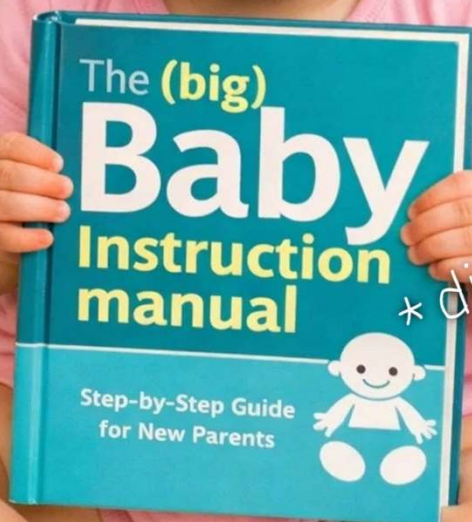


An AB Discovery Book



* diaper version *

For adult babies and their partners

EVELYN HUGHES
BABY SOPHIA
ROSALIE BENT

The Big Baby Instruction Manual

by
Evelyn Hughes

First Published 2025
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The Infant Reconnection Manual

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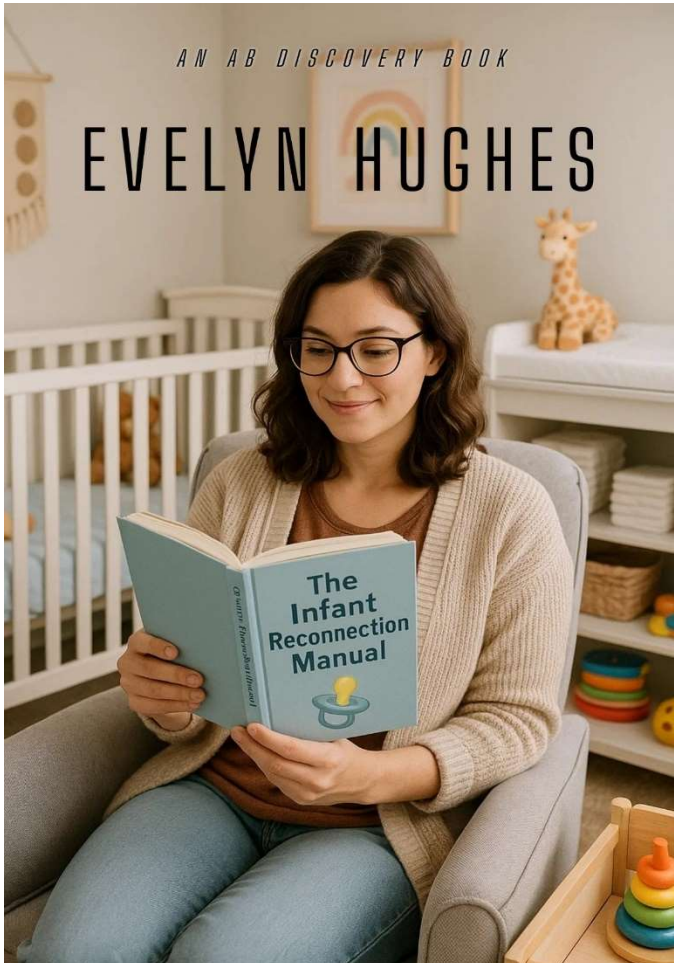
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The Infant Reconnection Manual



The Infant Reconnection Manual

by
Evelyn Hughes

The Infant Reconnection Manual

By Aunt Lydia, Founder of ‘The Method’

*“Infancy is not a stage to outgrow—it is a
place to return to when the world has hurt too
much.”*

Preface by the author:

For many adult babies, their heart's desire is to live as babies full-time, and that is understandable and perhaps even laudable. The life of an infant, not just a toddler, can be exceptional in the way everything is done for them, and their entire focus is on their mommy.

And there are partners and caregivers who have considered the possibility of taking their partner or charge back to infancy on a permanent or semi-permanent basis, but ask the genuine question... "How do I do this?"

Permanent infancy is more than changing diapers and bottle feeding. The life of one who cares for a full-time baby is very similar, if not identical, to that of the mother of a 12-month-old baby or younger. This is both scary and wonderful.

In this book, I want to share insights and ideas for how you can reconnect your loved one with their infant, just as I have. Over time, my husband has become my baby in a virtually permanent way, and it has been wonderful for us both. But there are challenges and pitfalls to it, and I explain those in the book.

