

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

A rainy day scene in a lush garden. A clothesline is strung across the middle of the frame, holding various items of laundry: a green raincoat, a white t-shirt, blue jeans, a pink long-sleeved onesie with white polka dots, a yellow t-shirt with a small orange duck, a pair of blue socks, blue and white striped overalls, and a beige knitted sweater. Rain is falling in soft, vertical streaks across the entire scene. In the foreground, there are ferns, a wooden crate filled with white daisies, and a dark metal watering can. The background is filled with dense green foliage and trees, creating a soft, misty atmosphere.

*An AB  
Love Story:*

*Helen and David*

BUFFY REESE

*An AB Love Story: Helen and David*

# An AB Love Story: Helen and David

by  
Buffy Reese

First Published 2026  
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*An AB Love Story: Helen and David*

Title: An AB Love Story: Helen and David

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Editor: Rosalie Bent, Michael Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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[www.abdiscovery.com.au](http://www.abdiscovery.com.au)

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## Preface

At its heart, *An AB Love Story* is not about diapers or roleplay. It is about love, trust, and two people brave enough to build a relationship that truly fits their hearts. After years of heartbreak and infertility struggles, Helen and David find themselves emotionally adrift, grieving the family they dreamed of creating together. Then an unexpected discovery opens the door to a different kind of intimacy, one rooted in tenderness, vulnerability, nurturing, and unconditional care.

As Helen embraces her deeply maternal nature and David allows himself to receive the gentle affection he missed growing up, the couple slowly creates a unique Mommy/baby dynamic that brings healing to them both. What begins as uncertainty becomes a profound love story about emotional safety, acceptance, and the courage to reject society's expectations in favor of what genuinely works for them. In choosing authenticity over convention, Helen and David discover not only deeper intimacy but a richer, more joyful version of love itself.

## 1. Disappointment

The sterile scent of antiseptic hung in the air of Dr. Elena Ramirez's office like a quiet accusation. Late afternoon light filtered through half-closed blinds, casting long shadows across the pale blue walls lined with framed medical degrees and hopeful posters of smiling families. Helen sat on the edge of the upholstered chair, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, knuckles white. At thirty-five, she had imagined this moment a thousand times. Different doctors. Different clinics. Different cities. But never quite like this.

David sat beside her, his arm a steady anchor around her shoulders. His thumb traced slow, soothing circles on her upper arm, the way he always did when the world felt too heavy. He was forty-one, broad-shouldered and kind-eyed, the kind of man who had quietly rearranged his entire life around her dreams without ever making her feel like a burden. They had been married for nine years, and for the last six of them, every spare moment, every dollar, and every prayer had bent toward one goal: building a family.

Dr. Ramirez closed the thick file on her desk with a gentle finality that made Helen's stomach drop. The fertility specialist's voice was soft, laced with genuine compassion. "Helen, David, I've reviewed every test, every scan, every hormone panel from the last three specialists you've seen. We've run the advanced genetic screening, the endometrial biopsy, and the full immunological workup. Your bodies are both healthy. There's no clear medical reason we can pinpoint for why conception hasn't happened. Sometimes the science simply doesn't have all the answers yet."

Helen felt the words land like stones in still water. Ripples of grief spread outward, cold and unstoppable.

"We've exhausted every evidence-based treatment," the doctor continued, her eyes kind but unwavering. "IVF rounds, IUI, the experimental protocols overseas you asked about. I wish I could tell

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you there's one more path, one more miracle in a syringe or a Petri dish. But I won't lie to you. At this point, there is nothing more we can do medically."

The room went very quiet except for the soft ticking of the wall clock.

Helen stared at the carpet, willing herself not to cry in front of the doctor who had become almost a friend over the past year. But the tears came anyway, hot and silent, sliding down her cheeks before she could stop them. David pulled her closer, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

"Thank you, Doctor," he said, voice steady even though Helen could feel the tremor in his chest. "For everything you've tried."

Dr. Ramirez offered them tissues, a referral to a counselor who specialized in infertility grief, and the promise that her door would always be open if anything changed. But they both knew it wouldn't. Not in the way they needed.

The drive home through the suburbs of Portland was wrapped in a thick, heavy silence, broken only by the low hum of the radio playing something soft and instrumental. Rain began to patter against the windshield, typical Pacific Northwest weather mirroring the storm inside their car. Helen rested her forehead against the cool glass, watching the familiar streets blur past. The neighborhood playground they drove by every day felt like a knife twist. Empty swings swaying in the drizzle. A little red tricycle abandoned on a lawn.

When they pulled into the driveway of their modest Craftsman bungalow, the one with the white porch swing David had built by hand the summer they got married, Helen didn't move to get out. She simply sat there, hands still folded in her lap.

David turned off the engine and reached across the console to take both her hands in his. "Talk to me, love."

She shook her head, her throat too tight for words at first. When she finally spoke, her voice cracked. "Six years, David. Six



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years of shots and pills and procedures and hope and disappointment. And now, nothing. Just nothing.”

