

Me, Myself, Christine

Growing up Sissy Baby

Introduction



I was about three years old when I first remember feeling something 'special about nappies'. I may have even been younger than that. I clearly recall lying in my bed while being babysat by my grandparents and thinking to myself, "If I think about nappies and plastic pants, my bed gets wetter in the morning." And to me, that was a good thing, not the bad thing it should have been.

Ironically, I find that this kind of thinking, even at this age, is not unknown and I've even read someone else saying the exact same thing. Perhaps I am not as uniquely weird as I once thought! I don't know if that is a good thing or not!

Looking back now, it seems strange to have remembered those thoughts and the seminal effect that nappies had on me, even at such a young age. It is literally, my youngest memory and yet, it was all about nappies. There was obviously a clue there waiting to be discovered later on.

My desire for nappies was amplified by the fact that I was no longer wearing them. It was obviously premature and ridiculous for me to

Me, Myself, Christine

Growing up Sissy Baby

not be wearing nappies since I was wetting the bed every night and after all, I was only three years old at most. I was hardly 'too old' for night nappies, but such was the maxim of my mother.

My mother believed - and still believes - that children should all go through the same developmental stages at the exact same time. All children should be walking at twelve months, talking around the same time and for some absurd reason, toilet-trained at twelve months as well. No exceptions and no quarter given. Crazy thinking, but not uncommon for the time. The 1950s are well-known for ridiculous and unwavering standards for many things, and child development was no exception.

And so, I was toilet trained at around one year old - more or less. Night-time was definitely, 'the less'. Daytime was also, less than brilliant. But I fit into the mould established for children at the time. The problem was that the mould was round, and I was very definitely a square peg. And my peg never became round. I didn't even round off the corners.

While I have no memory of this training taking place, the current theory of the onset of adult babies points back to a trauma in early childhood. My mother has referred many times to the difficulties of my toilet training, and I believe, the trauma of it all has initiated or built upon the problem of my baby desires and need for nappies ever since. I'm not sure that this actually helps me at all, but it is interesting to consider if nothing else.

And so, I wet the bed.

Every night, full length, without fail. No mere 'damp spot' for me! I have always done things to the best of my ability and ironically, bedwetting was one of those things. I was *really* good at it. And once again, I now know that many other adult babies struggled with bedwetting too.

A less rigid mother in a less rigid society might have worked out that you take nappies away at night once bedwetting *actually ends*, but alas, it was not to be. My interest in nappies was already established at age three and along with them, plastic pants. It was to be another ten

Me, Myself, Christine

Growing up Sissy Baby

years until I experienced my first dry night. It was a very long wait for my mother. But not for me, because I didn't really care about it.

I was a confirmed bedwetter and it wasn't ending any time soon and even when it officially ended, it didn't really end. The seven-nights-a-week wet beds were replaced by rarer wet beds and regular damp beds. Even when I was officially dry, it was no more than a lengthy drought and the flooding rains soon returned.

The odd thing for me was that while a number of my friends and cousins also wet the bed at that age, they were actually bothered by it, while I simply didn't care. Yes, my wet bed was just something I woke to every morning with zero concern. I had woken to wet sheets long before my first memories, so a wet bed was very much normalised for me. The *dry bed* was what was unusual - and was still a long time still coming. A wet bed was expected, not uncomfortable and just what always happened. It was no big deal to me at all. It's not that I crave a wet bed like some. It was just that a wet bed was never enough of a problem or discomfort to me to actually bother to do anything much about it.

What follows is a dramatized account of my own growing up and experience of baby desires, sissy desires and a confusion about who I was. I remember my life as if it were a movie, so it seems fitting to write it down as if it were a novel.

The dialogue is obviously dramatized from memory and like all memory, a little faulty. But the events and basic details are accurate. It can be a little confronting, but isn't it true that for all adult babies, discovering our true nature as children is always confronting?

Me, Myself, Christine
Growing up Sissy Baby

Wet pants, wet beds and nappies



“It’s your first day at school, Andy!” mum exclaimed, as the oldest of her three children prepared to begin the great adventure of schooling. “Are you excited?”

I sure was excited. No one had yet told me that I would spend the next seventeen years at school, but as a barely five-year-old boy, the idea of going to school thrilled me. I was naturally curious and wanting to learn. It is a trait that has remained with me to this day.

My first day at Torrens Park Infant School was fabulous and I loved every minute of it. Our teacher was a very old woman who loved children and while definitely ‘old school’ in her approach, she was loved by all – including me. Anyone who was literally born in the 1800s was always going to be old-school. I remember being shocked beyond belief to discover that anyone at all could be seventy years old! And in 1968, that

Me, Myself, Christine

Growing up Sissy Baby

put her in the previous century. Fossil she may have been, but she was a wonderful, caring and engaging teacher.

My mum arrived promptly at 3:15 with my three-year-old brother walking next to the pram with my eighteen-month-old sister in it. I talked all the way home about all the exciting things I had done and all the friends I had made. As I walked through the front door of our small brick home, mum noticed something.

