

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# BABY STACEY

AND THE CONFUSED  
BABY SITTER

**ANDREW STEPHENS**

*Baby Stacey And The Confused Baby Sitter*

# Baby Stacey And The Confused Babysitter by Andrew Stephens

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*Baby Stacey And The Confused Baby Sitter*

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# Chapter One

Juliette – simply Julie to her very few friends – sat in the chair and began to think. Her doctor had given her some disturbing news which while it was not terminal, also meant a serious operation, a lengthy hospital stay and months of rehab in yet another facility. At the very best it would be 8 to 10 weeks but could easily be longer.

“What am I gonna do about Stacey?” she muttered softly. “Who can I get to take care of my baby girl for three or four months?”

It was a deep concern and with good reason. Stacey was not your average 12-month-old infant girl. In fact, Stacey was born twenty-three years ago and was named Christopher until ‘she’ was 7 years old, and Juliette had made the choice to turn her into a girl – a baby girl. The years had been wonderful and fulfilling but it still meant that she had to care for Stacey full-time and now, she was going to need a babysitter – and a live-in one at that – for some months.

“I guess this was always going to happen one day!” she sighed. “I just wish that I had more time to prepare.”

Juliette had never sought out a romantic partner. She had no desire or need for one. Coming from good family money and a family that had also conveniently since left her alone, she chose to get pregnant from ‘anyone’. As a result, Christopher was sired by one of four possible candidates whom she took to her bed with great frequency and once she was pregnant, dumped them all and had not enjoyed sexual intercourse since. Sex was there simply to give her a child and to help her fulfil her preferences on how to raise him.

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She home-schooled him with basic reading and arithmetic and little else. She knew he would never need much more because Christopher – now known as Stacey – was still very much a baby.

Literally.

It was 2 pm and Stacey was just waking up from her regular mid-day nap as Juliette quietly opened the door to her...

Nursery.

It was not a bedroom for a young man at all, not even a teenage boy but rather a nursery set up for the youngest of infants. A baby girl's nursery.

Having spent a lot of time and money on her baby daughter's nursery and just having completed yet another renovation of it, Juliette smiled as she saw the decorated pastel pink walls and the fourth adult-size baby crib that her daughter was lying in, half awake. The crib was a custom-made and very expensive old-fashioned design with exquisite mouldings and a drop-side that still held the bars up.

Stacey knew never to get out of the crib on her own and for several years had not disobeyed. As an 18-year-old she had dropped the side and crept out one morning and Juliette had punished her severely. Not simply a paddle but the feared strap had turned her bottom beet-red and the memory reminded her not to repeat it.

Juliette was determined that Stacey would be as babyish a girl as was possible and so she was never potty trained and always encouraged and even rewarded for a wet and dirty diaper. Using diapers for everything was reinforced such that when 5-year-old Christopher had begun to naturally stop soiling his diaper he was instead encouraged to mess and disciplined if he did not. His bladder control did not ever really develop much, and Juliette was often thankful that she had been a belated bedwetter well into her late teens and her father even later. The genetic history of

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bedwetting just meant that her wish that Christopher - and Stacey - never be potty trained was easier than she had expected. It was also complicated by her daughter's still-baby nature.

Stacey's 'baby nature' was not an accident. It was very much by design. No potty training, being encouraged to crawl rather than walk, and the use of very simple baby talk as well as baby toys and clothing didn't so much turn Stacey into a baby as it rather made sure that Stacey never grew into an adult - or a teenager or even a young child. She remained in the lifestyle of a 12-month-old baby girl, just larger. The truth is that even without the rigorous training, Stacey would have always been a baby girl of some kind. The fact that she embraced the feminine so easily and never really potty-trained herself underlined these facts. Julie merely made it her permanent state and so the horrendous confusion and torment so many trans or infantilist teens go through never appeared.

Baby behaviour was ruthlessly imposed and demanded. Walking without good reason was a spanking offence. Using older language than a 2-year-old would use would draw a cross rebuke or a hand slap. Stacey never fed herself, dressed herself or made any of her own decisions. Even the trials and changes of puberty were managed in a babyish way. When masturbation commenced - as it was always going to - it was encouraged, but only in a wet or dirty diaper. It was also never considered a private experience and so Stacey would hump her diaper in her crib or in the playpen or anywhere else in the house whenever the need arose while her mother smiled and approved. It was not a sexual act but rather a physical need and nothing more.

Mother and baby were both happy and settled in their safe, separate lives. When circumstances required Juliette to go out, she took Baby Stacey with her in the back seat of her darkened SUV, in a custom-made car seat and wearing baby clothes sucking on a pacifier. It would be hard for anyone to know who was in the SUV and Stacey would never even dream of getting out on her own. Her

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toys and teddy bears were always there to comfort her anyhow. And so it was that for 23 years, Juliette had an infant girl who never really grew up, but now... now it was a problem.

