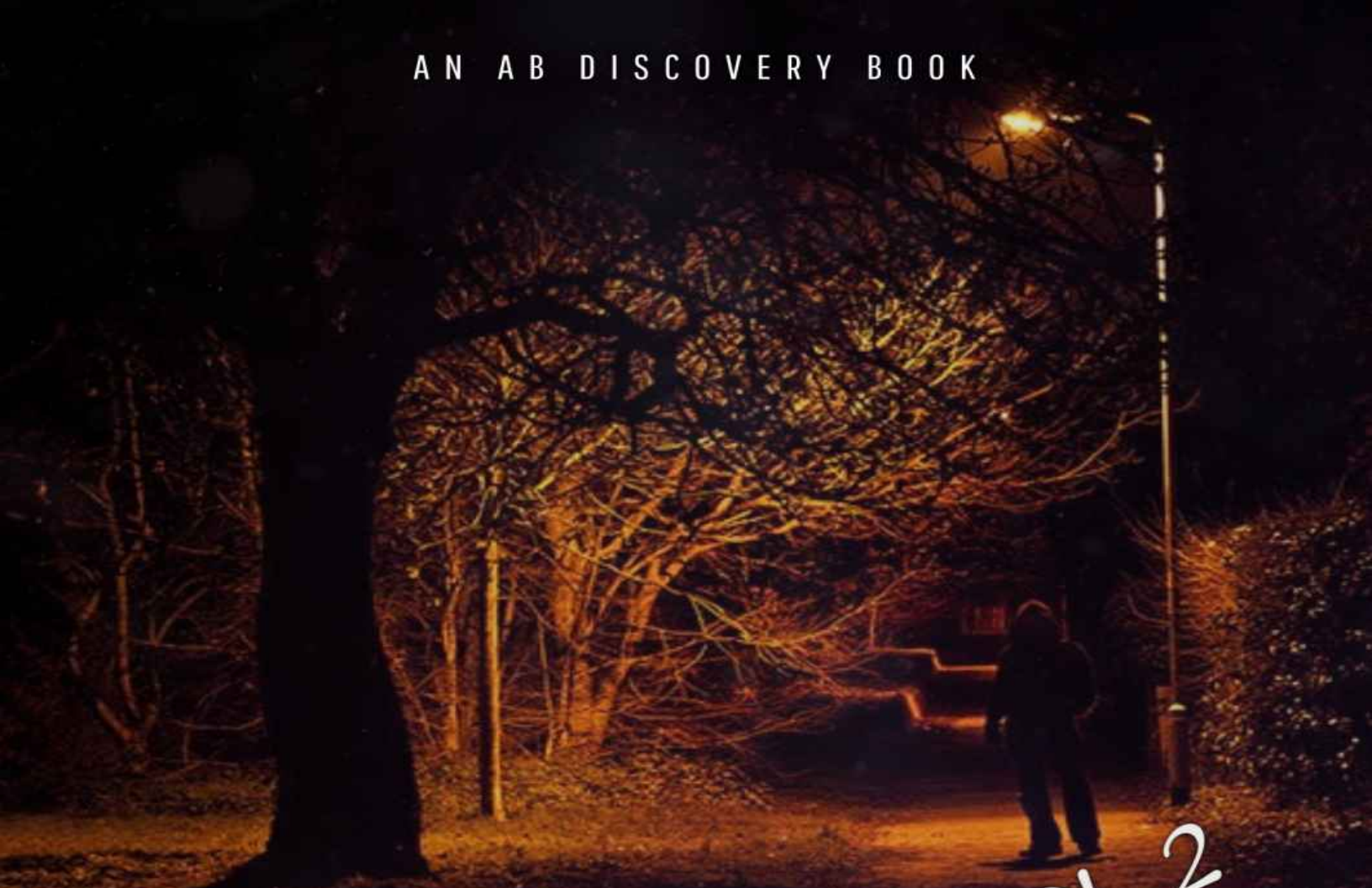


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



VOL 2

THE 'AFTER DARK' COLLECTION

ADULT BABIES OUT ON THE EDGE

MARTIN COSTER, FLORENCE GRANT, PENELOPE PANSY

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THE VOL 2
'AFTER DARK'
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The After Dark Collection Vol 2

by

Penelope Pansy,
Colin Milton, Martin Coster,
Florence Grant

First Published 2022

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The Sissy Baby Nursery

by

Penelope Pansy

with

Colin Milton

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Letters On A Sissy



LETTER ONE: RENEWAL



**Countess Beatrice
Dreamland House
Fantasy Lane
UK
24th July 2007**

Dear Mummy Taylor,

I write to sincerely thank you for taking sissy baby Penelope Pansy back into your retraining programme and have the pleasure of enclosing a down payment on your requisite fee.

Unfortunately, I have to admit that over the past year I have been neglectful of my training and reinforcement duties and have tended to be very lax in my treatment of sissy baby Penelope Pansy so much so I ashamedly admit that, simply as a matter of convenience, I now normally keep her in disposable nappies, I allow her to go poo poo in her potty, feed her bottles of cow's milk and have even stopped giving her the necessary daily bottle of ladies wee wee. In fact, it is hard to believe that at one stage last year I had her weaned onto two full bottles of wee wee a day and had started the process of introducing her to a third but unfortunately, now it is back down to zero.

Would you believe that last week sissy baby actually retrieved a toy gun from an old toy chest and started to play with it?

Totally un-sissy like behaviour, which previously I would have punished with a strapping so hard she would not be able to sit down for a week whereas I simply confined her to her playpen for an hour with her rattles, not a very satisfactory punishment for such outlandish and most un-sissy-like behaviour. Hence my decision to contact you about some serious regression training as Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy is now in dire need of some of your excellent tuition skills in infantilisation, total babyfication, sissification, strict discipline and intense humiliation.

In truth, as a result of my busy lifestyle, I have reluctantly decided to put Penelope Pansy up for auction at the forthcoming sissy auction sales in London and am anxious that she is thoroughly regressed to the pathetic, delightful, humiliated, bouncy, helpless, sissy baby she once was in an effort to maximise the price I get for her.

According to the catalogue, there are 12 sissies up for auction that day of which two appear to be sissy babies with five sissy maids, four sissy sluts and one sissy dog also on offer. The auctioneer reliably informs me that a Saudi Princess is flying in especially for the auction. Apparently, she already keeps a harem of 10 sissies but does not have a sissy baby which she needs to complete her harem and she is willing to pay top dollar for the perfect sissy baby, for which she has toured the world but yet to find.

At the auction, I have 30 minutes to showcase Penelope Pansy and I most definitely require your help and skill for this showcase. In fact, I would very much like it if you were there on the day to keep her in line as you seem able to capture the essence of her sissiness and she has a healthy respect for you and your strap. My intention is to get a most magnificent sissy dress, huge petticoats and bonnet made for her all capped off by matching ridiculously thick terry nappies, plastic panties and flouncy, heavily frilled silken knickers. When the curtain goes up she will be a wow factor.

After showcasing her clothes I would hope to have her bend over a punishment box, pull down her hopefully sodden terry nappies and give her a good public strapping. I think we should aim is to show how sissyish she is by having her bawl eyes out even in

anticipation of the strapping such that by the time we have finished with her bottom she is a hopelessly pathetic, bumbling, crying sissy baby.

After her spanking, I propose to have her squat and fill her thick wet nappy with a large poo poo right in front of all the bidders and then clap her handies, babble excitedly and happily as she crawls around to each bidder and lets them examine at close quarters if they so choose, the lovely baby mess she has made in her nappy and how delightfully happy she is once her nappies are full.

I think a bit of baby play in a playpen may then be appropriate as she displays her wonderful skills of gurgling, cooing, dribbling, sucking a dummy, rattling, kicking, block playing all to be followed by a lovely sickly sweet baby dinner or perhaps, if you think fit, a more disgusting gloopy punishment dinner. All of this is to be washed down by an extra-large bottle of infant formula. I have furthermore requested that each bidder bring along a small baby bottle sized sample of their wee wee so we should then get a happy bouncy joyous baby suckling on lots of different wee-wees from prospective mummies, owners, mistresses, governesses or perhaps even princesses.

I suggest the ladies then gather around as baby has her soiled, sodden nappy changed and once clean they can examine and deride her tiny, silken smooth, hairless, little one-inch flaccid tinkle and watch as sissy uses her little pandy to show off the miserable full excitable extent of her 5 inches long and half an inch wide tinkle. I believe the tiny size of Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy's tinkle, in both its excited and unexcited state, may win some prospective bidders over to her as she and her tinkle are clearly fit for no other purpose than to wet nappies. This will also give the ladies a chance to inspect her sissy hole and perhaps have a bit of playtime with it.

I have also yet to make a decision on whether she should be allowed to actually complete her creamy and if so how best to feed it to her or will she be more compliant if left excited but frustratingly not

creamed. Your advice on this delicate matter would be most welcome.

Finally, after botty hole inspection I think an invitation to each bidder to pick an implement of their choice and apply it to Penelope Pansy's exposed bare bottom before she is once more trussed up her nappies, plastics and panties to await the bidding process might be appropriate.

These are only some suggestions but as you are the expert in sissification, babification, humiliation and discipline I totally defer to your expertise in how Penelope Pansy should be retrained in her baby ways and to your suggestions as to how best to show her off at auction, but I do warn you that I expect you may have to threaten liberal use of your nursery strap during her retaining process and may actually have to use it on a few occasions.

I must confess I have a soft spot for sissy baby Penelope Pansy and I have had many a wonderful night just sitting in watching television, sipping a glass of wine while keeping an eye on sissy baby Penelope Pansy as she played away in her playpen in the corner. Ideally, I would prefer to sell her to an English Lady who will treat her as an adorable, cuddly, cute, sissy baby for the rest of her days. Unfortunately, as you well know, sissy babies are hard work and I am not sure that many such ladies exist and if they do it is unlikely they will be able to compete with the purse of a Saudi Princess but it is still most definitely my preference.

Once again the auctioneer has informed me that a wealthy Scottish Lady, who lost her husband of 20 years a few months back, ought to be attending and she may represent the best opportunity though it is unclear quite what she is looking for. It may simply be a sissy maid to have as a companion, but there again she may find a delightful, totally submissive, obedient sissy baby an attraction.

I also understand that two more potential bidders are actively in the market for gelded sissies, which of course sissy baby Penelope Pansy is not and I believe one mistress actually intends to publically geld her sissy at the auction. I certainly would not be in favour of such an action but I will go along with your advice on the matter.

While I have recently been remiss in my attention to Penelope Pansy, as you are aware I never focused on training her in the ways of a Sissy slut or in body worship duties as in my mind that was not her purpose. I, therefore, leave it to you to decide if her value is enhanced as she is, without these skills, thus letting her new owner take on those duties or whether she should have some basic introductory lessons. I would also welcome your advice on whether she is better off permanently babbling unintelligible baby chatter or if she should be taught some nice high pitched lisped words or nursery rhymes. Once again, I fleetingly tried training her in high-pitched baby lispings but she was not responsive, so I gave up and banned her from talking altogether though I feel her sissy crying still needs plenty of work.