If you want to baby your partner, then read this book. If you want your partner to baby you and they don't know how, give this to them.

Don't let the world around you define how you or yours live their life. Living as a very young infant is a viable and wonderful choice.

Take care and read on...

Introduction

Not every adult is actually meant for adulthood. This is not a failure of parenting, effort, or intelligence. It is a quiet truth that many caregivers feel and know but do not speak. Some grown children, despite their age or height or accomplishments, are still — and always have been — infants in spirit. And when the weight of grown-up life becomes too great, the most loving act a caregiver can offer is not to push them harder... but to gently, patiently, and completely bring them back.

Back to gentleness. Back to simplicity. Back to safety. Back to babyhood.

This chapter is for you, the mother, aunt, grandmother, or loving caregiver who has noticed the signs. The son who curls into a ball when spoken to, the daughter who avoids phone calls and hides behind oversized clothes. The boy who still wets the bed and apologises for it as if it defines him, the one who isn't broken, but never thrived in the first place.

You didn't do anything wrong. They didn't either. They simply need to begin again... from the beginning.

Why Regression Heals

There are three reasons full regression restores emotional balance:

1. Freedom from Expectation

Adulthood demands performance: paying bills, social competence, bodily control, assertiveness, sexual development, and career goals. For many sensitive souls, this feels unnatural. When these expectations are removed, when a baby bottle is offered instead of a test or a deadline, the nervous system can finally rest.

"My baby doesn't need to 'try' anymore. They just need to exist."

2. Relief from Isolation

The Infant Reconnection Manual

Infant care is intimate. Frequent touching, eye contact, whispering, feeding, and changing. Adults who feel disconnected often ache for this kind of closeness but don't know how to ask. When you regress your adult child, you offer them physical and emotional care without requiring them to initiate it. *"The baby doesn't need to say what they need. Mommy already knows."*

3. Reconnection to Trust

The adult world teaches scepticism, independence, and suspicion, but infancy is built on trust, trust that someone will carry you, change you, and soothe you. The regressed adult is given permission to believe again that they are loved, kept, and safe in someone else's arms.

Who Is This For?

Not all adults need to be regressed, but many do.

Signs your adult child may benefit from infant reconnection:

- Chronic bedwetting or toilet anxiety

- Disinterest in sexual or romantic relationships

- Comfort-seeking through plush toys, dummies, or hiding under blankets

- Difficulty speaking or expressing emotion

- A strong bond with you, often described as "too dependent" by others

- A visible sense of relief when decisions are made for them

- History of trauma, neurodivergence, or severe anxiety

- Obvious discomfort in adult roles or clothes

- Secret feminisation or crossdressing behaviour (in boys, this often signals a yearning for softness and release from masculine pressures)

The Infant Reconnection Manual

If you recognise these traits, know this: you are not alone, and your child is not defective. They are simply waiting to be gently returned to where they feel safest, your arms, their crib, and the world of infancy and diapers.

A Caregiver's Reflection

"I remember the first night I diapered my boy again. He didn't cry. He just looked at me. And when I said, 'Mommy's got you now,' his whole body softened. That's when I knew — he never wanted to be big. He just wanted to be held." — M.G., England.

Closing Words

Regression is not a loss of progress, It is a restoration of peace. When done with love, patience, and structure, it brings back the child that was always waiting just beneath the surface, and for some, that child is not merely a stage. It is their true self.

So if your baby is ready, even if their body says otherwise, take a breath. Pick up the bottle, lay out the diapers, and whisper: "You don't have to be big anymore." Because from now on, you've got them.

Chapter 2: Identifying the Signs

When Regression Is the Safest Path

“Your baby might not cry out loud — but their soul is always calling for home.” — Aunt Lydia.

Introduction

The decision to regress your adult child is not one that is made lightly. Many caregivers report knowing that something felt ‘off’ for years, a sense that their child never truly grew into the world the way others did. Others describe a sudden collapse, a breakdown, a withdrawal, or a quiet surrender to helplessness. Whether it happens gradually or all at once, the truth becomes impossible to ignore: *Your child is not safe in adulthood.*

But how do you know the difference between a rough patch and a deeper need? How can you be certain that regression, a return to full infant care, is the right path?

This chapter offers guidance and clarity. It does not diagnose or label. Instead, it invites you to see what’s already there, with compassion.

