



An AB Discovery Book

# Tales Of Infantile Regression Vol 2

Andrew Stephens  
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*Andrew Stephens*  
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*Where Julie Lives*

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*Where Julie Lives*

An AB Discovery Book

# Where Julie Lives

For those who were always themselves,  
even before they had the words

**ANDREW STEPHENS**

# Where Julie Lives

*For those who were always  
themselves, even before they  
had the words*

*Andrew Stephens*

## Chapter One: The Name That Waited

The name had been offered once, very quietly, when Jamie Whitmore was just seven years old.

He had been standing in the children's section of a department store in the centre of town, transfixed by a dress on a small mannequin: white cotton with a broad pink sash at the waist and a skirt that flared out in layers, the kind of dress that seemed to contain its own occasion. He had been standing there for perhaps two minutes, which was long enough for his mother to finish looking at the rack of school trousers she had been examining and come to find him.

Claire Whitmore was not a woman who responded to things before she had thought about them. She stood beside her son for a moment, looking at the dress, and then looked at his face: the specific quality of wanting there, unguarded and entirely genuine, the wanting of someone who does not yet know they are supposed to want it privately.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" she said. Not a question.

"Yes," Jamie said.

She looked at the dress again. Then she said, as though it were a thing she had been thinking about for some time and had simply been waiting for the right moment to say.

"If you were a girl, I think I'd have called you Julie."

Jamie had looked up at her then. Something in his face changed. Not dramatically, not with tears or with the particular brightness of a child who has been given a surprise. Something quieter than that. A settling. As though a word had been placed against something, it exactly fitted.

"Julie," he said.

"Mm." She took his hand. "Shall we see if they have it in your size?"

They did. It came home in a bag with the tissue paper that department stores use for things that are a little precious. Claire

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hung it in Jamie's wardrobe without ceremony, as though this were simply how wardrobes worked, with the school trousers on one side, the white dress with the pink sash on the other.

He wore it rarely and at home in his bedroom. His mother helped him with it the first few times, and he did a twirl that resulted in a huge smile.

She had never explained herself. She had never needed to.



Jamie Whitmore was eighteen years old, sitting in the passenger seat of his mother's car on a Thursday morning in late June, when Claire told him about Meadowbrook.

They were on the dual carriageway heading toward the retail park, which was where Claire did the weekly supermarket shop when she needed something more than the local stores could offer. The radio was on low. The morning was grey and not unpleasant, the kind of English summer morning that promises better things by afternoon without making a binding commitment and usually results in low-grade disappointment.

He was wearing, under his jeans and his soft grey hoodie, a terry cloth nappy pinned at each hip and a pair of white plastic pants. This was not an unusual Thursday morning for Jamie. He had been in cloth nappies and plastic pants every day for as long as he could reliably remember, which was some time around the age of four. He had a faint memory of the brief experimental period before that, when Claire had tried ordinary pants, a memory characterised mainly by the quality of wrongness: the sensation of nothing between him and the world, the uncontained anxiety of it, the feeling of something essential being absent. The nappies had come back. They had not left again.

He was also wearing, under his hoodie, a soft white vest. Not a girl's garment in any technically specific sense, but one Claire had chosen from the women's section because the cotton was softer and the cut was closer, and it sat against his skin in a way that the men's equivalent did not. Small things. Private things. The internal

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architecture of who Jamie was, assembled each morning with care and a privacy that he had maintained, with increasing skill, across every context of his eighteen years.

Or almost every context. Home was different. Home had always been different.

“I found something,” Claire said, in the tone she used when she had been thinking about something for a while before she said it. “I want to tell you about it properly, so you have all the information, and then I want you to know that there’s no pressure of any kind.”

Jamie looked at her. “Okay.”

“It’s called Meadowbrook. It’s a residential programme over four weeks, in the summer. It’s specifically for young adults eighteen and over.” She paused. “Young adults who wear nappies, or who identify as baby or toddler age, or who are... exploring their gender in particular ways. Or any combination of those things.”

Jamie was quiet for a moment. The dual carriageway moved past them steadily.

“All of those things,” he said.