Please also bear in mind that Penelope Pansy has never been paraded in public before as she has up until now been the secret of just you and me so she is in for a huge shock at auction and maybe needs to be prepared for it. I will also leave it to you to warn her that if she does not sell through any fault of her own misbehaviour on the day I will ensure her permanent morning maintenance spanking is so hard that no matter how many nappies she wears she will never comfortably sit down again.

Finally just to confirm that Penelope Pansy will be with you on 10th August, that we will share the price she earns on a 50:50 basis and once again many thanks for your help in this matter.

Countess Beatrice

Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy's Guardian.

LETTER TWO: THE NEW VICTORIAN



Countess Beatrice

Dreamland House

Fantasy Lane

UK

15th September 2008

Dear Mummy Taylor,

It is more than a year since we sold sissy baby Penelope Pansy to Madam Carson from Loch Lomond who was the surprise highest bidder at the London sissy auction. True to her word, Madam Carson invited me to her magnificent home last week to see how sissy baby Penelope Pansy has progressed, or perhaps I should say regressed, over the year.

Well, Miss Taylor, you should see the change in the sissy baby. It was phenomenal. Madam Carson, Helen to her friends, has created a lovely, huge Victorian nursery for Penelope Pansy that must be at least 20 feet wide by 25 feet long.

The room has old Victorian wooden floorboards, the original fireplace, still in perfect condition, wonderful pink drapes over full-length French windows still in their wooden inlaid frame with the walls for the most part being adorned with a heavy pale pink flowery wallpaper except for the chimney breast which is painted in off white. The room is dominated by a large oak Victorian-style baby cradle still on rockers, covered by a wooden frame with a white lace canopy hanging over the crib. The actual cradle itself is dressed in magnificent pink quilted bedclothes embroidered with white teddies, babies and rattles with a small matching pillow. Needless to say, all

were made to perfection and designed to sleep a full-sized sissy baby.

The room contains three Victorian chairs, one a large green velvet-covered chaise long by the window, ideal for cuddling baby and reading stories while looking at the sunset over Loch Lomond and the mountains.

Another is a soft armchair set close by the cradle so Helen can relax and sit down while rocking sissy to sleep or reading a beddy byes story. Finally, there is, of course, the strong, wooden practical type of chair, ideal for sitting on to place a naughty sissy over your knee or if needs be to place the errant baby directly over the chair for more rigorous punishment. From, the aforementioned chimney breast hangs a selection of four tawses and four canes which I am led to believe go hand in hand with the punishment chair and a naughty bottom.

Four large wooden stand-alone closets contain the most wonderful selection of baby clothes you can ever imagine, there must be about 100 thick cloth terry nappies, the thickest I have ever seen, mainly white but each adorned with baby motifs, rattles, bottles, blocks, soothers etc. and each having two pairs of heavy-duty matching plastic panties. Added to this are about 20 extra-large, super thick, plain pink sissy nappies with the words 'SISSY BABY' embroidered all over each nappy with each of these nappies also having a stitched in metal bar strategically placed between the legs such that it has the effect of pushing sissy's legs out wide apart. Each nappy also has two matching bibs, one smaller sized for continuous everyday wear to catch the drools and dribbles of which there are many and one huge bib for mealtimes which can be a very messy affair.

To go hand in hand with the Victorian nursery it will come as no surprise to you if I say that Helen keeps sissy baby permanently trussed up in baby Victorian style. Over baby's heavy extra-thick nappies and plastics goes a full-length neck to ankle frilly Victorian undergarment that covers the entire body. Helen then insists on a tight stiff binder which will ultimately get babies girth down to a miserly 26 inches from her current 32. Next up are three full-length

white underdresses, to be followed by four full-length petticoats and finally the dress of the day. While one entire closet is devoted to the multiple layers of underwear, it is the two closets of sissy dresses that take your breath away. There must be at least 30 Victorian-style dresses in a wonderful mix of baby colours, greens, pinks, reds, purples, yellows and orange each adorned with complicated patterns of design and style, with an abundance of lace, frills and elaborate embroidery.

Most of the dresses are made of the finest cambric or India muslin with each dress going right up high around the neck, having full-length arms that end just at the fingertips and are of course full length, stopping at the toe. All, of course, have a narrow waistband that tucks in tight against baby's torso, thus emphasising the thick padded nappy area, even underneath the layers of petticoats. It is impossible for me to describe the dresses in detail, they really have to be seen to be believed, suffice to say they are truly sumptuous. The dresses would be truly elegant except of course that they are sissy dresses so the embroidered motifs are, quite naturally, rattles, bricks, nappies, pins, plastic panties, teddies, crawling babies, potties, bottles, with the words, 'SISSY', 'BABY', 'SISSYBABY', 'PANSY', 'FAIRY' added for effect. In fact, one delightful pink dress has nothing but the word 'SISSYBABY' embroidered in white about 50 times all over it.

Each dress also has a matching hugely ornate pelisse for outdoor wear that make it abundantly clear that Penelope Pansy is a sissy baby.

Along with each dress, there is, of course, the requisite bonnet, simply the most magnificent and largest bonnets I have ever seen. Think of the most outlandish Easter bonnet and not even that compares. The net result is that once fully dressed, in true Victorian fashion, the only bit of sissy baby to be seen is a tiny pale face lost amongst the wonderment of the clothes she is wearing. She can be best described as the finest Victorian porcelain doll you have ever seen. Even without the thick nappies, it would be almost impossible to walk, such is the weight of clothing being carried but while trussed up in layers of nappies walking is an impossibility, not that sissy baby

Penelope Pansy will ever walk again. Finally, each dress has a frilly, lacy, pinafore that goes over baby's head ties around her soon to be tiny waist and drops to the ankles designed to prevent the lovely dresses from getting too dirty when the baby is crawling around the house.

But back to the nursery which also contains an enormous wooden playpen. In fact, the nursery, drawing room and kitchen all contain and have ample room for a huge six-foot, by five foot with five-foot-tall bars thus well and truly dwarfing baby as she plays within. The nursery also contains a large changing table with a copper basin built-in that is plumbed for hot water via a modern antique-styled tap so Mummy can easily sponge down baby's dirty wet bottom at change time while baby keeps her legs wide and high up into the sky.

The copious shelves are adorned with nursery books, teddies, rattles, blocks, soothers and other nursery paraphernalia. One corner of the room is devoted to a beautiful Victorian stand-alone bath with wrought iron towel rails over which hang huge pink fluffy towels and two bathrobes. By the side of the bath is a press packed full of all the sissy bath toiletries any baby would desire, shampoos, scented hair removers, bubble baths, sponges, bath toys, oils and talcs. Finally, another corner of the room has a large delightful rocking horse which is more for ornament as the baby is far too small to sit up unattended on it.

It is, in fact, impossible to go into the house without realising that a sissy baby lives there as all over are constant reminders - the large playpens, the oversized high chair, the huge baby bouncer hanging from the drawing-room ceiling, a large Victorian perambulator specially modified to hold Penelope Pansy that resides in the hallway, the delicious baby smells, the permanent display of nappies, plastics and frillies that constantly adorn clothesline, the baby bottles and rattles that rest everywhere. The house is the essence of babyhood.

Helen is both a fearsome and loving mother to Penelope Pansy. Each day she takes time to kiss and cuddle baby, to read her stories and nursery rhymes, to bring her for a walk in her pram, to

gently bathe her and play with her, to snuggle up to her and hold her in her lap at bottle time, to teach baby how to play with the baby toys, the rattles, teddies, blocks and shapes. Despite their thickness, Penelope Pansy's nappies are changed four times a day, morning, lunch, afternoon nap and bedtime.

Nappy time takes quite a while as great care is taken to keep the skin soft and free from rash while considerable time is also spent actually accessing the nappies under all the undergarments. Penelope Pansy enjoys the freedom of nappy time as it gives her a chance to kick her legs excitedly in the air and let some freshness get in at her usually thickly-clad bottom. Nappy time is generally a playful happy Mummy/baby time.

In typical Scottish fashion, however, discipline is strict, very strict. Helen does not spank, paddle nor strap she simple goes straight to the tawse or cane. No matter how good sissy baby Penelope Pansy is her maintenance spanking is, in fact, a maintenance tawsing. Every single nappy change, of which there are four a day brings with it at a minimum of 12 strokes of the tawse, purely for maintenance, purely to remind sissy baby that she is and always will be a sissy baby, destined to spend eternity in wet and soiled nappies.

Every morning she wakes up. Penelope Pansy knows that no matter how much she pleases Mummy Helen, no matter how hard she tries, the tawse will land on her bottom at least 48 times. Her whole day, therefore, is geared to avoiding punishment, geared to following her baby lifestyle rules and regulations to such an extent of obedience, servitude and correctness that there is no cause for punishment.

The minimum punishment for slight misdemeanours is six sets of six with the tawse at the next nappy change time to add to the 12 maintenance strokes. There is, quite simply, no maximum.

The most dreaded words sissy baby Penelope Pansy can hear are she is to be tawsed or caned 'at the ladies pleasure'. Apparently, only once has she had such a caning. In Helen's mind, Penelope Pansy is a helpless sissy baby whose teeny little tinkle is

fit for one purpose and one purpose only - flooding her nappies with wee wee.

Underneath all the nappies and clothes, Penelope Pansy's tinkle is left unrestrained but Helen will tolerate absolutely no hint of adult behaviour in the tinkle. Sissy is strictly forbidden any feeling of sexuality. Her tinkle must be permanently flaccid and never extend more than her pathetic 1.5-inch flaccid state. As you can imagine, nappy changes and bath time in the early days at Loch Lomond were not very pleasant for poor Penelope Pansy as she learnt to accept her sissiness and forego all aspects of manhood. Midway through the third month just as Helen thought she was making progress, she went up to the nursery to wake sissy up from her afternoon nap when she caught sissy, in her cradle, lying on her tummy, making love into a heavily soiled and wet nappy. Alas, poor Penelope never got to make her spurties and so when Helen pulled down the plastics, peeled away the sodden, smelly nappy, sissy's pathetic fully extended 5-inch tinkle awaited her.

A caning at the ladies pleasure was called for. 60 immediate strokes were administered to the bare bottom and for the next 30 days, the fully deserving sissy got 30 stokes of the cane, on the bare, every morning and every bedtime. A cruel but very effective solution, I am sure you agree.

A tawsing at the ladies pleasure is somewhat more frequent but becoming less regular as sissy adapts to true babyhood. The last one, all of 12 weeks ago was when sissy was being weaned onto her fourth bottle of Mummy's wee wee a day. It is Helen's intention to gradually wean Penelope Pansy onto eight full bottles of wee wee a day by introducing one new bottle every quarter. Sissy baby strongly resisted the fourth quarter bottle which was for teatime so Helen took the simple solution of placing baby over her knee and tawsing sissy's bare bottom all the way from tea time to bedtime when the next bottle of wee wee was due.

A two and a half hour tawsing shows the amount of effort, care and attention Helen is putting into sissy's training. It takes a lot of commitment and interest in baby's welfare to commit two and a half full hours of your time to baby's discipline, learning and training.

