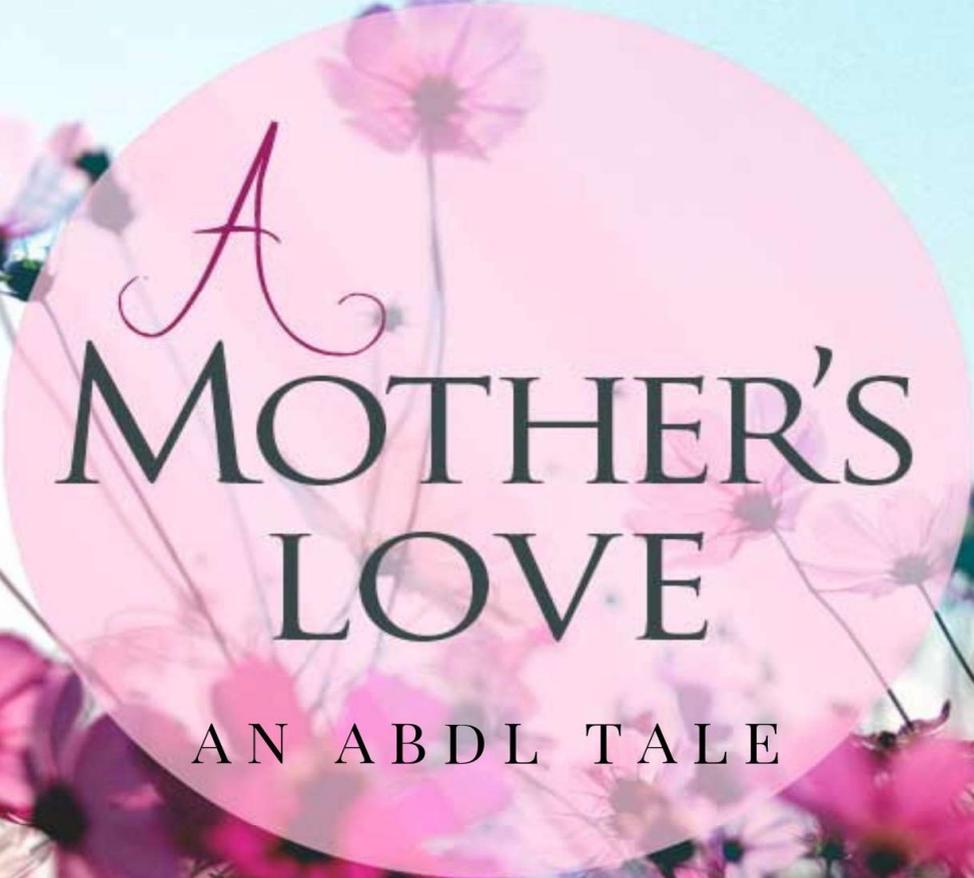


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



A  
MOTHER'S  
LOVE

AN ABDL TALE

*Can a mother love her son enough to  
save him from pain and take him back to  
the infancy he needs?*

***Ben Pathen & Michael Bent***

*A Mother's Love SAMPLE*

# A Mother's Love

by

Ben Pathen

&

Michael Bent

*A Mother's Love* *SAMPLE*

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Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are coincidence.

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## The reason why

There is little that can compare to the love of a mother. A mother will protect her child at the risk of her own life. A mother will go without to ensure her child has the best. And the very best mothers make decisions for their children for their benefit, even if the child does not realise.

Amanda was such a mother. Daniel her son, was her highest priority in life and the world was a dangerous place. It was one day when walking in her garden mulling over the dangers to her child that she made the momentous decision that she would protect him. Protect not just from the world, but from himself. Daniel would be safe and looked after.

But there are limits to what you can do for your children. They grow up, get older and stronger and develop independence. What so many parents fear – and what Amanda feared more than most was that ‘independence’ meant the ability to make dumb decisions. It gave a teenager the opportunity to risk his life, his future and his sanity all in the pursuit of independence and adulthood. That’s when she understood it.

