

An AB Discovery Book

Adele's Adult Baby Shop



Andrew Stephens

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by
Andrew Stephens

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Contents

Chapter One5
Chapter Two 17
Chapter Three 20
Chapter Four..... 23
Chapter Five..... 26
Chapter Six..... 30

CHAPTER ONE

Adele Freeman sat behind the counter of her shop and looked around. She had spent long hours the previous evening putting out a lot of new stock and her already sizable showroom was now even more packed than before. The smallish front area of the store contained some popular disposable nappies and other items that sold frequently while her side rooms dealt with more specialist areas. Many of her customers were nervous and shy and so she kept basic items easily – and quickly – accessible for them so they could easily buy and leave. While her primary market was adult babies and diaper lovers, she also did a lot of trade with people who needed to wear nappies for medical or other purposes. Hence, the small front area of her shop was non-confronting and had racks of both adult baby and medical nappies all together so that customers could choose either without committing to being an AB or not. For the same reason, her shop was simply called Adele's, but to the big majority of her customer base, it was known as *Adele's Adult Baby Shop*.

Promptly at 9 am she unlocked the front door and turned on her 'Open Now' LCD sign. Trying not to obviously stare, she glanced out the window to see if her actions would trigger some movement in the car park in front of her store. There were often one or two customers in their cars waiting nervously for her to open up, hoping they could be in the store alone and not have to deal with the shame and embarrassment of buying nappies, plastic pants, adult baby clothing and nursery furniture in the presence of other shoppers. An expensive Mercedes sedan quickly opened its doors and a well-dressed woman walked swiftly to the door and pushed it open.

"Good morning, ma'am," Adele said politely, now standing in the middle of the store.

"Good morning," the clearly nervous woman replied. "I need some help in buying some items for my son... er... my daughter."

Adele instantly knew that she was buying for a transgender or sissy son. She had had this kind of conversation dozens of times before. It was so common as to be almost normal.

"I can help you with that. What does she need?"

The woman began to speak but stopped after just opening her mouth. "I... er... don't really... er know."

Adele smiled. She had dealt with deeply confused parents and partners more times than she could count. It was all part of the AB landscape. ABs themselves were confused enough and their families and partners even more so.

"Tell me a bit about her and maybe I can suggest a few things."

"Melina came out to us a few weeks ago and told us that she is a baby girl and wants to be accepted as such and now I don't know what she needs, and she is too embarrassed to tell us and frankly, I don't think she even knows herself either. She's been wearing nappies in the past but hiding them from us and I've just ignored it up until now."

"How old is Melina, might I ask?"

"She's 17 and her 18th birthday is in two weeks' time, and I thought it would be a good gift to help her with the things she needs... but I don't know what those things even are."

It was a plea for help and Adele knew it.

"Is she wearing nappies?" Adele asked.

"She's been wearing these disposable nappies off and on and we found out about it a year or so ago and said nothing but recently we talked about it and decided to let her wear them if she needed them."

"She still wets the bed?" Adele commented.

"How did you know?"

"It's just that wetting the bed is typical of girls like your daughter. It's really quite common."

"She started wetting the bed again about four years ago and so now we want her to wear nappies at night to protect the bed, of course. I'm sure this was her plan all along."

"Nappies are important to her, and she probably has her own ideas about -"

"She wants to wear pinned cloth nappies," the woman interrupted. "Like old-fashioned baby ones with plastic pants and so on. I don't know why!" The woman's eyes misted over as her frustration boiled over. "I just want to help her, but I have no clue what to do! This doesn't make any sense to me! Why these old-fashioned nappies?"

"Well, it makes sense to *me*, so perhaps I can help. How about we start with some classic pinned nappies for her? They aren't all that easy to come by nowadays, especially the baby-style plastic pants, but we have all of them and more. Come take a look at our collection. My name's Adele, by the way."

"Marie," came the reply.

"Well, Marie, over here is our complete nappy collection plus plastic pants."

Adele walked through the narrow doorway on one side of the front store area and into a very large side room with shelves of disposable nappies, various cloth nappies and multiple hanging racks of plastic pants of all sizes and styles.

"Oh! I never knew there were so many different kinds!"

"It's a huge world out there. If she wants the classic baby-style nappies, then the best ones are these thick fluffy cloth squares that you can fold and pin on just like you would a regular baby. Well, at least a regular baby of a few decades ago! Things have changed for new mothers, but a lot of our customers still want the traditional nappies."

Marie lifted up the cloth squares and looked at them with a look of shock.

"They're... huge!"

"A lot of teens and adults go back to wearing nappies, Marie. It isn't even rare anymore. And it's getting more and more popular including for... our age!"

"I can get that, but do they also want to be babies again? That's what I can't quite understand."

Adele smiled. "It's a lot more common than you might think. Let's look at some babyish plastic pants, shall we? It might help you understand more."

Marie's eyes widened in shock as she looked through the collection of first, the plain pants and then the baby boy and baby girl plastic pants.

"And these are very popular among our baby girls," Adele explained as she held up a pair of pink and white frilly plastic pants. "They are more expensive, but they are very big sellers."

"They're very pretty," whispered Marie. "She would love them, I am sure."

"What size is she?"

"She wears size ten panties..." And then she stopped and blushed, embarrassed by her accidental admission.

"Oh, don't be embarrassed. A lot of boys and men wear panties. It doesn't matter. It's all very common. So common that most stores are aware that a lot of their panties and bras go to men. Many lingerie shops even offer bra fittings to men and boys!"