“Yes. I thought that.” She signalled to change lanes with the calm of someone who has practised not reacting to important things in ways that cause accidents. “It’s run by a couple. Peter and Margaret Hollis. They’ve been running it for twelve years. I’ve read a great deal about them. They seem... exactly right.”

“How did you find it?”

“The internet. And a little persistence.” A pause. “I’ve been looking, on and off, for about two years. I wanted to find the right thing, not just something.”

Jamie absorbed this: the two years of quiet, private looking. His mother, in the evenings after he was in bed, searching for something that might give him what she could only partly provide. He felt the particular weight of being loved carefully.

“What do you think?” Claire said.

He looked out at the road. The grey morning had begun, as promised, to lighten at the edges. “I think I’m terrified,” he said. “And yet... I think I want to go.”

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Claire nodded, as though this were the answer she had expected. "Good," she said. "That's the right answer. I only want the best for you, you know."

"I know, mum. Sometimes it all seems scary. Like not wearing nappies."

"Who says you need to stop wearing nappies? I certainly don't."

"I just wonder sometimes..." Jamie began.

"Well, there's no need to wonder. You belong in nappies, and I realised that a long time ago. Toilet training just isn't for some people."

Jamie smiled thinly as he sighed in contentment. Toilet training truly hadn't worked for him, and he knew it was primarily because he truly didn't understand its purpose. Wetting his nappy occurred day and night without any real awareness. And soiling was something he could hold off during the day if he was not at home, but other than that, the nappy was always the right place for that too. And if he woke in the morning having soiled overnight... it brought a smile to his face because it was so... babyish.

## Chapter Two: Claire and the Cousin

Claire Whitmore had grown up the eldest of three children in a house in Shropshire, which was orderly and warm in the way of households run by a primary school teacher mother and a methodical civil servant father. She had been a careful child, observant, precise, the kind of girl who noticed things and filed them away for later consideration.

Her Aunt Barbara's family lived twenty minutes away, and the cousins — three of them — were present enough in Claire's childhood to feel almost like siblings: Donna, who was Claire's age and her closest companion across those years, Stephen, two years younger, and Thomas, the youngest by four years, who had from his earliest days a quality that Claire had not had the language for at the time but would understand much better later.

Thomas had wet the bed until he was fifteen. This was known within the family with the matter-of-fact acceptance that Barbara and her husband Alan brought to most things. The nappies were managed, the sheets were changed, and nothing was made of it. What was less spoken of, though equally present to anyone paying attention, were the other things about Thomas. The way he gravitated, in the playroom, not toward the cars and the building blocks but toward Donna's dolls and the small domestic theatre of the toy kitchen. The way he would sometimes appear at family gatherings in one of Barbara's old scarves, draped with an unselfconscious elegance, and the way Barbara would simply smile and adjust it at his shoulder as she passed. The way he asked, at eight, for a doll for Christmas, and received one without drama.

Claire had watched all of this with the careful attention of a child who is old enough to understand that something is happening but not yet old enough to know exactly what it was. She had watched Barbara's response most closely, the specific, unhurried acceptance that did not perform itself, did not make speeches, simply continued

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to love the child in front of her as the child in front of her, exactly as he was.

Thomas was thirty-four now. He lived in Edinburgh with a partner named Grace, worked as a librarian, and identified — in the language he had developed over the years, the language that had not existed when he was eight in his aunt's scarf — as non-binary and as an adult baby. He still wore nappies... all the time. He had a small and trusted community of people who knew him fully. He was, Claire thought, one of the happiest people she knew, in the specific and particular way of someone who has survived the distance between who they were told to be and who they actually are and found, on the other side of it, something very much worth having.

She had talked to Thomas at length in the years since Jamie's particular nature had become clear to her. Not looking for a map since Thomas was Thomas and Jamie was Jamie, but looking for the understanding that comes from someone who has been there. Thomas had given her that, generously and without reservation.

"The most important thing," he had said on the phone one evening when Jamie was perhaps ten, and Claire was trying to understand how to be what her son needed, "is that he knows you already know. That he never has to perform the revelation for you. If you can do that, if you can let him know that the knowing happened quietly and without crisis, on your end, then the rest of it is just time."