“Adulthood is the enemy!” she shouted to nobody in particular. But she actually had shouted to someone. She had shouted at the adult Daniel of the future. The adult Daniel she would protect at all costs. No one would stop her, not even her son himself.

“So,” she mused. “If adulthood is the enemy, then the solution must be...” she wondered.

“Childhood!” she uttered triumphantly.

As she congratulated herself, the image of the early months of Daniel’s life flooded back to her.

"No, not childhood!" she said out loud. "Infancy is the solution!"

When Daniel was a baby, he did everything he was asked to do, largely because he could do so little. He ate only because he was fed. He was dressed in whatever his mother dressed him in.

And he wore nappies.

And plastic pants.

And he wet his nappies.

And he pooped his nappies.

And he cried.

"And he was just so adorable, and he needed me for everything," she mused. "I could keep him safe because he was just a baby."

It was still a bit of a journey for Amanda through her mind. It was ludicrous and yet, totally natural and obvious. She should never have let Daniel grow up. She should have kept him in nappies and plastic baby pants. The dummy should never have been abandoned and that pinnacle of independence was toilet training.

"Why did I ever potty-train him," she sighed. "If I hadn't trained him, he would have stayed in nappies and then stayed at home and never want to venture out of my care!"

It all made perfect sense to Amanda and it was clear to her what had to happen.

Daniel had to become a baby again. To not do this would be irresponsible and allow her son to venture into dangers and big mistakes.

"Daniel just has to become a baby again and I will *not* take no for an answer. He becomes a baby the easy way... or the hard way."

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Amanda went back inside her home feeling as if she had found the best way forward, not just for her son but for all teenage boys. They should all remain babies.

"I think I know what to do to get this started," she mused quietly as she quickly wrote down her ideas of how to start.

Daniel had to wet his bed again.

"It's not like he has been dry that long anyhow!" she thought, trying to justify her decision. "Three years of mostly dry sheets is nothing to be proud of. Going back fully wet will be an easy step and he will think it is natural."

Babies and toddlers wet the bed. It is normal. It is natural. But sixteen-year-old boys don't usually still wet the bed. But some do. And for Daniel, his last dry bed was the night before.

The great evil of toilet-training was to be reversed.

## The makings of a bedwetter

Daniel looked at the pile of items in front of him. His mind was spinning, and he couldn't understand what was happening.

"Why?" he pleaded, desperately. "Why nappies and plastic pants? They will make me look like a baby! Isn't there something else I can wear? I have seen things advertised on telly. They're called pull-ups. Can't I wear them please, Mum?"

His pleadings were pitiful and echoed of childishness. And it wasn't particularly convincing.

Daniel knew what the nappies were there for. That morning he had awoke awash with pee with no memory of how it had happened, only that for several nights in a row, his bed was wet, just like it had been for the first thirteen years of his life.

Despite what Amanda was doing to her only son, he was not making a really big scene about being put back into nappies and plastic pants, even though he was sixteen years old. He was a smart boy and deep down, he knew that nappies made sense in a way. But the problem for him is that...

"Nappies are for babies!" he thought silently. "I'm not a baby even if I do wet the bed!"

Daniel had always been very close to his Mum, ever since his father had walked out when Daniel was just a baby. He was very much a Mummy's boy, but although he didn't like what she was doing to him now, he loved his mother too much and was too well behaved to resist her. All he could do was try and reason with her.

"I can't afford pullups, Daniel, and anyway, they do not make them in your size," she explained. "No one will know you are in nappies and it will be our little secret. What else can I do?"

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Daniel's face reddened as he recalled his mother waking him up that morning and discovering at the same time that his bed was wet so heavily that the pillow was wet.

"It has been four nights on the trot you have had an accident in your bed," she continued. "It was only lucky I had kept the waterproof sheet on to protect your mattress, otherwise it would have meant a new one. I am sure your accidents will not last long. Once you have a few dry nights, there will be no need for nappies anymore."