The “Soft Alarm” Checklist

Most babies don’t scream for help. They simply fade. Below are soft alarms — quiet, cumulative signs that your child may need you to step in and become their Mommy again.

1. Emotional Withdrawal

Long silences

Avoidance of eye contact

Disinterest in previous hobbies

Hiding in blankets or clothes

A “small” presence — trying to be invisible

These children don’t fight. They vanish. But they can still be found.

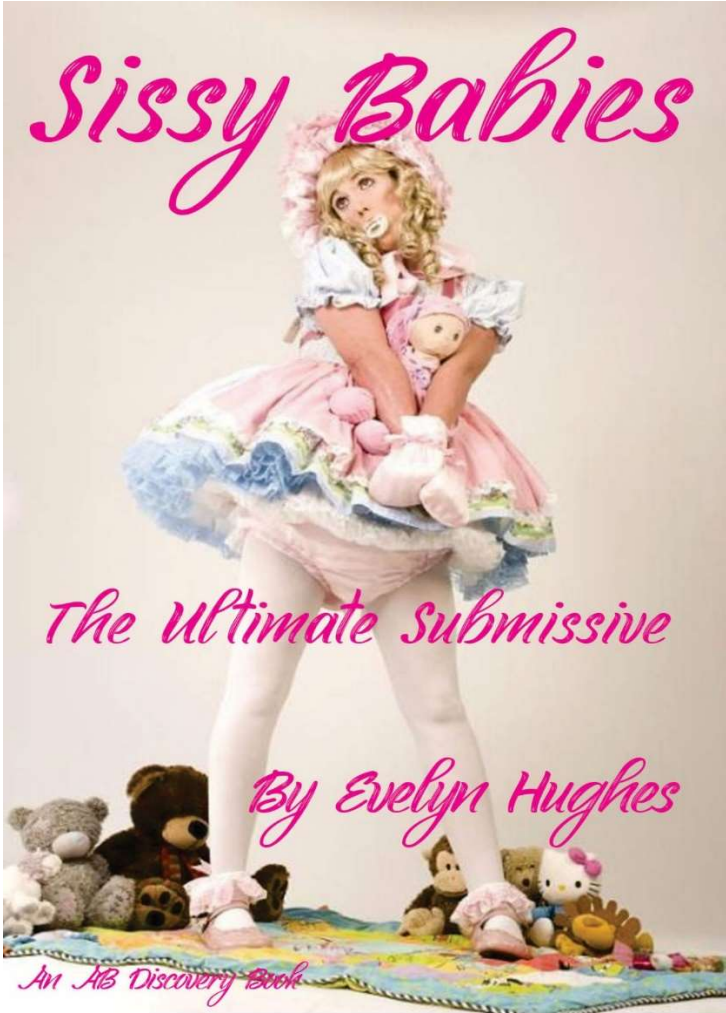
2. Language and Speech Changes

Sissy Babies

The Ultimate Submissive

By Evelyn Hughes

An AB Discovery Book





*Sissy Babies :
the ultimate submissive*



Sissy Babies ...the ultimate submissive...

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Evelyn Hughes





**BABY
GIRL**

Foreword

The world as we know it is not like the *Leave it to Beaver* world that our 1960s TV told us it was. In that carefree and totally imaginary world, every child had two loving parents, happy siblings, a single working parent – dad of course – and a life where everything was just so, so excruciatingly mundane and boring.

But that is not our world and it has never been that way, thankfully.

Life has the habit of being anything but normal, predictable, or easy-going. Couples divorce. Some kids are monsters who grow up to be literal monsters. Likewise, the simple and boxed-in sexual identities that we often declare, are also not quite that simple. The child and parental roles fray around the edges to become something altogether different.

This is not to say that there aren't a lot of norms and averages and typical styles and behaviours that we embrace largely by intuition, as well as by tradition. In fact, tradition and custom are the fabric upon which family and society are built, but that fabric also has many colours, styles, shapes and to be honest, a lot of frays and holes.

Adult babies are not the norm. Not even close. They are one of those holes.

Despite the 21st-century experience of coming out of the dark and into the light, adult babies remain fringe-dwellers and are treated with contempt and disgust in large measure – even by other fringe-dwellers. Information-superhighway notwithstanding, ignorance and prejudice still stalk the hallways of many people's minds. And so, we accept that as ABDLs, we are not the norm and





Sissy Babies : the ultimate submissive



while we hope that this might soften somewhat, it isn't going to do so any time soon, so we best be aware of that.

