

AN AB DISCOVERY SHORT STORY

*Mrs
Jackson's
House:*

THE MAKING OF AN ADULT BABY

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Mrs. Jackson's House:
The Making of an Adult baby

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CONCEPTION: SOWING THE SEEDS OF INFANTILISM



Jacob had always enjoyed staying at Mrs. Jackson's house.

He loved how she fussed over him, and he loved that when he had stayed overnight, he was always dressed in nappies and what she described as plastic 'baby' pants. Even when he visited as a young boy, she insisted that he was to be in a nappy and plastic baby pants. Mrs. Jackson always called plastic pants 'plastic *baby* pants', to emphasise that these were for a *baby* to wear. It didn't bother Jacob that he had to wear nappies and plastic baby pants. On the contrary, he loved wearing nappies and plastic baby pants, ever since the first time she had put him into them. He had loved the feel of the soft fluffy nappy and the plastic pants and only wished he could wear them all the time. He also loved the bulk of the nappy between his legs, and how much bigger the bulk got after he had wet a few times.

He enjoyed running his hands over his plastic baby pants. He didn't really know why he did that. He just liked it and would do it subconsciously and was drawn strongly to the texture of his plastic baby pants. Mrs. Jackson had noticed Jacob doing this, but she didn't say anything. She wasn't going to chastise Jacob if he wanted

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to run his hands over his plastic baby pants. It was fine by her and in fact, she would smile when she saw it happening.

Jacob began to look forward to staying at Mrs. Jackson's house just because he knew he would be put into nappies and plastic baby pants and would have lots of toys to play with. Sometimes he would stay at Mrs. Jackson's for three or four days and nights and he loved that. Jacob loved staying at Mrs. Jackson's for any reason at any time. At times he would daydream about staying with her and being put into nappies and plastic baby pants. The nappies and plastic baby pants seemed to be his main focus, but he didn't know why – not that that was a problem to him. He would imagine being carried about by Mrs Jackson as if he were a baby, being put down for the night in a cot instead of sleeping in a bed, and everything from his imagination had to do with being a baby.

Mrs. Jackson had lost her husband just a few years after the birth of her daughter, Sophie and it broke her heart not only because of the loss of her husband but because there would be no more siblings for Sophie. She and her husband had planned on having at least two or three children, and they certainly had wanted a baby boy. Mrs. Jackson in particular had always wanted a baby boy in her life, which was now not going to happen, as she had no intention of getting married again. She probably could get married again and choose the man she wanted to marry. She still had a very good figure and still got 'wolf' whistles when she walked past a building site, but another marriage was not something she considered. It was all too much to imagine. She was a tall woman with long black hair and was very much the centre of attention when in a crowd of people. There was just something about her that drew people in.

It took a few years for Mrs Jackson to get fully used to a life without her husband, and she had to knuckle down so that she

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could always be there for her daughter. Life was not easy, but she managed it with courage and style.

It was purely by chance that she got involved with looking after younger people whose parents were struggling. If a parent was having issues they could drop off their child at Mrs. Jackson's house for her to take care of them for a short time. One such child was Jacob.

He's the embodiment of cuteness! was the first thing Mrs. Jackson thought when she first set eyes on Jacob. He would have been the sort of boy she would have loved to have had as her son.

"You look so much like a baby, Jacob, when I put you in your nappies and plastic baby pants," she would say often to him. "If you were my little boy, I would have you in nappies and plastic baby pants all the time. There would never be any rushing to the bathroom for you, little one, and I am more than happy to change your wet nappies. No problem at all!"

Comments like that from Mrs. Jackson did not bother Jacob, even as he grew older. He simply accepted that what she said was just her way of showing that she cared for him deeply. He felt totally at ease with wetting his nappies and being changed, even when he was an older child, and wasn't even bothered if Mrs. Jackson's daughter was in attendance when he was being changed. He felt no embarrassment, shame, or discomfort at all and he considered it normal to be changed just as if he was still a baby in front of Sophie.

Sophie would often help by passing over the baby powder and plastic baby pants to her mother during Jacob's frequent nappy changes. Sophie enjoyed being involved with Jacob's nappy changing. It made her feel grown up, even if she was only a couple of years older than him, and yet she had a lot of control over him. Despite his age, Sophie still considered Jacob very much a baby,

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almost like a baby brother. To all involved, it made perfect sense and felt normal.

Most youngsters would be horrified at the thought of being put into nappies and plastic baby pants as an older child. They were items of clothing that only a baby should wear. But for some reason, Jacob truly loved wearing nappies and plastic baby pants from a very young age and since he had first been put into them by Mrs. Jackson, he had been drawn inexorably towards all things baby. In particular, Jacob loved seeing his plastic baby pants and nappies hanging on the washing line. They made him feel very special, very loved and very much... a baby.

Jacob was lucky that Mrs Jackson considered Terry nappies and plastic pants the de facto clothing for a baby. She did not think that disposable nappies looked very babyish at all since that was part of her goal whereas thick terry nappies and billowing plastic pants just exaggerated the baby look. It was the look that she adored - the look of a baby.

Jacob wished the days of terry nappies and plastic baby pants would come back. He had only experienced a very short period where such baby items were on display for all to see when passing by the local gardens. The only place he could see them now was in Mrs. Jackson's garden.

He knew he couldn't tell anyone that he loved nappies and plastic baby pants and everything to do with being a baby. He would be considered odd if he did that and possibly even be punished. No one would understand his desire of wanting to be a baby again and he knew that to be true of almost everyone. Almost. Even at a young age, he knew it wasn't normal, but he couldn't help it. He was drawn to nappies and plastic baby pants and all things to do with the world of a baby. If he found a discarded baby dummy in the street he would pick it up, run home and wash it, and use it later when there was little or no chance of being found out. There was

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only one person he didn't mind 'finding' him out - Mrs Jackson. He felt that she understood him, seemed to be okay with his baby side and accepted his unusual feelings and desires.

Jacob was not aware of how the influences of such innocuous items of clothing were going to affect him and would affect him for the rest of his life.

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MRS. JACKSON



Jacob was desperately missing that time in his life when he used to stay at Mrs. Jackson's house. There was nothing in his life to look forward to now. That option had gone from his life when his mother had decided to move away. Jacob had a job in a local supermarket which bored him to death. What he wanted in his life seemed to be out of reach. He was desperate to live the life he used to have and for some reason - a reason he could not understand - and despite his age, he was still drawn to all things baby, and in particular nappies and plastic pants.

There was only one hope for him and he knew what it was.

He simply *had* to visit Mrs. Jackson's house once more. When he was young, he had visited her house many times when his mother had struggled to cope and she was almost like a second mother for Jacob. Mrs. Jackson knew how to look after him the way he needed. She knew what he liked and made being under her care a very magical and rewarding time. She was the mother he would love to have had – not that he ever said that out loud. The fact that she always put Jacob into nappies and plastic baby pants when he had an overnight stay just made staying at her house all the more exciting for him, something he so looked forward to, and something he wished had never ended.

But it had ended.