Amanda loved her son deeply. She knew that what she was doing was a little underhanded, but there was no way she was going to allow her only boy to join the army. Since he had left school, it was all he would talk about. He already had an appointment at the Army Careers Office and she only had two weeks to stop him from going ahead and joining up. Daniel was all she had in her life and she was not prepared to let him serve his country and end up seriously wounded or, God forbid, dead.

"Operation Baby Daniel is underway," she thought triumphantly, as her son picked up the nappies and plastic pants and tried to work out how to avoid wearing them. "Phase one is just about to begin!"

The mild sedative she had been putting in his night time drink was the reason he had been wetting his bed. She also tried putting his hand in a bowl of water as he slept. She was surprised it had worked, as she had thought it was an urban myth.

"Okay, Daniel," she exclaimed in her not-to-be-disobeyed maternal voice. Every child knows that voice and Daniel was no different. "It is time to put these nappies on you now so we know it will fit and work on you properly."

They were in his bedroom and the nappies and pants were sitting conspicuously on the end of the bed. She had put them out so

he could not possibly miss them. Adding potency to the exhibition, she had put not one, but five pairs of plastic pants sitting on not just a few but two separate piles of white fluffy terry towelling nappies. The six steel nappy pins were sitting on top. More than anything else, the white-tipped nappy pins screamed 'infant'.

As she glanced at the pile of essential baby items, Amanda grinned slightly as she recalled her indecision over blue or pink pins. The idea of Daniel wearing a baby girl's nappy had a strange appeal. But to ease the transition that was always going to be difficult, she chose white pins and semi-transparent plastic pants.

"The pink pins and pink plastic pants can come later, if I decide!" she thought to herself, as Daniel stood next to the bed and began to remove his clothing.

He was dreadfully embarrassed.

She quickly kite-folded a nappy, added another thick, folded nappy in the middle and motioned for him to lie down on it.

The embarrassment continued as Amanda rubbed nappy-care cream all over him and his genitals. Daniel's biggest struggle was to keep an erection at bay. He was partially successful. Lashing of scented baby powder followed and then it was just time to pin the nappy together

"Just look at me," she suggested, while she pulled the centre portion up over his private parts and then with an experience that had never been forgotten, slid two of the new nappy pins through the side panels. Daniels first nappy – but not his last – was in place.

"Are they comfortable, Daniel?" she asked.

It had been a few years since Amanda had seen her son naked and she could tell he was feeling uncomfortable, so she had been very tactful and made him feel as comfortable as she possible could. She had continuously talked to him throughout his 'ordeal',

speaking to him as if he was a sensible young man, not as if he was a baby. She was not stupid. She knew an erection was probably his biggest fear. It was not as if she was unaware that he masturbated furiously every day. The evidence abounded in his laundry and on a few occasions, she had knocked on his door, knowing what he was doing behind it. She hoped that his upcoming infancy would put paid to that habit, but she also suspected that it would not end. She could only hope to reduce the frequency to a much smaller number.

That would come later.

Now it was just a case of getting him into his plastic pants.

Daniel was small for his age, only five foot four inches tall, very light in build, and not very streetwise at all. He was not one of the hoons that often roamed the streets at nights. He would be inside reading or watching television instead.

“I wish he still played with baby toys,” she thought wistfully. “And that doll he loved... I hope he wants that back again.”

She looked at her prone son, wearing nothing but a pristine, newly pinned nappy.

“The army is not the place for my son, it would be far too rough for him,” she reasoned. “And that nappy will not be dry for long!”

She was sure he would be the sort of boy who would be bullied by the other boys as he was, she thought, too timid to respond and defend himself. His rosy cheeks made him look quite angelic, and younger than his sixteen years. No, despite her initial reservations about what she had in mind for her son, it was for the best. She only had his best interests at heart. Only a baby existence would make him truly safe.

“Yes Mum, they are okay,” Daniel answered. “They feel soft and warm.”