Interestingly the week I was there coincided with the introduction of a fifth daily bottle of Ladies wee wee and you can rest assured that I have never seen a sissy so happy at the prospect of another bottle of wee wee as Penelope Pansy. It was truly delightful to see her suckle so hard and excitedly on the bottle to get at every last drop of her extra wee wee. It all goes to show that strict punishment in a caring environment really does work.

The caring, lovable, comforting, beautiful, delightful environment complemented and enhanced by a necessary strictness for digressions, offered by Helen in training sissy baby is truly amazing and clearly works wonders. Sissy knows that she can have a happy carefree baby life full of comforts, play and exquisite clothes, free from punishment once she is totally obedient and submissive.

Helen spends at least an hour a day reading nursery books to the baby as sissy excitedly learns her colours, shapes and the sounds animals make. Woe betide baby's bottom if in all her excitement of sissy babyhood she actually matches her high pitched pathetic baby voiced 'moo moo' sound as Mummy points to a cow, or if she does actually pick a red square when Mummy asks her to point to the red square in the book. Six sets of six on the bare with the tawse will be the quick reply. Imagine the scene as baby goes quack quack to a horse, moo moo to a bunny rabbit, oink oink to a chicken, getting each and every one wrong as Mummy scolds her for being such a silly baby getting all her sounds wrong, proving she is just a silly billy sissy baby destined to do wee-wees and poo-poops into her nappies forevermore. But in sissies mind, the humiliations of the scolding, being wrong and permanent nappyhood is preferable to a daily diet of constant tawsing and a permanently sore bottom if she is correct.

Only twice during the week that I was there did I in fact, witness six sets of six with the tawse being delivered onto sissy's bottom. The first time sissy was playing away with her toys, gurgling happily in her playpen, loudly suckling her dummy when she made the mistake of putting a round peg through a round hole in the toy she was playing with, an absolute no-no for a sissy baby. Hours of

fun are to be had watching sissy babies trying to push square pegs into round holes and round pegs into square holes before the babies cry their eyes out in frustration at being unable to do such simple tasks, but they are sissy babies, totally unable to manage even such simple jobs.

Mummy was very unhappy at sissy's naughtiness and disobedience which cannot absolutely be tolerated. Hence it was to face into the punishment corner until nappy change time when 36 fearsome blows of the tawse made contact with Penelope Pansy's bottom all in addition to the normal 12 maintenance strokes. As always, however, after a punishment plenty of comfort, cuddles hugs and kisses were in order for the sobbing baby as all naughtiness was forgotten and Mummy lovingly embraced her newfound goodly baby. Mummy then put her back in the playpen to practice playing with the toy and it was truly delightful to see a gurgling, drooling, contented baby desperately trying to get a square peg into a round hole but failing.

It is however about the Avalon room in the house that I really write. The main bedroom in the house has been turned into a luxurious paradise for ladies. An absolutely huge room with one-inch pile carpet, a magnificent soft, hugely comfortable 8 foot by 8-foot poster bed, two sofas, one chaise long, three armchairs, a Victorian reading table and a coffee table along with windows opening out onto a balcony with magnificent views. There must be about 100 candles all over the room, the scent of which infuse the room with sensuality and desire. To have been in this room is to have been in heaven. The ensuite, in total contrast to most of the house, is full of every modern convenience a lady could want, is about the size of a normal two-bedroom apartment with a large round Jacuzzi bath, a shower room, a sauna along with three presses full of various different types of aromatic massage and body oils and creams.

It is in this Avalon room that Penelope Pansy brings Ladies to heights they never thought possible. The whole focus of the room is the Lady who occupies it. It is her pamper area, her domain. There is no rough play, no strap on play, no spanking, which are all forbidden. It is a room purely designed to utilise the remarkable skill

that Penelope Pansy has developed with her tongue in pleasing ladies, sensual and sensuous.

Each item of furniture is designed to make it comfortable for the Lady, and indeed Penelope Pansy, to explore and discover every single erogenous zone that a Lady has. Sissy's tongue will explore and find every sensuous bone in your body. Penelope, fully clothed in her nappies, undercoats, dress and bonnet, smelling and looking every bit the sissy she is, using only her tongue will bring you to Nirvana and beyond. Only the bonnet may be removed, if so desired, such that you get a view of the blonde mass of tightly curled ringlets bobbing up and down as she pleases you with her tongue.

I shamefully admit that I thoroughly enjoyed the sissy exploring my bottom. The sensitivity with which she worshipped my derriere before gently probing her tongue up my bottom hole was truly amazing. I could sit for hours on top of her face as she worked while I rubbed the oils and scents all over my upper body to accentuate that rapturous feeling Penelope Pansy was generating, a feeling only to be surpassed by the sheer and utter ecstasy that followed when I allowed the pansy access to my honey pot. I have never known such joy and suspect I must have come close to drowning the poor sissy such was the volume of love juices that continuously gushed onto her face.

I truly did live in heaven for the three nights that sissy entertained me, each night surpassing the next as she got to know all my sensitive areas until finally on the third night I must have climaxed fifteen times right on top of the sissy baby over the duration of the three hours she was with me. Incidentally, out of mischief that night I called sissy to the room immediately after I had a workout in the gym which only added to my excitement as I made Penelope Pansy worship every pore and crack of my sweat-ridden body, truly a wonderful feeling of power over the sissy.

The obedience and submissiveness of sissy baby Penelope is amazing. Without hesitation, she will put her tongue wherever you wish. She appears to accept that she gets free room, board, clothes and discipline from a kindly mother in exchange for pleasuring

Mummy and her friends. It is surely a very small price to pay for the constant care, attention, love, napping and tawsing she gets in return.

Helen was disappointed you could not make the visit as she would very much like to discuss and share the experiences you both have of sissy babies but she has kindly invited me, along with yourself, back next year which I very much hope you can make. I can guarantee you a truly magnificent experience, an odyssey of joy and temptation that will rest with you forever.

I look forward to seeing you for a coffee shortly to fill you in on the details.

Love,

Countess Beatrice

LETTER THREE: REVELATIONS



**Countess Beatrice
Dreamland House
Fantasy Lane
UK**

7th September 2009

Dear Mummy Taylor,

Helen was disappointed that you could not join me for my annual visit to Loch Lomond to catch up on the regression of Penelope Pansy but she fully understood that you were busy training another sissy who was proving to be quite difficult. I suspect the sissy paid an extremely painful and humiliating price for causing you to miss the week away and I eagerly look forward to hearing the details of how you tormented her.

You will be very pleased to know that sissy baby Penelope Pansy's regression has progressed in leaps and bounds since last year, to levels that I, quite frankly, find unbelievable but there again, Helen does give Penelope Pansy her undivided attention. It is fair to say at this stage that Penelope Pansy really does act like an infant baby and other than size, there is no difference. She really does lose herself in her rattles, bricks, musical mobiles, teddies and other toys. To see the drooling, gurgling bundle of joy, playing in her playpen is truly amazing. Helen now insists that baby is forbidden to sit up for any length of time unless supported by cushions. Helen also took a large adult swimming ring covered it with baby material and then stuck play things onto it so baby can now sit in the middle of her play

ring supported by the sides, playing merrily away. If she is not supported she simply flops onto her back or tummy and while she can roll around she cannot get up again with adult help. Penelope Pansy is truly totally helpless by herself.

It was only when sissy's soother was removed at din's time I noticed that she no longer has any teeth and apparently hasn't had any for nine months or so. This certainly adds to her drooling, gurgling and baby looks while at the same time improving her sissy role of pleasuring the ladies as her teeth were often a bit hard and in the way when she was tonguing a Lady's most sensitive parts.

Sissy remains dressed in her wonderful Victorian regalia and now that Helen has gotten baby's waist down to the required 26 inches, she looks simply divine in her full sissy outfits especially as Helen has also managed to increase the size of baby's bottom into a fuller plump shape, you may remember it was a rather scrawny unattractive affair. Sissy, in fact, looks remarkably well and healthy with beautiful soft translucent pink skin all over her perfectly shaped new curvaceous body, nary a spot nor blemish to be seen, except of course, on the frequently tawsed and permanently sore ample bottom.

I comment on baby's health and skin because it is all the more remarkable considering that Helen stayed true to her word by introducing an extra bottle of wee wee a day each quarter, thus for the past three months sissy baby Penelope Pansy hungrily suckles down eight full bottles of wee wee a day.

Her day now consists of rising at 8.00 am to an immediate bottle of fresh wee wee followed by bath time, a maintenance tawsing, napping, clothing and breakfast of one bottle of formula, followed by a large bowl of baby rice, followed by another bottle of formula and finally another bottle of wee wee.

It is then straight to the playpen for playtime until 11.00 nap time. The 30 minutes after noon are baby's free time when she can crawl and play around the house without being confined to the playpen. 12.30 is din-dins consisting of a bottle of wee wee, a bottle of formula, huge jars of a sickly baby dinner, a jar of dessert if she is good, another bottle of formula all washed down with yet another

bottle of wee wee, her fourth of the day. Nappy change and Mummy baby playtime follow until afternoon nap from 3.30 to 4.30. The hour before her 5.30 tea time is once again normally playpen time with another nappy change plus tawsing. It will come as no surprise to you that sissy's tea consists of wee wee, formula, baby rice, formula and wee wee.

After tea, it lots of cuddles and kisses and stories before nighttime nappies, a tawsing before supper of two bottles of formula followed by the final two bottles of wee wee. Ideally, Mummy likes to make the nighttime wee wee extra strong as it has to last sissy a full twelve hours to morning.

Bedtime is somewhere between 7.30 and 8.00.

It is hard to believe that Penelope Pansy is such a truly healthy, delightful, bouncy sissy baby with such magnificent skin on such a restricted diet, but she is.

Very little to do with sissy babies leaves me surprised anymore. Mainly with your great assistance, I have witnessed most of the punishments, belittlements and humiliations a Lady can bestow upon a lucky sissy baby. Nothing, however, I have witnessed, prepared me for the surprise that awaited me when I changed sissy baby's nappy for the first time. There quite literally was nothing there! Imagine my surprise when I peeled away her sodden mass of terry towelling nappy expecting to see a hairless flaccid wee wee soaked tinkle and plums only to find nothing but soft, smooth, flat, hairless, pink translucent, perfectly formed skin with a tiny little hole clearly intended to let wee-wees out to soak the nappy. Not a sign of a tinkle or plums, there they were, all gone. Not a trace of manhood or womanhood, her thick nappies covered just a bottom hole to make poo poo into her nappy and a tiny wee wee hole for wetties. Penelope Pansy is now officially a sissy. She is neither a man nor a woman but a sissy and incontinent sissy baby. I was mesmerised and delighted all at once and Helen clearly enjoyed my amazement.

