

A woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a pink patterned onesie and a blue pacifier, is sitting on a patterned rug in a baby's room. She is smiling and playing with colorful blocks and a teddy bear. In the background, there is a wooden crib, a bookshelf with books and stuffed animals, and framed pictures of animals on the wall.

An AB Discovery Book

A Life Of Infantile Wonder

5 ABDL stories

CECILIA BENNET
TERRY MASTERS

A Life Of Infantile Wonder

by

Terry Masters

Cecilia Bennet

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The Nursery and the Cuckold

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by

Terry Masters

The Beginning

He was with his brother-in-law Simon in the golf club bar and he needed to go to the men's room badly. Everybody was talking and he seemed unable to move. The need became overwhelming, and then, all of a sudden, it happened - a warm feeling spread around his groin. Everybody stopped and looked with surprise, horror then laughter all around him. He wanted to run but was held still. Something was wrong, why did it not run down his legs? Why didn't his pants go dark? The warmth spread upwards and sideways ignoring gravity.

Simon hissed loudly, "David, you are wetting your pants!"

David woke with a start, heart pounding, sweat on his chest and face. He opened his eyes at last, and a quick glance showed the familiar cot bars and the pink glow of sunlight through the nursery curtains. Relief flooded through him. It was only a dream, the same dream, a frightening dream, and a visit to his past life.

Shifting slowly in his cot, the dream faded. It was alright he had just wet his nappy in his sleep. He was safe in his cot and the golf club was a distant memory not to be seen again soon. He didn't even know if he was still a member. That was a stupid thought. Too many of his former friends would know how Jane treated him now, how his life had changed utterly, how he was living the life of a baby girl aged two and a bit.

It would be impossible to walk in through those doors ever again, even if somehow he became able to live the life of a man and husband again. He wondered if Jane's new boyfriend was a member. Did they discuss him and his baby status with others in public? He did not know. His hands drifted down the bed he felt the comfort of the plastic pants, the large 60-inch square terry nappy held on with four nappy pins. Inside that was a Northshore Megamax disposable that only occasionally leaked into the terry. He was safe. The warm feeling slowly spread and receded.

He wondered if Mummy would come soon, sucking on the dummy that was clipped to his little, short nightie top with a plastic clip and cuddling his pink rabbit gave him a secure feeling.

He felt better now as he reflected that he did not think Jane had slept with the new man of her life that night. He had not had to listen in an agony of frustration, hurt, and pain to their lovemaking in the bedroom next door. Normally Jane's orgasmic cries seemed to go on forever, building crescendo after crescendo before subsiding down to a murmur only to start again a little later with renewed intensity. He used to lose count of the times this was repeated and could only wish that he could have made her enjoy sex like that. If David had been prepared to acknowledge the truth he would have realized that he had actually only ever heard her have an orgasm since he slept in the cot.

In his former life as a husband, his attempts in the marital bed had been shallow, quick, and totally unexciting for Jane. In the months before he had accepted the inevitable and allowed himself to gradually slip into the place of a

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baby, she had often teased him about his inadequacy in bed, his lack of staying power, and his small size. All this had, of course, made matters much worse until he was unable to get erect when required or, worse, spurted helplessly and uselessly in her hand at the start of foreplay.

He heard her moving in the room next door. A little later, his door opened and he sensed her come in. She went to the windows and pulled back the curtains flooding the nursery with bright sunlight. It shone through her soft negligee revealing her firm sexy figure. Her smile and cheerful, "Good morning, my darling baby!" made him glow with pleasure and love for this woman, once his wife and now his wonderful mummy.

He could see the baby bottle in her hand. He was thirsty, and he took it eagerly from her and lay back to suck on it and drink as she lowered the cot rails and started to busy herself around the nursery getting ready for the first nappy change of the day. A warm fresh terry square neatly folded from the airing cupboard, another Megamax from the large stack under the changing table, fresh plastic pants, the Pampers wipes, and nappy rash cream to hand. She went out and returned with something he could not quite see.