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It was a strange feeling for him to be back in nappies, but despite how deeply ashamed he felt, he had to admit that the nappies did feel comfortable. But he was dreading what was going to happen next as he watched his mother pick up a pair of plastic pants. She flapped them in the air to open them up and then moved them towards his feet. To him, the pants looked just like the plastic pants a baby would wear. He wondered how on earth his mother was able to get him a pair of such babyish looking plastic pants that would fit him. He had never heard of nappies for teenagers, even ones that wet the bed like he had just started doing. Again.

“Can you lift your feet up please, Daniel?”

He lifted his feet up a few inches above the quilt.

“A little bit higher please, darling. Good boy.”

He lifted his feet up a bit higher and could only wonder what it was going to be like to have the plastic pants pulled along his legs and up around the two thick nappies he was wearing. Nothing could be more humiliating for him than to have his mother put him into plastic baby pants. Daniel was hoping that they would be too small for him, and his mother would have to dispense with dressing him in such an obviously babyish item.

Amanda guided the plastic pants over his feet and pulled them along his legs and over his knees. The sound of rustling plastic only made him more aware of what he was being dressed in. To his mind, it was as if they were telling everyone that the wearer of such a garment is a baby. He quickly became aware of just how soft and cool the plastic pants felt against his skin and he could not imagine anything more babyish than to be wearing plastic pants. As Amanda pulled the pants up above his knees, he dropped his feet down.

“Good boy! Can you lift your bottom up now please?”

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Daniel rested his arms on the bed and lifted his bottom up as asked. He couldn't really refuse, since his mother was being very tactful. She had told him it was for the best.

Amanda pulled the plastic pants all the way up her son's thighs and around his waist. She soon had his nappies completely covered in the soft plastic. They were a perfect fit. Daniel felt certain his face was, by now, bright red. He relaxed and let his bottom sink into the quilt, wishing he could sink so deep that the quilt would cover up his now plastic covered, napped bottom.

The cold feel of the plastic pants against his inner thighs gave Daniel a strange feeling. He had to admit that it was not an unpleasant feeling, not what he had expected, but that didn't make up for how ashamed he felt about his new underwear, underwear that was, after all, for a baby, not a teenage boy.

"Just look at him!" thought Amanda. "He already looks more like a baby and I think he knows it!"

Amanda made sure the elastic openings of Daniel's plastic pants were clear of his nappies and would do the job they were intended to do - to stop any leaks. There was a sound of rustling plastic as she slowly went about her task, dragging the moment out for as long as possible. This was an important step in his training and in her program to save him from the world. She needed to emphasise every step and how babyish it all was.

"Can you roll over please, Daniel? I just need to make sure your nappies are all covered at the back."

As Daniel rolled over onto his stomach, he was again made very aware of the sound of his plastic pants. It only confirmed in his mind that he was now dressed as a baby.

Amanda checked the back of Daniel's plastic pants and made sure the elastic waistband was against his skin and not

resting on his nappies. There was no point in dressing him in plastic pants if they were not correctly fitted. Unlike Daniel, she knew that the nappies would be called into service before long and the white pristine terry would be by morning, yellow and saggy and very, very wet.

The thought made her smile.

“All done! No wet sheets for you tonight, Daniel. Roll back over again, please.”

As Daniel began to roll over, Amanda could not resist patting her sons now plastic covered, thickly nappied bottom. She had not thought of doing that. It was just an instinct, just like she used to do when he was a baby.

“Do you want to come downstairs and watch telly now, Daniel?” she asked.

It was only 9pm and Daniel didn't normally go to bed until almost 11. He was, after all, almost an adult. He always decided for himself when he felt tired and needed to go to bed. Now though, the last place he wanted to be was sitting in the living room dressed in nappies and plastic pants.

“No Mum, I think I will read a comic and then go to sleep. I feel a bit tired,” he replied quietly.

It was the best excuse he could come up with. He didn't want to be walking about dressed in what only a baby should be dressed in.

Amanda did not press him on this. She understood how he was feeling, and she was happy for her son to stay in his bedroom.