It was excellent advice, and the dress in the department store had been Claire's attempt at exactly this. Not a speech. Not a formal acknowledgement. A dress in his size hung in his wardrobe, and the name she would have chosen, offered quietly, without requiring anything of him in return.

She thought the message had landed. She thought, watching her son across the years of his growing, that Jamie had always known, on some level, that his mother's house was a place where the truth of him was already received. It was one of her most profound gifts to the son who was possible, also her daughter.



# Always And Already

*For everyone who has always  
known*

*Andrew Stephens*

## Chapter One: The Knowing

The earliest memory Robin Ashworth had of understanding himself was not in words. It was in a feeling, specific and bodily and entirely without shame, that arrived one morning in the autumn of his third year and never left.

He had woken in a wet bed — as he always did, as he had done every morning of his life thus far and he had lain still in the warmth of it, looking up at the ceiling of his small bedroom with its curtains printed with trains, and something had settled in him like a stone finding the bottom of still water. A quiet, complete knowing. Not a thought he could have spoken aloud. Just the knowledge, available to him in the way that the warmth of the bed was available, in the way that his own breathing was available: simply and without argument.

I am a baby.

Not, I feel like a baby. Not, I wish I were still a baby. Simply: I *am* one. This is what I am. The wet bed was not evidence of failure, nor evidence of anything going wrong. It was the morning's first confirmation of the truest fact about himself. The sheets were warm and damp. His pyjama bottoms were wet through. The mattress beneath him was safe, protected by plastic from what the night had made, and he was at the centre of it, small and completely himself, and everything was correct.

He was three years old. He had no framework for what he knew. He had only the knowing.



The Ashworth family occupied a four-bedroom detached house on Mercer Avenue in the kind of suburb that had been built in the early nineteen-eighties with the confident assumption that families would fill it: broad-windowed, double-garaged, the front gardens well-kept and slightly competitive. Robin was the second of four children. His sister Joanna was two years older. His brothers

Daniel and Callum came after, separated by a gap of three years apiece.

His parents, Margaret and Geoffrey, were the kind of people the suburb had been designed for. Geoffrey was a solicitor with a practice in the town centre, precise and unhurried, a man who ironed his shirts the night before and always knew where his car keys were. Margaret taught primary school three days a week and ran the household with a cheerful competence that made everything look easy. They were not unaffectionate parents. They were simply busy ones, and the busyness had its own warmth.

The bedwetting was, in the Ashworth household, not a crisis. This was partly temperament and partly history. Margaret's younger brother, Robin's Uncle Paul, had wet the bed until he was seventeen, and Margaret had grown up with the matter-of-fact domestic management of a bedwetter: the waterproof sheet, the extra laundry, the brisk morning changing of the bed without drama. When Robin showed no signs of nighttime dryness at two, or three, or four, she registered it with the practical part of her mind and managed it accordingly.

"He'll dry up when he's ready," she told Geoffrey, who had never thought much about it either way. "Paul was the same. Some people just take longer."

It did not occur to either of them that Robin was not taking longer. That Robin was not, in any part of himself that mattered, moving in the direction of dryness at all.



Joanna achieved nighttime dryness at three and a half with barely any fuss. Robin noticed this with a distant interest, the way you notice the weather in a country you are not visiting. She was dry. He was not. These were simply facts about two different people.

What was more interesting, as the years passed, was watching his brothers. Daniel was slow, as Robin had been — still in a nappy at night at four, still wetting at five and six, still requiring the

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waterproof sheet at seven. Robin watched his brother's progress with the focused attention of someone watching a horse race in which they have no horse entered. Would Daniel stop? When? What would that look like?

Daniel stopped at seven and a half. One morning, he came down to breakfast and announced, with the gravity of a small person delivering important news, that he hadn't wet last night. Or the night before. His mother made the appropriate fuss. His father said well done, old man, in the way Geoffrey said most things: with warmth carefully measured so as not to overflow.

Robin was ten. He sat across the breakfast table from his brother and felt, as precisely as he had ever felt anything, the absence of any desire for what Daniel had achieved. He was still wet every morning. He had no intention of being anything else.