"I have a special treat for you today," she said. "You are going to love it".

She came round the side of the cot into the light where he could see what she was holding. It was a sweet sweet little baby dress and he recognized it as one of BBW's designs. It was pink and baby blue with lovely bear and maypole motifs, obviously short, very high-waisted and it flowed thickly out from chest level. Soft petticoats splayed out just visible underneath. He knew it would have cost a lot of money. It was just so gorgeous. It was for him. He would look so small and babyish in it. He writhed in the cot with excitement, and his little pee pee stood smartly to attention in his nappy.

"Oh Mummy, thank you," he said. "It's lovely."

She hung it on the wardrobe door where he could see it, lowered the cot side, leaned over him, and gave him a little kiss on his forehead. He smelt her soft lingering perfume, as her hair brushed his face.

"I knew you would like it. Do you want to wear it today?" She nuzzled his neck.

"Please, Please, Mummy!" he muttered while still sucking on his bottle.

He felt her hands run across the front of his baby plastic pants. He instinctively arched up a little so he could get the smallest sensation of her hand on his little member. She smiled at him in a conspiratorial way. She lightly held the top of the plastic pants and pulled them up so they tightened and pressed his wet nappy onto his little excitement. Hardly believing it could be happening, he writhed upwards and down again and then again and again as the exquisite sensation grew and grew. How long had it been since she had played with him like this? It seemed ages since she had done anything so overtly sexual.

"Tell Mummy about the dress," she said. "Tell me how much you want to

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wear it." She smiled lovingly at him, and as ever his own sense of surrender to this gorgeous woman that he loved so much overcame everything.

"Please let me wear it today. Please, Please, Mummy."

He distantly recognized the warning signs and risks in the back of his mind. He knew deep down that she must be plotting some new humiliation, some shameful public exposure that would leave him frightened and awkward but the vision of the lovely dress and, above all, the firm pressure of the tight plastic pants over his wet nappy was giving him such an excitement that he cast caution to the wind.

In a moment it was all over. Delirious pleasure peaking for about thirty seconds and he lay there in the cot catching his breath after an all too short moment of ecstasy. She smiled at him, laughing with her eyes.

The doubts about her plans for him that he had disregarded rushed to the forefront of his mind. He always felt like this after he had cum in his nappy. The shame of being a sissy baby was always heightened and more acute.

Years ago, he used to always tear off his baby clothes and vow to himself he would never do it again. Now, even if he had felt like that there was absolutely no chance at all. He had no adult clothes, no money, no credit cards, no bank account, and in fact, no escape that he could think of at all.

As he dreamed, and the wet nappy had confirmed, last night he almost certainly could not keep dry at night and although he did not want to admit it he needed a nappy during the day as well. What was more upsetting was that he knew he must continue to behave just like a little girl toddler, lisp his words, suck his dummy, dribble a little, and walk in that jerky wobbly way of very small children.

It did not matter if they were out of the house. The same rules now applied even to the extent of having to use his dummy from time to time. If he was to sulk or protest that he did not want to, his Mummy had a simple rule - behave like an adult and get punished like an adult. That meant a hard spanking that really hurt with the pain lingering for some time - often over a day - coupled with some cunningly designed additional outrageous exposure in public that left him shaking with embarrassment and fear.

So despite any pleasure that might have existed in being a baby girl having now evaporated into the wetness of his nappy, he smiled as sweetly as he could at his Mummy and with his dummy still in his mouth summoned up the mental effort to play his infantile role and said, "Please can I wear that pretty dress, Mummy?"

She continued to smile at him and seemed to ignore completely what had just happened and told him to get up to start to get ready for the day. The wet nappy and the soaked Megamax were quickly removed and with a friendly pat on his botty, she told him to run into the bathroom and do his teeth and shower. As he did so, he looked at the toilet which he was never allowed ever to use, and was soon in the shower. He realized that this was about the only grown-up thing he did now, but even then the door was open. He had no privacy and his principal task was to

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make sure that his body was completely hairless. Most of this was done with depilatories and now electrolysis at a beauty parlor but each day he had to present himself to either his nanny or mummy completely devoid of hair except on his head, where by contrast it was growing to almost shoulder length and could be handled in a variety of ways.

