The Washing Line: extended edition

Title: The Washing Line: extended edition
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https://www.patreon.com/ahbagels
Publisher: AB Discovery
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Introduction

This story is about something I would so love to have happened to me when I was a teenager, but sadly, it did not, so now all I can do is describe what for me would have been a dream come true had it actually happened. I knew at that tender age what I wanted to be - a baby.

I had known that for several years. I knew what I wanted. I knew what I wanted to be, but of course, had what I have written really happened, it would have been considered by most to be a form of child abuse, but for me, it would not have been so. For me, it would have been the perfect experience, but of course, those who think they know better, cannot understand this. How dare someone deny me pleasure? What right have they to do that?

There is nothing wrong with my desires, they have never involved real children or babies. It is just a yearning I have to be a baby myself. Ever since I was ‘found out’ at the age of 18, I was made to feel as if there was something wrong with me, as if I needed to be cured. Cured of what? Cured of a harmless desire? Why should I need to be cured of something that was no threat to anyone else, and gave me so much pleasure, gave me so much comfort? So, I have had to live with that burden of needing to be
cured for almost 40 years, which is how long it has taken me to realise that there is nothing wrong with me.

Yes, it is an unusual desire, one that I can only share with very few people. I can understand why most people would not understand and that is why I keep it to myself. I do not wish to know what my friends get up to in the privacy of their own homes. It is none of my business, and as long as it does not involve anyone being pressured into doing something they do not wish to do and does not cause any physical or mental harm to anyone, then as far as I am concerned, I do not see what right I have or anyone else to judge or condemn.

So, if you have come across this publication by mistake, and have no idea about people who have desires to be treated like a baby, it is best that you do not read my story. But if you do, then do not condemn me, or others like me. I understand if you find such desires unnatural, but they are harmless. Just because it does not appeal to you, it does not give you the right to take a higher moral stand and think ill towards myself and other like-minded people.

For those of you who have such desires, I do hope that what I have written, and how I have written this story, fills your imagination and gives you the chance to escape from the realities of the real world, even if it is only for a short time. I also hope that you do not consider yourself sick in any way. Please don't waste so many years of your life, as I have done, coming to terms with your desires. Simply accept them, indulge yourself and be who you want to be.

Ben Pathen
Benjamin Peters was just eight years old the first time he tried out some plastic baby pants on his own. He had stopped wetting his bed just three years earlier and so the nappies and plastic pants he had worn then had been taken away and worse, given away.

Benjamin liked wearing nappies. He liked plastic baby pants even more.

He didn’t know just when it had started only that he couldn’t remember a time when he wasn’t fascinated by them. When bedtime came around he was secretly excited at the thought of being laid down, dusted with baby powder and a thick fluffy terry nappy slid under him and pinned on tightly. The soft plastic baby pants that slid up his legs were a secret delight that he hid from his mother. But a delight they were and that thrill only increased over time.

They felt good. They looked good and deep inside, they simply made sense to him. As a preschooler wearing nappies, he was not exactly a rarity, but even so, he sensed that sharing his delight with anyone would be a mistake. And so he never mentioned it or gave a hint to anyone. It was shortly after starting school that his innocent conversation with other new kids taught him that still wearing nappies to bed was very ‘uncool’. While in the
years to follow he understood that probably a quarter of his classmates still wore them to bed, the derisive comments about ‘being babies’ led him to a decision he regretted all his life.

He decided to stop wetting the bed.

He decided to leave nappies and plastic baby pants behind him. It was the peer pressure that did it and it was a regret that haunted him for a very long time.

Benjamin’s mother was an unflustered, all-conquering woman for whom washing nappies and plastic pants were no big deal at all. She had never pressured him nor commented adversely on his wet morning nappies but had taken them off and quickly washed him over ready for Kindy or then, school. Many decades later in the kind of conversations that parents end up having with their adult children, she admitted that she had not expected him to be out of nappies at night for a very long time. She had wet her own bed until her mid-teens and his father was only slightly better.

I expected to be putting you in nappies and plastic pants until you were fifteen or so, she had said in a jovial manner.

Ben was never really sure if she ‘knew’ or ‘suspected’ or was just too loving to care about his rather obvious interest in nappies and plastic pants. On weekends, he would keep his nappy on for hours, avoiding his mother and even saying he wanted to keep them on. His mother would let him stay in his wet nappies as long as lunchtime and if he was feeling unwell, was able to wear them during the day after a mid-morning change.