Callum, the youngest, was the family's surprise: dry at night almost from the time he was out of daytime nappies, as though dryness were simply his natural state, as though the body had decided early and emphatically. He was five when Robin was twelve, and Robin watched his little brother's uncomplicated dryness with something that might, from the outside, have looked like envy and was, from the inside, simply curiosity. What was it like to not know what he knew? What was it like to be dry in the morning and to find that entirely normal?

He could not imagine it. He did not particularly want to.



The sheets were changed twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Robin's bedroom had a waterproof mattress protector that his mother had put on without comment when he was four and which had been there ever since, part of the room's furniture like the wardrobe or the desk. He was expected to put his wet pyjamas in the laundry basket and to pull back his duvet in the morning to let things air. He did both these things as automatically as he cleaned his teeth. They were simply part of how mornings worked.

## *Always and Already*

At school, bedwetting was in the general category of things that could make a boy's life difficult if it became known. Robin had understood this early and had arranged his social life accordingly. He did not go on sleepovers. He gave plausible-sounding excuses, so consistent and so varied that no single excuse was ever repeated, and nobody pushed. He was, in most other ways, entirely ordinary: competent at schoolwork, decent at cricket, possessed of a small and stable group of friends with whom he played video games and argued about football and did the ordinary things that boys in their early teens did in the suburb in the mid-nineteen-nineties.

The bedwetting was private. It was his.



He was thirteen when he first told another person.

The other person was a boy named Kieran Doyle, who sat next to Robin in maths and had a quality of stillness about him that Robin had always found restful. Kieran was not one of Robin's immediate friends but was in the adjacent circle: someone you could sit with comfortably at lunch if the usual table was full, someone whose company was easy without being particularly close.

It had come out, as these things sometimes do, sideways. They had been discussing a camping trip that the school was running, and Kieran had said, with the careful casualness of someone testing the water, that he wasn't sure he was going to go.

"How come?" Robin had asked.

A pause. Kieran looking at his maths textbook rather than at Robin. "Just. You know. Sharing tents and stuff."

Robin had understood immediately. The specific, careful vagueness of it. The not-quite-saying.

"I'm not going either," he said. "For the same reason."

Kieran had looked up then. Looked at Robin with an expression that Robin recognised from the inside: the expression of someone who has just heard, for the first time, that they are not the only one.

*Two of a Kind*

Two of a Kind  
*by*  
*Andrew Stephens*

## *Prologue*

There is a particular kind of childhood that happens in the small hours. While the rest of the house sleeps, while the neighbourhood is dark and the street outside is quiet, there are children who wake into a different world, warm, private, already known. They do not feel shame in this world. They feel, if anything, something that resembles peace.

This is a story about two of those children. They did not know each other then. They were growing up in different towns, in different houses, with different wallpaper and different kitchen smells and different views from their bedroom windows. But in the things that mattered most quietly, they were, from the very beginning, the same.

## *Chapter One: Pin and Tuck (His Story)*

Thomas Alderton's bedroom was at the back of the house, overlooking a strip of garden that his father kept neat on weekends. There was a nightlight on the windowsill, a small ceramic lighthouse that cast a warm amber stripe up the wall, and on the shelf above his bed, there lived a population of soft things. There was a rabbit with a worn left ear, a bear called Gerald who had been repaired twice at the neck, a giraffe whose neck Thomas himself had extended with felt and a rubber band when he was five, convinced the original had been too short. He was seven now. He knew the giraffe's neck was silly, but he no longer cared. Gerald the bear was the one he slept with. The others were company.

His mother, Margaret, came in every night at half past eight. This was the ritual, and Thomas knew its every step. The soft click of the door, the small creak of the third floorboard, the rustle of her kneeling beside the bed where his nightclothes were laid out. First, the vest. Then the nappy of thick white cotton, folded into the shape she had perfected over the years, the shape that his grandmother had shown her and her grandmother had shown her before that. Margaret would lift Thomas and slide the nappy beneath him, pull it up between his legs and pin each side with the large flat-headed pins she kept in a small tin on his dresser. The pins were yellow. Thomas had chosen the colour himself from a card at the haberdashery. Then the plastic pants, soft, rustling and pulled up over the nappy's bulk, the waistband checked with two fingers, the leg holes smoothed. Then the pyjama bottoms, which were striped, dark blue and white.