As he carefully attended to a few stray bits of hair he reflected on how in three months he had slipped from being an adult with a house and career - albeit not as successful as he would like to brag about in the golf club bar - and a wife who was the envy of many of his friends because of her good looks, family money and a leading position in the software firm where they had both worked.

Jane was one of those very modern women who just quietly excelled at most aspects of life. Her marriage to David had caused some comments at the time five years ago as most had assumed that she would have done much better, a fact she now recognized and indeed was well on the way to resolving the issue but in a most unusual way.

He heard her come in with a large fluffy towel which she wrapped around him as he stepped from the shower and started to dry him in readiness for his day as the little toddler girl he was rapidly becoming, not only in looks and clothes but also in thoughts and behavior as well.

In the three months since she had pulled the first pair of plastic pants up over his first adult nappy, he had been led on a journey of self-discovery that amazed him. For nearly all of his post-pubescent life he had always enacted his childish fantasies in secret and for the most part, felt deeply ashamed of his submissive sissy girl leanings and even now he still did not quite comprehend how Jane could have manipulated him into his current position of total dependence and helplessness.

Their marriage had been mostly uneventful on the sexual side for nearly all of the five years. His small size frustrated Jane and fairly frequent premature ejaculations had been a problem for both of them and in the last year had led to an almost celibate relationship. Suddenly she had adopted a much more domineering tone in bed. After one of his 'premies' as she called them, she demanded that he attend to her raging needs orally. He had not had to work so hard with his mouth ever before as she went on and on with orgasm after orgasm. After she had calmed down, she quietly told him to go to sleep and ignored his now throbbing member which spent the night totally unsatisfied.

His thoughts were interrupted by her gently pushing him to the nursery changing table where a liberal dollop of Johnsons nappy rash cream was spread around his botty and private parts and then topped off with a liberal covering of baby powder.

How he loved that smell.

A fresh Megamax, designed for maximum protection for heavy wetters, as she had once told him, was pulled up between his legs, and the tapes secured. A full

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60-inch square terry went on next with four large nappy pins two at the waist and two pinning the leg openings. This always ensured that he had to walk wide-legged like a toddler. The nappy was followed by Babykins plastic pants with a full-size 40-inch waist, with a wide gusset specifically designed to go over an adult nappy. A pretty petticoat, lace-topped white socks, and a summer dress completed his ensemble.

"I will put you in your special dress after breakfast as I don't want you to make a mess of it while you eat," she explained.

In his highchair in the kitchen, he dutifully let the warm porridge she fed him slobber slowly down his face and chin onto the plastic bib. As he had just cum, only half an hour earlier he really did not want to go through with such a charade. Every sense in his body wanted to take the spoon and eat his porridge like an adult, but that was just unthinkable and the retribution on his bottom was not to be contemplated. So internally desperate with shame, he behaved like the little baby girl he was being trained to emulate.

Of course, he was never allowed to eat properly and always had to make some sort of a mess even when they were out in public. Last time in the local cafe after they had done the shopping, which of course included lots of baby items for him, she had put him in a small bib and fed him a banana much to his squirming, uncomprehending embarrassment.

At least he was wearing his shortie dungarees rather than a dress. The fact that anyone who looked closely could see his plastic pants and nappies just peeking out from under the dungarees because they were both very short and wide-legged was starting to worry him less and less. He had observed that most people did not realize what he was wearing and those that did just looked puzzled rather than anything else. Occasionally, he noticed someone who recognized what they had just seen and gave him or Jane or his Nanny a conspiratorial look, sometimes they grinned but to date, no one had made any audible comments.

