

An AB Discovery Book

A photograph of a window with a view of a garden. The window is divided into six panes. Outside, there are pink cherry blossoms in the upper panes and pink and yellow tulips in the lower panes. A small wooden structure is visible in the middle right pane. On the windowsill, there is a small vase with white flowers and a small dark object. A grey cushion is on the left and a dark blanket is on the right.

*Becoming
Babygirl*

BUFFY REESE

Becoming Babygirl

by
Buffy Reese

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Becoming Babygirl

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Becoming Babygirl

Summary:

Cora is Belle's transgender partner of many years. Over the last year, Cora had been investigating her feelings around adult babyhood. Before long, she found a book that described exactly what she was feeling, and so asked Belle to read it in the hope it might generate discussion, and together they could perhaps try some new ideas. What follows is the story of a loving and blossoming relationship.

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Chapter 1

Cora had always considered herself the luckiest woman alive. At seventy-two, she still woke up every morning beside Belle, her wife of forty-two years, and felt the same flutter in her chest that she had on their wedding day. Back then, the world had known Cora as someone else, someone trapped in a body that never fit, but Belle had seen through the disguise from the very first coffee date in a rainy Seattle café. When Cora finally transitioned in her thirties, Belle held her hand through every appointment, every whispered fear, and every triumphant step into womanhood. Their love had weathered surgeries, family estrangements, and the slow, quiet acceptance that comes with decades together. They had built a life in a cozy Craftsman bungalow on Queen Anne Hill, with a garden that bloomed riotously every spring and a home office where Cora still worked part-time as a freelance editor.

Lately, though, something new had taken root inside Cora, something soft and secret and profoundly vulnerable. It had begun a year ago, almost by accident. A late-night scroll through an online forum had led her to stories of adults who found comfort in regression, in letting go of the heavy armor of adulthood for a few stolen hours. At first, Cora had dismissed it as curiosity. She was a grown woman, a professional, a wife. But the idea lingered, warm and insistent, like a lullaby she couldn't quite forget. Soon she found herself ordering discreet packages of thick, crinkly diapers printed with delicate pastel patterns, soft onesies with snap crotches and embroidered animals, and pacifiers that felt strangely soothing against her tongue. She kept them hidden in a locked chest in her home office in the basement.

During the long afternoons when Belle was out volunteering at the local library or meeting friends for tea, Cora would lock the office door, dim the lights, and slip into her little space. The transformation was ritualistic and tender. She would peel off her

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tailored slacks and blouse, and then carefully tape on a diaper, the padding hugging her hips with a reassuring bulk. Next came the onesie, usually the pale pink one with tiny white bunnies that zipped up the front and snapped securely between her legs. She would sit at her desk in her oversized office chair, legs dangling, sucking on a pacifier while she edited manuscripts or simply stared out at the rain pattering against the window. In those moments, the weight of decades of dysphoria, of expectations, of the world's sharp edges melted away. She was Cora, but she was also a little girl who needed nothing more than to be held and cared for. The diapers crinkled softly when she shifted. The onesie's fabric was gentle against her skin. It felt like coming home to a self she had never been allowed to be as a child.

One drizzly October afternoon, while browsing through Amazon, Cora discovered the book. It was big on her screen, its cover a soft watercolor of two women embracing, one older, maternal, the other smaller, curled trustingly against her. The title read "Your Husband is an ABDL". A few pages in, Cora's heart stuttered. What she read was striking some inner fantasy. She bought it instantly. That night, after Belle had gone to bed, Cora stayed up until three in the morning, devouring every page in the glow of her Kindle.

The book chronicled a heterosexual couple, husband and wife, who had slowly transformed their marriage into a mommy-and-daughter dynamic. The wife, once a high-powered executive, had become "Mommy," gentle and authoritative, while her husband had embraced his little girl identity full-time in their private life. There were chapters on negotiation, boundaries, rituals, and the profound intimacy that bloomed when one partner surrendered control, and the other accepted the gift of care.

The descriptions of diaper changes, bottle feedings, cuddles during thunderstorms, and the quiet safety of being utterly dependent made Cora's cheeks flush with longing. She saw herself in the little girl, not an adult woman playing dress-up, but a

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transgender woman finally claiming the babyhood she had been denied. She imagined Belle as Mommy, patient, loving, and guiding her through this new chapter. The fantasy wrapped around her like the softest blanket.

For months afterward, the book lived in Cora's Kindle. She read it so many times she imagined the spine cracked and the pages growing soft. She reread the pages as she whispered the words aloud in her office while wearing her onesie.

"Mommy knows best," she would murmur, a thrill running through her. But sharing it with Belle? That was terrifying.

Their marriage was rock-solid, but this was different. Raw, childish, potentially humiliating. What if Belle saw it as a rejection of the woman she had married? What if it shattered the equality they had fought so hard to build?