Thomas had never wet the bed without this arrangement. Or rather, he had never reached morning dry, regardless of any other arrangement. His parents had understood this early. There had been a period, from ages four to five, of mattress protectors and pyjama changes in the night, of gentle wakings that never quite worked, of Thomas standing sleepily in the bathroom at two in the morning,

uncertain what was expected of him. His mother had eventually sat with his father one evening and said, very practically, that they should simply do what had been done for David's brother, and David's father, and in all likelihood someone further back than that. The nappies had made everything easy. Thomas slept well. The mornings were calm. It all made perfect, practical sense.

He did not think of himself as different, because within the walls of his house, he was not. The nappy was as unremarkable as the nightlight or the bear or the pyjamas. His father, David, sometimes came in to say good night when Thomas was already pinned and settled, and would ruffle his hair and say, "See you in the morning," and there was no weight in it at all. Margaret washed the nappies on Mondays and Thursdays and hung them on the airer in the spare room. They were simply laundry. Thomas was simply Thomas.

What he liked best about bedtime was the feeling of being fully settled. Once the plastic pants were on and the pyjamas adjusted and Gerald was tucked under his arm and the nightlight was doing its amber work on the wall, there was a completeness to the moment that he found deeply satisfying. He was contained. Everything was where it should be. He would turn onto his side, press his cheek into the pillow, and feel the comfortable bulk around his middle, and within minutes, he would be asleep.

In the morning, he would wake wet, always, invariably, without exception, and this too was simply part of the day. He would lie for a moment in the warmth, not unpleasantly, and then call out, and Margaret would come with a warm flannel, and the day would begin. He was seven, and he was happy, and the lighthouse sent its amber stripe up the wall, and Gerald the bear watched over him all night long.

## *Chapter Two: The Same Hour, A Different House (Her Story)*

Eleanor Marsh — Ellie, always Ellie — lived in a terrace house three towns away, where the street curved slightly downhill, and the lamplight came through the curtains at a long evening angle. Her bedroom was at the front of the house, and her nightlight was a star-shaped thing that rotated slowly and cast small points of light across the ceiling. She watched them sometimes before sleeping, the slow revolution of tiny stars above her, unhurried and reliable.

She had a rabbit called Bun, which was not a creative name and she knew it, a bear called Humphrey, and a China doll called Marie-Claire whose name she had given her very seriously at age four after hearing it in a song. Bun and Humphrey slept with her. Marie-Claire sat on the dresser where she could be seen but not rumpled. Ellie was also seven.

Her mother, Anne, came in at eight o'clock. Anne was a careful woman, practical in the way that people with a great deal of affection and not a great deal of time tend to be practical. She expressed love through organisation. The nightly routine was organised with quiet competence. The nappy was pre-folded on the chair, the plastic pants beside it, the pins with their little yellow heads, yellow, the same as Thomas Alderton's pins three towns away, though neither child would ever know this coincidence, waiting in their tin. Anne pinned them with the ease of long practice, checked the legs, and settled the pyjamas. Ellie submitted to all of this with an equanimity that her mother found both touching and, occasionally, slightly remarkable.

Ellie's father, Robert, was a gentle man who had been a bedwetter himself until he was fifteen and who had a very clear memory of how that had felt, and of how much better it would have felt if everyone around him had simply not made it a thing. He had been determined, from Ellie's first wet morning, that it would not be

# A New Beginning

by  
Cecilia Bennet

## *Chapter One: Morning in the Nursery*

The sun filtered softly through lace curtains, casting warm patterns across the nursery floor. Annette yawned, a delicate, tiny sound, and stretched her arms above her head. Her legs, swaddled in thick, pinned cloth nappies under pastel plastic panties, kicked gently against the soft carpet. She rolled onto her tummy and crawled toward the mobile above her crib, where tiny stars and clouds swirled lazily, catching the morning light.

“Good morning, baby girl,” she cooed softly to herself, her voice bright and musical.