He always felt at risk, exposed, and vulnerable when out now and clung closely to his Mummy or Nanny holding their hand whenever he could. The trouble was that often it was the sight of a grown man holding hands with his companion that gave the game away more often than the bulging nappy contained in milky white plastic pants sometimes drooping just below his childish dungarees.

As he ate, he gazed at his lovely Mummy who leaned close to him as she fed him. His tired little willie stirred in the safe embrace of the soft nappy. Her figure was even better now than it had been for some time, in fact, Jane, now effectively liberated from a marriage that was going downhill, had a burst of extra self-confidence, went to the gym more often, and shed those few extra pounds that can make such a difference. She had rediscovered the joys of gentle flirting, seeing men turn their heads when she passed. She had spent more money on good clothes that altered her from good-looking to stunning. She knew the effect she had on men and even now was pleasantly conscious of David's longing eyes on her tight white

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top and well-filled lacy bra that was clearly visible through the fabric. The feeling was made even better because she knew with utter certainty that he was unable to do anything other than look and long for the impossible.

"Come on, sweetie, let's go into my bedroom and get you into your new dress and sort out your hair. Mummy has got to shower and make herself look pretty too."

She unclipped the plastic tray from the highchair, helped him down, and led him to the stairs. She went in front of him so that he could gaze at her firm bottom as she ran up them to her bedroom. Of course, it had once been their bedroom but now he was not allowed in without permission. If the door was closed, he had to knock. If open, he had to call his Mummy to get permission to enter. He realized that this rule was just another one designed to make him feel inadequate and uncertain. It certainly did. He paused at the threshold, and she stood just inside looking at him, waiting and making no move to let him in.

"Mummy, please may I come into your bedroom?" he asked.

"Yes, you are a good girl to ask. Mummy wants to keep her bedroom as a private place, and little girls may see things they do not understand in a grownups' bedroom."

"How true," he thought. Somebody else was enjoying fabulous sex with his wife in what was the master suite. Moreover, it was always within his earshot and he was helpless to do anything about it.

Some master he had turned out to be. The room had undergone significant change in the past few weeks and become much more feminine and all signs of his former occupation had completely disappeared. He knew that all his clothes had been removed from the closets and drawers and given away to charity shops.

Sophie's First Makeup

She sat him down in front of her vanity and started with his hair. He now was taken each week, either by his nanny or mummy, to a ladies' hairdressing salon where his hair was being cut and brushed into a little girl style giving him a fringe, center parting, and two bunches. Mummy quickly brushed his hair to form bunches and made them up with bright pink bands and clips. An Alice band in glittering pink finished off the style.

She then brought in that dress. Oh, it looked even better than it had that morning and she slipped it carefully over his head, put his arms in the sleeves, and pulled it down. She got him to stand and busily patted and straightened the ruffles, pulled up the zip, and buttoned the back of the neck. She popped a little lacy pink and white dribble bib around his neck that had the words *Sweetie Pie* embroidered on it. She reached into a pocket and produced a new dummy.

"Look," she said. "I found this dummy, it has little pink hearts on it. It's really cute. Now here is a ribbon for it and in the pocket of the dress is a little loop so I can fix the dummy and you can keep it in the pocket. This is such a lovely dress, and I don't want to pin your dummy to it as that may spoil the fabric. You can keep the dummy in this pocket and in the other you can keep this pretty hankie. Now, that is really clever, isn't it poppet? I do want you to show people where you keep your dummy. You will remember, won't you?"

He sighed to himself. Both Mummy and Nanny found new ways of shaming him all the time. They would expect him to run up to their friends and show them where he kept his dummy. The pockets were rather cute too with little lace edging.

She went back to sorting out the dress on him with a soft pink, wide, heavy satin ribbon, chest high that went around the back and did up in a large bow. The dress was lined, luxurious to the touch, and he could immediately tell that the material was expensive, and above all, it fitted him perfectly. Except, and he knew instinctively it was going to be so, the dress was short. It would not cover his nappies and plastic pants. She took him to the mirror. This overgrown little baby girl stared back at him. The face, despite the dummy in his mouth, was male, but everything else was soft, pretty, and childishly feminine.

