“She’s lucky to have you,” Tom’s mum said to Simon.

Simon smiled softly, wiping gently. “I know. She’s mine.”