At eighteen, Annette was fully grown, but her life had always been that of a baby. Her parents had raised her entirely in a world of nappies, bottles, and cradles. Both of them openly wore nappies themselves, never using toilets, never needing to explain them. In their small farmhouse, the world beyond the fields and woods had no relevance. Annette ate her formula and mashed solids, but she was also breastfed, often curling herself against her mother’s chest for a morning feed before playtime began. Crawling was encouraged at all hours; walking was allowed but rare, a luxury.

Her parents’ routines structured her life down to the smallest detail. She had never been to school, never sat on a toilet, and had no desire to do so. Every day followed the same gentle rhythm: waking in her crib, nappy change, breakfast, playtime, nap, cuddles, bath, feeds, and bedtime stories. Even small accidents, rare as they were, were met with calm reassurance, never shame.

Her father appeared in the doorway, smiling. “Good morning, sweet Annette. Did you sleep well, little one?”

“Uh-huh! Nap nice! Cuddles?” she babbled eagerly.

“Of course, baby,” he said, lifting her carefully from the crib. He carried her to the changing table, where she lay back on soft blankets. The familiar rustle of nappies and the faint scent of powder filled the air. He unclasped the pins from her used nappy, cleaned her, and fastened a fresh one snugly in place under her plastic panties.

## *A New Beginning*

“You’re such a strong little girl,” he said, brushing a lock of hair from her forehead. “And your mother’s milk is waiting for you if you’re hungry.”

Annette’s eyes lit up. “Milk! Yes!” She wriggled happily, reaching out for her mother, who was waiting with a gentle smile. She nestled against her chest, tiny hands clutching at the soft fabric of her mother’s blouse. The familiar warmth, the soft scent of baby powder, the feeling of her mother’s skin. This was her world, perfectly safe.

After her morning feed, she moved to the nursery floor for playtime. She crawled with practised ease, lined up blocks, babbled to herself, and sometimes giggled at her reflection in the mirror. Her parents joined her in these activities, sometimes reading stories aloud, sometimes simply cooing and chatting, creating a world where she was entirely accepted in her babyhood.

Lunch followed, a mix of formula, mashed fruits, or small portions of soft solids. Nap time came in the afternoon. Her crib was always ready, blankets tucked neatly, and the mobile spinning overhead. Evenings were for baths, cuddles, and more breastfeeds or bottles. Toilets never entered the day. The crinkle of nappies, the snug fit of plastic panties, and the gentle, constant care of her parents made their home a small, perfect bubble.

“Daddy, baby crawl!” she squeaked, crawling toward a toy just out of reach.

“Yes, baby girl,” he laughed, lifting her briefly to tickle her. “But you know, you could try walking too.”

“Baby crawl better,” she insisted, bouncing happily on hands and knees.

It was a life built entirely around trust, safety, and nurturing. One that had always been enough. And then, in a single, terrible moment, it was gone.

\*\*\*

The phone call came in the early afternoon. Madeline, Annette’s aunt, answered it. Her voice faltered as she heard the

## *A New Beginning*

words she never expected: "There's been an accident. Your sister and brother-in-law... they didn't make it. Annette... she's alone."

Madeline felt her stomach drop. Her niece, so deeply embedded in this unique, babyish life, was now entirely in her care. She could hear her own twenty-one-year-old twins, Felix and Claire, bustling in the background, their curiosity tinged with worry. How could she explain this world to them? How could they keep a baby alive in the same style as her parents had?

When Madeline arrived at the farmhouse, she found Annette crawling across the carpet, blocks scattered around her, her frilly dress brushing her knees, her bonnet slightly askew. The tiny girl looked up with wide, trusting eyes, completely unaware of the tragedy that had just reshaped her world.

Madeline knelt, holding out her hands. "Hello, Annette... I'm your Auntie Madeline. I'm here now."

Annette paused, then crawled the last few inches to nestle against her aunt's chest. "Cuddle," she whispered.

Madeline felt the weight of responsibility settle over her. Every routine, every habit, every tiny preference of this child's unique life would now rest on her shoulders.

Felix and Claire arrived, pale and shocked. Felix blurted out first: "She... she's a baby!"

