

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

From Boy
To Baby
Girl

Andrew Stephens

From Boy To Baby Girl

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by
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From Boy To Baby Girl

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It was 4 am and Joanne awoke to a familiar sensation. Her mummy was gently touching her trying to wake her up.

"It's time for your feed," she said as Joanne struggled through the foggy haze to total consciousness. Her mummy took the dummy from Joanne's mouth and put the teat of a bottle full of warm formula to her lips and she began to suck noisily on it.

As her eyes opened, Joanne could see her mummy smiling at her through the bars of her cot. With one hand holding her bottle, Joanne put her other hand underneath the pink plastic pants and felt her nappy. As usual, it was saturated, but she didn't care. Her mummy would change her soon.

She was halfway through her bottle when an embarrassing rumble began in her belly, moved down to her bowels and there the noise filtered out through the thick sopping padding of her nappy. Mummy looked at her with an insincere scowl on her face and said, "Well, I'm not changing your nappy now! You can wait until morning!"

Joanne felt the thick mess squelch inside her nappy and smelt its strong odour. Around her legs, she could see the pretty pink frills lining her plastic pants becoming brown. Although her mummy was cross with her, she experienced a familiar feeling as she felt the growing bulge inside the front of her nappy. Her cock was soon trying to break a hole through her dirty nappy. She tried to go to sleep but was too excited. Today was her birthday. She was 32.

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Sleep finally came, but only after a solid humping of her soiled nappy leaving a white deposit – number 3 – inside the wet and poopy mess.

It was a normal thing for her to do.

Chapter 1

As a child, John was an ordinary boy. There were no real surprises except for the fact that he wet his bed every night. Not just most nights or even just some small accidents. There were full soaking bedsheets every morning without fail. It was because of this that John spent much of his early years in nappies and plastic pants. At age 5, he was still wetting his day-time nappy and occasionally dirtying it as well. His mum tried hard to toilet train her young son but failed miserably. Toilet training simply wouldn't 'take'.

Shortly before he was 6 John started school almost a year after other children because of his need for nappies. Normally a trauma for any child, John's day was worse than most. He wet and dirtied his nappy before lunch and was very smelly by the time mum came to pick him up. As soon as she approached him she smelt his accident' and her face changed from a wide smile to a vicious scowl.

"Just you wait until I get you home, young man!" she said, grabbing him by the arm and dragging him into the car.

The trip home was done in total silence as his mum fumed. "Go to your room!" she yelled as soon as they were inside. "And take off all your clothes. Then I'll come and change your nappy!"

John did as he was told and waited for her wearing only his nappy. His nappy was brown at the back, and it was spreading to the front. He was deeply humiliated by what he saw. His younger brother didn't have to wear nappies and his 2-year-old sister was better toilet-trained than him! She was already dry at night, unlike him.

As soon as mum came into the room, he began to cry real tears. Mum was brandishing a wooden spoon and obviously intended to use it on him. Without unpinning it she pulled down his soiled nappy and plastic pants and began to hit him hard across the backside. He screamed every time the spoon hit him. It hurt so much

that he thought he would die. His little brown cheeks were now red as well.

“That is what I will do every time you dirty your nappy from now on!” she said softly as the last of ten hits found its place.

“Seeing as you like it so much, I won't change your nappy until bedtime.”

John was quite upset at this thought. It would be at least four more hours in this sticky smelly mess before he would be changed. He didn't mind being wet as that happened every night and most days so he was well and truly used to it but being dirty was such a babyish thing to do.

“Why am I like this?” he thought to himself. “Why do I still need to wear nappies? I hate them!”

He looked at the spreading brown mess in his nappy and softly swore at it. And in a silent effort of disgust for his 'accident' and anger at his mother, he deliberately emptied the remainder of his shit into his nappy. He watched with fascination as his nappy filled and began to spread right around inside his plastic pants. Before long, his saturated nappy was also totally brown including the front and was beginning to leak around his elasticised leg bands.

He had laid there for over an hour, not moving for fear that it would leak all over his bed when his mother suddenly came into the room holding a clean nappy and plastic pants in her hands. Because of the mess, she also brought in a plastic change sheet and laid it on the bed.

Wordlessly, she began the twice-daily ritual of the nappy change. John began to smile despite trying not to, for this was the best part of his day. Whilst he hated having to wear nappies, he loved being changed! She carefully removed his dirty plastic pants and then unpinned his brown nappy wrinkling her nose in disgust. She slowly pulled it off him, trying to get as much shit off him at the same time. Then came the damp cloth that eventually cleaned him up.

She put nappy cream on the wide red marks on his now clean backside and he sighed with a mixture of pain and delight. Barely

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able to contain his delight, John watched as she folded a clean nappy and then made him lie down in it. As usual, he was ecstatic as she pulled the nappy up around his groin and pinned it firmly together. As he was now old enough to put on his own underpants, she gave him the plastic pants and he expertly pulled them up over his bulky night-time nappy making sure that he had it all covered so that he wouldn't leak.