“His bedroom,” she mused quietly. “Soon to be a nursery again!”

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“Okay, I will bring up your night-time drink and you can have it in bed, but after your drink, don’t forget to brush your teeth.”

It had been many years since Daniel’s mother had reminded him to brush his teeth. Not since he was a little boy had she said that to him. He didn’t make an issue of it though. He really only wanted to be on his own. The sooner his mother left the room, the sooner he could get under the duvet and hide his baby attire.

“So far so good,” thought Amanda. It had gone more easily than she had expected. She was sure that her plan would work and, that in a few days’ time, the last thing her son would be thinking about was joining the army.

Amanda left his bedroom and made her way downstairs to the kitchen. She soon had his night-time drink made. It was now just a case of deciding how much sedative to put in it. She wanted to make sure he wet his nappies a couple of times during the night. She needed to make sure he would remain asleep during the time when she put his hand in the bowl of water.

“I can’t wait until he wets naturally,” she thought on the way out of the room. “After all, he is only three years out from bedwetting anyhow. The memory of doing that must still be fresh.”

As soon as his mother had left the room, Daniel had quickly gotten under the duvet. At least now he could not see that he was dressed as a baby, but he could still feel it. His nappies and plastic pants were ever-present and there would be no escape from them.

He didn’t know why he needed to feel his plastic pants, but he just couldn’t help himself. As he ran his hands over the soft cool plastic, he was once again aware of the rustling sound his plastic baby pants made and was surprised as to how smooth they felt to his touch. He could also only admit that his nappies felt so soft against his skin, they were very comfortable, he just hoped he

would not need actually them, that he would have a dry night and he would soon be back in his normal night-time attire. But even in his own mind, he admitted that it was not a high possibility. He had wet the bed for thirteen years and only waking up during the night to go and pee stopped it a few years ago. But the last few nights, he had slept through.

"I wonder if I really am starting to wet the bed again?" he asked himself.

It was late August and still warm. He only wore his pyjama bottoms to bed, so there was no need for the top. Now there was no need to wear his pyjama bottoms either, and anyway, he did not think they would fit over his new nappies and plastic pants. His new bed attire was nothing by nappies and plastic pants. Nothing but...

Baby Wear.

The thought was swirling in his mind.

"Here we are Daniel," said Amanda as she came back in his room. "Try not to spill any otherwise it would have been a waste of time putting you in nappies tonight. I would still have wet bed linen to wash and launder in the morning."

It was a sensible thing for her to say, but it also reminded her son of how he was dressed, as if to reinforce in his mind that he was dressed as a baby. It was all part of the plan. She would need to make him aware as much as she could of what he was wearing.

"Thanks Mum. Can you turn the main light out please?"

"Okay, but before you go to sleep, don't forget your teeth. I will know if you have been in the bathroom because I can hear you from downstairs. If you need to go to the toilet before you go to sleep, just use your nappies. They are thick enough to hold several accidents. If you take them off to go to the loo you will not be able to put them back on properly and I will have to do that for you."

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“That is a good enough reason for him to want to keep his nappies and plastic pants on,” thought Amanda. She doubted if he wanted her to go through all that she had just done in dressing him just a short while ago, all over again.

Daniel certainly did not want to go through it again. Having to take his trousers and then boxer shorts off in front of his mother at his age was something he thought would never happen and didn't want to ever happen again. At least his penis semi-behaved.

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Amanda had gleaned a lot of information from the World Wide Web. She had discovered that the male of the species can very quickly, (after just a few days in some instances), become addicted to the comfort of thick nappies and the feel of smooth plastic pants. It seemed as if the pressure of the nappies against the groin area was very stimulating for them. It really was just a case of getting her son to become addicted to that comfort and then she could move forward to the next stage.

The next stage would be getting him in nappies and plastic pants during the day and for him to be using them for their intended purposes, even though he was aware of what he was doing, in effect making him to do a babyish thing and knowing that he was happy with what he had done.