Madeline smiled gently. "Yes. And she's going to need us now. All of us. Her world... her life... is a little different, but it's real, and it's hers."

Annette reached out for Claire's hand, clutching it tightly. "Play?" she asked.

Claire knelt beside her. "Yes, baby... We'll play. And take care of you."

In that quiet nursery, surrounded by the soft colours, the scent of powder, and the warmth of a world that had always been safe, a new chapter began, one that would reshape Madeline and her twins just as profoundly as it had Annette herself.



*The Baby Pact*

# The Baby Pact

by  
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## Chapter One: The Contract

Kyle stood at the kitchen counter, nervously wringing his hands as Brooke clicked open her laptop. Her long red nails clacked against the keys, calm and deliberate. The same nails he'd watched wrap around wine glasses, curl beneath his chin, or scratch down his spine when she whispered, *"Is this what you really want?"*

He had always said yes. And now, the price of that yes was being drafted line by line.

"You're serious?" he asked, trying not to sound as small as he felt.

Brooke didn't look up. "You begged for this," she replied flatly. "Now I'm putting it in writing."

The Word document was already titled: **The Pact: Total Control Agreement Between Brooke Matthews and Kyle 'Lulu' Wexler.**

He winced at the nickname. He had suggested it once, a half-joke in the bedroom months ago. Now it was in bold, 16-point font, immortalised.

"You'll do everything I say for one year," she continued, her voice calm, her smile cruelly sweet. "No whining, no hesitation, and definitely no safe word. This isn't a game, baby. You want to be my sissy? My little plaything? Then it starts with trust."

"I do trust you," Kyle said quickly.

She finally looked up at him. "Then prove it."

Brooke printed the contract. The hum of the printer sounded louder than it should have, like a courtroom verdict being typed out. When she placed the two-page document on the table, she handed him a pen shaped like a pink feather.

"Sign at the bottom. I'll take care of the rest."

Kyle hesitated only a moment before scribbling his name beneath hers. Kyle Wexler, hereafter known as "Lulu".

Brooke took the papers and kissed the signature. "Good girl." That night, the changes began.

## The Baby Pact

The next morning, Kyle awoke to the sound of his phone buzzing. It was a message from Brooke.

Get out of bed. Strip. Stand in the middle of the room. Hands on your head. Do not move. I'll be watching.

His heart thudded, but he obeyed. When Brooke arrived twenty minutes later, she wore a silk robe and a smile like a knife. She circled him slowly, assessing, savouring.

"You look so small like this. Vulnerable. I like it."

She opened a pink tote bag and removed the first of many humiliations. It was a pale-yellow onesie with a duck embroidered on the front with matching frilly plastic panties, plus a thick, crinkling white nappy, a pink satin bonnet and a dummy on a ribbon.

Kyle's mouth fell open.

"Too much?" she teased, holding the nappy aloft. "You signed up for this. Remember: *The Pact*. You don't make decisions anymore. I do."

He felt dizzy as she laid him down and began napping him, humming softly. He squirmed as the cool wipes touched his bare skin, but she slapped his thigh and cooed, "Be still, Lulu. Good babies don't fuss."

Once the frilly panties were pulled up over the bulky nappy, Kyle could barely walk. Brooke laughed and patted his padded crotch. "Aw, you're waddling already."

She brought him to the full-length mirror. The person staring back at him wasn't Kyle. It was someone softer, smaller, and a little silly. The onesie hugged his chest like a toddler's jumper. The bonnet framed his wide, horrified eyes. His knees were trembling.

"Admit it," she whispered behind him. "You don't want to go back. You want to be Mommy's baby, don't you?"

He swallowed hard, his cheeks burning. Brooke reached around, pushed the dummy into his mouth, and whispered, "Just nod."

He did. She smiled.

## *The Baby Pact*

Later that afternoon, Kyle sat on the living room carpet, his legs splayed helplessly apart by the bulk of the nappy. Brooke had brought down a box of toddler toys filled with stacking rings, plastic blocks, and a baby-safe mirror.

He wasn't allowed to talk, just suck his dummy. When he tried to rise to his knees, she clapped her hands sharply.

