



THE SECRET ROOM

BecomingBabyAgain



Alistair was so happy. After nearly three months of searching for somewhere to live, he had signed all the documents, the tenancy agreement and he was now finally moving in; the big day had at last arrived! The key slotted into the lock, turned and Alistair walked into *his* new apartment. He spent most of the day moving boxes inside from his car with the help of his friends. It took about a week before he had unpacked everything, got rid of all the boxes and bubble wrap, and it started to look more like a home rather than just an empty shell of blank walls.

It was a simple place that fitted into the modest budget he had. The apartment had three rooms: a bedroom, a kitchen and a living/dining area that was quite open plan. The last little bit of unpacking Alistair had to do was put his clothes away from the suitcase. He folded his pants and t-shirts into a set of drawers that he had purchased. He realised that he didn't have anywhere to hang his other clothes. In the corner of the room was a door, painted in the same cream colour as the walls. It was hardly noticeable. In fact Alistair was surprised that he hadn't noticed it at all despite sleeping in that room for almost a week. He thought that it was possible a little cupboard that held a boiler, or maybe some storage space.

"That'll have to do until I can get myself something better" he pondered, "I wonder if it will have a rail to hang things off?"

He walked across the room and pulled the door open. The sight that greeted him shocked him and he dropped the pile of clothes all over the floor. Behind this unassuming door was a huge brightly lit room. Its walls were painted pink with little white cartoon clouds around the top. There was a white carpet and the entire room was bathed in bright colours. His jaw dropped as he saw what was inside. In the corner stood what looked like a baby's crib but it was huge!

"It could almost fit an adult in it!" he thought.

On the other side of the room he saw just what he needed. A white wardrobe, it had the words "Baby Alice" printed across it in pink letters with little cartoon fairies and unicorns around it.

"Man, this is just fucking weird" he said out loud.

As he opened the wardrobe, little chiming music played like a music box. It was almost hypnotic. He stood and listened to it just for a second enraptured by its twinkling sounds but soon shook himself out of it! He threw his clothes into the wardrobe and slammed it shut. He left the room and shut the door. For the next half hour he simply wandered around his flat in disbelief, going back into the little nursery room every five minutes just to check he hadn't imagined the whole thing. Each time he noticed something different, almost as if they were just appearing but he resolved himself that he just was so freaked out that he hadn't noticed them. The first time he saw a load of plush toys in a corner of the floor. Soft oversized teddy bears with some dolls mixed in. Next he saw what looked like some kind of storage unit but he realised what it could be after looking at it for about 5 minutes. It was a changing table for babies diapers! And it spaces underneath it to keep a stack of diapers but it was huge, a grown man could probably lie down on it and it wouldn't break!

"It's probably just some crazy dream!" he laughed to himself.

Alistair ordered himself a pizza and tried his best to think no more about it. It was only while lying in his bed late at night (trying not to think about it) when he realised what an idiot he had been. He should just call the landlord and ask about it. There was probably some normal explanation and he was just obsessing about it for no reason at all.

He woke up early, and had to wait until a suitable time in the day before calling his landlady. Not too early that makes him seem like it was an emergency but still in the morning. (is that overthinking?). Alistair literally paced back and forward around his flat waiting for exactly 11:15am, a time he considered appropriate.

“Hello, I’m looking for...” he struggled as he ran through his mind trying to remember the name of his landlady, “..Suzie?”

“Yes, Hello I’m Suzie”

“Great, I was just ringing to ask something about this flat”

“Oh is this Alistair? Flat 12b in ermm... Groves Court?”

“Yes that’s right”

“So what can I help you with? There’s nothing wrong with the place is there?”

“No, no!” he urged, “The place is great and I’m really happy I found it! There’s just something pretty strange about it...”

“What?” she interrupted

“Well, there’s a door in the bedroom, and it wasn’t on the floorplan or any of the documents or anything. So I opened it and it led to this like babies room”

“A babies room?” she asked with a strange tone

“Yeah like a nursery but everything seems really big?”

The landlady paused, there was almost a 10 second silence before she spoke again. “Just hang on a minute!”. Down the phone Alistair heard the rustling of papers and hushed conversations in the background.

“We’ve no record of anything like that, but I guess it must have been decorated by the previous occupant and just left. Feel free to empty it out and redecorated as you can do with any of the rooms in the flat. Would it be okay for me to come round and have a look at the room maybe sometime this weekend?”