But peer pressure had destroyed his early adventures in nappy-wearing. Teased by a girl who he later discovered wet her own bed for several more years, he succumbed and told himself that he needed to stop wetting the bed and after less than four weeks, awoke to his first dry nappy. His father didn’t care. His mother seemed curiously disappointed but Ben, however, was
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thrilled. He was no longer a bedwetter and was pleased to let it be known.

He had worn nappies to bed for the next week just to be sure, but his newly powerful bladder had found its way to dryness and so, his nappies and plastic pants were taken away and a month later, disappeared entirely.

Benjamin was at first happy and then as the weeks went by, became increasingly unhappy as the bulk between his legs and the cool soft plastic of his wonderful baby pants were no longer there to comfort him in bed.

Like thousands of children before him, he deliberately wet his sheets several times in a vain attempt to get his nappies back, but his ever unflappable mother simply said:

“I’ve given all your nappies away, Benny. You don’t need them anymore so just keep trying.”

And so the nappies went away. The plastic pants disappeared. But the desire to wear them again did not. In fact, it increased dramatically and filled his thoughts and his dreams. Like millions before him, he knew something was very different inside him, but knew enough to keep it to himself.

That was when he visited his Auntie and Uncle and their young daughter Millie.

Millie was three years old and the kind of girl that would normally irritate an eight-year-old boy who still thought girls had germs. But she still wore pinned terry nappies and plastic pants and so suddenly, Millie was a very acceptable play partner.
Benjamin was smart enough to try and keep his interest in Millie’s nappies a secret, but not old enough to be fully successful. On their first full day, Ben had decided to take Millie out for a walk on the large property his uncle and aunt owned. It seemed huge to him after the small allotment his family lived on, but being semi-rural, it was just a typical large house block where the neighbours were too far away to ever be heard and the back fence a good distance away as well.

To Ben, it was like his own Hundred-Acre-Wood where he could explore and be on his own or with his nappied niece. Millie had a short dress and rubber boots of the style of toddlers where function beat fashion. Millie loved her rubber boots and from her parent’s perspective, at least it kept her feet and socks dry. Ben could see easily her plastic pants and the thick nappy underneath and from the moment he first saw them, it re-triggered the need in him to wear them himself.

Millie loved to be carried and so with his hands on her nappied bottom, he would lift her up and take her around the property. Sometimes she sat on his shoulders where the warm plastic pants filled with hot pee would rest on his neck and he would once again feel the touch of the pants he so desired.
Benjamin wanted nappies and plastic pants again and he wanted to wear them, but he had to be clever. His aunt would automatically know if there was an extra nappy or plastic pant in the nappy bucket – or so he thought. In his imagination, he figured that mums counted nappies like they weighed ingredients in a cake – exactly. It never occurred to him that ten wet nappies looked just like nine wet nappies when you are doing the daily wash along with a pile of other clothing from adults and children.

And so he stole an already wet nappy.

That night Ben implemented the plan he had been hatching since the first day of enduring the sight of Millie’s nappies and plastic pants. After Millie had been put to bed and the adults retired to play cards and Millie’s two older sisters watched TV, he carefully crept into her room, opened the pungent nappy bucket, and took out the wet nappy sitting on top. Another bucket held even more treasures – the plastic pants. He quickly took the top pair and a pair of nappy pins he had already spotted on the top of her dresser. He then hid them under his bed waiting to put them on once lights were out.

At a later-than-usual time of 8:30, Ben was sent to bed with the usual hug and kiss from his mum and a grunt of acknowledgement from his dad. The moment the light was turned out and the door shut, he sprung into action.

He laid the wet nappy out on his sheets, forgetting that it would dampen them, placed his bum on it and excitedly pinned them together, fumbling with his fingers as he tried to get the sharp ends through the already wet cloth. Remembering watching his aunt changing Millie, he rubbed the pins through his hair and the nappy pins quickly went through and he put them on as tight as he could. Then came the plastic pants. Being prepubescent, Ben didn’t
really understand the excitement he felt as the plastic pants slowly went up his legs.

They were tight. Very tight.

Millie might have been a slightly chubby three-year-old and Ben a very skinny eight-year-old, but the pants were a still tight fit. He carefully pulled them up and after several minutes of struggle he finally had them up and over the nappy and he sighed in relief as well as grinned stupidly.

As he settled down in his bed he cuddled his teddy bear and in a moment of utter joy... wet his nappy for the first time in years. He fell asleep not long after and dreamed of clouds and cots and toys.

