



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

A WEEK OF DISCOVERY

AN INFANTILE REGRESSION STORY

CECILIA BENNET

A Week Of Discovery

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by

Cecilia Bennet

First Published 2026

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Title: A Week Of Discovery

Author: Cecilia Bennet

Editor: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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Chapter 1: The Invitation

Marion's car rolled up the winding lane that led to Carol's house. The familiar red brick of her old friend's home looked almost unchanged, except for the carefully tended garden and the new wooden gate at the driveway. A small pang of nostalgia fluttered in her chest.

"Carol," Marion whispered, smiling at the memory of their school days. "It's been too long."

Carol opened the door before Marion even had time to knock, her grin as wide as ever. "Marion! You made it! Come in, come in!"

They hugged tightly. Marion felt the warmth of Carol's home radiating through her, immediately calming the tension she hadn't realised she carried.

"You haven't changed a bit," Marion said as she stepped inside.

Carol chuckled. "And you still look like you just walked out of our yearbook. I can't believe it's been what? Ten years?"

"Eleven, actually." Marion laughed, brushing off her coat. "Time flies."

"You have to meet the kids," Carol said, beckoning her into the living room. "They're eager to see you."

Marion followed, expecting the usual teenage awkwardness, but what she saw stopped her in her tracks. Carol's three children, two boys and a girl, were sitting on the carpet, giggling over a puzzle. They wore matching pastel clothing that looked more like baby outfits than teen fashion. Bottles sat on the floor next to them, and a small highchair was nearby with a sippy cup perched on it.

"Oh..." Marion said softly, unsure where to look.

Carol noticed her hesitation and laughed. "Don't worry. I know it's a lot. But trust me, they're happy. Very happy."

Marion swallowed, nodding slowly. "They... they seem content. Really content. But... nappies?"

Carol shrugged, still smiling. "They've been like this for years. They sleep in cribs at night, wear nappies all day, and honestly, I think

it's made them more confident and closer to each other. I know it seems strange."

Marion's mind reeled. "All three of them?"

"Yes, even the boys. They wear girls' clothes sometimes, too. And outside the house... panties and bras. Don't look so horrified. It's their choice. And they're perfectly happy."

Marion nodded, though she was far from convinced. She could see the joy in the children's eyes, the laughter bouncing from one to the next. Still, a tug of guilt pulled at her chest. Her own son, Malcolm, was fifteen and at home, living a typical teen life, but she knew how distant he had become lately.

"Marion," Carol said softly, reading her expression, "are you worried about Malcolm?"

Marion's lips pressed together. "I... I guess. He's... he's drifting away. I barely see him anymore, not really. He's polite, he's fine, but there's a disconnect. I just don't know how to reach him anymore."

Carol nodded knowingly. "I remember feeling that way with my older two before we found this path. I was frustrated, worried, sometimes even angry. But sometimes the way to reach them isn't by pushing. They respond when they feel safe, accepted, and cared for. That's what these routines have done for us."

Marion sank onto the sofa, folding her hands in her lap. "I've tried... talking, guiding, doing everything I thought was right. But nothing works. He just... drifts further away."

Carol reached out, giving her friend's hand a reassuring squeeze. "Then maybe it's time to try something new. Something he can feel, not just hear. I think you're about to see that in action this week."

Marion looked up, her eyes wary but curious. "And... you really think Malcolm would respond to something like this?"

Carol smiled, almost mysteriously. "I think he would, if it's done with care and love. But you don't have to think about that now. Just... experience it. See what it feels like."

Marion nodded slowly, unsure if she was stepping into the bizarre or the beautiful. Already, she could feel the walls she had built

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between herself and Malcolm starting to shake. Maybe this week with Carol wasn't just a reunion. It was a chance to understand something she hadn't dared to imagine.

Chapter 2: The First Surprise

Marion followed Carol through the kitchen, where the smell of warm bread and vanilla lingered. The children squealed with laughter, chasing one another around the small living space, their pastel outfits puffing comically as they ran.

Marion couldn't help but smile, though a knot of astonishment twisted in her stomach. "I have to admit, Carol... this is unlike anything I expected."