“I’m free all day on Saturday, if that’s okay with you?”

“Brilliant, I’ll be round about 2pm”

And with that, she hung up the phone. Alistair felt much more at ease now. At least he could chuck out all that weird baby stuff and fill it up with his own stuff; an extra room he never realised he was getting! Amazing. The doorbell rang and he casually walked to the door and opened it.

“Delivery for Alice?” It was a delivery driver standing next to three large boxes carried on a parcel trolley (and obviously a little annoyed at having to carry them all up two flights of stairs.

“Alice? There’s no Alice here”

The delivery man’s face dropped in a sigh of annoyance, “This is Flat 12B, Groves Court right?”

“Yeah”

“Look buddy, I’m not carrying these boxes back down those stairs, just sign for it and take it off my hands. I don’t care”

“Sure”.

He signed for it and the driver wheeled in the three large boxes, dumping them in the hallway before closing the door behind him. A wave of curiosity ran through him just as it had upon first seeing the doorway. Alistair was slightly annoyed at having to keep these three huge boxes in his flat until he could work out who to return them too, but at least he could put them in that brand new room of his.

He lifted each box in turn as they were quite heavy and lifted them into the room. Once again he was enamoured at the soft colours and warmth that the room seem to have. There was something pulling him mentally into that room. After he had lifted that third box inside, he was filled with thoughts. He simply had to see what was inside. After all, he could always tape up the boxes and nobody would be any the wiser! Just a little peek.

Alistair grabbed a knife from the kitchen and slid it through the packing tape, making sure not to damaging the box leaving any evidence of his doings. He lifted the flaps and peaked inside. The box was full of diapers, but they were bigger. They were so strange; they were big enough to be worn by adults but they were all printed with childish pink patterns. Bright pink with little purple stars, hearts and cartoon unicorns. He realised, the parcel was for Alice, and as he looked around the room he saw how everything was labelled with things like “Little Baby Alice” and “Sissy Alice” (Alistair had to do a double take on that one, “Sissy”? was that supposed to be a nickname or something?)

Now his curiosity got the better of him again, surely all three boxes weren’t full of diapers! He slid his knife through the tape of the second box and lifted the flaps. He was right. The box wasn’t filled with cases of diapers but it seemed to be lots and lots of fabric. Alistair pulled out some of the pink silky fabric and was shocked as he held it up. It wasn’t just bits of material, it was a dress! In fact, the whole box was filled in dresses and accessories, all in different styles, colours, and materials. Silk, lace and latex in bright pinks, yellows and reds. They all had one thing in common. Each item had the words “Baby Alice” written or embroidered onto it, often just on the chest but sometimes in big letters all over the back!

After doing two of the boxes, he could hardly leave the third one unopened. Seeing the contents of those two boxes he literally had no idea what the third one could contain. It could have been anything. He slipped the take off and pulled up the flaps to see a whole range on things. Baby bottles, pacifiers, mittens, booties! There were more plush toys and even baby books! Everything scaled up as if it could be used by an adult! This was really freaky. Not only was Alistair totally puzzled by what the hell this was all about. First the room and now these parcels? Did the last occupant get this delivered by mistake? He knew how difficult it had been to concentrate all day with the mystery of that room but with these parcels, Alistair could not think about anything else all day.

Alistair carried on his usually daily routine of getting up and going to work, then either socialising in the evening or staying in with the TV, for the rest of the week. He would always poke his head through the door every time he entered the his bedroom just to check it was still there and he wasn’t going mad!

Saturday rolled round and Alistair was glad to finally get a lie in. It was his own time and he was going to relax. It had been a hell of a week, and he was looking forward to chilling out with no

shopping, chores or anything boring. He tried his best to relax but as always part of his mind was eating away at him trying to piece together the clues. He mindlessly wandered into the oversized nursery once more and opened one of the boxes. Staring down at the piles of dresses and outfits it contained, from lacy frills to shiny latex. It didn't make any sense! He pulled out one of the dresses. It was a baby blue shade and soft to touch. Something told him he had to "test it out"...

He took it through to his own bedroom, he considered it too weird to put it on or get naked in that nursery room. The silky just drifted through his fingers, it was so soft and just hugged his skin offering no resistance. He slipped off his clothes and stood naked holding the strange thing in his hands. He told himself over and over that it was just a little experiment. As soon as he'd worked out if an adult could really wear it, he'd find a return address... literally any return address and get rid of it all. He'd even pay the postage himself if he had to!