It was 6 am when his door opened and Millie tottered through the door. She had long since discovered how to climb out of her cot and Benjamin made a much better play partner than either of her sisters.

“Benni!” she shouted in her not-so-subtle toddler voice. “Play!”

Benjamin slowly woke up and it took a few seconds to realise that he was still in a nappy and plastic pants. Millie was upon him and jumping on him as he laid in bed, wanting him to get up and play, just like she had the morning before.

Trying his best to be discreet, he rolled out of bed and Millie immediately said, “Benni nappy, me nappy too.”

Oh no! She saw my nappy!
Ben pulled up his pyjama bottoms trying to cover the bulky nappy but it had already been seen.

What am I going to do now?

Ben grabbed Millie’s hands and risking the danger of detection by anyone else in the house, he walked her back to her room and told her to choose her favourite book and he would read it to her. The moment he had done so, he let go of her hand, raced back to his room, pulled the nappy off in one tug and pushed it under the bed. He then redressed himself and returned to Millie’s room with the intention of distracting her from remembering the sight of his nappy. A close call had been avoided.

For the next four nights, Ben stole one of Millie’s wet nappies every night and wore it to bed while also wetting it himself. He learned to take it off and hide it under the bed before the inevitable appearance of his boisterous cousin. But while he was thinking how smart he was, he also missed some telltale signs.

Every night, the wet nappy leaked onto the sheets slightly and left wet patches. They were not large, but they were visible to experienced eyes and the trained eye of his aunt had seen them. She knew what wet sheets from preteen bedwetters looked like and this wasn’t it. She also knew what leaking nappies looked like and she knew instantly what had been happening. Her nephew Benjamin had been wearing nappies to bed and obviously, they were Millie’s.

When Benjamin said goodnight to his parents and the door was shut, he reached under his bed for the expected wet nappy and to his horror... they were both gone!

A lump formed in his throat as he thought of everything that could go wrong but before long, the door opened again and his Aunt walked in, shutting the door behind her.
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"I know you’ve been wearing Millie’s nappies to bed, Ben," she began.

"I didn’t..." His aunt held up her hand to stop him.

"I’m not mad, Ben. I understand you are having trouble with bedwetting again. But why didn’t you tell your mum about it?"

"I don’t want them to know," he replied.

It was a foolish statement because obviously, his mother would know if he was wetting the bed again. The reason was something else, something unstated and as she figured, probably unexplainable.

"I brought these for you tonight."

She placed on the bed a clean and dry terry nappy and some pink plastic pants.

"You will do better in a dry nappy and I picked up a pair of Claire’s old plastic pants that I think you will fit into."

Cousin Claire was twelve and had stopped wetting her bed a few years earlier.

"And I won’t tell your mum about this, okay? In the morning, just take them off and leave them under the bed and I will wash them."

And with that, his Aunt was gone and the door shut behind her. While his heart slowly slowed down, he folded the nappy as he had seen others do a multitude of times and carefully pinned himself into it, noting how much easier a dry nappy was to pin than a wet one. And the plastic pants were a dream, sliding easily up his legs and covering his nappy perfectly without any risk of leaks. He loved the soft feel and the look of the semi-transparent pink and as he laid in bed, stunned and smiling, he emptied his bladder into the
waiting nappy. He had faked doing the usual before-bed-pee and saved it up for his nappy.

Sleep came wonderfully well that night and as he had practised before, he awoke before Millie broke in and regretfully slid the soaked nappy to the floor and pushed it under the bed as instructed.

That morning, he expected a lecture from his mother but his aunt had been true to her word and had said nothing. A simple wink over breakfast was all she did and Ben blushed.

That night and every subsequent night, Benjamin would go to bed and find underneath it a new dry nappy, some plastic pants of various colours and some nappy pins. The last night, however, found something new under his bed. It was a baby’s dummy.

Millie rarely used a dummy during the day but always at night and Ben had secretly ogled it and his Aunt must have seen him do so. After he had pinned his nappy on, he tentatively placed the dummy in his mouth and began to suck. His head swooned at the delight and being particularly tired that night, it took mere minutes to fall asleep in his already wet nappy and with the dummy taking residence in his mouth.

The next morning was the day for his family to return home and the dummy had fallen out during the night and rolled away. When his dad barged into his room to tell him to get up and get dressed so they could get going later that morning, he was still in the nappy and once again, soaking wet. He quickly stripped them off and joined his family for breakfast and the various noises that accompanied every morning at his uncle and aunt’s place.