Carol laughed, brushing her dark hair behind her ear. "I know. It's shocking at first. But it works for us. They're happy, affectionate, and we... we just enjoy the little things. Why fight comfort?"

Marion hesitated, then lowered her voice. "I... I understand more than you might think." She glanced toward the children, who were now lining up with their bottles. "I... I actually wear nappies myself sometimes. At home. I use them, and I sleep with a dummy."

Carol froze mid-step, then her eyes lit up with gentle surprise. "You... you do?"

Marion nodded, cheeks heating. "Yes. I never told anyone. Not Malcolm, not anyone. But... it relaxes me. Makes me feel safe. I don't... I didn't expect anyone else to understand."

Carol's smile widened, warm and accepting. "Marion, that's wonderful. Honestly. I thought I was the only adult who'd ever find it comforting in this way. You're already partway there, then."

Marion shifted in her seat, embarrassed but relieved. "I didn't know if I could ever show Malcolm or even say it to someone. But seeing you and all this, I feel less alone in it."

Carol put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Good. That's the first step. And seeing it in action helps, too. Sometimes it's easier to understand when it's lived."

Marion looked around the room, her eyes following the children as they climbed onto the small highchair. One of the boys, dressed in a frilly pink dress, giggled as he held out his bottle. The

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other boy, in a soft yellow outfit, waved shyly at her. Even the girl, with pigtails tied neatly with ribbons, looked up and smiled warmly.

"Do... do they ever feel weird about it?" Marion asked softly, almost afraid of the answer.

Carol shook her head. "Never. They've grown up with it. It's normal for them. And when you normalise something, it stops being strange. It just is. That's why they're so close, so happy. No secrets, no shame."

Marion bit her lip. "I wish Malcolm... I wish I could help him feel that freedom, that comfort. But he's... he's so distant. I don't know how to start."

Carol's gaze softened. "Start small. You already know the comfort yourself. You just show him, don't force him. Make it gentle. Let him see that there's nothing wrong with it, that it's about joy, not shame."

Marion nodded, feeling a flutter of hope she hadn't felt in months. "I suppose... I suppose I can start with the basics. Show him that it's safe, that it's okay."

Carol's grin returned, mischievous and encouraging. "And in the meantime, you can experience it fully here. You're our guest, Marion. Highchair meals, nappies, even a crib if you want. No judgment, just comfort. You'll see why my kids love it."

Marion hesitated, heart racing. The thought of fully surrendering to this world, even for a week, was exhilarating and terrifying. She glanced at the children again, their laughter filling the room. Their joy was contagious, effortless.

"I... maybe I will," she said finally, a small smile tugging at her lips. "I think I want to see what it feels like completely. If only for a week."

Carol's eyes sparkled. "That's the spirit. Trust me, it's more relaxing than you can imagine. And it might just help you find a way back to Malcolm, too."

Marion nodded silently, feeling a strange, comforting warmth. For the first time in months, she felt curious, unafraid, and ready to explore what this unusual, joyful household had to offer.

Chapter 3: Learning the Rules

Marion woke the next morning to the soft hum of voices in the kitchen. Carol's three children were already awake, giggling and chatting while finishing their bottles. The scent of pancakes and syrup filled the air, and Marion, still in her pyjamas, felt a strange mixture of anticipation and nervousness.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Carol said warmly as she poured coffee for Marion. "Did you sleep well?"

Marion smiled, brushing a hand over her face. "I did, actually. More than I have in a long time." She glanced down at her clothes and felt a flutter of embarrassment. "Even with the nappy?"

Carol's grin widened. "I told you it helps. There's something about it that just lets your body and mind relax. You'll get used to it quickly."

Marion nodded, her curiosity growing. "I still don't fully understand your boys, though. Why do they dress as baby girls? Even at school, you said?"

Carol leaned back, thoughtful. "It's part preference, part comfort, part identity. When they were very young, they liked wearing frilly things. Over time, it just stuck. They feel safe in softer fabrics, panties, and bras. And it's not about embarrassment. They feel more themselves this way."

