

An AB Discovery Book

How Diapers Began...

**Stories of returning to
diapers once again**

**BEN PATHEN
TERRY MASTERS**

How Diapers Began...

By Ben Pathen, Terry Masters

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Diaper Research

by
Terry Masters

CHAPTER 1



“What sort of product research?” David asked as he let his eyes follow the woman's shapely legs across the office.

He had to admit that she fascinated him. Prim and pretty, she had a haughty, cultured atmosphere about her, and she took no guff from anyone. Her leather skirt fit her like a second skin. He had long since noticed the black-seamed hosiery that seemed to connect the shiny leather and her high black patent pumps. Another part of his attention was focused on her shapely rear, looking for some little sign that she wore stockings rather than pantyhose. He wasn't really listening to her monologue about the firm's product line or the nature of the `research' that he was being hired for.

“Don't worry about it. You'll come with me to my summer place to assist me in laying out the new catalog. It should take three weeks so make sure that you will have no commitments during that time. My sister's daughter will be joining us.”

“Are we going to work solidly for three weeks?” David asked, wondering why she was so concerned about it.

Her tone hardened. “You'll soon learn not to question me like that. There will be little, if any contact with the outside world. We must ensure that our competition learns nothing of our new product line.”

Bashfully, David realized that he had been caught staring at her breasts, “And what would that be?”

“An appropriate range of accessories to our very successful line of incontinent and nursing home supplies. That's all you need to know about it for now.” She resumed her seat in front of him and

David was almost sure she meant for him to catch a glimpse of stocking tops as she crossed her legs. Now a gentler smile replaced her scowl, "You won't need many clothes. The cottage is very well equipped, and we'll see to your every need."

The interview was over. He suddenly realized that she hadn't even asked him if he wanted the job. She had read his fascination like a book and correctly assumed that he could not bear to turn down the opportunity to be with her.

David had to look up what 'incontinent' meant but the dictionary's trite account didn't bother him much. He was more concerned with his deep attraction to his new employer and the power that seemed to emanate from her. The brief glimpse of her stockings haunted him, and he couldn't put the memory of her out of his mind. By the time he reached the gate of the estate that she had so modestly called 'a cottage', he was infatuated with her and blind to the many clues that foretold his fate.

In another frame of mind, he might have noticed the barred windows on the upper story, the locked gates, and the high stone walls, fringed with barbed wire. He might have questioned these elaborate and inappropriate measures but instead, he announced himself to the intercom box and slowly drove up the drive. He drank in the vision she presented as she greeted him.

Her long chestnut hair framed a heart-shaped face whose major accent was the deep red gloss of her lips. The makeup around her eyes made them dark and mysterious. She wore a simple black dress that had a slit up the side of the skirt. Perched on her four-inch heels she was just a little taller than him. From the look in her eyes, she seemed to be more than glad he had arrived.

David could not have guessed that he was drifting into a carefully laid trap. Mindful of the spell she was casting, Samantha artfully led him to her study, giving him more than enough

opportunity to study her legs and the sheer, seamed black stockings she had chosen carefully only minutes before he had arrived. She was excited by him. She had decided he would be fun to train and she couldn't wait to see his face when he finally realized what he had gotten himself into. For certainly, he would not be getting out of it until she had finished with him.

“There are a few things you should be told before we commence our experiments,” she said while pacing the floor in front of him. Her pumps tapped out a cadence to her words. She noticed that David had grimaced at the word ‘experiments’.

“Jennifer will be taking care of you. Call on her for anything you need. She has my full confidence, and you may take her instructions as if I had given them.” There was the sound of a door opening and he turned around to see a very tall, pretty blonde girl in a starched white nurse's uniform. “There you are, dear. This is David, your new charge. I suggest you prepare him and then introduce him to Susan before dinner.” She waited for a brief nod of acknowledgment before continuing, “And how is my dear niece doing?”

“She is quieter now, Madam. She was not pleased to return but she is adjusting well to her surroundings.”

“Make her first night a memorable one, won't you? Perhaps it would be a good time for her and David to share some pillow talk.” Samantha looked at him and smiled slowly, enjoying the confusion register on her victim's face.

David suddenly felt very scared. He decided he didn't like the sound of things at all. Almost instinctively he bolted for the door, expecting to brush past the slim nurse and make it to his car before they had time to react. Instead, the nurse almost casually reached out and flipped him onto his back, the force of the fall winding him. While he lay there weak and gasping, she turned him over and expertly applied a pair of handcuffs, securing his wrists behind his back. As his senses returned, he looked up to see the two

women standing over him. Both wore expressions of belittling pity. He trembled in fear and suddenly he needed to pee very badly.

