

An AB Discovery Book

Two adults, destined to live the rest of their lives as perfectly formed infants. Twin babies for a world where infants are treasured beyond measure. It was...

Infant Utopia

Wilbur
Forsythe

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by
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Prologue

For the billions of years since our galaxy was formed, life tried desperately to form on multiple thousands of planets. A brief spark and then annihilation. An amoeba there, a two-celled organism there, but then... it was gone. But on two planets on opposite sides of the Milky Way, life got a hold, fought tenaciously, and clung on through opposition until sentient life finally appeared at around the same time. Thousands of years later, these two planets evolved along similar, if still unique paths. The sentient beings were also near-identical – human beings – with only minor genetic differences.

One planet entered its Dark Period, where intellectualism was stunted, social development halted, and the very fate of its culture hung in the balance. On the other, science, technology, and culture continued their inexorable and unchecked march. But just as one planet's Dark Ages threatened their existence, the onward, unimpeded march of technology threatened the other. It seemed that both a belief in magic and superstition and a belief in the magic of technology produced similar threats to existence.

And so it was that in the 1600s on Earth, a space probe from the other side of the galaxy appeared in orbit of the planet called Earth. No one saw it, of course, but for the other planet – Altrax – it was the first life they had encountered in 500 years of space exploration. In the 400 years since, Earth was still the only other inhabited planet in the galaxy with complex life.

But just as war and mysticism had wreaked havoc on Earth and stunted its development, Altrax's love of technology had inflicted a cruel price on its own people. There was no solution to the high price they had paid, but it was possible – barely possible – that Earth may have a band-aid solution for their failings. Not a cure, but a small salve to the pain and loss they suffered year on year.

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And so it was that in 1745 - as time is measured on Earth - that *Project Infant* was launched and the first visitors from a foreign world stepped onto the planet.

No one knew.

Dream Sequence TML#1

Tilly walked slowly along the second-floor corridor of her low-rent apartment building in Toronto. The thirty-four-year-old shopping mall cleaner was exhausted from a day of washing floors, emptying bins, and cleaning toilets. Her thin, tall frame just wanted to be inside her ‘citadel of privacy’, her one-bedroom flat where she could forget the crap of the day – both metaphorical and literal – and enjoy the only part of her life she could tolerate.

Baby time.

Matilda “Tilly” Katherine Laurence took out the ponytail in her shoulder-length dirty blonde hair and shook it loose. In double-quick time, she took off her clothes and slipped off her panties. Lying on an open shelf was a pile of adult diapers, and she quickly grabbed one, slipped it under her bottom, spread her legs, and pulled the front through, taping it together quickly.

“Finally!” she exhaled, as her body went limp and relaxed. Lying on her bed, she slipped her hand under her pillow and found her pacifier. The moment it entered her mouth, her bladder relaxed, and a torrent of pee flowed into the welcoming diaper.

She sighed again and closed her eyes. Her naked, diapered frame grabbed hold of the well-loved and often repaired teddy bear she slept with every night and held her tight. Alana was well used to the experience, and if the teddy bear could talk, she would tell of the twenty years of living with at first a teen, then an adult woman who was at all times still little more than a baby.

Being a baby made her life very solitary, but at moments like this, the price was still a bargain. Cuddling her cherished teddy bear, she slid beneath the quilt and let *Baby Tilly* out with an audible sigh. Adult Tilly was dispatched, and *Baby Tilly* was welcomed in for ‘sleep time’.

The best part of her day was about to commence – baby time, sleep time, and for her, the only time she could be true to herself.

Sleep came quickly, as it usually did.

DREAM SEQUENCE TML#1: COMMENCE IN FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE...

Baby Tilly awoke with a small cry. She could feel an emptiness in her tummy, so she opened her mouth and began to cry. Softly at first, then louder. Her room was still dark, and only the soft light from the nightlight just outside her crib broke the blackness and granted her a degree of protection.

Baby Tilly sat up unsteadily, held onto the bars of her crib, and peered through. For a few moments, the crying stopped as she looked around the crib and her nursery. But the hunger persisted, and the cries became more insistent and louder.

“Dear, dear!” exclaimed the woman who opened the door to her nursery. “What’s all the fuss about, Tilly? Is my baby girl hungry?”

Baby Tilly stretched her arms up in the air, and the woman put her arms underneath her and carefully lifted her out of the crib.

“Mumma...” Baby Tilly said. “Mumma...”

“Sweet little girl,” the woman answered softly. “Mommy is here now, so no need to cry anymore. You’re all safe now.”

She lifted the tiny nine-month-old baby up high and held her tight. Immediately, Baby Tilly felt happy and safe. She could smell her maternal scent. It was very familiar, and she instantly relaxed into the warm body of her mother.

“Time to feed you, I think,” she said. “You’ve had a very big sleep, and mommy is very pleased you did. I love you, Tilly...”

Suddenly, everything completely changed.

Baby Tilly was now in a different room. Tilly looked up into the face of the woman she recognized from a place and time she couldn’t remember. Tilly was lying in her arms as the teat of a feeding bottle came toward her.