"She's been wearing panties since she was nine and demanded them from us. It was our first insight into what was happening with her. I wish we'd taken more notice. She started stealing nappies from extended family a few times and we just ignored it until we couldn't."

"Don't feel embarrassed about that either. I've spoken to dozens of mothers like you, and they all say they ignored the signs at first, thinking it was just a phase and rightly so, but after a while, they saw that it was more than that. Now, does she use a dummy?"

Marie's eyes opened wide, and she wanted to say something but stopped.

"Come and take a look here," Adele explained, and she took her to the far end of the room where a small display case stood filled with over a hundred different teen and adult-size dummies.

"Why don't you choose a few for her?" Adele suggested.

"These are teen-sized?" Marie said rhetorically.

"Teen and adult sizes and we sell perhaps three hundred a month. Melina will probably need five or six of them. Babies are always losing them, and they turn up later in the oddest places. The dummy is very important to them. You can make excuses for nappies like for bedwetting, but a dummy has no alternative explanation. Now, how much other baby wear does she have, if any?"

Marie slumped. "Melina has been struggling and becoming morose and sometimes angry because she can't manage her desire to be a baby girl. She has some disposable nappies and a baby-size dummy, and she has her panties of course and a teddy bear and I think I know she wants... er...damn..."

"She wants a nursery?" Adele suggested softly.

Marie burst into tears.

"Yes, she talks about this all very confused but in the middle of it I know she wants a nursery and everything that goes with it. We've got the money. We can afford it. We just don't know what to get and Melina is too withdrawn and embarrassed to help us. That's why I'm here, I guess. To get her a nursery... I think!"

Adele took her by the hand and led her to a small private room behind the counter to settle down.

"Marie, you are not the first parent to come here wanting to set up a nursery for their baby teen or adult. I can help. This is less uncommon than you think."

"But why does she even want it? I don't get it?"

Adele sat down on a chair opposite Marie and spoke softly. "It's confusing to you for sure, but it's not confusing to her. At least she understands she is a baby girl even if not why or how to deal with it. But she is indeed a lucky girl that she has parents like you who want to help her through this."

"We *do* want to help. We pride ourselves on being open-minded and not like some of the bigots around the place. We just have no idea what to do about it. Neither of us have ever worn nappies or wet the bed and my husband is happily male so this is all outside our experience."

Adele laughed sympathetically. "It's outside most people's experience, but not mine. I understand it perfectly."

Marie smiled as the unstated suddenly hit home. Clearly, Adele also wore nappies.

"Well, how many nappies and plastic pants do I need to get her?"

"Well, the first question is if she is going to start wearing them full-time or not. Has she told you that?"

"She avoids the question when I ask because I don't think she even knows herself."

"Well let me tell you this, Marie. Babies like Melina need a mum who will not just help but also *insist* on some things and take charge. Let me suggest that you tell her that she *will* be wearing nappies full-time. Take the decision out of her hands and tell her from now on, it is full-time nappies."

"You're not serious, are you? Teens hate being told what to do!"

Adele smiled broadly and was silent for a moment. "But that's the point exactly. Melina *isn't* really a teen. She's more of a baby and you will need in part at least to relate to her on that level. She will thank you for making the decision for her and from experience I can tell you that full-time nappies can make a huge improvement in the mental health and demeanour of babies – teen or adult."

"Really? A big help?"

"Uh-huh. It is adult baby one-oh-one. Nappies fulltime. I've been wearing them myself for thirty years."

Marie's eyes opened wide. "You wear nappies?"

"Yes. I'm also an adult baby. Does that surprise you?"

"No... er... yes... er... I don't know! I guess it makes sense with a shop like this!"

"Like I said, we are quite common, and Melina is part of a minority but not a small one. There are a lot more nappy wearers out there than anyone suspects, and most are also babies."

Marie's shoulders slumped. "You don't know how good that makes me feel. It's easy to think she is some... I can't even say the word. It's been great to hear she isn't."

Adele knew why she felt better. It was from talking to another mature adult baby and not feeling like her daughter was alone or a freak.

"The surprise for many parents is to find out just how common it is but also how hidden it is. Did you know that adult nappies outsell baby ones?" Marie's eyes widened and it was clear this was news to her. "And it isn't just to the incontinent or disabled. In fact, a majority of adult nappies go to people who don't actually really need them."

"But Melina does need them now..."

"Yes, she does, and the reality is that she will probably *always* need them. But they will make her happy, and healthy and give her a chance at a full adult life because she is honest with herself about who she really is."

Marie was quiet for a moment. "All we want for her is to be happy and able to move on. We were a bit sad when she came out as a girl and a bit unsure when she came out as a baby, but we've moved on or at least I think we have. We just want to help her deal with it."

"If only all parents were as understanding as you," Adele sighed. "I've had some angry parents in here when they find their teenager's nappy stash and work out where they came from."

"Oh," said Marie. "Angry parents?" Adele nodded. "Do you calm them down?"

"I wish I could say I was super successful in that but the ones that will shut up long enough to listen at least go home with a few facts and a few go home with nappies for their child. The most difficult ones are the people who find out that their partners are wearing nappies. That is more complicated!"

"I bet! But we aren't like that. We're ready to help her with what she needs."

"That's what I need to hear, and I can help you but... can you give me a few minutes? There are some other customers wanting to buy some and I need to serve the counter."

The two women left the private room and now that Marie was feeling calmer, she stood discreetly off to one side and watched other customers buy their goods. One young