“David, it is far too late for second thoughts. Jennifer will prepare you for the research you are about to participate in. I suggest you do what she tells you. She's more than capable of subduing you with force and she has a nasty sadistic streak that will bring you many tears if you make her angry. Go with her now and cooperate. Life will be much easier if you do.”

“What are you going to do to me?” David asked in a panic as the nurse hauled him to his feet.

Samantha had her back turned to him as she contemplated the view of the garden from her window, “Oh, I think your first sight of Susan will educate you far more thoroughly than anything I could say. Don't worry, you'll be spending the night with her and I'm sure she'll share her extensive experience with you.” She nodded to the nurse and David was roughly guided out of the room.

Stunned, David climbed the stairs with an ever-deepening sense of dread. Something was wrong; horribly wrong. They went past the second floor to the third. A steel door, wide and institutional looking barred the way until Jennifer produced a key attached to her pocket by a chain. She ensured the door was locked again once they had passed through.

“Uh, I need to go to the bathroom,” David mumbled as he watched Jennifer replace her key. She looked up at him, smiled, and motioned with her hand for him to move into the room. Expecting relief, what he saw instead sent a new chill running through him.

It was a totally different world from the polished wood and antique furniture of the mansion below them. He was standing in a hospital ward of sorts. Two beds, whose chrome cages made them seem more like oversize baby cribs, were against one wall. The rest of the room was taken up with various pieces of medical

equipment, an obstetrical table here, an examination table over there. He could not untangle the maze of chrome and equipment. Finally, his eyes came to rest on the gentle movements that came from one of the cribs. Only then did he hear the soft, whispering moans and whimpers. Jennifer led him towards it until he recoiled from what he saw.

The bars that formed the sides of the crib were thick and heavy, but they did nothing to block his curiosity. For inside was bound a very pretty young girl, her arms crossed over her chest by the canvass strait jacket she wore. Straps ran from her elbows to the sides of the mattress. A large pacifier type of plug had been inserted in her mouth and was held in place by a wide leather strap that ran across her cheeks. Her legs were held wide apart by ankle cuffs secured to a band of strapping that ran across the foot of the bed. More strapping ran from the base of the jacket down between her legs, pressing and parting but not concealing the translucent plastic panties and the thick diaper that lay beneath.

She stared back at him over the circular flange of the gag in her mouth and for a long moment, their eyes met. Then a spasm seemed to take her, and she rolled her eyes to the ceiling, squealing and grunting while her body shook. When she finally looked at him again there were tears in her eyes. David was beginning to guess what was about to happen to him. Jennifer's voice broke the spell.

"Are you empty yet, Susan?" she taunted, "Do you need another enema? Maybe we should make you retain it a little while longer this time!" Her voice was calm, but the provocative words were met with a flurry of muffled protests from the bound and helpless form. David's nose caught the unmistakable scent of a dirty diaper and he almost gagged. He was trembling as Jennifer pushed him forward toward the doorway at the end of the room.

The sight of the 'bathroom' made him forget briefly his introduction to the unfortunate Susan. Central to its many features

was a piece of metal pipe, suspended from the ceiling by a thick chain, to which had been affixed at either end of its three-foot length a pair of leather cuffs, dangling open and ready. The dampness in the air and the little pools of water on the floor suggested that it had not been too long since Susan had visited this place to hang in these very cuffs.

“Please,” he pleaded as he was pushed into position, “I really do need to pee. Can't I go to the toilet before you do whatever you're going to do?” To his dismay, Jennifer just smiled and shook her head.

The nurse was experienced enough to take no chances. She went to a switch on the wall and lowered the trapeze so that the waiting cuffs were at the level of David's bound hands. Then she attached one of the leather cuffs before unlocking the handcuffs. David was too confused to contemplate anything heroic and let her fasten his other wrist without protest. Terror and his increasing need to relieve himself now dominated his thoughts. Jennifer returned to the switch and David felt his arms being pulled up over his head until he was resting on the balls of his feet - a position he did not find comfortable and said so to Jennifer.

“Be quiet or I'll give you something to really complain about,” she said sharply.

She brought over a cart on which was laid out an assortment of surgical instruments. His eyes grew wide at the polished, menacing steel. She selected a scalpel and held it up before his eyes for a brief moment, enjoying the fear it caused, then she took hold of the sleeve of his shirt and began to run the blade up it, parting the fabric like paper. David opened his mouth to protest but thought the better of it after the shiny steel was flashed inches from his face. He was shivering in fear as the blade's dull side caressed his skin while it toured his body. His clothes fell in shreds at his feet and with them his pride and much of his will to resist.

