A MOTHER'S GUIDE
To Diapered Teens
Shelley Carter
A Mother’s Guide To Diapered Teens

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I would like to thank Shelley for the wonderful book she has written about her own experience with a diapered teen and preteen and for allowing others to share some of the knowledge and wisdom she has gathered since.

At any time, raising teens is a challenge, and the myriad problems that can occur sometimes overwhelm us. While we are on the lookout for depression, drugs, abuse, or bullying, none of us are looking for wet diapers hidden in the back of a drawer or a pacifier under the pillow.

The shock can be compounded by the shortage of good source material to explain it and worse, the prevalence of truly dreadful information.

I recall one psychiatrist once saying “when you think of all the things a young teenager can get into like drugs and gangs and sexual promiscuity, diapers are an incredibly small issue to face.”

He was correct of course, but it is still a shock when you find out that your baby… your wonderful teenager… is wearing diapers again.

This book will help you along the way.

Rosalie Bent
There is a valid reason why I am writing this book along with the help of some friends. The reason is simple: there are a lot of teens and younger out there who want to wear diapers and some of them actually are doing so. If that surprises you then you are like most other parents – just as I was.

When my six-year-old son came to me and asked if he could wear diapers again, I smiled, said no and life went on. It was no big deal. Kids might say the cutest things, but they also say the daftest things as well. I figured it was the latter.

When my ten-year-old son once again asked if he could wear diapers despite the fact that he hadn't wet his bed since he was 4, I again said no and moved on, thinking nothing more about it. Well, not exactly nothing because I found it curious, but not curious enough to try and follow up on it.

However, when I found wet diapers in my thirteen-year-old son's bedroom, I realized there was a problem to deal with.

My first decision was to panic – like so many other parents. My second was to seek a therapist. When that was useless, I decided to seek real information - and I found it.

This book is partly our journey and partly a guidebook for other mothers (and fathers) who may be facing a similar situation.

I hope it helps.
So, what is it with diaper wearing? | 2.

If you are anything like me, your first reaction to discovering that your teenager is wearing diapers is to simply ask why. Why are they wearing diapers? It seems so nonsensical, pointless, and rather bizarre. These were all my first thoughts as well. Diaper-wearing seems so far out of the norm that it can be hard to get your head around it.

My son was thirteen when I first found wet diapers in his bedroom, courtesy of the unhygienic nature of teens. My sense of smell may not be dog-like, but it was good enough to follow that scent trail. But when I looked back, I realized that I had missed all the signs along the way and I mentally kicked myself for it, thinking that perhaps I could have done something better along the way. If you are thinking like that then let my first message to you be that you did nothing wrong. Parenting is about being good, not all-knowing. We can’t possibly know what our kids are doing all the time, especially when they reach their teen years. We can only aim to do our best and hope that when we are not physically around, that they uphold the values and expectations they were raised with. So, my first message to you is not to beat yourself up over some perceived lack of action by you.

But, at the same time, it may not be a bad idea to look back and see where the signs were that you missed or ignored. This isn’t
the first thing to do, of course, but it is worthwhile thinking about it so that you can add some more information and data to your thinking. Let me share with you my own recollections.

As a baby and toddler, my son was unbearably cute like most others his age and we loved him immensely. As he grew up, everything went pretty normally. He potty-trained reasonably easily at around the average age, give or take. After we took night diapers away there were perhaps a half-dozen wet beds and then nothing. All pretty normal and in line with expectations.

When he was 4, we had a baby daughter and he was as thrilled as we were. There was no sibling rivalry as some experience and once again, we felt blessed to have a happy and normal family dynamic. Now that I look back with a more informed vision, I see some things that might have been precursors to what was to follow. He was absolutely fascinated with his sister. We all saw that as healthy love and acceptance and, of course, it was. When I breastfed her, he always wanted to be there watching and touching and often getting in the say as little kids do. I had breastfed him for a year and he naturally did not remember and so he was fascinated to watch it all again.

One afternoon as I fed my daughter, he asked if I could feed him. It was something I had forgotten for a long time because so many other things were happening. I naturally refused, but I let him cuddle close and intimately while I fed his sister. He seemed very happy with that and I moved on.

He also loved his father picking him up and ‘playing babies’ by holding him like an infant. Meaningless play, but as I look back, I see tiny almost insignificant incidents like this as perhaps now meaningful.

A couple of times, he took his sister’s pacifier and put it in his mouth, and by this time he had begun school so at age 5 he was
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taking an interest in his sister’s things. He was a remarkably good brother to his sister, choosing to play with her and at her level.

But there were things I didn’t know that I’ve only found out since. My son and I have a very good relationship and we talk about most things fairly easily. His sister naturally gravitates more to her father while he gravitates to me. One day (when he was much older) he told me about things he had done even as a 5-year-old.

The first time he wore diapers after his own toilet training was when he took his sister’s and put them on. I never knew and when I asked him how I never found out, he said that he had put her wet ones on. He had gotten one of her wet diapers and somehow managed to fit his skinny frame into them.

And I knew nothing about it. And if I had found out at the time? I’ve even imagined the conversation and it goes something like this. What are you doing wearing that stupid thing? Now take it off and go play in your room.

That would have been the sum total of my comments and I would have quickly forgotten about it. But I never knew.

The first real hint came when he was 6 years old, and I was in the laundry folding clothes because it was my chore to do. My husband was very good around the house but when it came to folding laundry... I doubt I have to explain this to many women. I was standing there, and he simply said, “Mommy, can I wear diapers again?”

It was that simple and that direct. He had told me in his own barely cognizant manner that he really wanted to wear diapers again. Not for playtime. Not for bedwetting but simply...

Because.

I said no and told him to go away. Part of me tends to castigate myself over not engaging with him, but at the same time, I
am also relieved that I didn't. What exactly was I going to say? Yes? Given that he didn’t wet the bed there was no reason to put him into diapers. Could I have asked him why he wanted to wear diapers? I could have asked but the answer would have been probably worthless. Not a lie. Just of little to no value.

He didn’t know why he wanted to wear diapers. He just did. It made sense to him in a way that he couldn’t express in words. He just wanted to. Take note of that because even now as teenagers, that is still true. They just want to.

Life went on normally although the diaper-theft from his sister apparently occurred on several other occasions without my knowledge until she potty trained. But she was a little harder to get dry at night and so she continued to wear diapers to bed until she was 5 which was frustrating for us and for her. But my sneaky 8-9-year-old son was making the best of the opportunity by occasionally wearing her wet ones.

Why wet ones? I will talk about that later, but when I found out about it many years later, I assumed it was because wet ones wouldn’t be missed while dry ones would be. I have no idea why he thought I was counting diapers and later on understood that that had nothing to do with it.

When he was ten, he came up to me one more time and asked me if he could wear diapers again. I was rather surprised, but I didn’t take it as a serious request and as I now recall it in my head, I remember that he seemed a bit nervous but I didn’t pick up on it at the time.

What I know now was that it was a serious question about what was a serious desire. He wanted to wear diapers again, at least to bed.

But I didn’t take him seriously. What was there to take seriously? Ten years olds didn’t wear diapers unless there was a
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physical reason. So, I said no, but thought it was a curious question and told myself to think about it later but never did. Life was too busy to worry about or consider something silly my son said.

I had missed a couple of signs growing up, but as I said before, I don’t know what I would have done even if I realized he was literally wanting to wear diapers again.

But if I had missed the signs while he was growing up in his pre-teens, his teenage years were a wake-up call. These signs I didn’t miss.