Just as I was recovering from the delightful shock Helen unveiled yet another surprise. She took the extra-large filling soother out of sissy's mouth which all looked very normal until Helen pointed to the pink design moulded in behind the transparent silicone

mouthpiece and there, unmistakably, was a tiny tinkle. Helen explained how she had the flaccid little tinkle freeze-dried, painted pink and then moulded into the silicone to make a beautiful sissy baby soother all mounted on a lovely flexible pink shield patterned with baby rattles, designed to soothe, pacify and encourage the natural suckling instincts of a sissy baby. Penelope Pansy will spend the rest of her sexless days drooling and sucking on her very own pacifier tinkle all the time strengthening her tongue to give the utmost pleasure to women. After all of this, it came as no surprise when Helen removed Sissy's bonnet and took a simple set of pink bobbins from Penelope's hair and sure enough through the clear glass, plain to be seen were sissy baby Penelope Pansy's tiny freeze-dried pink painted pluMs The most practical, pragmatic and useful thing I have ever seen done to a tinkle and set of plums while at the same time making the cleansing of the nappy area far easier.

Three other little interesting changes also took place at nappy time. Firstly, Helen has increased the maintenance tawsing from 12 to 13 strokes at each nappy time, an irrelevant enough change, you may say, except her intention is to increase it by one stroke every year. Everything in life is subject to inflation and also therefore should maintenance tawsings. Nappy times in years to come are going to be painful experiences for sissy baby.

I also noted that baby would not stay still at change time. As you well know, normally a sissy baby is well behaved at nappy time but Penelope Pansy shifts and moves around just like any normal self-respecting infant baby. Indeed she requires a couple of good hard hand spansks on the bottom or thighs to get her to lie down still with her legs in the air for a fresh nappy. Throughout the year, Helen has been working hard on sissy's baby behaviour with the express purpose that Penelope acts and behaves like any infant child. Helen's view is that this requires plenty of innocent baby naughtiness, mischief or boldness.

Every baby has a bit of rascal in her and so too Penelope Pansy who has been trained to behave just like a baby. Thus she wriggles and does not lie still at nappy time, she sometimes throws or drops her bowl of din-dins onto the floor, she crawls to the

fireplace to eat the coal or ashes, she can be naughty in the bath when she makes big splashes all over the place. She can throw her baby blocks around the place, she sometimes even lies tummy on the floor, kicking her legs and banging her hands in a temper tantrum if Mummy is late with her bottle of wee wee. Penelope has been trained and encouraged to do all of these. She is a sissy baby and must act like one at all times. She may get a severe scolding for being naughty or a quick hand spank at nappy time or bath time, or she may get 15 minutes in the naughty corner, or 15 minutes in the naughty cupboard or playpen time with no toys, or no dessert for dindins or a few quick slaps on her pandies or extra-long nap times. In fact, sissy has to make sure she is a naughty little baby at least three times a day.

If three little mischievous baby punishments are not earned in each and every day it is a much more severe sissy style punishment at bedtime with 50 strokes of the dreaded tawse to be added to the maintenance strokes. Thus in Helen's house, there is a distinct difference between a naughty sissy and a naughty baby, and a naughty baby punishment and a naughty sissy punishment. A naughty baby is expected and earns a baby punishment a naughty sissy is not expected and earns a severe beating.

The final noteworthy thing about nappy time is that no sooner has the sweet-smelling freshly napped and cleaned sissy baby been let down from her changing table than she immediately grabs holds of the legs of her changing table, pulls herself up onto her hunkers, scrunches her face into that familiar pattern and tries to make a poo poo into her nappy. Her beautiful, fresh, clean, thick, patterned, scented terry nappies soiled and wet within five minutes of her being pinned into them. Helen explained to me that she was aware that sissy was at one stage trying to time her poo-poops close to nappy change time, a practice she was determined to iron out. So she devised a simple solution, immediately after being changed into her fresh nappies, sissy was to squat by her changing table to make poo poo and wee-wees in her nappy.

Initially, she was given one hour to do her business in her nappy or face six sets of six with the tawse. Gradually as sissy

improved, that time was reduced to 10 minutes. Helen had intended to stop the practice once sissy became used to wearing soiled and wet nappies but now she is happy to leave it as is so baby now makes four poo-poops a day each one within 10 minutes of being pinned into a fresh nappy. Helen now also insists that her bedtime poo poo is to be her big one unless sissy is entertaining guests with her tongue that night.

Sometimes the memory of an event is better than the event itself so as my visit to Scotland was approaching I was desperately trying to downplay my memories of my three visits to the Avalon room the previous year. My greatest fear was that it could not be as good again and that maybe I had imagined such euphoria, perhaps it was simply too good to be true. Delightfully, the pleasure has only been heightened.

The lack of teeth undoubtedly heightens the sensitivity with which Penelope Pansy works but Helen also had sissy baby's tongue pierced with a single stud which adds hugely the beautiful sensations that sissy can create with her tongue when worshipping both the bottom and more sensitive areas of a Lady. Helen has also added a crib to the Avalon room so an exhausted and euphoric Lady can simply order Sissy to climb into the crib once she has dispensed with sissy's services. I simply let the sissy sleep in the bed with her nose stuck to my bottom before reacquainting sissy's tongue with my bottom at dawn. Blissful and exquisite! The only difficult part is each morning seeing sissy crawl off for her first feed of wee wee and bath time with her head and hair caked in love juices knowing that it will be another 14 hours before such rapture can be reached again.

It is plain for all to see that the love and bond between sissy baby and her Mummy has grown immensely over the year. Mummy nurtures, loves and looks after her sissy baby extremely well. While she cannot say it, I genuinely believe Penelope Pansy realises that she is a very lucky sissy baby indeed to have such a loving caring Mummy. Yes, there are lots of sissy baby rules to be obeyed and constant humiliations to be endured but she can live her life with not a care in the world and cuddle up close to the warmth and constant love of her Mummy any time she wishes.

I look forward to seeing you next week when visiting Yorkshire and you can tell me all about the current sissy you are training.

Yours sincerely

Countess Beatrice

LETTER FOUR: NURTURING



**Countess Beatrice
Dreamland House
Fantasy Lane
UK**

10th September 2010

Dear Mummy Taylor,

What a week, a week that leaves me breathless! I went on my now annual visit to see Lady Helen up in Loch Lomond last week and check on the regression of sissy baby Penelope Pansy. I had a stunning week full of exquisite bountiful pleasure at the tongue of sissy baby Penelope Pansy who continues to be the most delightful and humiliated sissy baby I have ever seen.

Penelope Pansy's whole life revolves around entertaining Lady Helen and all her friends in soft, sensual, gentle ways through her wonderful worshipping of the female body and in a much more humiliating fashion by her constant daily life of pathetic sissy babyhood continually dominated by wet, soiled nappies, maintenance tawsings, wonderful and beautiful but outlandish Victorian sissy dresses, babbling, gurgling, crying, infant formula plus of course, wee wee and it is with wee wee that I should start.

You may recall that last year the pathetic pansy was on eight bottles of wee wee a day. Helen, however, was very anxious that her lovable sissy baby was missing out on the nurture of the mother, that the special bond between mother and child could not be truly achieved as baby was not breastfeeding, that Penelope Pansy would

feel unloved and not feel like a true baby because Mummy was not nurturing her at the breast.

Helen wanted to develop the already strong bond between mother and sissy child to show Penelope Pansy that true caring nurturing love existed.

Wet nursing was a possible solution but impractical as finding a permanent set of wet nurses for a hungry simpering sissy baby is not easy and anyway, it does nothing for the mother-baby bond. Helen, therefore, decided that the obvious and indeed only solution was to let baby nurture her wee wee straight from Mummy. Over a period of months she, therefore, worked hard at perfecting the manner in which Penelope Pansy goes right up close to Mummy and quite literally suckles all her daily wee wee requirement direct from Mummy. It is amazing to see, a beautiful bond between mother and sissy baby. Helen has had special nursing stations put into the nursery, kitchen and sitting room, soft comfortable high back chairs with armrests where she can sit down in luxurious comfort, remove her panties, call baby over who kneels on a gentle soft cushion in between Mummy's legs, chin resting on a special extension from the chair and low and behold for the next ten minutes or so Mummy will softly nurse all her wee wee into the suckling hungry baby, all the time encouraging baby to nurse and get her healthy wee wee nutrients into her. Gently explaining to the baby as she strokes her suckling face or bonneted head that a sissy baby is at its most contented and happiest when it bonds with its Mummy and nurses her sweet tasting golden nectar direct from its source.

How Mummy can control the flow over the 10 minute nursing period such that baby can gently fill up her tum tum with wee wee without spilling a drop I do not know but she does and the new bond between a caring loving mother and a doting sissy baby are plain for all to see. Now, all Helen has to do is drink plenty of fluids and try to make sure she has a full bladder for each of sissy's mealtimes and bedtime and sure if she overproduces no harm done as baby can always have a top-up in between meal times. The net result is that every last drop of Helen's daily wee wee production is nursed out by sissy baby meaning that baby now also gets a midnight feed just before Helen retires for the night when she simply takes down a cot

rail, wakes the sleeping sissy, sits on top of her and gently nurses the dozing sissy her final feed of the day, once again all done without wasting a drop.

As you might imagine, nursing is easier on the days Helen wears a skirt rather than jeans and in fact on such days mother has been known to covertly nurse baby whilst having a picnic in the park or for the first time, while I was there, in a coffee shop. I ashamedly admit I was moist down below with a different type of wetness when that happened. There we were sitting in a fancy cafe enjoying a Cafe Americano and Latte with some patisseries while sissy baby nursed, unbeknownst to most, from her Mummy under the table. Unbelievable. It was two hours for me with sissy baby in the Avalon room immediately we got home. How Helen stays so detached when feeding I never know but at this stage, I think she does simply regard it as feeding all the necessary nutrients into the cutest, most adorable sissy baby that ever was, a feeding necessary to keep the sissy as a sissy to keep the sissy baby as a sissy baby, to keep sissy baby Penelope Pansy in her rightful place as a sissy baby forevermore.

Helen however still remains strict, very strict when sissy baby is naughty. Love and nurture can only carry a baby so far and sometimes serious strict discipline is required. Penelope Pansy remains a total baby in her ways, means and actions each and every day continually earning her mandatory requisite baby punishments to desperately avoid the far more serious sissy punishments. One morning, Helen mixed together separate jars of baby porridge, pureed carrots and baby chocolate mousse all together into one feeding bowl for Penelope Pansy's breakfast. A truly delicious breakfast for a sissy baby, I am sure you will agree. Well, what fun we had trying to feed baby her breakfast.

Penelope Pansy made a right mess of her breakfast getting it everywhere and eventually finished by picking up, the only half-empty feeding bowl, and sticking her entire face right into the middle of her gourmet brekky. But Penelope Pansy is a baby and that is what you expect from babies, a helpless baby, unable even to feed herself, a sissy baby who entertains the ladies with the faces she

pulls as she is been fed her food. As you can imagine, Mummy was very cross and so sissy baby got a very severe scolding, a hand spanking, 15 minutes in the punishment cupboard and no need to guess what she got for each meal time for the next two days.

From Penelope Pansy's point of view, she was a very naughty baby, had earned a baby punishment but in so doing helped ensure she avoided a dreaded sissy thrashing with the tawse and cane that night. What a dilemma for a pansy!!