She instinctively opened her mouth and sucked on the teat, and a familiar, wonderful taste emerged. Slowly, her tummy began to fill

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before, finally, the woman lifted her up, put her over her shoulder, and patted her firmly.

Baby Tilly burped.

She smiled.

“Mumma...”

“Yes, Tilly. Mommy loves you, little girl,” she said, as she grabbed Baby Tilly’s pacifier and popped it into her mouth.

“I think it is time I got my little baby girl all clean!” Mommy said, lifting up the little girl. “Diapee change time!”

Baby Tilly smiled. Tilly felt happy and loved. Because she was loved

“I love my mommy,” she thought.

The woman carried the tiny child over to the large bed and laid her on the white change mat. Lifting her arms up, she undid the press studs of her pretty white and pink babygro and slipped it off.

“Now, my little chickadee...” smiled Mommy. “Let’s get this sticky diapee off my little bundle and get her nice and clean!”

Baby Tilly recognized the familiar sound of the tabs on her diaper being undone and seconds later, the cool morning air could be felt on her now naked body. She giggled happily as the baby wipes tickled her bottom and legs while mommy cleaned her up.

“Only wet this morning, Tilly!” she said with a laugh. “That makes changing you so much easier, doesn’t it?”

Baby Tilly giggled, and her pacifier fell out. Mommy put it back in her mouth.

Tilly looked down along her body, and something inside her knew that everything was very different. It was not quite normal. It was not exactly as it was supposed to be. But Tilly didn’t care, because whatever it was that was different, it was much better now.

The woman tickled Tilly’s tummy, and she laughed again.

“I better get a diaper on you, young lady, before you pee all over the bed or worse... over me!”

Mommy smiled as she slid the dry diaper underneath her infant daughter and taped the sides on firmly.

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“Mumma... Mumma...” Baby Tilly gurgled.

“Yes, Tilly, I am your mommy, and here comes...”

She tickled Baby Tilly again, and the infant laughed.

“Clean clothes!” she exclaimed. “One day, when you are a bigger girl, you and mommy will go buying dresses and shoes together! Won’t that be fun?”

The woman put a plain white onesie on Baby Tilly and then on top, a pretty infant dress with smocking and a lace hem.

“Here comes your shoes, baby girl!”

White frilly-topped socks and a pair of baby’s first walker shoes came next. Baby Tilly laid back on the bed, held her feet close to her face, and smiled. She didn’t really know what shoes were for. She couldn’t walk yet. She was still a confirmed crawler.

“Now I think you are pretty enough for a Prince!” the woman exclaimed. “And I think I know where we can find a Prince, don’t you?”

Once again, everything changed.

Baby Tilly was on the floor in a different room. She was crawling on a large soft rug. Squatting on the floor not far in front of her was a young man. Instinctively, she knew who he was.

“Dadda...” she squealed, as she crawled as fast as she could. “Dadda...”

“How’s my little Princess Tilly this morning?” he said gently. “Mommy dressed you up so pretty!”

“Dadda...” she said and threw her short arms around his neck.

“Princess, would you like to go for a walk with Daddy and Mommy?”

Baby Tilly didn’t really know what he was saying and yet, somehow, she did. It was all very confusing, but she didn’t care.

“I love Daddy and Mommy,” she thought to herself.

Baby Tilly tried to say those words out loud, but only managed, “Mumma... Dadda... Mumma...”

Then everything faded away to darkness.

DREAM SEQUENCE TML#1: CONCLUDED. REPORT IN
PROGRESS

Dream Sequence JSR#1

Living in a small rural town in the United States was not a lot of fun for thirty-seven-year-old Jack Samuel Ronson. He had been given a name that would have suited a spy, a test pilot, or a CIA super-agent. And he had the body that went with it. Six foot six inches and powerfully built with dark curly hair, his true nature couldn't be further from the image he projected. He looked tough and strong – a man's man. But inside, Jack wanted *anything* but the masculine tough-guy routine.

Everyone knew everyone in his town, and that was the big problem. He didn't want anyone to know him at all, and he didn't want to know anyone else either. He was a loner – and quite happy to be so. Who he was inside was a secret and something so bizarre and rare that he dared not share it with anyone. And so, he shared very little of anything at all.

Jack's place of abode was little more than a hut off the main road behind a row of trees where he couldn't be easily seen. He had chosen the location so no one would ever just 'drop in'. He didn't want guests, invited or otherwise. His ancient truck was parked just behind the hut, after a day of breathtakingly mediocre and boring work at a lumber mill some twenty miles away. Working hard physically every day only made him stronger, and his substantial muscles grew bigger. But unlike most men, his strapping physique mocked him endlessly. Everything about him was wrong, and he wanted the opposite of it all.

As soon as he slammed the door behind him, he stripped off his dusty work clothes, taped on an adult diaper, and silently, blessedly, wet himself. The stress and angst of his life evaporated instantly as the stream flowed. When he was finished, he picked up a favorite soft toy – a pink rabbit – and sat in his favorite chair in nothing more than his diaper.

It was perfect.

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Five minutes was all the soporific effect of the wet diaper took to send him off to a deep sleep.

It was still only 5 pm.