Marion raised an eyebrow. "Even outside the house?"

"Yes," Carol said, sipping her tea. "Under normal clothes. At school. Some of their friends do the same. They support each other. It's not about flaunting it; it's about feeling right, feeling secure. That's why it works so well for us."

Marion frowned slightly. "I would have thought kids would get teased."

"They might if it weren't normalised at home," Carol explained. "We've made it part of their life from the beginning. And their friends, most of them, are in the same situation, or at least accepting. That way, they don't feel alone. It's a little community."

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Marion's gaze softened as she watched the boys helping their sister with a small puzzle. "I suppose that sense of belonging... it explains a lot about why they're so happy."

Carol nodded. "Exactly. And once they feel safe in themselves, it spreads. Confidence, joy, closeness. It's amazing to watch."

Marion hesitated, then lowered her voice. "I... I want Malcolm to feel that too. But he's... he's so different. He doesn't wet the bed, doesn't need... I don't know... a nappy for comfort."

Carol reached over, squeezing Marion's hand. "You'd be surprised how flexible comfort can be. It's not about the mechanics. Nappies, baby clothes, dummies. These are just tools. You can introduce them slowly, subtly. Let him explore without pressure."

Marion nodded, the idea settling in her mind. "I think I can do that. I just need to see it in practice. To feel it fully myself first."

Carol laughed. "Perfect. You're going to start today. Highchair breakfast, bottles, and nappies. You'll see how much more relaxed you can feel in just an hour or two. The kids will guide you. They're excellent teachers."

Marion swallowed and smiled nervously. "Alright, I'll try it."

Later that morning, she found herself in the highchair, a bottle pressed to her lips, a soft, still-wet nappy under her pyjamas. The boys, dressed in frilly outfits, giggled encouragingly. Marion felt an unexpected warmth spread through her. The sensation was both strange and comforting.

"See?" Carol said, leaning against the counter. "It's not humiliating. It's freeing. And your body remembers how to relax. That's what matters."

Marion nodded, a small smile tugging at her lips. "I understand. I think I could get used to this."

Carol's eyes twinkled. "Good. Tomorrow, we'll talk more about the clothes they wear outside the house, the panties, the bras. And I'll introduce you to a few of their friends who dress the same way. You'll see how it's all completely normal for them."

Marion's heart raced, a mix of anticipation and nervous excitement. She realised that this week was going to be more than a

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visit. It was going to be a revelation. And perhaps, just perhaps, it would give her the tools to reach Malcolm in a way she hadn't imagined before.

Chapter 4: Friends and Acceptance

The doorbell chimed mid-morning, and Marion jumped slightly, her bottle still in her hand.

“Ah, that must be our friends,” Carol said with a smile. “Come on, I want you to see how well they accept each other.”

The two boys, Eli and Nathan, as Marion learned, rushed to the door in their frilly dresses, their nappies crinkling softly as they ran. Marion followed, trying not to stare too obviously.

The door swung open, and two more teens stepped inside. Marion immediately noticed the soft pastel clothing and the subtle curves of the outfits. Her eyes widened when she realised that underneath their normal outer clothes, both boys were wearing panties and bras.

Carol laughed at her expression. “It’s okay, Marion. You’ll get used to it. Everyone here feels the same. It’s not unusual at all. In fact, all their friends wear the same.”

Marion blinked. “Even at school?”

Carol nodded. “Yes. Some keep it private. Others are more open. But in this circle, they’re all accepted. No teasing, no judgment.”

The visiting boys grinned shyly at Marion. One of them tugged at his dress, crinkling the soft fabric. “We’ve been looking forward to hanging out,” he said. His voice was warm and confident. “Eli and Nathan tell us you’re trying baby things this week?”

Marion felt heat rise in her cheeks. “I... yes. I’m learning,” she admitted softly.

“Don’t worry,” Nathan said, smiling gently. “It’s fun. You’ll like it. The bottles, the highchairs. Everything. You just have to let it happen.”

Marion watched as the teens settled into the living room, talking freely, laughing, and occasionally sipping from bottles. Their comfort with each other was palpable. There was no awkwardness, no shame.