And then there are sissy babies...

Well, if you thought that adults wearing diapers was considered weird, then sissy babies push that edge just a bit further. However, sissies and sissy babies are not that unusual, at least not in ABDL circles. A sissy baby is in fact, fairly common.

I am married to a sissy baby. It has taken me a long time to both understand and accept that. It would be wrong of me to claim that this is a simple and easy thing for anyone. Working as a couple where one was an openly sissy baby took even longer. In many ways, I wish I had read this book a long time ago. Not that I would have made it all the way through as it is both eye-opening and deeply confusing to me, but there would have been one thing – an important thing – that I would have learned.

I am not alone.

I am not the only wife/partner of a sissy baby.

I am not the only one who struggled to make it all work.

I do not know who you are, reading this book. You are probably a sissy baby yourself and some of you may be the spouse/partner of one. Don't freak out or run away screaming. Pick up that singular message that you are not alone; that there are more people like you and many, many sissy babies around who need some of what you find in these pages.

Some of it will shock you, offend you or upset you. So, take away one thing, even if it is the only thing. Sissy babies are real. Sissy babies can be truly wonderful and loving people and sissy babies need you to help them gain back some of the self-respect and confidence that a harsh world often takes away.





Sissy Babies : the ultimate submissive



Enjoy your sissy baby. Enjoy being a sissy baby. Find the way that makes life work for you, full of excitement, unpredictability and exquisite joy. It is out there waiting for you to run towards it and embrace it will all that you have.

Rosalie Bent 2019





Introduction

I love sissy babies!

Yes, I bet you don't hear that too often, but I do, and I think they can be simply amazing creations when given the opportunity to find their place and their role in the home and in society.

In some regards, the term 'ultimate submissive' can be misleading because while it is absolutely true, it will also be quite misunderstood. A sissy baby is absolutely and thoroughly submissive, but not as an act of voluntary submission to a dominant woman, but rather being submissive as an infant is to a parent. It is loving, natural and remarkable.

We need to start by understanding that sissy babies are not well respected or understood by many people at all. Nor am I going to try and delve too deeply into the hows and whys of how they came to be. They simply *are*, and for me, that is enough.

My exposure to sissy babies and how I currently live with one will come out during the book and it was a journey of discovery and experimentation. Discovering that my own brother was a sissy baby some years before leaving home was a shock in the old 20th century mould of '*what????*'. I didn't know how to handle it and he didn't know how to explain it. Not that we particularly wanted to do either, but life can deal out some unexpected events and suddenly... you see your brother in sissy baby attire and there are no convenient excuses that can explain it, or anywhere to run! We survived it and even now, it is something we understand and occasionally laugh about.

And since the universe has a sense of humour, the man I met, fell in love with and married... is a sissy baby. It feels a bit like winning





Sissy Babies : the ultimate submissive



the lottery but without the money – rare and wonderful. Being related to one sissy baby was rare enough, but then to marry one...

But don't let me sound like I am complaining. I always wanted a life that was different and a bit adventurous, as we all do. This just wasn't necessarily the adventure I signed on for.

It is better! And certainly stranger!

In this book, I will explain what sissy babies are and how they behave, but I will spend much of my time telling you – the partner of the Baby – how to engage in a positive and fruitful relationship with your Sissy Baby. To be honest, if your partner is a sissy baby, then you will have to deal with it some way or other, no matter what. You can choose to be 'accepting and stand-offish', which many sissies would happily accept, or you can try and embrace an incredible relationship where – in part – you play the role of Mother (or Father) and your sissy plays the role of the baby girl.