Maintenance tawsings are now up to 14 strokes at each and every nappy change but after that, true sissy punishments are very few and far between as Penelope Pansy is as close to a perfect sissy baby you can find.

As you know I do enjoy an occasional good sissy thrashing and was inwardly somewhat disappointed that towards the end of the week I had witnessed loads of maintenance tawsings, regular baby spankings, plenty of humiliating scoldings along with an assortment of other baby punishments but had missed out on a seriously delightful sissy beating. I thoroughly enjoyed the continuous constant humiliation of the sissy baby plus of course the three nights of ecstasy along with the odd daytime hour in Penelope Pansy's company but I still found myself craving for a thrashing, just one sissy beating and the week would be complete.

Just as I had given up all hope it arrived on the very last morning of my stay - sissy baby Penelope Pansy's first true sissy punishment in six months. Blissful, the perfect holiday.

It was all very simple really. The night before, Helen and I had quite a lot to drink, having a very good time, mainly because it was my last night but also much to my disappointment my time of month arrived that day so a final night of bliss with sissy was no longer on the cards. Helen however graciously explained that sissy is oblivious to the time of the month. Her duty is to entertain at all times regardless and she is well used to using her expert tongue in delicate places at those more sensitive times for a Lady. As with many Ladies I can be very private about such matters so, it seems silly to admit, I needed plenty of wine-induced courage to prepare myself and loosen my inhibitions.

There are no superlatives strong enough to convey the pleasure Penelope Pansy gave me that night. The sheer sense of power and the overriding sense of the humiliation I was imposing on the sissy made me scream out loud in sheer joy and exquisite ecstasy as I was pleased over and over again by her tongue. Every inch of my skin quivered with excitement, every single inhibition I had long since gone in a welter of joy as Penelope worshipped my bottom and other more sensitive regions.

Unfortunately for Penelope Pansy, the consequences of that night of joy for me were to be severe, very severe. At 8.00 am the next morning Helen arose went to the nursery with an absolutely bursting bladder, to nurse the baby on her nightly production of wee wee which due to what we consumed the night before was one also suspects extra strong.

Morning time nursing usually lasts ten minutes but that morning was going on and on. After 15 minutes Mummy was still not empty and the baby started to protest, her poor tum was full to the top of Mummy's strong wee wee but on it went, more and more wee wee to be had.

Baby was not nursing properly, dribbling wee wee everywhere, simpering and whining, not wanting to finish her morning feed and as you would expect Mummy got very very angry and crossly declared a sissy punishment tawsing of eight sets of six with the final three sets at full force.

However, just as baby finished off the last drops of her wee wee feed Mummy noticed a more terrible crime, an unforgivable crime for a sissy baby. Sissy baby's morning nappy was not soiled. In her desperation to start feeding baby, she had not noticed that baby smelled fresher than normal. That normal horrid, stinky, humiliating, degrading smell one associates with a morning time cot bound sissy baby was missing. Sissy was wet but no poo poo. Her mandatory poo poo once put into a fresh nappy was not done the night before as sissy would be entertaining me in the Avalon room so the rule was she was to make her poo poo as soon as she was put back in her cot. But the poor little mite was so exhausted from entertaining me that she forgot. She forgot to fill her night-time nappy

with her poo poo. In all my days I have never seen Helen as cross. It was only 8.20 in the morning and sissy had been a naughty sissy twice already, not a naughty baby but a naughty sissy, what a difference. One is expected one is simply not tolerated. Sissy naughtiness will absolutely not be tolerated.

Eight sets of six with the cane with the final two sets at full force were added to the eight sets of six with the tawse not to mention sissy's 14 maintenance tawsings. The normally happy, bubbly bath time was not a happy one for a glum, despondent sissy as she pondered her soon to be fate. Mummy was as kind and gentle as always at bath time softly talking to her baby, gently encouraging her to play with the bath toys. She teased her gently about babyhood and sissyhood and softly spoke about how sometimes sissy babies forget their place, forget that they are not only babies but sissies as well as babies and need a strong severe punishment to remind them. A punishment intended to better the sissy baby, for the sissy baby's own good. Mummy even teased the poor pansy by rubbing extra cream and oils into her tender soft pink sissy bottom saying it will make her soft skin even softer and tender than it already was and so more responsive to the tawse and cane.

I almost felt sorry for the poor creature as, once dried and powdered, she crawled over to the punishment chair, already crying she placed herself over Mummy's knee and waited for the tawse, first 14 maintenance swats, followed by five sets of six harder strokes and finally three sets of six full-blooded blows all over her baby-soft sensitive skin, each leaving red marks on the tender plump sissy bottom. Sissy cried like I have never heard her, even through her special tinkle pacifier. She bit and suckled furiously on the silicon teat that covered what used to be her sissy stick, her tinkle, her means of going wee wee and spurting creamies. Now the teat pacified her through her hour of need, now she comforted herself on her special dum-dum as the pain rifled via her bottom right through her body. Finally, it finished. Her sissy punishment tawsing complete, a naughty sissy punishment for not nursing all her wee wee properly, a lesson well learned no doubt.

The sobbing sissy tenderly got off Mummy's knee only to be ordered over the chair for her caning. Obediently, over she went as Mummy selected a cane from the nursery wall, a long narrow wispy one with the traditional crooked handle. Unbelievably, as the pansy lay over the chair waiting she made a wee wee. Wee wee poured out all over the chair and the floor all coming from her tiny little sissy wee wee hole. I held my breath in anticipation of what would happen next as sissy lay motionless across the chair. I formed a picture of Helen exploding and caning the sissy into oblivion but she did not, she laughed out loud, clapped her hands in joy and praised sissy for being such a wonderful baby with no control. Sissy baby proved yet again she desperately needed her nappies. I must admit even I felt relief so I can only imagine how Penelope Pansy felt.

Helen commuted the caning to six sets of six with only the last three strokes to be at full force, still a painful serious, severe punishment, enough I imagine that the next time sissy entertains a Lady at night she will most definitely remember to fill her nappy before she goes off to the land of nod. Once again I rather embarrassingly confess the tears streaming down Penelope's eyes matched the juices flowing into my fresh morning panties and so after 15 minutes of tender loving comfort in the arms of her Mummy I once again got 60 minutes of pleasure at the tongue of an extremely sore, contrite, red-faced, red-bottomed sissy who was desperately anxious to please and extol the virtues of her true baby sissyhood despite me being at my heaviest time of the month.

Your happy correspondent headed home after a most pleasing selection of tapas for lunch with Helen all washed down with a cool glass of white wine. The long journey home eased with delightful memories of a wonderful week.

Your best friend,

Countess Beatrice

LETTER FIVE: Life's Pleasures



**Countess Beatrice
Dreamland House
Fantasy Lane
UK**

8th August 2011

Dear Mummy Taylor,

Summer is upon us and so another year passes by in the life of Penelope Pansy. It has hard to believe that by now the sissy has been with Helen for just less than four years. Perhaps unsurprisingly the rate of regression and humiliation has slowed down but there is still plenty new to report.

I should firstly say that Helen is as affectionate as ever with Penelope Pansy who continues to absolutely adore her Mummy. Helen still devotes a huge amount of her day to the sissy baby with bath time and afternoon playtime being a particularly delightful sissy baby Mummy times. The patience shown by Mummy with the napped, by now totally incontinent, pansy is immense. She must have sourced and read every nursery rhyme book in the world to her gurgling, giggling bundle of joy.

Helen derives obvious joy and pleasure from Penelope Pansy whether it be in sissy's guise of a simple simpering baby or the ever-increasing humiliations she inflicts on sissy baby or the tawsings she gives her plus of course finally the female worship skills of sissy baby. Helen has a gift for being able to drift seamlessly between all her roles of Mummy, humiliatrix, strict enforcer of

obedience or sensuous recipient of joy and on many occasions switches roles several times in the one day.

Penelope Pansy continues in her role of absolute sissy babyhood with no release whatsoever. Even still she is unable to talk, just gurgling unintelligible noises and sounds to herself as she plays. To see her lie in her playpen looking up at Mummy babbling her load of high pitched nonsense as if she was carrying on an intelligent conversation with her Mummy is amazing. Not an iota can be understood yet she babbles as if we all understood.

The first major change from last year is that Helen has once again altered Penelope's feeding routine making it even humiliating and repetitive. She has prepared a seven-day rota of solid food feeding for Penelope Pansy from which she never digresses. The key element is that each morning Helens gathers together the three jars of baby's breakfast, three jars of baby's din-dins and three jars of baby's tea. She unceremoniously dumps the contents of all nine jars into a big mixing bowl, mixes them all up and adds a cup of liquid for taste and to help make a smooth paste-like substance. Sissy baby will get three equal portions of the daily mix for breakfast, dinner and tea with each recipe repeating itself every seven days, forevermore.

Penelope's solid food diet is listed below.

Monday: Porridge + pumpkin swede and lamb + banoffee pudding+ cup of castor oil.

Tuesday: Porridge + cauliflower cheese, pasta and potato + banana wake up+ cup of cod liver oil

Wednesday: Porridge + Turkey Puree + carrot puree + cup of sunflower oil.

Thursday: Porridge + vegetable jumble +Fruity Rice pudding + cup of curdled milk

Friday: Porridge + seaside pasta + apricot crumble+ cup of salted water

Saturday: Porridge + vegetable risotto + banana and peach yogurt+ cup of hazelnut oil

Sunday: Porridge + creamy macaroni and sweet corn + parsnip and spinach puree+ cup of vinegar.

And so it will be forevermore, wonderful sissy baby food each and every day, day in day out, routine forevermore, food purely for sustenance, not for pleasure or joy, purely to supplement sissy's main diet of wee wee and infant formula.

Sissy should be thankful she is allowed solid food at all, very thankful indeed as ideally a strict diet of wee wee only would be perfect, but unfortunately impracticable.

The diet of course helps greatly with keeping a constant flow of fluid and poo poo into the baby's nappy. Not for Penelope Pansy the pleasure of fresh fluffy white nappies. In fact these days the expectation is that baby will have those lovely thick super-absorbent fresh white nappies wet and soiled by the time the first set of her plastic panties are pulled up around her waist. Yes, the very second a final pin is put in place to keep the baby swaddled tightly in her nappies she is to make a full toilet into them, after all, that is their purpose, that is why sissy babies wear them, to wet and soil and be forever humiliated.

In actual fact, Helen now marks Penelope Pansy's performance into her nappy at each and every nappy change. The first change of the day is to change sissy out of her massive nighttime nappies when sissy must earn a mark of 7 or more for her efforts with 10 being an absolute Mount Vesuvius.