As Benjamin walked out the door to go to the car to return home, his auntie grabbed his shoulders and spun him around to a triple thread washing line strung between two large poles.
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There hanging in plain view were ten plastic pants and three of them were clearly larger sizes. Millie was the only one in nappies and so the three larger size pants would have been a question to anyone that asked. But no one did.

And so Benjamin went home with a new vision in his mind – plastic pants lined up on a washing line, telling the story that someone or more than one, was still in nappies.

It was to change his life forever.
Ben was frustrated. Even since his trip to his Auntie’s house where he wore nappies and plastic baby pants, he was filled with the desire to repeat it and yet... there was no opportunity. His brother and sister were older than him and had abandoned night nappies at a young age so there were none at home. Ten-year-olds don’t get much time on their own and there were no plastic pants anywhere to be seen until...

Suddenly there was.

Ben rode his bike the short distance to school and sometimes took a shortcut along a laneway between two rows of houses. He usually avoided it because it was rough with tree branches leaning over into the laneway and needing to be avoided. But the real reason was that it scared him.

On wintry mornings it was cold and dark especially if the clouds were thick and with an unpredictable wind, there were scary sounds at times. But his brother had teased him about avoiding the laneway and had sped off at top speed and was nowhere to be seen as Ben nervously turned into the laneway-of-terror.

It was a calmish day and there was a bit of sun and he inwardly berated himself for being scared of this.
This is easy! I don't know what I was scared of.

And then his heart missed a beat. But it wasn't from fear, but rather from shock and surprise. Halfway along, he looked sideways at a house that backed onto the laneway and he spied a washing line filled with various items, but what he saw in particular were...

Four pairs of plastic pants. White plastic baby pants. His eyes drew him in and he stopped his bike and simply stared.

*I want to wear them!*

The washing line was very close to the back fence and the row that had the plastic pants were the closest to him. When he stood on a creaky wooden rail against the fence he peered over and could see fluffy baby nappies further in. He reached out and touched the plastic pants and his heart once again skipped a beat.

*I want to wear them!*

Ben reached out and grabbed the pants firmly and pulled. The wooden pegs gave up their prize and he held them in his hands standing by his bike, breathing quickly as his heart sped even faster.

He quickly shoved his stolen prize into the bottom of his school bag and sped off on his bike, remembering how it last felt to be in plastic pants. He had wanted the nappy as well, but that was too far in, plus he had no pins.

Once at school, he made a beeline for the toilets and in seconds had pulled down his school shorts and white underpants and with trembling hands, pulled the pants up his legs. They were tight but not as tight as infant pants. They were toddler-sized and as they were pulled into place, he sighed in relief and the excitement of the rapidly-getting-slippery pants. With his underpants and shorts back in place, he headed off to the playground for the few minutes remaining before school commenced.
He was in a daze for much of the day as he was very aware of what he was wearing and when it came time to go home, he exhilarated in the feeling of the now very slippery pants underneath his shorts as he pedalled home. He rushed to his bedroom and it was then that he noticed the wet lines in the back of his shorts where his perspiration had leaked out from under the pants. But no one had noticed and so he changed into his regular clothes and hid the pants underneath his mattress.

*I’ll wear them to bed all night!*

And so it was that night that he slipped the plastic baby pants on under his pyjamas and fell asleep with a grin on his face, cuddling his teddy bear.

For seven glorious nights, he enjoyed the excitement and growing stimulation of the pants until disaster struck. When he came home that afternoon, his mother waylaid him before he even had time to go to his bedroom.

“What are these things, Ben?” She was holding up the now slightly torn plastic pants. “Why were they under your mattress?”

“I found them,” he stammered. “They were in the laneway.”

It wasn’t exactly a lie, Ben considered even if *found* was not exactly the right word.

“Well, don’t bring home rubbish, okay? We don’t need any more junk here.”

With that, Ben’s mum rolled up the precious pants and threw them unceremoniously in the kitchen rubbish bin.

He had gotten away with it, but the pants were gone.

For two months, Ben religiously rode along the laneway, slowing down and sometimes stopping to peer over the fence but while he had seen washing on the lines, he rarely saw any nappies
or plastic pants and when he did, they were on the furthest end of the line, well away from his grasp.

He wanted to get some more.

He \textit{had} to get some more.

Ben was now fifteen and many things had changed. Puberty for one. Masturbation had become a daily ritual as it had for every other teenage boy. But he hadn’t forgotten about nappies and plastic pants – quite the opposite. He fantasised about them and in his ‘rituals’ he almost always imagined, not some young woman, but him wearing nappies and plastic pants and a mysterious ‘someone’ pinning them onto him.