John tried hard.

He tried as hard as he could at school to control himself and he was eventually rewarded. After three months at school, he had no more dirty nappies and was now dry most days. It was during his early morning nappy change that Mum made a dramatic announcement to him. She had just taken off his nighttime nappy which was so wet that it had leaked onto a patch on his bed. But that had nothing to do with the announcement. Lying on the bed naked, she handed him a pair of normal underpants and gave them to him saying, "You don't need nappies during the day anymore. From now on you will just wear undies like everyone else."

"But what if I wet my pants?" was John's plaintive reply.

"Accidents do happen, but I don't think it will happen too often."

John was excited as he went to school that morning totally unprotected. He made it the whole time until they were going home in the car when suddenly his bladder gave way and he flooded his pants. But no-one complained because it was John's first day out of nappies and it had gone better than anyone had expected. Secretly, mum had gotten advice from her sister who suggested the undies telling her that it might be the final step in training him to be dry,

It wasn't a total success at first. There were numerous wet pants and one more partly dirty pants but by the time he was 7, John was day-time toilet-trained. But night-time remained a total failure. But the confusing thing in John's mind was that he didn't care that he wet his night-time nappy or his bed. He wasn't uncomfortable or upset about it. He wet so thoroughly that his nappy was always

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saturated, and his bed was often wet as well. To him, there was no problem! Bedwetting was a natural and private thing for him and it was okay. No problem to him at all.

John's mattress was covered with a thick plastic sheet to keep it dry. But it was so noisy! It crackled whenever he rolled over in bed or whenever one of his friends sat on the end of the bed. Every one of his friends and a few of his not-so-friendly acquaintances knew of his nocturnal habits. This caused a few problems for him at school. Some kids teased him about wetting the bed and still wearing nappies although many kids his age did the same. They delighted in calling him a baby.

John didn't really like the teasing but he didn't mind his friends knowing about it. They weren't really nasty about it. John had one friend - Sandy - who also wet his bed on occasion, so he used to tell him all about his wet bed and nappy. John would proudly describe the way he had overflowed his nappy and wet his bed. John wasn't good at sports. He was clumsy in many activities but he was quite bright.

But, he thought to himself with growing pride, "No-one can wet their bed quite like me! It is something I can do better than everyone else!" it was an odd source of pride, but a real one. He secretly thought of himself as a champion bedwetter.

John often recalled the first time Sandy had come to stay the night. He was only 7 years old and his mummy put him in his night-time nappy in full view of everyone. Sandy's eyes nearly popped out of his head seeing his best friend put into a baby's nappy. And the next morning, John pulled back the bed covers and proudly displayed his soaking nappy and a small puddle on his sheet. John mistook Sandy's look of astonishment for one of approval and so for the next few years would tell him details of how wet his nappy and bed were.

John was quite young when he discovered that he really didn't mind being wet. He didn't mind waking up soaking wet every morning. In fact, he was finding it a comforting thing, a familiar way

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of waking up. Because of this, he didn't exactly push himself to stop wetting despite all the cajoling and pressure from his mummy.

He was already 9 years old when a strange thing happened. He woke up early one morning and as usual, put his hand under him to check if his plastic pants had leaked. This morning there was no dampness and so he put his hand inside his nappy to check it and for the first time in his life it was dry! John was astounded and more than a little shocked. He knew his mummy would be pleased so he jumped out of bed, ran into her room and excitedly told her the news.

Instead of the reaction he expected, mummy just said grumpily, "And so you should! You're 9 years old now it's well and truly time to stop wetting yourself!" and rolled over back to sleep.

Despondently, John walked back to his room and sat on his bed. As he looked at his sheet he saw several small yellow stains - reminders of his little 'accidents'. As he sat there thinking he suddenly felt a familiar urge. His bladder demanded instant emptying but before he could move, he saw a growing wet patch develop in his nappy. He couldn't believe what he was seeing and doing! He was wetting himself accidentally while awake. Panicky at first, he tightened up his bladder and slowly the wetting slowed and finally ceased. By this time his nappy was quite damp.

"Well, I always wondered what happened at night when I wet my nappy. Now I know!"

John's confidence returned and finally, he relaxed totally, and as he did, his bladder opened up and he filled his nappy. He laid back on his bed while his bladder did its thing. He felt the overflow leak from the top of his plastic pants and wet the sheet underneath him. His smile was radiant as he lay there, soaking wet. He determined in his mind that he would not have another dry night ever again. It was a promise he was to fulfil. It was to be life-defining.

He was in big trouble that morning for 'lying' about being dry and received a nappy pulled down, wet bum spanking. As John laid across her lap being spanked, he thought to himself that it was worth it. He had discovered that the greatest pleasure he could have was

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from being wet. To have wet himself accidentally while awake was a real thrill and he hoped it would happen again.