He became conscious of Mummy behind him. She was holding a pair of shoes.

"I nearly forgot," she said. "I had these made for you, let's see if they fit, OK?"

They were shiny pink Mary Jane's!

Oh my goodness, he thought. *This is the very end, what has become of me?*

They were soon on, and he was back in front of the mirror. Despite himself, he felt his little member stir in what he suddenly realized was a warm damp nappy. He had no recollection of wetting, and this worried him. Was he now dependent on nappies night and day? Of course, he was. His emotions were all over the place. Here in Mummy's bedroom, he felt safe as a sissy and was starting to be aroused,

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but he knew that soon his Mummy would take him who knows where dressed just like this and he would feel so ashamed and awkward.

She told him to sit on the bed and wait for her as she got ready. In a flash she was stripped down to her bra and panties giving him a very rare glimpse of her almost undressed body, laughing inwardly at her aroused but completely helpless husband, sitting in his new sissy finery, gazing at her longingly. She then left him for the bathroom and a quick shower.

David just could not move away from the mirror. His little weewee was standing strongly now, pushing with all its three-inch (well nearly three inches) might against the soft damp nappy. The dummy was comforting and reassuring. He pulled his plastic pants up tight so he could get some resistance and moved his hips slowly forward and back. Lovely soft babyish thoughts and sensations went through him. His baby life, his wonderful sexy wife whom he could now only ogle on rare occasions like today had become a distant dream as far as real sex was concerned. In his present state of super-enhanced babyishness, he loved the idea of his wife having another man.

He heard her come back out of the bathroom, and for a second he thought she might be naked, but Jane was never going to let him see her like that again. She had wrapped a large pink bath towel around herself covering up her figure. Moving over to a drawer she pulled out some underwear.

"I bought these, baby darling. They are French, Chantelle. They were really, really expensive and feel divine. Now turn your back, no peeking or there will be trouble. Now what do you think?"

She was wearing a black lacy basque with matching pants. He swallowed hard. He had not seen anything like this since he had become her baby. His member throbbed with urgent desire.

She was smiling almost laughing and walked over beside him, pushed him gently down on the bed and came very close, and leaned forward so he could see her wonderful figure in the sexiest lacy bra he could imagine and, as cream on a cake, her tight panty clad bottom was visible in the mirror as well as his little sissy self. She pressed on the outside of his plastic pants and he returned the pressure with an up-and-down movement with his hips. Her scent was all around him and she whispered in his ear, "Oh my little baby is all excited at seeing Mummy like this, isn't he?"

It was over in seconds.

David panted, catching his breath trying to realize that he had cum so quickly. The pleasure had been so momentary, and already his little member was shriveling in his nappy. Shame and frustration that he had let himself down in front of her when she was being so good to him caused tears to well up in his eyes.

Jane was inwardly ecstatic. Her plan was working. e had cum twice that morning and would really not want to play the baby role at all. She knew he would desperately, now he had cum, want to be all grown up, adult, and "normal", but of

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course that was just not allowed.

No way, Jose! she thought.

Moreover, the day she had planned for him would humiliate him more than ever with extra twists and turns that should shame him and shame him again.

Instinctively she started to play the game with him.

“Oh sweetie baby, don’t cry, that’s why you are in nappies. I know you can’t help yourself, babies can’t. You can do your little spurties in your nappies whenever you need to. Mummy doesn’t mind. It is not like the time when you used to try being a big man doing it with me and you always had your little spurties in Mummy’s hand. Then Mummy got cross, but she has her real man for that now. You are my little sweet baby who needs nappies to keep her safe and sound and catch all those little wets and messes that you can’t control.”