Cora debated for weeks, then months. She rehearsed conversations in the shower. She wrote letters she never sent. She cried while in her diaper one rainy Tuesday afternoon, feeling both foolish and desperate.

Winter turned to spring. Cherry blossoms exploded along the streets of Seattle, and still Cora hesitated. Then, on a quiet Friday evening in late April, with the sun setting golden over the Olympic Mountains visible from their living room window, she could wait no longer. Belle was curled on the couch with a cup of chamomile tea, her silver hair catching the light, reading a mystery novel. Cora approached with the book in her trembling hands, printed from her online file.

"Belle, sweetheart," Cora said softly, sitting beside her. "I need to show you something. It's important to me."

Belle looked up, her warm brown eyes curious. She set her book aside. "Of course, love. What is it?"

Cora handed her the printed volume. "I found this last fall. I've read it a lot. It's about a couple who changed their relationship into something like a dynamic mommy and daughter. Age play. I think it

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might be what I've been needing." Her voice cracked. "Not all the time. Just in our private world. I've been exploring it on my own. Diapers. Onesies. Feeling little. It feels right, Belle. Like the missing piece."

Belle's eyebrows rose, but she didn't pull away. She took the book gently, turning it over in her hands. For a long moment, she said nothing. Then, with a small sigh, she nodded. "I'll read it. For you."

The next week was agony for Cora. She wore her diapers and onesies in the office as usual, but now every crinkle reminded her of the conversation hanging between them. She cooked Belle's favorite meals, roast chicken with rosemary, lemon bars for dessert, trying to show her love in the ways she always had. Belle read the book slowly, one chapter per evening, sometimes frowning, sometimes tilting her head in thought. Cora caught her glancing at her with new, unreadable eyes.

Finally, on a Sunday morning, they sat at the kitchen table with coffee and fresh scones. Belle closed the book for the last time and set it between them.

"I read it," she said quietly. "All of it."

Cora's heart pounded. "And?"

Belle reached across the table and took Cora's hand, her fingers warm and steady. "It's not for me, Cora. Not right now. I love you more than anything, but the idea of changing our dynamics like that, of being Mommy while you're my little girl, feels strange. I married my partner, my equal. I don't know if I can see you that way without losing something we've built."

Disappointment crashed over Cora like a cold wave. Her eyes filled with tears. She had expected this, prepared for it, but the words still stung. She squeezed Belle's hand, fighting the lump in her throat.

"I understand," she whispered. "I'm sorry I even..."

"Wait." Belle's voice was firm but gentle. She leaned forward, brushing a strand of Cora's long brown hair behind her ear. "It's not a permanent no. It's a temporary one. I need time to think. To

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process. This is new, and it's big. I'm not saying never. I'm saying not today. Maybe not this year. But I love you, and I want you to feel safe being whoever you need to be. We'll talk more. We'll figure it out together, the way we always have."

Hope, fragile and bright as the first daffodils pushing through the garden soil outside, bloomed in Cora's chest. She let out a shaky breath and leaned into Belle's embrace. The older woman wrapped her arms around her, holding her close, rocking her slightly the way she had during Cora's transition all those years ago.

"I'm still your wife," Belle murmured into her hair. "And you're still my Cora. That doesn't change. But if this little girl part of you needs space to exist. We'll make room. Slowly. On our terms."

That afternoon, while Belle napped on the couch with her mystery novel, Cora slipped into her office. She didn't lock the door this time. She changed into her favorite pink onesie and a fresh diaper, the familiar crinkle comforting rather than secretive. She sat in her chair, pacifier in mouth, and looked out at the garden where tulips were beginning to open. The book lay on the desk beside her, its pages full of possibilities. Belle's words echoed. "Not a permanent no". Temporary. Hope was alive, tentative, patient, but real.

Over the following weeks and months, their conversations deepened. They talked late into the night about boundaries, about what "little" might look like if it ever entered their shared life. Belle asked gentle questions. Cora answered honestly, without pressure. Some evenings, Cora still retreated to her office alone, but now she left the door cracked open. Belle would sometimes peek in, smile softly at the sight of her wife as a curled up little, and blow her a kiss. No judgment. Only love, evolving.

Forty-two years had taught them both that marriage wasn't a static thing. It was a garden that was sometimes weeded, sometimes watered, always growing in unexpected directions. Cora still dreamed of the day Belle might read her a story, change her diaper with tender care, or rock her to sleep as Mommy. But for now, the

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temporary no was enough. It left the door open. It kept hope breathing.

One evening in early May of the next year, as the sun dipped behind the mountains and the city lights began to twinkle below their hill, Belle found Cora in the office. Cora was in her sailor outfit, knees drawn up, coloring in a children's book with crayons. Belle didn't speak at first. She simply knelt beside the chair, rested her chin on Cora's knee, and smiled up at her.