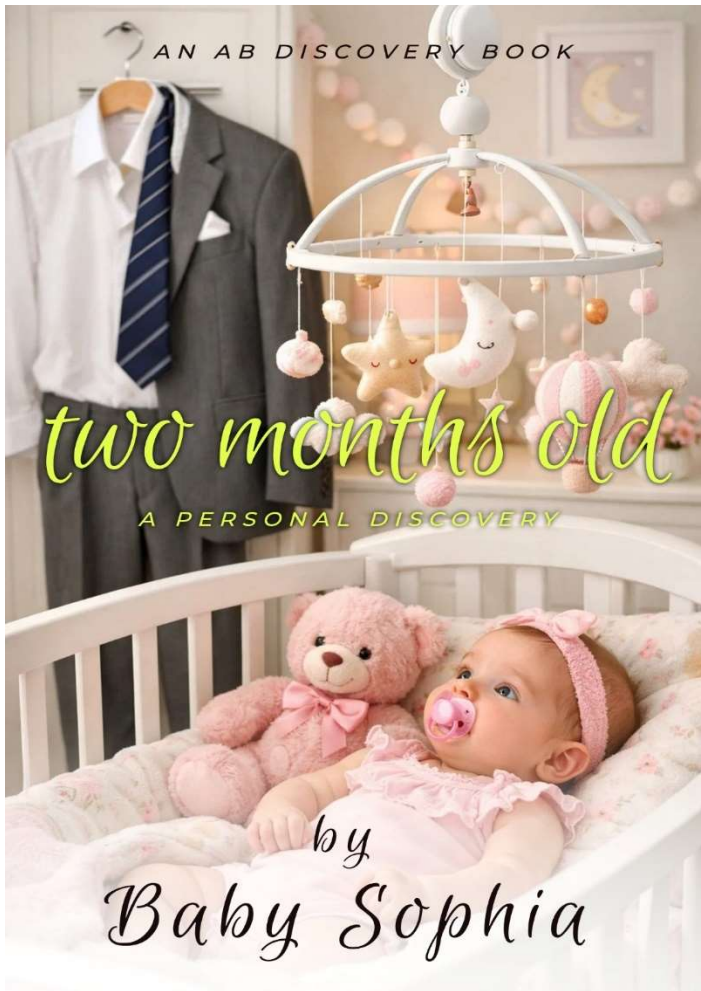
This incredible relationship can be as sporadic and shallow as mere role-play, where you each take on the roles that you naturally relate to (parent or baby) or you can let it evolve and develop into a remarkable, *genuine* Parent/Baby girl relationship. You get to be in a substantive manner, the parent and your partner to be a baby girl. If that sounds shocking or mega-weird then hang on... it gets even weirder from here on!

This book's style is written as if being read by the partner of a sissy baby. It is, however, equally suitable to be read by the baby themselves.

No matter what you are looking for, be it information about sissy babies or how to make it work in your relationship, this book is for you.



Two Months Old: A personal discovery



Two Months Old: A personal discovery

Two Months Old: A personal Discovery

An Adult Baby Girl's Journey to Honest
Infancy

by
Baby Sophia

Two Months Old: A personal discovery

A Note on Voice

This book is written in the first person because there is no other honest way to write it. It cannot be written from the outside looking in.

It is not a clinical study. It is not a survey of the adult baby community, nor an explanation offered apologetically to people outside this experience who might be seeking to understand it from a careful distance. It is one person's account of a lifelong journey toward complete honesty about who she is and who she has, it turns out, always been.

If it reads sometimes like a conversation with oneself, that is because it largely is.

The baby girl at the centre of it has been waiting a long time to be described accurately. She is eight weeks old. She has always been eight weeks old. She deserves nothing less than the truth, told plainly and without flinching, in the first person, in her own voice.

That is what this book attempts to be.

Preface: The Age I Finally Said Out Loud

For most of my adult life, I told other people who understood adult babies, and more importantly, told myself, that I was nine months old.

Nine months was the age I could say without flinching. It was the age that felt, if not exactly comfortable, then at least sayable. Nine months is a baby who sits up, who reaches for things, who recognises faces and responds to voices. Nine months is clearly an infant, but an infant with some purchase on the world, curious, engaged, on the verge of mobility. Nine months felt like an age one could admit to without the conversation stopping entirely.

It was also, I have come to understand, wrong. Not dishonestly wrong. Not the product of deliberate concealment. Simply the age I could reach and no further, the number where my self-knowledge stopped because going further felt, for reasons I didn't fully examine, like crossing into territory I wasn't ready for.

This book is about what happened when I finally crossed it.

The real number, arrived at slowly and honestly over a long conversation with myself, is eight weeks. Two months. The age at which a baby is still largely horizontal, still largely absorbed in immediate sensation, still finding the mobile above her crib genuinely and completely absorbing. The age at which the dummy is not a comfort object, but simply where the mouth rests. The age at which the diaper is not worn but simply is the body's natural condition, as unremarkable as breathing. The age at which a bear in the crib is not a toy but a genuine presence, a guardian, the thing that makes the night safe.