Picture if you will, opening the nursery door in the morning to see sissy giggling and gurgling contently, playing away with her crib rattles as if unaware that the shame in her nappy can be scented from the nursery door. If you can smell her shame from the door, imagine how sissy really feels, yet she has to pretend she is unconcerned, she has to envelop herself in her rattles and soother to put the shame to the back of her mind while just beneath the surface she is ashamed, humiliated and degraded by the toilet she has made in her nappies. Nighttime nappies must be heavily soiled and wet right through to earn at least the seven marks required. A five to six mark nighttime nappy means that the inner layer of the nighttime nappy is repinned back onto sissy's clean freshly bathed and creamed bottom to be followed by the four clean fresh nappies. Below five marks and sissy not only gets that punishment but her

time to next nappy change is spent in the punishment cupboard with the second layer of the nighttime nappy pinned tightly around the naughty sissy's face.

For the other three changes of the day, Penelope Pansy must earn a combined nappy rating of 17 to avoid punishment which is usually having to sleep with a wet stinky nappy pinned to her face which acts as a reminder that she must constantly fill and use her nappies. For every second of her night, thickly swaddled in her nappies, confined to her crib, the fumes of her nappy face mask will remind her to be a goodly sissy and keep her nappies full to the brim with wee wee and poo poo, not to hold back, to empty all into the waiting thick absorbent terry cloth nappy.

Helen continues to nurse the fairy pansy directly from her body with her entire daily production of wee wee. To make nursing easier Helen has actually designed her own nursing knickers. She now has a complete range of beautiful full briefs in all sorts of materials and styles with one difference. Each panty has a gusset that is clipped to one side so at feeding time Mummy simply unhooks her gusset thereby giving baby access to her nurtured and longed for feed. It does mean Helen wears mainly skirts and dresses rather than trousers to make nurturing easier but that is a small price to pay for the love of a sissy baby.

Sissy's performance in the important area of pleasuring a Lady continues. The unbridled exquisite ecstasy the sissy brings with her tongue to the female body remains unparalleled. No matter where your sensitive spots are she will find them, explore them and excite them until you scream with pleasure. She is equally at home gently exploring a lovely highly sensitive breast as she is worshipping the sweat ridden crack of your bottom after a workout. She shows no sign of frustration of memories gone by when she could reach orgasm before she became a sissy. She knows that with no plums and tinkle, she herself will never experience that ecstasy again.

Her sole duty is to pleasure a lady thoroughly, her reward being the honour of lapping up all the Ladies love juices as they spill

all over her face and mouth, the scent and tastes of the Lady being with her until morning bath time.

Some Ladies reward sissy with lots of praise and cuddles and kisses, others just take her for granted and ignore her. I find the best reward for a well-performing deserving sissy is to let her sniff my bottom. She adores it when I let her sleep in the Avalon room with me, her face and nose at my bottom. A night under the covers sniffing my every scent is sheer heaven for Penelope Pansy not to mention the wonderful gurgles of delight and clap handies when I pass wind into directly into her face. What more reward could a sissy want I ask?

As it so happens, Helen has to go away for a week next month so has asked me to go up to babysit Penelope Pansy while she is away. It would be wonderful if you could join me for the entire week or part thereof and see for yourself the regression and descent of Penelope Pansy into the sweetest, delightful Victorian sissy baby you have ever seen.

I look forward to seeing you shortly.

Yours sincerely,

Countess Beatrice.

LETTER SIX: Babysitting



**Countess Beatrice
Dreamland House
Fantasy Lane
UK**

2nd October 2011

Dear Ms Taylor,

I was truly delighted you could join me for the weeks' babysitting of Penelope Pansy who you can now appreciate is a full-time job. How Helen manages it I do not know.

Anyway, what a wonderful week we had with sissy. I was quite amazed at how Penelope Pansy remembered you.

It has been just over four years since she last saw you, yet her immediate reaction on seeing you was, without a hint of hesitation, to immediately crawl over to her nappy bag, fetch one of her tawses, crawl over to you, kiss your feet, present you with the tawse before crawling over to her spanking chair and voluntarily placing herself over it. She was almost disappointed when Lady Helen praised her, gave her a great big hug and kiss before gently explaining to her that it was simply not practical for Governess to spank her now as she had a great big dirty bum and all spankings would have to wait until nappy change time when sissy baby would have a lovely clean bottom to present to Governess. I must confess the obedience yourself and Lady Helen get out of sissy baby is tremendous. She instantly obeys all your commands without a hint of delay or questioning whereas when I ask her to do something she

does not want she looks up at me with her big pleading eyes, sheds a tear before making me repeat my command. The week really brought it home to me that sometimes strict discipline really does work over my more soft gentle approach.

I must confess that Lady Helen really shocked me that very first night immediately after you had given Penelope Pansy an introductory 30 tawings at sissy's bedtime. You could have knocked me down with a feather when immediately after Lady Helen had creamed up baby's bottom in preparation for her nighttime nappies and just as I was expecting Lady Helen to pin the thick nappies into position she pulled up her skirt, pulled down her panties, squatted over the nappy and made her own poo poo in between baby's legs, right into the fresh glistening white newly laundered nappy. Unbelievable in its own right but when she then placed her bottom over Penelope Pansy's face and the sissy baby started to lick her Mummy's bottom clean, it took all my willpower to keep my hands by my side and not pleasure myself as I was, to say the least, extremely moist down below.

Never have I witnessed such delightful humiliation of a pathetic sissy, truly made to amuse womankind. The final step of pinning the sissy into her pre soiled nappy and then watching her, in turn, make her own messies into her nappy was, I thought, the icing on the cake.

Why is it, I continuously wonder, that such acts of utter humiliation and debasement excite me so? Why do I, who is so placid and gentle, get so much sexual pleasure from seeing grown men turned into sissies but not only that, but sissy babies? The sight of a man dressed in delightful pink dresses, frillies, bonnets, nappies, plastics, ribbons and layers of lace automatically makes my sex moist. My natural juices begin to ebb and flow seeking out satisfaction, my lust for a tongue becomes immense, all of which is added to by the exhilaration of exuberantly letting my orgasmic juices flow all over the face of what once was man but is now a helpless blubbering sissy baby with the one and only task in life of pleasing the fairer sex.

I work and meet men daily and by and large never see them as sissies. At each coffee break, I do not imagine all my male colleagues toddling off down to the office nursery for a nappy change and a bottle of infant formula while I sip coffee with superior beings and yet something deep inside me, for some unknown reason, craves it, craves such carnal pleasure. Anyway, enough of that. Suffice to say, as I mentioned at the time, I had a magnificent hour in the company of the sissy in the Avalon room immediately after her humiliating debasement and for the very first time managed to have her get me to a most wonderful orgasm through the worship of my bottom only.

One full delightful hour of a sissy exploring deep inside my rosebud with her tongue and sexual juices pouring all over a thirsty sissies face!

Unfortunately with Lady Helen off to the airport that night and you having a great propensity to sleep in late in the morning, the downside was it was up to me to handle sissy baby in the morning. A not very pleasurable task I can assure you but most definitely worth it all the same. Most pleasurable things in life require some degree of work so changing a sissy's very dirty, soiled nappy first thing in the morning is a small price to pay for such exquisite pleasure. No doubt you enjoyed your lie-ins each and every morning as I struggled with sissy baby's nappies and bath time. It must have been wonderful to wake up each morning to the sight of a daintily dressed, delightful clean sissy baby gurgling and cooing away, playing with her rattles and soft toys with all the hard work done.

Not only that, to add insult to injury, the silly sissy baby then screams the house down until you fed her your own bottles of precious morning wee wee whereas I had to threaten all sorts of punishment to get her to finish my morning golden nectar. In truth, I am envious of your hold over sissies. You truly have a remarkable skill with them.

Still, I cannot complain. Seven straight days of bliss at the tongue of a sissy in the Avalon room plus of course, while you were still snoozing, each and every morning in the nursery I pleased myself up sissy's bottom with a selection of the most wonderful

strapons and double-sided dildos I have ever seen. The selection of implements Lady Helen possesses for stretching a sissy baby's bottom hole and for taking one's pleasure up that hole is truly amazing. I particularly liked the big rubber black one with eighteen inches of pure hard black shiny rubber for baby's bottom while the small little clitoris stimulator on the other side for me always seemed to hit the right spots. In a way, it is a pity Helen regards strapon play as her private domain and only offered us the opportunity as she was away for the week.

To own or have access to a sissy baby can be a most wonderful thing as pleasure can be derived from many different ways. When visiting, I often regret selling Penelope Pansy but in truth, part of me thinks that I am, perhaps, too kind-hearted to own a sissy baby and do not possess that sense of discipline that you and Lady Helen have. In Penelope Pansy, Helen has evolved a sissy baby who can give pleasure on four different fronts, most exquisitely in the Avalon room where her prowess with the tongue is second to none, secondly as an object of humiliation where her continued acceptance of new humiliations constantly keeps me aroused, thirdly simply as an object of discipline.

There is no doubt that to have a sissy baby bottom around on which one can beat away one's frustrations is remarkably soothing. Finally, however, Penelope Pansy also gives pleasure simply as a baby, just as a normal baby does. When she is not on sissy duty she can be the most adorable delightful baby ever. This was really brought home to me during our long walks in the forest and by the lakeside which I thoroughly enjoyed. It seemed strange pushing the baby buggy seating an adult-sized sissy baby babbling delightedly at every passing animal or person. I will never forget Penelope Pansy's genuine excitement at the sight of your dogs playing away during the walks as she bounced up and down in her buggy excitedly lispng moo moo in her unique sissy voice. What a silly baby!

The picnics you prepared were truly wonderful. I can still see us sipping a glass of chilled white wine with that delicious open Scottish smoked salmon on fresh homemade brown bread as we sit

by the lakeside watching the world go by as baby lies on the rug, dressed in her wonderful frilly yellow Victorian baby gown, with layers of petticoats, matching yellow bonnet, suckling her dum dum, playing with her rattles while babbling unintelligent gobble de gook to herself. I laughed when she simpered and cried for some of our picnic and in particular when you opened the packet of chocolate biscuits. The way she cried until you had to give her a slap across the legs and strap her back into the buggy until she stopped being naughty.

I must confess I find her adorable as a baby and would most definitely have succumbed to her whimpering and given her a biscuit but you, correct as always, insisted it would spoil her appetite for her bottles of wee wee and her baby mush which if I remember correctly was porridge mixed with cauliflower cheese, pasta and potato blended with banana wake up and a cup of cod liver oil. I also fondly remember the way, that baby was not too keen on her baby and you had me go off into the woods to prepare a birch for her. Amazing how her appetite changed when she saw the birch! It was also, quite literally, a great relief to have a sissy baby along for a picnic when she feeds on a Lady's golden nectar. It was very useful to be able to simply fill her bottles with pee and feed it to her on the spot, especially on that second picnic when we both needed to go at the same time and so we made that huge two-litre cocktail of golden champagne, especially for Penelope Pansy. She was absolutely thrilled with that feed.

I also confess that I found it quite fulfilling to change baby's nappy in the open air. Having her legs high up into the sky the breeze cooling her soon to be tawsed bottom, even the sound of the maintenance tawsing on her exposed bottom felt different and more exotic in the open air. I enjoyed seeing her kicking her legs in the open air enjoying the fleeting freedom of no nappy especially when you forgot to put a nappy under her and baby piddled all over the rug and her petticoats. You did not know whether to laugh, cry or spank Penelope Pansy and it took all my powers of persuasion to stop you from putting two nettles into her fresh nappy as punishment. After all, she is only a baby doing what babies do best, piddling

uncontrollably, which is why we keep them thickly swaddled in nappies.