Stacey couldn't care for herself. She needed not just a babysitter, but a hands-on one who could change wet and dirty diapers, dress, bathe, bottle and hand feed and sometimes help with playtimes. The joy of having a fully regressed and infantilised baby daughter still had some problems and this was one of them.

*A babysitter is not going to be easy to find!*

Juliette spent an inordinate amount of time on social media trying to find a suitable babysitter but found the experience overwhelming, not to mention ineffective. Most adult 'babysitters' were looking for adults to babysit in a fetish environment, but Stacey needed a *real* babysitter who could care for a *real* baby and embrace Juliette's desire to keep her fully infantile. She was growing desperate as she began to understand that her need was exceedingly rare until one day she saw an ad on a regular babysitter forum that stated:

*I babysit any age and am comfortable with those with developmental delays including those that can't make the transition out of diapers for any number of reasons. My name is Mommy Felicia so if you need babysitting in any way, please reply.*

To Juliette, the words in the ad suggested that the babysitter was more than aware of adult babies and even... the permanently infantile. So, she simply had to send her an email to probe that possibility.

Dear Felicia,



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I am replying to your ad about babysitting and wanted to check some things first of all. I am looking for a long-term, live-in babysitter for a 23-year-old transgender daughter who still lives and acts as a 12-month-old baby girl. She is not potty-trained nor has many skills beyond that of at most, a two-year-old. She is dressed as a baby girl and has a nursery and so the difference between her and a regular baby is size only. I wanted to tell you all of that in advance so that if this is not okay with you, then we can quit now.

Thanks

Julie

As she pressed *send* she wondered what kind of reception she would get. She figured that the woman knew of adult babies, but what about the permanently infantile? Juliette was aware that there were a few permanently infantile babies out there around the world but how to get someone to help her out now was a big question.

It was *the* question.

## Chapter Two

Felicia Noble had just arrived home from her part-time job in retail and sighed deeply.

*I hate my job!* she sighed quietly. It was her nightly ritual to shut her front door and say out loud, *I hate my job.*

At thirty years of age, Felicia lived alone for the main reason that she liked to be alone – at least that was part of the reason. The other was that she wore diapers to bed for her lifelong bedwetting and had no intention of sharing that information with anyone. As part of seeking out other adult bedwetters, she quickly came across adult babies and the wide array of people associated with them.

Felicia was not a baby, that much she knew. But she did wear diapers at night and as multiple wet panties had been telling her, the time of day diapers was not decades away but perhaps only a handful of years or even sooner. But engaging with adult babies made it all so much easier to handle and she had come to view her bedwetting as a positive thing that others were jealous of.

*They are jealous that I am a real bedwetter!* she had thought many times upon waking to a heavy and soaked diaper knowing that many of her online friends desperately wanted to be a real bedwetter. It made her smile many times.

The first thing she did after getting home was to remove her hated ill-fitting uniform and even though it was barely 6 pm, she decided to put her night diaper on right away.

*Might as well do it now and save the hassle later,* she rationalised, even though she knew the diaper would be quite wet well before she went to bed. *But who's gonna know... or care?*

With a diaper and tshirt on and a mug of hot coffee, she sat down at her laptop to check her emails and to possibly interact with some adult babies. She was expecting a flood of responses to her ad

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about babysitting. She had put out an ad before and received over a hundred responses. Half of them were rejected immediately because of crude or crass responses. Half of the remainder were simply nowhere near her. She understood those respondents because even though it was physically not possible to ever meet, they simply wanted to communicate to confirm that somewhere, somehow, they might find a babysitter they could meet.

As for the remaining few, she had twice before babysat an adult baby for a few hours and while it was initially awkward, she did enjoy it. She did take a token fee, but she did it mainly for the fun and experience and what she discovered was that her own diaper-wearing made her more aware of what they wanted. She hadn't worn diapers with the other adult babies so as not to cross lines or confuse them, but she wondered if one day she would or... would need to regardless.

She wanted to do more babysitting and thought that not just adult babies, but disabled teens would be something she would enjoy caring for. It was the *caring* aspect that called to her and she wasn't still really sure what it was she wanted but something to do with babysitting older teens or adults appealed. And she never knew why.

Then she read Julie's email.

It was very different from every other one and in no small measure because it sounded entirely genuine – not always the case – and was a different scenario.

*So, she's an actual mother of an actual delayed development transgender daughter that lives much like an infant?*

Felicia sat on her chair for several minutes trying to work out how to respond. The situation intrigued her but she also knew she had to be careful not to offend.