

An AB Discovery Book

A Brother for Samantha



An ABDL novel by
Ben Pathen

A Brother for Samantha SAMPLE

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Prologue

“Have you wet your nappies again, Edward?”

“Yes, Mummy,” Edward replied.

“Let’s get you upstairs and changed then. Can you fetch some fresh nappies and plastic pants from the airing cupboard, Samantha? Bring them to Edward’s nursery please, darling.”

“Yes, Mummy.”

Mrs King ushered Edward upstairs and was followed by her daughter. While she took Edward into his nursery, Samantha went to the airing cupboard.

“Up you get, Edward.”

Edward climbed onto the changing table. It was something he had done many times since he had been at Mrs King’s, but it still made him feel very embarrassed to know that in a few minutes time he was to have his nappies changed, especially as Samantha would be in his nursery watching him. Edward didn’t think that was fair.

Why was Samantha allowed to see me being changed, but I can never see her being changed?

“Let Mummy undo the poppers on your rompers. We will soon have baby Edward out of his wet nappies.”

Edward knew the routine. He didn’t even have to be told when he needed to lift his bottom up. He just let Mrs King get on with what she had to do. He thought that by now his ordeal would have been over, yet he was still here and was still being treated as a baby. Whenever he asked Mrs King when he could go back to being a man again, he was always told it would only be a few more weeks.

“Here they are Mummy. I’ve got three nappies and some milky white plastic pants.”

“Thank you, Samantha. Hang them over the rail of Edward’s cot and then you can watch Mummy change your baby brother.”

Samantha loved watching Edward having his nappies changed. She was so happy that Mummy had found her a baby brother and loved being able to help Mummy look after him.

It was still hard for Edward to believe that this was really happening, that he a twenty-six-year-old man was being treated as if he was a little baby, and that he was allowing it to happen and doing nothing to stop it from happening.

If only I’d gone to another house to rent a room, it could have been so different. Why had I rented a room at Mrs King’s? If I’d gone somewhere else, I would still be a man, but now I am almost like a real baby. It isn’t fair! Why did it have to be me?

Chapter One – Baby Samantha

“Come in Edward, come in, the room is all ready for you. Put your suitcase down and come into the kitchen and I will make a cup of tea and just explain a few things to you.”

It was not the best time of Edward’s life.

His wife had left him, his home had been re-possessed and he now had to rent a small room in a stranger’s house, as he had nowhere else to stay. He had already visited once to see the room and pay a deposit, but to finally be moving in brought home the situation he was now in. The only good thing was that at least he had a roof over his head. It was early November and the weather was typical for that time of the year – cold and getting colder.

The first thing that caught his eye when he entered the kitchen was the highchair at the end of a wooden table. He didn’t know Mrs King had a baby. He could also see some feeding bottles under one of the kitchen wall units and a packet of formula.

“I will put the kettle on. It won’t take long to boil. Milk and sugar Edward?”

“Yes, please Mrs King. One sugar please.”

Edward didn’t know Mrs King’s Christian name. She had introduced herself to him using that formal name, so he had no other option but to use it. To Edward, Mrs King seemed a bit old fashioned in certain ways.

A few minutes later, Edward was sitting at the table with a cup of tea and listening to Mrs King.

“I should have explained a few things to you before, but you were in such a hurry Edward, I didn’t have time. It may well be what I tell you will make you change your mind about staying here.

If that is the case, I will understand. All I can ask is that to keep what I tell you to yourself, is that okay, Edward?"

"Yes, Mrs King."

Edward felt a little uncomfortable with his new landlady using his Christian name all the time. It was as if he was a child being spoken to.

It didn't really matter what Mrs King was about to tell him. Edward had nowhere else to stay and couldn't afford a hotel.

"It's regarding my daughter Samantha. It is a very delicate subject, so that is why I need you to keep what I am about to tell you private. Samantha is twenty-one-years-old, but she was born with an under-developed bladder and has to wear protection all the time. She did attend regular school for a few years, but she was teased and bullied all the time because of her condition so, in the end, I took her out of mainstream education and home schooled her. Unfortunately, the teasing and bullying had already affected her, and she became very withdrawn. She was almost like a child again and subsequently I treated her as a child."

Mrs King sighed audibly, then continued.

"It may have been an error on my part to have done so, but it is too late to change things now. The end result is that although Samantha is twenty-one, she acts and behaves as a two-year-old. Not only does she act as a two-year-old, she is dressed and treated as a two-year-old as well. I even have to spoon feed her in a highchair. I know it seems crazy that I should be treating my daughter as a two-year-old, and even crazier that I am dressing her as one, but I was hoping by doing that it would shock her into behaving at the age she should be behaving. But it seems all I did was make her become more childish to the point where she is behaving more like a baby now. When you do see her, please don't appear surprised okay? Just accept her as a two-year-old. I don't

want her to feel she is odd in some way. I hope you are not shocked, Edward.”

Edward *was* shocked, but that didn’t make his situation any better, and there was little he could do anyway. He had enough problems on his mind, and it was none of his business how Mrs King treated her daughter. As long as it didn’t interfere with his life, he wasn’t that bothered.

It was hard for Edward to believe that Mrs King dressed her daughter as a two-year-old.

Where does she get clothing designed for two-year-old that would fit a twenty-one-year-old?

The only thing Edward could think of was that Mrs King must have made the clothes herself. He just imagined she was the sort of woman who would do that.

“No, it is none of my business how you treat your daughter, Mrs King. it was really bad that she was bullied at school, so I can sort of understand.”

Edward didn’t really understand; how could a fully-grown woman be dressed as a toddler and behave as one? No adult, man or woman would want that, but he had to make out he was sympathetic. His choices were very few and far between.