Eight weeks old.

I have spent a great deal of my life not saying that. This book is the consequence of finally saying it and discovering that the truth,

Two Months Old: A personal discovery

once spoken, was not frightening at all. It was simply accurate. And accuracy, it turns out, is its own profound relief.

I want to be clear about what this book is and is not. It is not a defence of who I am. The baby girl at its centre requires no defending. She has been present and consistent and quietly honest about herself for an entire lifetime, which is considerably more than can be said for the adult self that spent so long misreporting her age. It is not a guide to the adult baby community in any comprehensive sense. It does not attempt to speak for anyone other than its author. It is not written for researchers or clinicians or curious outsiders, though any of them are welcome to read it.

It is written for the person who is somewhere earlier on the same road. The adult baby who has not yet found the language for what and who they are. The one for whom soiling feels both necessary and yet unspeakable. The one who checks their dummy is out before leaving the house and has never told a soul. The one who lies on the floor with a rattle for an hour and wonders what that means about them. The one who sleeps badly in a bed and doesn't know why. The one who has a number they say out loud and a different number they think about alone at night.

This book is for that person.

The road toward honest self-knowledge is worth travelling. The destination looks less frightening than the journey toward it suggests it will. What waits at the other end is not exposure or judgment or the thing you were afraid of.

What waits is simply the truth. And the truth, in my experience, feels remarkably like coming home.

Two Months Old: A personal discovery

PART ONE: WHO SHE IS

Chapter One: Being, Not Just Feeling

There is a difference between having feelings and inhabiting an identity.

Most people, I think, understand the adult baby experience, to the extent they understand it at all, as a matter of feelings. Desires. Impulses toward certain objects, experiences or states of mind. Something that arises periodically and is attended to and then subsides. A part of a person, perhaps a significant part, but a *part* nonetheless, something that coexists with the rest of life rather than running through the centre of it.

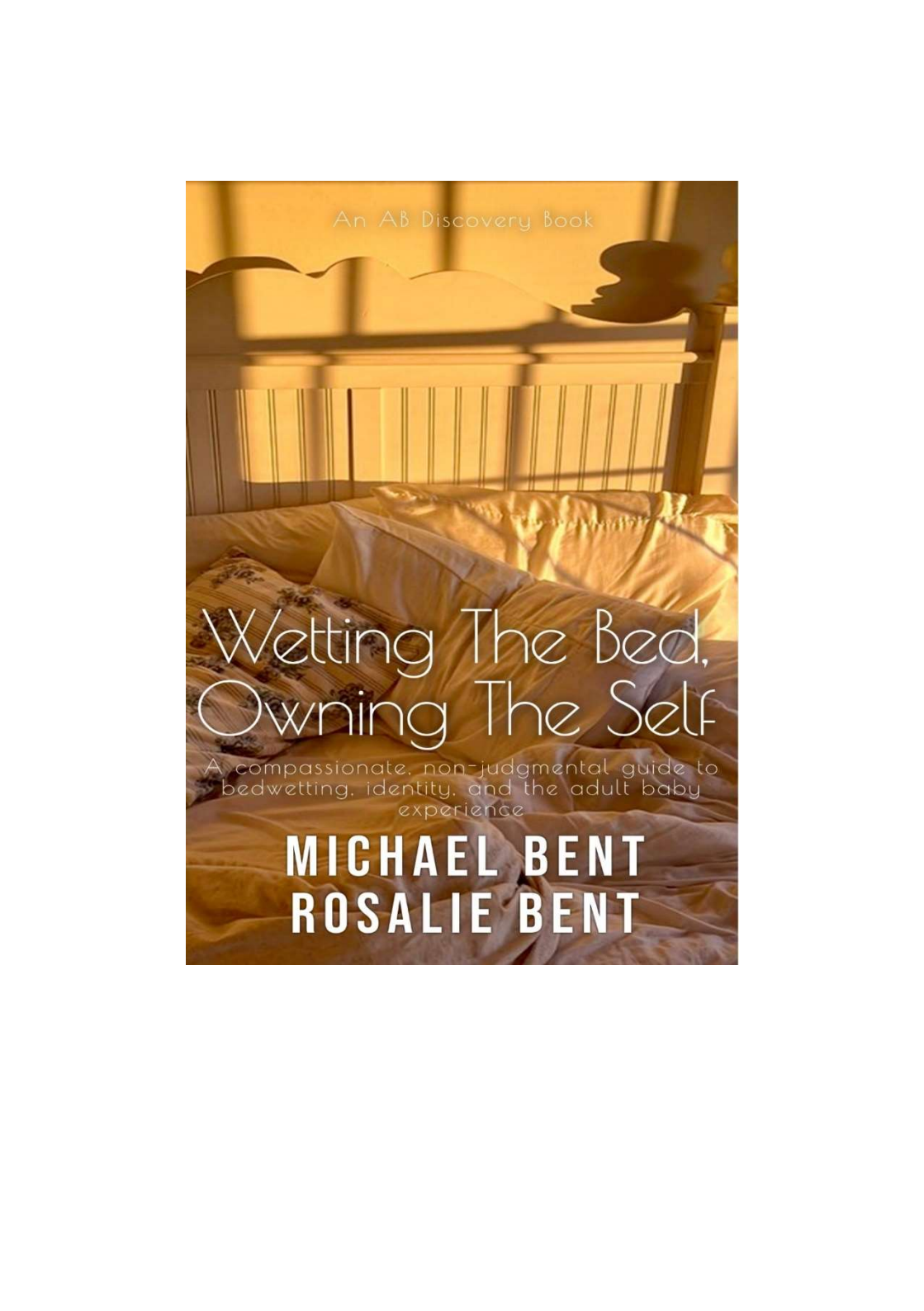
For some adult babies, that description is accurate enough. The experience is real and meaningful and important to them, and it exists alongside the rest of who they are in a relationship that is manageable and compartmentalised and does not demand more than they are willing to give.