Finally nude, he felt cold and terrified. Jennifer went to a sink and began to fill a bowl with soapy water. The sound of running water was more than his tortured bladder could take and he moaned loudly as a strong stream spurted out from his stem and splashed on the tiles. Jennifer turned sharply and watched him for a moment.

“Looks like you'll be good at testing diapers.”

“Diapers?” His head snapped up at the word. After seeing the poor creature in the other room, he should've admitted to himself that he would soon join her, but his mind had blanked out that possibility. There was no way of evading it now.

“Of course. What do you think we research here?” she said as she brought the bowl of water over to the cart beside him.

Oh, how he wanted to ask her all the questions that swirled about in his mind. But deep inside he wasn't sure he wanted to know the answers. As Jennifer began to wash his defenseless body, he realized how helpless he was. If they wanted to diaper him, there would be little he could do to prevent it.

She left no crevice, no private place untouched, and did not dry him, leaving him to shiver in the cool air. He began to shiver more from fear than cold after he saw the straight-edged razor in her hand. He had to close his eyes while the sharp blade and her lathered handmade alternating sweeps across his flesh. She worked downward from his neck and each time she used the sponge to wash away the residual lather and the few hairs that escaped the razor, he felt more and more naked. By the time she got to his groin, he was crying for her to stop but she ignored him. When she told him to part his legs some more or have them secured that way he cooperated, sensing the futility of resistance.

He clenched his teeth and forced himself to remain still while the cold steel scraped around his penis and scrotum. Jennifer

was shaving away more than his body hair. His very personality seemed to rinse away with it to gather in the circular drain beneath him where it collected and congealed. By the time she had finished, he hung limp in his bonds, bruised by her smile of satisfaction.

She released him, granting relief to the cramps in his shoulders. He numbly padded after her into the larger room. She made him wait while she prepared the obstetrical table for him.

A muffled cry from the occupied crib made him turn in time to see the pitiful Susan buck against her bonds in yet another convulsion. When he looked up to see the pile of cloth diapers that Jennifer was preparing, something inside him broke past his self-pity and humiliation. Fed by the adrenalin of fear he pounced on the unsuspecting nurse and succeeded in getting one arm around her neck while the other groped frantically for the key to freedom. He had expected her to fight back and was surprised when she went limp, waiting for his attention to waver. He had to shift his weight to reach the clasp of the key chain and it was the opportunity Jennifer had been waiting for.

By reaching for the key, he had put himself off balance and given her a leverage point. Before he had realized what was happening, she had spun out of his grasp while locking both hands on his right wrist. She twisted his arm up and around until he found himself on the way down. The alternative was a dislocated shoulder. No sooner was he on his knees than one of her hands found his scrotum and gave it a twisting squeeze. David screamed for her to stop.

“So, we understand each other?” she grunted, “Try something like that again and I’ll make you regret it. As it stands, you’ve just earned yourself a couple of Ducolax. Now you’re going to lie down on the table, very nicely.”

She waited until he nodded his surrender and then guided him to his feet without relaxing either of her grips. The hand at his arm moved swiftly to his throat, threatening to choke him if he resisted.

He had no choice but to climb onto the table, ever mindful of the waves of pain that either of her hands could inflict at a moment's notice. He felt the piled cloth under his buttocks as his feet found the stirrups, forcing his legs wide, and keeping him vulnerable.

The hand disappeared from his throat but only to draw a wide band of canvas across his torso. She was able to lock it with only one hand and a second strap was then fastened across his belly. His arms were trapped inside. Only when she was satisfied that the straps were secure did Jennifer release her grip on his manhood. She went to the stirrups and pulled two more straps tightly over each leg. He tested the bonds and found them secure.

He had no choice but to watch her and she made sure he learned from the experience. She went to a glass cupboard and took a handful of small foil-wrapped items from a box. He was too far away to read the label. When she returned, she leaned close to him, her perfume filling his nostrils with the scent of powerful femininity. Unseen, her other hand found his virgin rosette, now exposed by the angle of his spread and elevated legs. She was so close he could see exactly how much makeup she used. He felt her eyes burn into him while her finger explored his most intimate opening.

“Do you know how Ducolax works?” she said huskily, almost in a whisper. She waited for him to shake his head. “It irritates the lining of the colon, causing it to contract and violently expel its contents. Usually, it works within about fifteen minutes but I’m sure that by giving you a triple dose we’ll see results much sooner than that.”