I loved the tears of genuine frustration and want on the baby when we bought the two ice cream cones in the park and licked them with her longingly looking up at us knowing that she would never taste the luscious smooth creamy taste of a cone and those ones were particularly nice too. Pansy's beautiful pale white face surrounded by her yellow fluffy extra-large bonnet full with frustration soon to be followed by a face of despair and despondency as I told her that I had a big poo poo inside me waiting to fill her nappy at the next changing time and she would soon have the delightful pleasure of licking my bottom clean instead of licking ice creams.

To be fair she did an excellent job licking me clean that time as I encouraged her to pretend she was enjoying an ice cream. Mind you, considering the caning you had given her two days previously when she failed in her duty and left me with a slightly soiled pair of panties, I am not surprised. Six sets of six with the cane in your hands is a very sore painful reminder to be a good sissy baby. Your ability to deliver well-deserved painful welts to the bottom of a deserving sissy is unsurpassed. Even with her thick nappies, plastics, petticoats and sissy dress, it was comical watching the sissy baby trying to sit down comfortably in her high chair the next day as she gingerly moved from one side of her sore cheeks to the other in an effort to appease the pain of your caning.

Watching you on the floor all day Wednesday playing with the baby was like a real mother teaching and loving her baby. Underneath your strict demeanour, you really do have a soft spot for babies and are surprisingly quite maternal in many respects. Even you must have enjoyed Penelope Pansy gazing up into your eyes as she laid her head on your lap as you read her nursery rhymes. Her giggling and gurgling as you built up her soft bricks only for her to knock them down again. The happy laugh of a baby as a maternal figure tickles her under the chin, plays peek-a-boo or tries to teach her shapes and colours. The lovely hugs and kisses you gave baby as you placed her in her crib for beddy byes at 7.00 pm and gently

rocked her to sleep, singing her lullabies. The way Penelope Pansy loses herself in her babyhood is amazing.

Her body clock automatically seems to know it is bottle of wee wee time even to the extent that she wakes up each night for her midnight feed and whimpers and cries until her tum tum is full to the brim of Lady's golden champagne.

That afternoon when Lady Helen's two sisters, Evelyn and Audrey joined us was the best fun and games I have had in a long time. Penelope Pansy looked resplendent wrapped up in all her petticoats with her red and gold full-length cambric dress covering every inch of her body such that sunlight could never get near her delicate translucent skin. At times you wonder why Lady Helen bothers with such fine dresses and petticoats. It takes so long to prepare and dress baby for the day's play but once done, she does look lovely.

I noted how impressed you were even with the large selection of custom-designed plastic panties pansy wears ranging from lightweight all the way through to extra heavy-duty, from all the pretty baby motifs such as rattles, blocks, bunnies, teddy bears, baby bottles, nappy pins, soothers to the specialised sissy baby ones with pictures of sissies, straps, canes, sissy bonnets, dildos, strap-ons, not to mention the plastic panties with words such as 'sissy', 'sissikins', 'baby', 'poohy', 'stinky' written all over them but my favourite are the huge big extra thick light pink ones with 'sissy baby Penelope Pansy' written all over them in a much darker shade of pink.

However, back to the Thursday when the two elegant Ladies came to visit us. What a hoot! Your faked expression of horror when you changed baby's nappy in front of the Ladies and exclaimed out loud that baby had lost her tinkle and plums and would have to go look for them was ingenious. Even I had not realised that you had previously hidden the sissy baby's special tinkle soother and special hair bobbin and thus the game of hide and seek, looking for her plums and tinkle as she crawled around the house in search with you telling her whether she was hot or cold. Truly demeaning for the baby and wonderfully entertaining for us!

Based on the second game of 'identify the wee-wees' sissy will soon be a sommelier of Lady's golden nectar. Lady Evelyn is to be commended for the game. I would never have thought of having all four of us fill identical baby bottles with our special champagne, mark the bottom to identify each one and then have baby suckle one fluid ounce from each one as a sample and get to know our (presumably) unique tastes. You could see sissy really concentrating hard on the different tastes as we then fed her one fluid ounce at random from each bottle and she had to identify whose it was. Once again, to be fair to sissy, by about the sixth fluid ounce from each bottle she was getting it right all the time but I suppose the fact that she received two strokes of the strap on each of her pandies for each incorrect guess was an added incentive. At times Penelope Pansy really does make a great effort to be an obedient, compliant sissy.

I knew from talking to Lady Helen that Miss Audrey loved having Penelope Pansy worship her bottom so much so that Helen had that delightful worshipping throne made especially so that Audrey could sit for hours in comfort with Penelope Pansy's face pressed firmly against her bottom and as Audrey herself freely admits she is a big woman so there is plenty of bottom to worship. It was most amusing as we all took turns sitting on the worshipping throne placing our bottoms on the pathetic pansy's blindfolded face asking her to guess which bottom she was worshipping. As you could see baby clearly relishes her bottom worship role as she very quickly came to recognise which rosebud she was tonguing and worshipping and what more can one ask from a sissy than work hard at pleasing her superiors. Another lovely inventive game on how sissies can entertain.

The pity is that all good things come to an end and so we had to return home to Yorkshire once Lady Helen returned after a magnificent week, I think you will agree. All told, I thoroughly enjoyed our week babysitting Victorian sissy baby Penelope Pansy and genuinely do not think I have had so many orgasms in such a short space of time. I suspect Penelope was glad to see the back of serving two insatiable women and was most certainly delighted to get back to nursing her golden nectar direct from her Mummy.

I could see you were hugely impressed with the way Sissy was desperate to get her first wee wee nurturing in a week once Lady Helen returned home and Lady Helen herself clearly enjoys nursing baby on her special formula. My, she certainly had a full bladder for that first feed, I thought it would ever end and the good sissy baby just suckled it all down.

As mentioned on the train on the way home, I have decided that I do actually miss having a sissy baby in my house and have already started the search for a suitable man whom I think I can entrap in my snare so keep a space open in your sissy baby training school.

I look forward to meeting you on the first of next month for Sunday lunch when I will update you on my search for a sissy.

Yours sincerely,

Countess Beatrice

The Story Of Penelope Pansy



1 Audition



The five sissies sat at their school desk as headmistress Burton strode into the classroom followed by an elegant lady with short-cropped black hair and a flowing skirt that the sissies had never seen before.

Miss Burton introduced the stranger as Lady York and announced that it was a fortunate day for one lucky sissy as Lady York was going to have one of them trained for service in her household, that she was here to assess the capabilities of each sissy with a view to purchasing one.

Lady York took a seat at the top of the classroom as each sissy, in turn, was asked to fetch the classroom strap, approach Lady York, introduce herself, bob and curtsey and respectfully request six of the best with the strap.

The sissies, Primrose, Pansy, Daisy, Buttercup and Bluebell spent the next four hours auditioning in front of Lady York each one hoping that they would be the one purchased to finally get out of sissy school. In the sissies' poor minds anything would be better than sissy school.

They gave demonstrations of their perfectly balanced sissy walk, sissy poses, sissy elocution, sissy dances, sissy skipping, sissy nursery rhymes, sissy writing, sissy spelling, how they crocheted, knitted, sewed, played dollies, played tea sets etcetera.

Each one assessed their own errors and regularly curtsied in front of Lady York seeking punishment for their error, counting their six strokes in exact sissy style, one, thoo, thwee, thfive, thseven, thwelve, thweetheen, swisstheen, thseventheen, thtwenty, swisth.

Lady York watched in fascination as each sissy went to further lengths to humiliate themselves in front of her. These were clearly a bunch of pathetic sissies who felt life at Lady York's could be no worse than school. She watched at tinkle time when each sissy fetched her potty from the corner, pulled down her panties, sat on her potty and tinkled into her potty. Each sissy then showed her panties for inspection by the teacher as the teacher explained to Lady York that even a slightly soiled panty got dealt with severely and that the Sissies were allowed tinkles in their potty four times a day, first thing in the morning, last thing at evening, at 12.00 noon and at 5.00 pm.

It did not take long however for Lady York to realise that Sissy Pansy was the perfect sissy for her and each demeaning sissy act of the morning simply confirmed that point. At lunchtime, as the Sissies were heading off to the dining room, Sissy Pansy was held back and told the good news, much to the disappointment of the others. The remaining four sissies glumly headed off to lunch, returning an hour later to find that one desk had been removed only to be replaced by what looked like an oversized high chair, a large wooden pen and a large table with a plastic top, shelved underneath with towels and toiletries.

2 A New Baby



The Teacher, Miss Dawn, continued with the four sissies elocution classes as each sissy, in turn, practised their high pitched lisp until the back of their throats were sore, each reciting

“Mesth a thweet thilly thissthy in a pwetty dwessth makeths mystressth and mummiths verthy happyth,” over and over again until the teacher was happy.

About an hour into class, the door opened again and in strode headmistress Burton along with Lady York but just in front was an apparition of totally sissyhood.

Dressed in the shortest frilliest yellow dress the sissies had ever seen, with enormous frilly panties, a huge matching bonnet, knitted bootees, knitted mittens, a baby’s dummy stuck in her mouth and a face beetroot red with tears flowing down was Sissy Pansy.

It was plain to see that she had clearly got the spanking of a lifetime. She had a baby harness strapped onto her torso which was held by Miss Burton but it was her pose that grabbed the most attention. Her legs were bent, her bottom stuck up in the air, her feet trailed outwards and her hands were out in front of her. As she waddled forward five steps she fell back on her bottom and immediately got a round of applause and praise from Lady York and Miss Burton. She then crawled to the nearest desk, pulled herself back up; waddled another 5 steps and fell on her bottom again.

The four sissies watched in amazement until Lady York ordered Pansy to sit on the floor with her legs splayed out.

Headmistress Burton then addressed the class:

“Now listen carefully Sissies, Sissy Pansy has left you to be replaced by this adorable 10-month-old Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy.

Over the next six months, she will stay here with you older sissies learning to act and behave like any adorable cute 10-month-old sissy baby. Baby Penelope Pansy's first lesson was very painful as you can see from her big red cheeks, runny nose and tearful face."

She then addressed Penelope Pansy:

"Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy, get into a crawling position, bottom facing the class and let, your new owner, Lady York, pull down your nappies to show the sissies your bottom."

The sissies gaped in amazement as Penelope Pansy did as she was told and Lady York pulled down a layer of yellow frilly panties followed by two sets of plastic panties followed by what was the thickest set of terry nappies the sissies had ever seen. They further gaped in astonishment at a bottom that quite clearly been reddened with a heavy strap before being set upon countless times with a cane as each sissy desperately tried to count the pattern of red weal's across poor Penelope Pansy's bottom. Spanking was a regular daily part of a sissy's life. They had become used to getting a spanking each morning and each sissy reckoned on getting another couple of spankings each day but only once had a sissy been caned and that was only six painful stokes. Never had they seen a bottom with so many weals. No wonder poor Penelope Pansy was openly weeping.