I am not writing this book for those people, or rather, I am not writing from that experience. I respect it entirely. It is simply not mine.

What I am writing about is something different in kind rather than degree. Not the periodic arising of feelings but the continuous inhabiting of an identity. Not visiting infancy but living there. Not a *part* of who I am but the most honest and fundamental register of what I am, present not occasionally but always, conducting itself quietly through every hour of every day, requiring not management but simply acknowledgement.

The distinction matters because it changes everything about what the experience requires.

When infancy is something you visit, you can visit it on your own terms. You can prepare for it, enter it deliberately, attend to it, and leave. You can manage its material requirements like the diapers,



An AB Discovery Book

Wetting The Bed, Owning The Self

A compassionate, non-judgmental guide to
bedwetting, identity, and the adult baby
experience

**MICHAEL BENT
ROSALIE BENT**

Wetting the Bed,
Owning The Self
Bedwetting, Identity,
and the Adult Baby
Experience

Rosalie Bent
Michael Bent

PART ONE: Bedwetting and the Adult Baby

CHAPTER One: Waking Up Wet

An Introduction

There is a particular quality to the moment of waking in the night and knowing. Not the panicked coming-to of a bad dream, not the sharp alertness of a noise in the house. Something quieter than either of those. A warmth. A weight. A settling of things. You are awake, and you are wet, and for a moment, before the world has fully reassembled itself around you, there is nothing else. Only the softness of what has happened, and the strange, wordless sense that it is all right.

If you have never experienced this, if waking wet has always meant only shame, or if the idea of it is simply incomprehensible, then this book asks you, above all else, to be curious. To hold open the possibility that an experience which looks, from the outside, like nothing more than a problem, might be, for the person living it, something considerably more complicated and considerably more meaningful than that. Because that is what this book is about. Not the medical management of bedwetting. Not the correction of an embarrassing habit. Not the psychology of deviance or dysfunction. This book is about what bedwetting means, what it genuinely, deeply means, to the people for whom it is part of who they are.



A Word You Might Not Have Encountered

The term ‘adult baby’ will appear on almost every page of this book. It is worth taking a moment, right at the start, to say something about what it means and what it does not mean.

An adult baby, or AB, is a person who has an inner identity that is, in some meaningful sense, infantile. Not in terms of their intelligence, their capability, their maturity of thought, or their ability to function in the world. Adult babies are doctors and teachers, parents and engineers, students and retirees. They are, by every

WETTING THE BED, OWNING THE SELF

external measure, adults. But within them, sometimes always present, sometimes emerging only in specific circumstances, sometimes discovered late in life and sometimes known since childhood, there is a part of themselves that is young. That wants to be small. That seeks the particular safety and comfort of infancy: the diaper, the bottle, the blanket, the being-cared-for.