Chapter Two – The Plan

The first two weeks at Mrs King's went by fairly normally and it was when Edward first saw Samantha that he realised he was staying with a somewhat unusual family. It wasn't just that she was dressed as a toddler, but Mrs King spoke to her as if she *was* a toddler and Samantha replied... like a toddler. It must have been the dummy in her mouth that made her sound so childlike. It did seem a little strange to Edward that Samantha always had a dummy in her mouth, but it didn't make her look odd, in fact, he thought she looked quite cute.

It was the third week at Mrs King's that problems started for Edward.

He began to oversleep in the mornings.

Although it didn't happen every day, after being late for work six times in ten days he was given notice to quit. And, just to add to his problems, his car broke down and he had to have it towed to the local garage. He was already on a tight budget, so it wasn't long before his savings were nearly all gone. Without a car and with the location of where he was staying making it very difficult for him to get about and find another job, he was soon behind in his rent. The only good thing was that Mrs King was sympathetic to his problems and that she has happy to allow him to stay rent free, at least for the time being.

Edward had no idea as to why he had overslept so many times, but Mrs King did. She knew very well why Edward could not wake up, even with two alarm clocks. From that first time when Edward had arrived to inspect the room and pay a deposit, she already had plans in mind that would mean that for Edward, his life was about to take a drastic and dramatic change.

Edward had just made a cup of tea and was about to go into the living room and have a night in front of the TV. Without a car and very little money, there was little else he could do. It was only 7pm, yet he had already seen Mrs King take Samantha upstairs to have a bath and then be put to bed. Edward had always hated being put to bed early when he was a child, so since he had achieved adulthood, he made up for all those early nights by staying up as late as he could. He couldn't understand why Samantha seemed so happy to be taken upstairs to bed so early. That on its own would have made Edward feel that he was a child.

"Edward?"

"Yes, Mrs King?"

"Could we have a chat in the kitchen please?"

Mrs King had just come downstairs. She had two empty feeding bottles in her hands.

"Is it about the rent, Mrs King?"

"No, it's something of a more delicate matter."

Edward couldn't think of what 'delicate matter' Mrs King wanted to chat to him about.

Did I leave the bathroom in a mess or not put the toilet seat down?

He was relieved it wasn't about the rent, he knew it must be building up to quite an amount now and he was feeling a little awkward about coming up with excuses. He kept telling Mrs King that he was sure he would find another job soon and would start paying his way again.

Edward sat down at the long wooden table and Mrs King sat opposite him. She placed the two feeding bottles on the table so that they were directly in front of Edward's vision.

“It’s sort of about the rent Edward, but not directly. I have come up with an idea of how you can clear what you owe me and at the same time do something with regards to helping Samantha that I am sure you will find very rewarding.

“Okay. I do want to clear what I owe you,” Edward answered quickly. “I do feel guilty about staying here rent free. What do you want me to do?”

Edward felt a sense of relief that perhaps he could clear his debt with his landlady. It would make him feel more comfortable in her presence and not make him feel guilty that he owed her so much money.

Perhaps she wants me to do some gardening or some other minor tasks about the house. I am good with my hands and I could even manage some carpentry, if needed.

However, he wasn’t sure what it was Mrs King wanted him to do that could be of benefit to Samantha?

“It’s really all to do with helping Samantha. She needs a companion in her life, someone she can relate to.”

Edward was surprised to think that Mrs King thought he could help her daughter in some way. What could he do? Samantha needed counselling, she needed professional help from someone who knew what they were doing with someone such as her.

Although she looked perfectly normal, Edward thought it was most unusual for her to behave as a small child.

He couldn’t wait to leave his childhood behind. He had wanted to be all grown up as quick as he could. He had hated all that fussing he used to get from his mother and all of her friends.

Why is it that girls and women seem to fuss so much over little boys?

As a ten-year-old he vividly remembered being told that it wasn't that long ago that he had been in nappies. The woman next door had even told him that she had changed his nappies when he had been a little baby, it was as if she got some pleasure of reminding him of that time in his life. When that happened, he would always feel his cheeks get warm and was sure his face was bright red, and it was obvious that the woman next door could see he was embarrassed. That feeling of embarrassment left its mark on Edward, he always felt uncomfortable whenever he saw anything to do with a baby, so it hadn't helped that there was so much to do with a baby at Mrs King's. It wasn't helping now that just in front of his eyes were two feeding bottles with the remnants of formula still clearly visible.

"I do try and chat to Samantha, but I never get much response. Am I saying the wrong things?"

"It's not about chatting to her. It has to be more than that to get her to behave at her true age. She needs a playmate - a playmate that is in many ways on the same level as her, but that she can see is behaving at a slightly older age than she is. That should give her the encouragement she needs to see that it might be good to grow up and not remain as a child."

"Do you mean I have got to be like an older brother to her? Try and build a relationship with her and show her what she is missing out on by not being an adult?"

"Not quite," she replied with an inscrutable smile on her face. "As I said, it is a very delicate matter. You need to be like a brother to her, but a baby brother, a baby brother who she will notice is growing up and leaving her behind."

"How can I be a baby brother to her, when she can see I am an adult?"

Just saying the word 'baby' made Edward feel uneasy, and he thought it was a most unusual thing for Mrs King come out with. It was as if she was saying he would need to be a baby to help Samantha, and that was ridiculous. He was a fully-grown man and was as far away from a baby as was possible, and he intended to keep it that way.

"Well that is the thing," she answered. "For Samantha to see you as her baby brother, you need to be dressed as a baby."

Mrs King knew what she was suggesting was going to shock Edward – and it did.

If you want to read this entire book, please go to:

<https://abdiscovery.com.au/a-brother-for-samantha/>