DREAM SEQUENCE JSR#1: COMMENCE IN FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE...

Baby Jack looked around him with an excited and happy look. He was in a baby stroller.

Baby Jack saw the people walking past and looking at him and smiling. He could see his pretty powder-blue trousers and a yellow T-shirt. He had knitted blue booties on.

Something troubled Baby Jack, but he didn't know quite what it was.

"Aren't you a handsome little baby boy!" said a strange woman, as her face appeared close to his stroller.

"He is a wonderful little boy," another woman said from behind the stroller. "He doesn't cry much. And he took two steps yesterday."

Twelve-month-old Baby Jack began to cry. He didn't know what was upsetting him.

"Oh dear!" said the woman pushing the stroller. "Have you lost your paci, my precious bundle?"

A pretty hand with pink painted nails appeared, picked up the lost pacifier, and inserted it back into Baby Jack's mouth.

His crying suddenly stopped.

Jack spotted the row of plastic toys dangling in front of him, strung across the stroller, and with unsteady movements, reached out for them, grabbed one, and pulled. It bounced away, so he grabbed another one. And another... and another.

He laughed and smiled.

Suddenly, everything changed.

Baby Jack was sitting on the grass outside. He could see his mommy, not far away. He could see his stroller, and he could see a playground in the distance.

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Jack stood up on very unsteady feet and took a few steps.

He fell.

He got up again, took a few more steps, and fell again, this time on his face.

Baby Jack began to cry.

“Jack, my little precious!” Mommy said. “You walked three steps! Mommy is so proud of you!”

As the woman held Jack in her arms, wiping the tears away, he felt safe and secure, and the tears stopped.

The woman sat him back down and gave him a tiny green dinosaur to play with, making sure his pacifier was pinned to his shirt and popped it into his mouth.

Baby Jack was happy once more.

He crawled over the grass.

“Jack, honey,” Mommy called. “Don’t go too far, please!”

Baby Jack stopped and rolled over and giggled. Mommy’s hands came close and began to tickle him. He felt his diaper getting wetter as he giggled.

Then, once again, everything changed.

He was suddenly inside a house, in a room that looked like a baby’s nursery. Baby Jack could see the pale blue walls, the toys, and the crib in the middle of the room. Instantly, he knew it was his crib.

He was crying. Crying loud. He was very upset.

“I’m nearly there, Jack,” a distant voice shouted. “Hold on just a few more seconds...” Moments later, the face of a man appeared in front of him, waving a glass feeding bottle.

Jack cried even louder. “Dada...” he said between cries. “Dada...”

“He knows who you are!” enthused Mommy, over the din.

Holding him tight, the woman took the feeding bottle in her hands and shoved the teat in Baby Jack’s mouth. He sucked quickly and strongly. Baby Jack could feel the sumptuous meal of hot formula filling

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him up. The crying stopped, and a feeling of happiness and rightness overwhelmed him.

“I love you, Mommy. I love you, Daddy,” he thought to himself.

Jack tried desperately to say those words out loud, but he couldn’t. His mouth was full of fast-flowing formula. Even when the bottle was empty and Mommy removed it from his mouth, he couldn’t say the words that formed inside his head.

“Dada... Dada...” was all he could say.

Baby Jack felt frustrated.

“Now it’s time to get that diaper changed, little boy,” said the man as he laid him down on a change table and took off his trousers.

Something was deeply troubling Baby Jack, but he couldn’t work out what it was.

He heard the familiar sounds of diaper tapes being removed and the cold wipes cleaning, and then he looked down at his half-naked form.

“No!” he shouted. “That’s not me! It can’t be!”

Baby Jack rolled off the change table, fell, and tried to crawl away, screaming...

DREAM SEQUENCE JSR#1: FAILED. REPORT IN PROGRESS

Tilly

Tilly woke briefly after her dream and laid silently in her bed, reliving it over and over again in her mind.

“That’s the best dream I’ve had in a long time,” she thought to herself. “If only I could...”

Before she could finish her thought, sleep claimed her once again, and in the morning, when she awoke, she realized her diaper was very wet.

“I don’t remember wetting during the night,” she exclaimed to nobody in particular.

Nobody was ever there in the morning. Nobody had ever been there in the morning or during the night. Tilly was not only single but very single.

Tilly smiled at the realization that she had wet herself like a baby during the night.

“Perhaps the bedwetting is back for good?” she wondered, optimistically. “Damn, that was some dream!” she repeated to her teddy bear. “And I can still remember all of it. That’s really odd! I usually forget everything.”

Alana, her teddy bear, was Tilly’s closest confidant. The bear was looking a bit ragged now, but she had slept with Tilly since she was thirteen. Alana knew all of Tilly’s secrets and all of her hidden thoughts. Her parents had given Alana to her as part of a deal when she was thirteen to take away night diapers.

Tilly had still been in night diapers at thirteen, and the journey to that point itself had been very traumatic. But Alana and she had formed a deep and genuine friendship. They shared their days and nights with each other, and Tilly found out that even stuffed teddy bears had a lot to say and sometimes had a lot of fun. Certainly, more fun than a shopping mall cleaner ever did!