This inner infant is not a delusion. Adult babies are not confused about their age. They do not genuinely believe they are children. The inner infant is better understood as a psychological layer, an aspect of the self, a mode of being that coexists with the adult identity rather than displacing it. Many adults carry something like this: the part of you that wants to be looked after when you are ill, that craves a particular food from childhood when you are stressed, that regresses, under pressure, to an earlier emotional state. For adult babies, this layer is more developed, more central, more consciously inhabited, but it is not, in its essential nature, alien to human experience.

The AB experience encompasses a wide range of expressions like wearing diapers, using baby items such as bottles or dummies, wearing infantile clothing, engaging in age regression or ‘littlespace’ (a term we will return to in detail later in the book), and being cared for by a partner or friend who takes on the role of caregiver. The ABDL community — Adult Baby / Diaper Lover — is the broader umbrella under which many of these identities sit, though the two are not identical, and the distinctions between them matter to those who make them.

Bedwetting sits within all of this as something special. As we will see throughout this book, of all the elements of AB identity, wetting carries a particular weight and a particular meaning. Understanding why that is, what wetting does and what it gives, is at the heart of what we are here to explore.



WETTING THE BED, OWNING THE SELF

The Paradox at the Centre

Here is the central paradox this book addresses: bedwetting is, in mainstream culture, one of the most stigmatised of all human experiences. To wet the bed as an adult is to invite pity, ridicule, or revulsion. It is seen as a failure of bodily control, a regression to childhood in the most helpless and humiliating sense, a thing to be hidden, corrected, and never spoken of. The shame attached to adult bedwetting is deep and culturally pervasive, and it causes real suffering to enormous numbers of people. For centuries, bedwetting was under-reported to such an extent that we have no real idea just how common it was. It is still under-reported, although to a lesser degree now.

And yet. For the adult baby, wetting can be, and for many is, an experience of comfort, validation, and even joy. Not despite its associations with infancy and helplessness, but in large part *because* of them. The very qualities that make bedwetting shameful in the mainstream world, its involuntariness, its intimacy, its associations with babyhood, are precisely the qualities that make it meaningful, even precious, within an AB identity framework.

This is not a paradox that resolves neatly. Many adult babies carry shame about their wetting alongside their attachment to it. Many have spent years, even decades, in conflict with themselves: wanting to stop, trying to stop, failing to stop, and not always being certain whether the ‘failure’ is unwished-for or secretly desired. The emotional landscape of AB bedwetting is not simple, and this book will not pretend that it is.

But what we will argue, steadily and from many different angles, is this: that the experience of bedwetting within an AB identity is a real and valid experience, that it meets real and legitimate needs, and that the people who experience it deserve to understand it without shame.



WETTING THE BED, OWNING THE SELF

What This Book Covers

The book moves through six major areas of inquiry, each of which illuminates a different dimension of the relationship between bedwetting and adult baby identity.

We begin, in Part One, by establishing the landscape: who adult babies are, what the ABDL community looks like, and why bedwetting occupies such a central and significant place within that world. We examine the symbolic weight of the wet bed and the wet diaper, and what it means that both can be, for the adult baby, experiences of profound authenticity.

In Part Two, we examine the spectrum of bedwetting experience within the community, from those who have genuine nocturnal incontinence, who have never had reliable bladder control at night and perhaps never will, through those who have, over time, allowed that control to relax, to those who wet deliberately and for whom wetting is a conscious, chosen act. We treat each point on this spectrum with equal seriousness and without hierarchy. A wet diaper is a wet diaper, whether it happened while the wearer was asleep and unaware, or whether they chose it. Both are real. Both matter.

Part Three moves inward, into the psychological and emotional dimensions of what bedwetting gives the adult baby. Comfort. Validation. The sense of being, finally, genuinely oneself. The complicated, tender experience of being a 'real' bedwetter rather than someone merely performing babyhood. And the journey, which for many is long and painful, from shame toward something more like peace.

Part Four turns outward, to the social world. The desire, felt by many adult babies, to be known as a bedwetter: by a partner, by a carer, by a close friend or family member. The experience of disclosure with its fears, its courage, and the range of responses it can receive. The role of online community in providing a space where bedwetter identity can be expressed, shared, and affirmed.