It was always enough.

The pressure was getting to him, and he determined that he simply had to wear nappies again and to experience the pleasures of plastic pants.

He loved to go riding on his bike around the neighbourhood or beyond. The solace gave him comfort and he often thought about nappies and even becoming a baby again. Everything seemed even more clear and powerful to him as he found himself soaked in teenage hormones. And then once again. It happened.

He saw some nappies and plastic pants on a washing line.

Several miles away from his house, he spotted the unusual sight of a clothesline in the front yard of a small home and on the line were a large number of terry nappies and plastic pants and to his surprise - and excitement – he noticed that they were not small nappies and the plastic pants were for very large toddlers and in his
imagination, he hoped there was a teenager like him in the house wearing nappies with his mother's approval.

Unlike most boys his age who liked to sleep in until midday on a weekend, Ben liked to get up early. He found his thoughts disquieting and riding his bike settled him down if only for long enough to come back home and 'relieve' the tension. And so it was that at just before 7 am on a Saturday morning, he stopped his bike and with scarcely any time to think, jumped over the low fence, took the few steps to the line and grabbed a nappy and two pairs of plastic pants. He then jumped back over the fence and pedalled as fast as he could just in case he had been spotted.

But no one chased him. No one yelled 'stop thief' and stuffed inside his jacket was the stuff of dreams. He grinned as he remembered where his mother kept the old nappy pins that she used for various tasks and so when he returned home at 7:30 am everyone else was still in bed, barely aware that he had even left home.

Carefully retrieving the nappy pins, he rushed to his bedroom and shut the door. Given his age, he now knew that no one would open the door without knocking and so he reverently laid out the nappy, pinned it on and pulled up the white plastic pants. He breathed a sigh of relief as he walked around the room proudly displaying his new nappy to... nobody.

Having hidden his new treasures once again under his mattress, Ben spent the rest of the day waiting for bedtime when he put the nappy on once again but this time, waited an hour after lights out to release his aching bladder and felt the nappy absorb his pee and he smiled in pleasure. When he fell asleep finally, he slept deeply and comfortably and when he awoke late the next morning, he was surprised at the pleasure his new attire brought him as once again he relieved himself inside his baby pants.
For a week, he would rinse the nappy out in his morning shower, put it in a plastic bag and hide it before putting it on again that night already water-wet. One pair of plastic pants ripped badly one morning as he relieved himself and Ben also realised that he couldn’t keep the nappy. He couldn’t get it dry and it was beginning to smell of pee since he was not seemingly able to rinse it properly and so, with a heavy heart, he discarded it in a nearby rubbish bin.

But the remaining plastic pants were worn every night and during every morning ‘release’ he made an even stronger fetish for himself as the plastic pants became what he wanted above all else in his life. Nappies, plastic pants, dummies and babying filled his thoughts, his dreams and his fantasies.

Eventually, they tore beyond use and were discarded which left Ben with a big hole in his life and a drive to do something about it.

Ben was eighteen and once again roaming the neighbourhood looking for solace, freedom and the slim hope of finding more nappies and plastic pants. He was supposed to be on his way to his part-time job, but he always took a meandering and changing route in the hope of spying them. And it was on that fateful morning when he rode down an alleyway and clearly saw the object of his desire.

A washing line of nappies and plastic pants. And what made him even more excited was their size. They weren’t baby nappies. They weren’t toddler-sized plastic pants. They were the largest he had ever seen, and he instantly knew that he could fit into them easily. It was not the first time he had seen them. But he never knew when they would be there, so he often came to check the line out. This time he felt emboldened.

And so, he opened the gate.
It was the sound of a click that made Benjamin realise that he was not alone in the garden. A feeling of absolute terror came over him. He had been caught.

“And what do you think you are doing, young man?” came the voice from behind him.

Benjamin turned his head and recognised the woman standing there with a camera in her hand. It was a teacher, Miss Goodwin from his old Infant’s School. How was he going to explain what he was doing in her garden with a pair of plastic baby pants in his hands that he had just removed from her washing line?

He saw the photograph coming out of the front of the Polaroid camera. He was caught red-handed and the proof was in her hand. It was not going to go well. For years he had taken time with nappies and plastic pants and the last time he was caught was about eight years earlier.

Miss Goodwin spoke again. “Benjamin Peters, what on earth do you think you are doing? Why have you got those plastic baby pants in your hand?”