Then she could start to introduce more baby items into his life. First of all, a dummy, then it would be taking a drink from a baby's feeding bottle and eventually wearing other baby clothing such as rompers and footed sleepers. The big step would be introducing baby furniture into his new life, a cot, changing table, highchair and playpen.

The baby furniture had already been ordered, and the decorators booked to come into the house and make the spare bedroom into a nursery. Amanda had also got all of Daniel's old

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baby toys out from the boxes they had been stored in for the last twelve years or so. She was so glad she had not thrown them out. It was now only a matter of time before he would be back as her baby again. She even found his old doll.

“Maybe a few new dolls would be in order!” she exclaimed cheekily, as she opened the boxes.

Daniel cleaned his teeth. He had experienced an unpleasant time at the dentist as a very young child and would do anything to avoid finding himself in the chair again. He was pleased that so far, he had managed not to wet his nappies. It was only a few minutes after finishing his drink that he managed - despite how tired he now felt - to go to the bathroom and do as his mother had asked. He was soon back in bed and was just about to continue reading the comic when he just closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

He wasn't even able to turn off the bedside light.

Amanda quietly opened the door to his room. It had been half an hour now since she had heard him in the bathroom. She was pleased that he had done what she had requested.

She went over to his bed and gently removed the comic from his hand. Daniel did not stir. He was in a very deep sleep. Amanda went into her bedroom and fetched a bowl and then she went into the bathroom and filled the bowl with lukewarm water. She was soon back in his room, and as carefully as she could, she placed his right hand in the bowl and waited.

“Wet your nappies, Daniel. Do that for your Mummy. Wet them as much as you like. Be my baby again. You can do it. You're too precious for me to lose. I want you back as my baby. I want you as the cute baby boy you used to be - what you were just a few years ago. You were such a good baby, always smiling and always making your mummy smile. It got me through a very difficult time in my life after your father left. You were the reason I survived and

now I want that back. I want to be the Mummy I was for you when you were a helpless baby.”

Amanda had no idea if what she was saying would register with Daniel, but it was something else she had found out, that talking to someone while they slept could induce someone to become what you were telling them to become.

It would mean many nights of her sitting beside him as he slept and talking to him and hopefully seeing the end results of all that talking when he woke up in the morning. There were a few feelings of guilt, to know that what she was doing to her son would result in him becoming a teenage baby.

If what she had planned was successful, Daniel would still retain the thoughts he had now. He would not, as such, be a real baby, but would just behave like a real baby. He would become addicted to being treated as a baby and would not seek to grow up and leave the family nest. He would be fully aware of his baby behaviour and feel perfectly comfortable with it. He would not feel embarrassed or ashamed of how he behaved, no matter who got to see him and it would be just a natural thing for him to do. He would still be able to talk, but would sound more like a young child than a youth, he may even utter a few baby sounds.

Her plan was ambitious, but she knew it could be done and she wasn't the first mother to do so.

She was glad that she had consulted her mother as to what she had planned for Daniel and it had not been an easy task. How could she explain to your mother that you intend to treat your sixteen-year-old son as a baby? But after she had explained the reasons behind it, her mother gave her full approval. She doted on her grandson and could not bear the thought of him joining the army and all the risks that involved, and it would be so good to have

him back as the cute baby he used to be, a bigger baby... but a baby, nevertheless.

That approval gave Amanda the confidence to move forward with her plan. It took away her guilt feelings. What she was doing wasn't wrong. She only wanted to protect her boy and what could be wrong with that?

There had been a few things that had happened recently in her life that allowed her to do what she was going to do with Daniel. One thing was the death of her grandmother. It was a very sad occasion, but it had led to her inheriting a large sum of money. This had allowed her to give up her job and be a full time Mummy to Daniel, something she would have to be if he was to become her baby again.

"Everything is falling into place," she thought. "He didn't even fight me on wearing nappies. I think deep down he knows he is still a bedwetter and it is my job to ensure that he is. No more dry nights for my baby boy!"

Or baby girl?

If you want to read more of this book, go to:

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