"Uh-uh. Crawling only."

At 5 p.m., she placed a large pink highchair in the centre of the kitchen. He watched in dismay as she buckled him in, tied a bib around his neck, and spoon-fed him mashed carrots from a baby jar.

"Get used to this," she purred. "By the end of the week, you'll beg for your bottle like a good little girl."

When dinner was done, Brooke wiped his face with a baby wipe and inspected his nappy with a smirk.

"Still dry?" she cooed. "We'll fix that. Laxatives at bedtime."

He whimpered through the dummy.

She leaned close, her eyes shining. "You don't get to choose anymore. Not your clothes, not your meals, not even when you use the potty. You're not a man now, Lulu. You're Mummy's baby girl."

And as she led him upstairs to his new nursery, Kyle realised something terrifying: The part of him that wanted to fight back was fading fast. And that was exactly how Brooke planned it.

## Chapter Two: Baby Steps

The guest room had always been dull, unused, undecorated, a storage space for old boxes and forgotten gym equipment. But that was before Brooke's transformation. Kyle, now firmly "Lulu", stood in the hallway, shivering in his bonnet and wetting slightly with fear as Brooke opened the door with a dramatic flourish.

"Ta-da," she whispered, as if unveiling a surprise birthday party.

It wasn't a room anymore. It was a nursery.

The beige carpet had been replaced with soft foam puzzle mats in pastel pink and lavender. Cartoon unicorns danced along the freshly painted walls. A changing table stood beside a white wooden crib, complete with a mobile of fluttering stars. A nappy pail stood ominously nearby. Shelves were stocked with baby wipes, powders, dummies in every colour, bibs, bottles, jars of mushy food, and stacks of neatly folded cloth nappies.

A white dresser, smaller, lower, and clearly meant for a child, sat in the corner. Its drawers were labelled in bubbly letters:

Onesies

Frillies

Night-Night Clothes

Daytime Dresses

"Welcome to your new room, baby," Brooke said. "You won't be sleeping with me anymore. Mommies need their space."

Lulu gawked.

Brooke took her by the hand, her grip firm, and guided her inside. "Shoes off," she ordered. "Crawl."

Kyle hesitated, but the tug on his wrist was enough. He sank to his knees and crawled. The carpet pads squeaked slightly beneath him.

"That's better," Brooke said, following behind and admiring his napped behind. "Look at those wittle frilly ruffles bouncing as you go. You're already getting the hang of it."

## *The Baby Pact*

Once in the centre of the nursery, she circled around and knelt beside him. “Now, Lulu... here’s what’s going to happen.”

She pulled out a laminated chart from a drawer and hung it on the wall. In neat rows, it listed each part of the day, with stickers beside certain “milestones”:

7:00 a.m. — Wake-up and nappy check

7:30 a.m. — Bottle feeding in highchair

8:00 a.m. — Cartoons and tummy time

10:00 a.m. — First change (if wet)

12:00 p.m. — Lunchtime (baby food)

1:00 p.m. — Naptime in crib

3:00 p.m. — Playpen/stroller time

5:00 p.m. — Second bottle

6:00 p.m. — Bath and fresh nappy

6:30 p.m. — Storytime

7:00 p.m. — Bedtime. Crib locked.

Kyle stared at it, horrified. “Seven o’clock?” he squeaked. “But—”

“Ah ah!” Brooke slipped a dummy between his lips. “No more adult words during baby time. Only babble. Goo-goo, ga-ga. You remember.”

He flushed. “Guh... goo goo,” he mumbled behind the silicone nipple.

Brooke smiled and rubbed his cheek with the back of her finger. “Good baby.”

The rest of the afternoon was a whirlwind of transformation. Brooke opened the dresser and picked out a short-sleeved onesie in pale pink with lace trim and tiny sewn-on bows. The snaps at the crotch were chrome and shone in the overhead light.

She stripped Lulu down, powdered her, and renapped her with practised ease. She held the onesie up like a proud mother dressing her toddler and snapped it shut between his legs. He winced at the tightness of it, the way it framed his napped bottom and clung to his chest like a toddler’s swimsuit.