She watched him while she started to get ready. He was writhing with shame, face flushed not knowing which way to look. He still had a dummy in his mouth and a little bit of drool running down to the dribble bib. That had been a neat little idea of her mother’s, making him dribble whenever he used a dummy. It added just another small element of shaming behavior that he had to inflict on himself. Like so many of these ideas, they took a while to get him to do them properly but Jane with Emma the Nanny and “Grandma”, and oh how she liked the fact that David now called his mother-in-law “Grandma”, had developed a system of rewards and punishments that kept him constantly on his toes.

They called them carrots and sticks. The biggest reward was of course being able to play with himself in the cot at night and not have the mittens and lockable plastic pants that kept him in a state of frustration all night. He really did not like that and was always keen to ensure that he had enough carrots for the privilege. He needed three carrots for one night’s privileges but if he got himself up to ten carrots then none were deducted. This was a position well worth working hard for.

A later bedtime was one carrot per half hour, using the computer but only to surf ABDL sites, the history file was always to be left available, which was a generous one carrot per hour. The catch was that Mummy or Nanny might come in at any time and make him read out from what he was reading. This exposed his true likes and dislikes to them, and he went bright red reading stories like *Anthony’s Accidents* to Mummy.

If there were more carrots than sticks on the whiteboard in the kitchen, he was allowed real food at lunch and tea instead of baby food from jars. The regimen was a minimum of two stage three baby jars a day. He had quickly learned that the puddings, so called were not particularly unpleasant, in fact, many of them were quite palatable.

It was the meals like chicken stew with rice or liver and dumplings by Gerber or “Campbells” that were tasteless at best, disgusting at worst. So, it was well worth being in credit so that he could eat a proper lunch, albeit cut up and

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always eaten with a small child's spoon, and use up the daily ration of two jars by having a banana and apple desert or summer fruits and custard.

One of his regular humiliations on a visit to a supermarket was having to choose his weekly needs from the range of baby foods. Apart from the jars of baby food, he had to choose little snacks like rice cakes, children's packs of raisins and dried fruit, pots of Gerber pureed fruit, and "Baby's Best" fruit bars and biscuits. Mummy made him choose every item, and while at first, he would try to do it as quickly as possible paying little attention to what he was doing in his desperate hurry to get away from the baby food isle in the grocery store, she always slowed the process down by querying choices or saying this or that was not suitable.

After a while, he realized that life was going to be more pleasant if, in fact, he chose food and jars that he actually liked. When he was with Nanny, she always made him ask for what he wanted in his little baby lisp and generally put them from the shelf into the trolley herself. If the item was low down she would smilingly ask him to get it and they both knew that as he stooped down to get the item his plastic pants and nappies would bulge out from under his short dungarees.

Meanwhile, busy Mums with real children would come by and make similar choices while David the overgrown baby wrestled with his own. Mostly the children sat in the child's seat on the trolley and Nanny would often say to him, "I know your Mummy is getting one of those adapted so you can sit in it like the baby you are."

Little threats like this always worried him. They had done more to baby him than he had ever dreamed possible so it might well happen.

Many children perhaps a little bit older than David's "I am nearly three", walked around the store with their Mums and David was always on the lookout to see which ones were still in nappies. He often thought to himself, "Well it is two of us here in the isle in nappies and I bet yours are as wet as mine!"

Sometimes he spotted a little girl who seemed very young and he could tell she was no longer in nappies. He always felt very unsettled and jealous that one so young did not need nappies like he did.

Small children are more perceptive than adults and David would sometimes realize that the little one in a pushchair or hanging on to a busy Mum was staring right at his short dungarees and nappy-filled plastic pants. From their angle of view, all was very obviously revealed.

He shrunk away from the thought that at any moment a small voice would say

"Look, Mummy. Why is that man there wearing nappies?"

The contrast of the big nappied baby asking Nanny for more jars of bananas and prunes in front of a genuine toddler really was funny. Of course, Mummy always had to be sure that, should he not be in credit as far as his punishment and reward sticks and carrots were concerned, they had at least a three or four-day supply of meal jars, so those were piled into the trolley as well. A