"You look peaceful," she said.

Cora's eyes shone with unshed tears of joy. "I feel seen."

Belle kissed her forehead, "Good. Keep feeling that way. We've got time."

In the quiet of their home, with the distant hum of Seattle traffic and the soft rustle of the garden in the breeze, Cora let herself be small. Belle let herself be open. Their love, already vast, stretched just a little further to make room for the little girl who had waited a lifetime to be loved exactly as she was.

Belle sat in her favorite armchair by the large bay window overlooking the garden, a half-finished Afghan in soft purple yarn draped across her lap. The crochet hook moved steadily in her hands, loop, pull, loop, pull, creating the rhythmic comfort she had come to rely on these past few years. Usually, she had an audiobook playing through her earbuds of cozy mysteries, gentle romances, or memoirs of women who had reinvented themselves later in life. But for the last several weeks, the only sound had been the quiet click of her hook and the occasional creak of the old Craftsman house settling around her. Silence had become her thinking space.

Cora had always been the bold one, the creative thinker who refused to stay trapped. Belle remembered the early days of the transition with a swell of pride even now. Watching her partner summon the courage to live authentically as a woman had been both terrifying and inspiring. Cora had faced down doctors, skeptical family members, and a world that often felt unkind. Belle had stood

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beside her through every step, and together they had emerged stronger. Over four decades, their love had softened into something deep and peaceful. The family had come around. Old friends had adjusted. Society, at least in their progressive corner of Seattle, had largely accepted them. They had earned this gentle chapter of life, morning coffee on the porch, evening walks along the waterfront, the freedom to simply be.

This new phase Cora was exploring, though it felt like another mountain to climb.

Chapter 2

Belle had read the book Cora had given her. She had read it carefully, cover to cover, trying to understand the longing in her wife's eyes. Most of it sounded exhausting. Diaper changes, scheduled feedings, constant supervision, and the emotional labor of stepping into a full "Mommy" role. Belle was seventy-four. She had spent a lifetime taking care of people, first as an executive, then as a mother to their kids, and always as Cora's steadfast partner. Lately, she had been shedding commitments with quiet joy. Fewer volunteer hours at the library, saying no to committee work, spending luxurious afternoons lost in yarn and silence. The thought of adding more tasks felt heavy.

Except for one part.

The chapter on intimacy had stayed with her. The book described how the dynamic could deepen physical and emotional closeness, the tender care-giving touches, the vulnerability that invited more hugging, more skin-to-skin contact, more of the gentle affection that had quietly faded in their later years. Belle missed that. She missed the way Cora used to curl into her on the couch, the long, slow kisses, and the casual brushes of fingers along a back or thigh. Life had grown comfortable, companionable, but sometimes it felt more like roommates than lovers. That one section had planted a small seed.

Maybe there was another way.

Belle set her crochet hook down and stared out at the tulips nodding in the spring breeze. What if she didn't have to be the primary caregiver? What if they brought in someone else, someone trained, someone kind, to handle the "little" side of Cora while Belle kept her freedom? A nanny. A professional caregiver who understood adult baby dynamics. The idea felt both radical and strangely practical. It would let Cora explore this need safely. It would give Belle space to remain the wife, the partner, the woman

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who still wanted lazy mornings and quiet evenings without constant responsibility. And perhaps, in the evenings, after the nanny left, Belle could reclaim the increased intimacy the book promised.

She had searched online late at night while Cora worked in her office. After careful reading of forums, vetting websites, and cross-checking references, she had found Helen.

Helen was fifty-one, a warm, experienced caregiver in the Seattle area who specialized in age play dynamics for adults. Her profile was professional yet kind: certified in CPR and first aid, years of experience with adult clients, clear boundaries, and glowing testimonials from other couples. She lived only twenty minutes away in Ballard. Belle had read her profile dozens of times over three weeks, weighing the risks, imagining the conversations, worrying about how Cora would react.

This morning, with the house quiet and Cora out for a gentle walk around the neighborhood, Belle finally picked up her phone. Her hands trembled slightly as she dialed.

The line rang twice.

“Hello?” A friendly, confident voice answered.

“Hi, is this Helen?”

“Yes, this is she. How can I help you?”

Belle took a deep breath, her crochet project forgotten in her lap. “My name is Belle. I found your profile online. My wife Cora and I have been together for over forty years. She’s recently discovered that she feels deeply fulfilled when she’s able to regress and be cared for as a little girl. I read a book about it, and while parts of it appeal to me, I’m not ready to take on the full caregiving role myself, and I was wondering if you might be open to discussing the possibility of working with us as a nanny for Cora.”

There was a gentle pause on the other end, not of surprise, but of thoughtful listening. “I’d be happy to talk about that, Belle. I work with several couples navigating exactly this. May I ask a few questions so I can understand your situation better?”