He unbuckled his seatbelt and pulled her across the console into his lap, right there in the driveway, not caring if the neighbors saw. She buried her face in his neck, breathing in the familiar scent of his aftershave and the faint trace of hospital soap from his shift as a pediatric nurse. The irony had never been lost on either of them. He spent his days caring for other people’s children while they ached for their own.

“We’ll figure this out,” he whispered into her hair. “Together. Whatever comes next - adoption, fostering, surrogacy, or even choosing to build a beautiful life without kids, we do it side by side. Your happiness is my whole world, Helen. I mean that.”

Inside the house, they left the lights off and curled up on the big sectional sofa under the quilt Helen’s grandmother had made. They talked for hours. They talked about the dreams they had built together. About the nursery they had quietly dismantled last year after the fourth failed round. About the fear that they had somehow failed each other.

David held her through every wave of grief, letting her cry until there were no tears left. Then he made her chamomile tea with honey the way she liked it. He reminded her of the life they already had, the late-night dances in the kitchen, the weekends hiking the Columbia River Gorge, the way they could still make each other laugh until their sides hurt. He promised her joy, even if it looked different from what they once imagined.

But promises, no matter how lovingly spoken, could not fill the hollow space that had opened inside her.

The next few months stretched out like a gray fog. Life hung on by the thinnest of threads.

Helen went through the motions at her job as a graphic designer, designing cheerful branding for other people’s baby showers and children’s books while her own heart quietly fractured.

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She smiled for friends and family, accepted the well-meaning but painful comments. “Maybe it’s just not meant to be”, and tried not to flinch when someone announced a pregnancy. At night, she would lie awake beside David, staring at the ceiling, wondering what she had done to deserve this particular brand of emptiness.

David was her rock. He came home early when he could, brought her flowers for no reason, and planned gentle weekend getaways to the coast just to watch the waves together. He cooked her favorite meals and held her when the grief hit like a sudden storm. Some nights he would pull her into the backyard, wrap her in a blanket under the stars, and simply remind her that she was enough, more than enough, just as she was. His love was fierce and patient and unwavering, but even he couldn’t reach the deepest part of her sorrow.

There were days Helen felt she was disappearing. She stopped painting in the little studio off the garage. She stopped singing along to the radio. The joy that had once defined her felt buried under layers of exhaustion and quiet despair. She went through the motions of living, but inside she was holding her breath, waiting for something, anything, to change.

Then one ordinary Tuesday afternoon in late September, something shifted.

Helen was alone in the house, rain tapping softly against the windows. She had been scrolling mindlessly on her laptop, half-heartedly looking at adoption agency websites she had already memorized, when her eyes landed on something unexpected. A small, unassuming link tucked in the corner of a support forum she rarely visited anymore.

She clicked.

And for the first time in months, a fragile spark of hope, real and warm and terrifyingly alive, ignited somewhere deep inside her chest.

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She sat very still, reading and rereading the words on the screen, her heart beating faster than it had in months. Tears slipped down her cheeks again, but this time they were different. Not the heavy tears of grief, but the trembling kind that comes when a long, dark room suddenly lets in a sliver of light.

What she read was a way to be a mother, or rather, a Mommy to her new baby. Could this be the path forward? What she read was unusual but possible. Possibility gave her hope.

David would be home soon. She closed the laptop and pressed a hand to her heart, feeling the tiny flicker growing stronger by the second.

Whatever this was, whatever path had just cracked open in front of her, she knew one thing with absolute certainty: she would not walk toward it alone. David's love had carried her this far. Now, maybe, just maybe, it would carry them both into something new.

For the first time in a very long while, Helen allowed herself to breathe.

## 2. Helen's Early Life

Helen stood at the kitchen window, staring out at the rain-soaked garden they had planted together five years ago. The dahlias she had chosen with such care last spring were now heavy-headed and drooping under the steady Pacific Northwest drizzle. She hadn't bothered to go out and stake them. What was the point?

Thirty-five years old, and the little girl who once dreamed so fiercely of motherhood felt like a ghost inside her own skin.

To truly understand the depth of the ache that now lived in her chest, one had to go back to the beginning. To the small, tree-lined town of Edmonds, just north of Seattle, where Helen had grown up as the cherished only child of Margaret and Robert Ellis.

Her father worked long hours as a civil engineer, building bridges and roads that connected communities across the state. He was steady and quiet, the kind of man who showed love through actions rather than words. But her mother was a force of pure, enveloping warmth. Margaret had been a stay-at-home mom who poured every ounce of her considerable love into her daughter. From the moment Helen was born, she was wrapped in soft blankets, spoken to in the gentlest baby talk, and dressed in the sweetest outfits. Frilly dresses with matching bloomers, tiny lace socks, and pastel ribbons in her fine brown hair.