“Andy,” she said, in an exasperated tone. “Your pants are wet!”

It was not the first time this had happened. For my entire un-napped life – almost the last four years – I had been plagued with day-time accidents, in addition to night-time soaked sheets.

I could stay dry if I tried really, really hard and didn’t get distracted or lose concentration. However, pre-schoolers are not known for their concentration and so, wet pants figured in my life more than the average kid my age.

“Let’s get you cleaned up then,” mum said, with a sigh.

She quickly had my wet undies and shorts off and replaced with another clean pair. The wet pair were hung up to dry – pee and all. This was not surprising since it was the 1960s and automatic washing machines were still pretty new. At this time, my mother was still using a copper and wringer for washing and was, therefore, a very labour-intensive endeavour. And she was washing a wet sheet every day already. My younger brother was already dry at night, while my sister was still in nappies. I still remember the day she got her first washing machine. It was like a gift from heaven for her.

My wet pants were an embarrassment to my parents, but like my wet bed, little was said, and we just moved on without too much comment. The idea of protective underwear never even entered their heads, although to be fair, the only option at the time was cloth nappies. Trainers or discreet disposable protection were still a decade or more away.

Me, Myself, Christine

Growing up Sissy Baby

One morning shortly after starting school, I awoke just before dawn and as always, was wet. I felt underneath myself to see how big the wet patch was. I did this often, as my curiosity simply wanted to know such a mundane fact. After about ten minutes, I felt the need to have a pee. Most mornings I would get up and go to the toilet not far from the bedroom I shared with my brother. This time, however, was different. It was also a pivotal moment for me.

I deliberately wet the bed.

I laid there feeling the thrill of the warmth that enveloped me and felt the pee spread beneath me. Then I pushed even harder to wet just a little bit more.

I was hooked.

Wetting my bed deliberately felt naughty. A good kind of naughty.

I went to school that morning thinking about what I had done and even the excitement of school couldn't completely erase the memory of the pleasure I had felt. My pants were wet on the way home once again, as had become a bit of a pattern. My mother was silently annoyed, but she just dealt with it, as if it was nothing of concern.

It was to be many, many years before I came to understand that being dry shouldn't require near-constant effort. My wetting issues were not just laziness or immaturity, but something that was a physical struggle as well. At the age of five, however, I was just considered lazy. Again, the 1960s was not a great time to be a child with wetting problems. The diagnosis was always the same: laziness. It wasn't a great time for understanding children's problems at all. It might have been the 1960s, but the 1950s still held sway in the average household and the average doctor's education.

The next morning, I awoke early again and without even waiting, peed my bed even more. I figured the bed was already wet, so adding more to it was a trivial thing. I was of course, wrong.

Baby Stacey And The Confused Baby Sitter

Baby Stacey And The Confused Babysitter

by

Andrew Stephens

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 even 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 since 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. And not just *any* babysitter.

“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 and had nothing to do with her, 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. She had no other need for a man.

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...

Baby Stacey And The Confused Baby Sitter

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 cot that her daughter was lying in, half awake. The cot 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 cot 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 nappy. Using nappies for everything was reinforced such that when 5-year-old Christopher had begun to naturally stop soiling his nappy, he was instead encouraged to mess and lightly 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 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 in a larger body. 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

Baby Stacey And The Confused Baby Sitter

confusion and torment so many trans or infantilist teens go through never appeared. Julie viewed it as a gift to her daughter that she would avoid all the complications of puberty, teen angst and the struggles of adulthood. She would just remain an infant forever.

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 nappy. It was also never considered a private experience and so Stacey would hump her nappy in her cot 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. And unlike other teens and adults, there was never any shame in masturbating. It was simply fun and enjoyable like any other playtime for a baby. And the 'fluids' were always contained in a nappy.

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 dummy. 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 toys and teddy bears were always there to comfort her anyhow. The only place mother and baby could go was to a local masseuse who regularly massaged Julie but was happy to have baby Stacey in the room fully dressed as an infant. Lauren in fact, found the baby girl fascinating and only ever treated her exactly as one. It made getting a massage more than mere physical therapy but also a limited social outing for them.

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. Now she needed an outsider to take care of her beloved baby girl.

Stacey couldn't care for herself. She needed not just a regular babysitter, but a hands-on one who could change wet and dirty nappies, dress, bathe, bottle and hand feed and sometimes help with playtimes.

Baby Stacey And The Confused Baby Sitter

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! Who is going to look after Stacey as I would, as a real baby and nothing more?

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 who would 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 nappies for any number of reasons. My name is Mummy 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.

Perhaps this Felicia might be able to do it or be convinced? I'm running out of time! I can't put my operation off for long or it might kill me so... no pressure!

Dear Felicia,

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 really just size only. I wanted to

Baby Stacey And The Confused Baby Sitter

tell you all of that in advance so that if this is not okay with you, then we can quit now. Please let me know your thoughts.

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.

From Boy to Baby Girl

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.

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.

From Boy To Baby Girl

“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 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

From Boy To Baby Girl

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 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

From Boy To Baby Girl

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 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.

From Boy To Baby Girl

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