He slipped it up his own body as if it were some kind of negligee. In fact it almost felt like one. As he pulled it up his own body he realised just how soft it was but also how really short it was. It was a dress with little lacy outlines but it stopped just at his hips leaving nothing covering him below. He managed to piece those clues together, whoever these were for... they'd probably have those thick diapers on to cover them up.

The doorbell rang.

Panic raced through Alistair's mind and he remembered the landlady coming. He glanced at the alarm clock on his bedside table. It was exactly 2pm, she was right on time (he also realised how much of his day had been wasted obsessing about that room). There was no time to change, he threw on his shirt and pants before quickly jolting to the door.

"Who is it?" he called as he hurriedly buttoned up his shirt and zipped up his pants,

"It's Suzie, the landlady" she replied, "you are expecting me"

Alistair undid the chain on the door and opened it, "Of course, I lost track of time that's all" he laughed in an attempt to seem casual.

"May I come in?"

He gestured for her to come in and she followed him into the nursery room. As he opened the door her face lit up in surprise and she gazed around trying to process the spectacle.

Suzie spoke first, "It's quite a nice size, I didn't realise that it wasn't on any of the documents"

"Well..." she sighed, "It's such a lovely room! Shame there isn't a baby here to keep in it" and she laughed slightly. She turned and stood in front of Alistair looking down at his collar.

"What's that?" she questioned as she reached forward and pulled it slightly, "It's lovely and silky!"

Alistair froze. He stood helplessly as she ran her fingers around the small piece of material that stuck out from his collar.

"Let's take a better look..."

He was in a state of shock. Alistair offered no resistance as she took her hands and started to unbutton his shirt making no eye contact with him at all. Her hands unbuttoned the last button and reached behind him to pull the shirt down his arms and off. There standing in front of her was a

young man, dressed from his bottom half in some old casual jeans and his top half was clearly dressed in a silky oversized babies gown.

She laughed loudly to his face, “maybe we do have a baby here after all!”

Alistair had had enough, he knew he had to say something, anything... “No, no.. umm... you don’t understand! I was just trying it on because I wanted to see if they could really fit an adult... and..”

Suzie ignored him totally, reading the little embroidered name on his dress “Baby Alice?” she questioned. In her head she connected the pieces that were around her. The name which was painted on the wardrobe and all around the room, the embroidered name, the man wearing the babies dress and the three large parcels addressed to “Alice” at this address.

“I see what this is, you just wanted someone to come here and look after you didn’t you?”

“No, no!” he urged, “this is just a misunderstanding!”

“That’s a big word for such a little girl!” she laughed as she reached for a large pacifier from one of the boxes and pushed it into his mouth, “It’ll be nice to have someone to play with! You can call me mommy!”

“How about we take off those awful big boy clothes, hmmm?”. Alistair mumbled in objection but behind the pacifier in his mouth it, it just came out as quiet babbles and mumbles. Tears started to form in the corner of his eye, usually he’d be amazed and aroused at someone reaching down and undoing his pants, but not at the moment. She slid his pants and his boxers down his legs and left him naked from the waist down. This woman, with her breasts pressing tightly to her shirt and dressed in a skimpy business suit knelt down so her face was level with his cock.

She didn’t utter a word but lifted her hands and gently cupped his balls. Slowly she let her fingers run up and down and the length of his dick until she felt him growing stiffer. Then she started to whisper words of encouragement,

“Come on, I can feel you getting excited baby” adding a cute little giggle after every sentence.

When she had toyed with him enough that his cock was fully erect and standing proudly on it’s own she stood upright meeting him face to face, moving forward until she could feel his cock pressing into her.

“How about we put you in something a little more suitable”

Alistair watched with horror as she reached into the first box and pulled out one of those bright pink and cartoony diapers, “These are yours aren’t they *Alice*?” she added with that little giggle of hers. She opened the diaper revealing the inner white padding and slipped it between his legs and pulling it up slowly until he could feel the soft cushioning hugging his skin. She expertly pulled up the front and back and tapped it up tightly pressing her hand against his still stiff cock until he was wriggling in desperation.

“We’re going to have so much fun together aren’t we *Alice*”

“Y-y-yes” he stuttered meekly

“Yes, what?”

Alistair swallowed in disbelief of what he was about to say, “Yes Mommy!”