"Oh, my precious little baby girl," Margaret would coo as she changed Helen's diaper or rocked her for naps, even long after diapers were no longer necessary. "Mommy's sweet, perfect angel. You are Mommy's whole world." The words wrapped around Helen like a cashmere blanket, creating a sense of safety so complete that she never wanted to leave it.

As Helen grew from toddler to little girl, her world revolved around babies, real and imagined. She had an entire collection of "dollies," as she called them, each one named and loved with fierce

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devotion. Every afternoon, she would set up elaborate tea parties on the sun porch, carefully pouring pretend tea into tiny plastic cups, adjusting bows on their dresses, and speaking to them in the same melodic baby talk her mother used with her.

“You’re such a good girl for Mommy,” she would whisper to her favorite dolly, a soft-bodied baby with a porcelain face and real lashes, as she rocked it in the miniature cradle her father had built. “Mommy will always take care of you. Always.”

Even as she entered her teenage years, that maternal flame never dimmed. While other girls dreamed of careers or boyfriends or travel, Helen’s fantasy life remained rich and specific. A cozy house filled with the sound of little feet. Bedtime stories read in rocking chairs. Tiny hands reaching up for “Mama.” She kept a secret journal where she wrote letters to her future children. She practiced folding tiny clothes. She volunteered at the church nursery every Sunday, finding pure joy in comforting fussy infants and teaching toddlers simple songs.

When she met David at twenty-six, it felt like the universe had finally aligned the stars.

She was working as a junior graphic designer at a small firm in Seattle. He was a pediatric nurse, gentle and thoughtful, with warm hazel eyes and a quiet strength that made people trust him instantly. Their first date was at a little bookstore café in Ballard. Over lattes and shared slices of lemon cake, they discovered they both wanted the same future. A house full of love, laughter, and children.

David had listened, really listened, as Helen described her dreams that night. How she wanted to be the kind of mother her own mom had been. The kind who used baby talk without embarrassment, who dressed her babies in the cutest outfits, who made every day feel like a storybook. His eyes had softened with something like awe.

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"I love that about you," he had said, reaching across the table to take her hand. "That big, generous heart of yours. I want to help you build that life, Helen. More than anything."

They married a year later in a small ceremony overlooking Puget Sound. David supported her completely. When she wanted to try for a baby right away, he was all in. When the first year passed without success, he held her through the disappointment. When the doctors' visits began, he rearranged his shifts, researched every new treatment, and never once made her feel like her longing was too much.

But now, after six long years of trying, the latest doctor's words had shattered something vital inside her.

The depression that followed was quiet and devastating. Helen moved through their home like a shadow. She stopped wearing the soft pastel colors she loved. She stopped singing the lullabies she used to hum absentmindedly while cooking. The nursery they had prepared and then painfully dismantled sat empty behind a closed door. She barely touched her art tablet. Meals were simple and often uneaten. Even David's gentle touches sometimes made her flinch, not from lack of love, but from the fear that she was failing the one person who had always believed in her dreams.

David watched all of this with a heart that ached in tandem with hers. He loved every version of Helen, but he missed his bright, maternal wife with an intensity that surprised even him. He missed the way she would light up when she saw a baby at the grocery store. He missed her playful baby talk when she was feeling especially affectionate. He missed the woman who carried so much love inside her that it spilled over onto everyone around her.

One quiet evening, a few weeks after that final doctor's appointment, David found her curled on the couch under a blanket, staring at nothing. He knelt in front of her and took both her cold hands in his.

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“Helen,” he said softly, his voice thick with emotion. “I know this hurts more than I can possibly understand. But I need you to hear me. I didn’t fall in love with you because of the children we might have someday. I fell in love with you. Your huge heart, your tenderness, the way you love so completely. That part of you hasn’t gone anywhere. It’s still in there. And I’m going to keep loving you until it finds its way back to the light.”

Tears slipped down her cheeks. “But I was supposed to be a mommy, David. That’s who I’ve always been. Since I was little. Since Mommy dressed me up and called me her baby girl. I just wanted to give that same love to our children.”

He pulled her into his arms, holding her as she cried. “Then we’ll find a way for that love to have somewhere to go. I don’t know what it looks like yet, but I promise you, we’re not done dreaming, sweetheart. Not by a long shot.”

He rocked her gently, the same way she had once rocked her dollies, and for the first time in months, Helen felt a tiny crack in the wall of grief. Not enough to let the light all the way in, but enough to remind her she was still loved exactly as she was.

A few days later, on that ordinary Tuesday afternoon, alone in the house with the rain tapping against the windows, Helen opened her laptop with no real purpose. She scrolled through a support forum she had mostly abandoned, more out of habit than hope.

Then she saw it.

A single post. A different kind of path. Something strange and tender and possibly life-changing. She had a good imagination, and she could see in her mind the diapers, the bottles, and the caring for her baby.

Her breath caught. Her heart, which had felt so heavy for so long, gave a small, startled flutter.

She didn’t know if this was the answer. She didn’t even know if she had the courage to show it to David yet. But for the first time