Headmistress Burton addressed the class again.

"Hopefully Penelope Pansy has learnt her painful lesson and now accepts her fate in life. Life's rules for Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy are quite simple:

1. She is 10 months old
2. She can move around by crawling or shuffling on her bottom
3. She can take no more than 5 waddling steps on her feet without falling on her bottom.
4. She will be totally dependent on her nappies
5. Bedtime is 8.00 pm and waking time is 8.00 am
6. She will nap from 11 pm to 12 noon and 3 pm to 4.30 pm each day.

7. Breakfast will be three bottles of formula and four jars of baby porridge.

8. Din dins will be four bottles of formula and four jars of baby food.

9. Tea will be three bottles of baby formula and four rusks blended with formula.

10. Her main form of communication is by crying. She will cry to get up in the morning, she will cry for her bottles; she will cry for the nappy changes, she will cry for her hugs.

11. Other than crying she will be allowed a few basic words and gurgles such as Goo Goo, Gaa Gaa, Oh, Ah.

12. She will dribble and slobber profusely and become totally dependent on her dum dum.

13. Toys will consist of rattles, squeaky soft toys, play mat, baby gym sets, soft dollies etc.”

3 Baby Training



The sissies then watched as Baby Penelope Pansy was ordered over to give her new Mummy a goodbye hug and kiss and then strapped into the high chair. Lady York hugged and kissed her new baby and told her new sissy baby not to be fretful and that she would be back in six months to collect a perfectly prim and proper, well behaved and trained 10-month-old Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy.

Miss Dawn handed each sissy their copybook and told them that she was going to devote the rest of the afternoon to Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy. During this time, she wanted the sissies to practice their best sissy writing by writing out the nursery rhyme 'Little Bo Peep' for the rest of the day and there would be a prize for the sissy who wrote the complete nursery rhyme the most number of times with the neatest writing, in their best sissy spelling of course. Sissies had to spell their words exactly the way they speak them.

Miss Dawn then turned to Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy to start her formal baby training and her best condescending voice addressed baby:

“Firstly we are going to have to teach baby how to suckle on her dum dum properly, aren’t we? Yes, we are! Yes, we are! All little babas love their dum-dums and soon so will Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy. Now suckle hard on your dum dum and make big slurpy noises as you do so. That’s right! Lots of loud suckling noise. Adults should always know a baby is in the room by the constant sound of suckling. It also has the advantage that it strengthens baby’s tongue greatly and I bet Mummy and her friends can think of lots of great uses for a strong baby tongue.”

Miss Dawn spent 15 minutes tormenting Penelope Pansy on her suckling. She then went to what the sissies now assumed to be

changing table and produced a light pink bib, waved it in front of baby announcing:

“Penelope Pansy this is your dribble bib. You will wear one all the time. It is light pink but changes to a darker shade as it gets wet from your dribble and drool. It will be inspected each night before you are put to bed and you will be expected to have it sopping wet from your dribbling and drooling. Eventually, you will be dribbling and drooling so much you will be expected to go through three such bibs a day, but one will do for starters. Now let’s tie it on to the baby and little Penelope Pansy can start suckling her dum dum and dribbling at the same time. Now let’s see baby make her first-ever drools. Good baby, off you go, make a big drool out of your mouth and down your face onto the bib. Oh, who’s a clever Baba then? Your first-ever drool!”

After another 15 minutes of torment, Miss Dawn released Penelope Pansy from her high chair, had her crawl to the playpen. She placed a rattle in each of baby’s handies and told her that she now had half an hour of three-way baby practice as she was to suckle loudly on her dum dum, dribble and drool and shake her rattles all at the same time, all the while sitting on her heavily padded bottom with her legs splayed.

Miss Dawn then went to check on the other sissies writing, checking for the perfectly formed sissy style of writing and meticulously checking the sissy spellings, chastising each sissy for spelling mistakes and praising those who got it right and in particular, Sissy Primrose who started off “little boopth peepth haths losith her thsheepeths”. She spent 30 minutes with the sissies, teaching them the spelling but regularly cast her eye over at Penelope Pansy at even the slightest hesitation or stopping either rattling or suckling and reprimanding her.

At 5.00 pm each sissy fetched her potty and wondered what Penelope Pansy would be doing, especially as 5.00 potty time was the only time of the day they were allowed to go poo poo. Each sissy pulled down her panties sat on her potty and watched as Miss Dawn approached Penelope Pansy who was still sitting in her playpen

“Look no potty for Penelope Pansy. What is poor Penelope Pansy going to do? Oh but I forgot Penelope Pansy is a 10-month-old baby, she does not need a potty, she has her nappies.

“Now, sissy baby, you remember what happened at lunchtime when you did not carry out your baby instructions? Well, let’s see what you have learned as your ultimate baby test is coming. Now firstly Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy has to announce to the world that her poo poo is coming. So in your best sissy baby voice shout out so all can hear, ‘*Poo Poo isth cominsth Mummith*’. Louder sissy baby, louder sissy. Let all the sissies and teachers hear that Penelope Pansy wants to do a poo poo.

“Good baby, now crawl over to the bars of your playpen, grab the bars, get up on your hunkers and way you go. Remember Penelope Pansy you are a 10-month-old trying to fill her nappy so make a big babyface, straining to fill her nappy. You stay there and do your business as I check the others.”

The other Sissies watched in fascination and delight at Penelope Pansy’s humiliation. Never had the 5 pm potties being filled so quickly and happily as the four sissies thankfully realised how fortunate they were not to have been chosen that very morning. Miss Dawn went around checked the potties, inspected the sissy panties and supervised as each sissy cleaned herself and dutifully carried their potties to the toilet to be emptied and cleaned out. She briefly wondered if emptying the potties into the toilet would be better served by dumping them into Pansy’s nappy.

Ten minutes later, Miss Dawn returned to Penelope Pansy who was still up on her hunkers holding onto the bars of her playpen.

“Well, how is the littlele baba doing? Has she filled her nappy yet? No? No poo-poops? Surely sweet little baba remembers lunchtime and Mr Whippy. Now I am going down to fetch the cane and when I come back I will expect some business. “

Miss Dawn left the room leaving behind a terrified Penelope Pansy and four intrigued sissies. She returned a couple of minutes later wielding the cane, stood over Poor Penelope Pansy, and gave her 30 seconds to do her poo-poops. A tearful, ashamed, humiliated,

Penelope Pansy relented and in front of Miss Dawn and the four sissies, soiled her nappy.

Miss Dawn's demeanour immediately changed. She praised Penelope Pansy profusely, told her what a wonderful sissy baby she was and told Penelope Pansy to let go of the playpen, plop down on her bottom and clap her handies excitedly to show how pleased she was at filling her first nappy. Miss Dawn opened the playpen, hugged and kissed poor Penelope Pansy and informed her that she had just learnt and performed her poo poo routine that would be with her for the rest of her life and that she must only do her poo-poops in grownup company. All the other sissies were then allowed to hug and kiss Penelope Pansy and praise her for her wonderful baby behaviour.

Life at school continued in the same vein for 6 months. Penelope Pansy noticed that her punishments were always more severe than the other sissies. She soon associated pain and humiliation with not complying. Even the threat of a caning had her in utmost compliance. The first two months, in particular, were very much punishment led.

1 Failure to wet her night-time nappy meant watching the other sissies tinkle into their morning potty and Penelope Pansy had to then pick a potty and watch as the Sissy emptied the potty into baby bottles to be fed to Penelope Pansy.

2 Failure to cry for her nighttime bottles, and to act as a 10-month-old at nighttime bath time meant sleeping with a wet nappy stuffed into her mouth and tightly wrapped around her face.

3 Each mealtime required her not only to finish all her food but to have it slobbered all over her face, eyes, nose, handies and high chair. Failure to do so resulted in nothing other than baby rice for all meals.

4 Failure to poo in accordance with her routine resulted in deliberate nappy rash.

She soon learnt her new way of life. She learnt that good messy eating habits got a nice selection of din-dins and solid foods. She learnt to wet her nappies as soon as she felt the urge. Indeed,

she was soon trained in wetting her nappies at each bottle feed and was usually wet 30 minutes after a fresh change. She even got used to shouting out *"Poo Poo isth cominsth Mummith"* and soiling herself in front of the teachers and Sissies.

By the end of the fifth month, she was ready to be booked into a daytime crèche for two weeks where she would learn from watching real 10 month babies.

She was dropped off at 8.00 am each morning and collected at 6.00 pm. She spent each hour watching babies her 'own age' through a large window and was taught how to mimic and behave exactly like them. She learnt to pick a favourite TV character and giggle and gurgle when the character came on. She learnt to cry for a cuddly toy every time she saw one. She learnt to react appropriately as she was tickled under the chin. She developed a whole range of new baby skills at the crèche and had to sit in her pram each evening as the childminder gave the usual baby report to the collecting teacher.

"Penelope Pansy had two wet nappies and one soiled nappy today. She drank all her bottles, ate all her solids, napped from 11.00 to 12.00 and from 3.00 to 4.30 etc.

Throughout this period of intense babification, humiliation and training Penelope Pansy had noticed one area where it appeared she was definitely better off than her compatriot sissies.

Throughout her training, Penelope Pansy had been actively discouraged from any form of arousal. At each nappy change, her used nappies were inspected for evidence of forbidden activity and she was punished accordingly. One very painful night locked in a cupboard with an extremely sore bottom and heavily soiled nappies pinned to her face and bottom quickly taught her to keep all such emotions at bay.

While she was trained in pleasing women with her tongue and became quite an expert at worshipping the female bottom and her little rosebud had been widened to take a moderate size strap on, it appeared as if the main source of pleasure she was going to give women was the whole babyfication itself. Even still, women who

had often seen her waddle and fall down on her bottom and perform all her other baby acts laughed at the sight.

It was not so for the other sissies, however. She knew that their whole being was to exist around giving pleasure to their mistresses and indeed masters. While Penelope Pansy was never allowed to witness any of the training she was aware that it was very intense and saw the effect it had on the poor sissies.

Initially, it was indeed very questionable as to who was worse off but gradually, as Penelope Pansy settled into her new way of life with no worries or concerns other than when the next feed or change would come, she became contented and happy that, after all, hers was a better existence and that she would make the most of her new life.

4 My New Home



I arrived at my new home on a Sunday afternoon. Lady York or “mummith”, as I was allowed to intone in my baby voice, came to collect me at Sissy School where I was strapped into a large baby seat in the back of the car and was driven off to my new life. Two hours later, we drove up the avenue of a not too modest house, I was transferred to a pram and pushed into the hallway where I was met by excited giggles of what were clearly two more sissies followed by what could only be a Governess and two other ladies.

Mummy introduced me to the sissies as their new baby sister, 10-month-old Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy. One sissy presented me with a rattle and the other with a squeaky toy. Space was then made for the Governess and the other two ladies to see me and they all ‘oohed’ and ‘aahed’ at the cutest little baby they had ever seen. I acted as trained and made all the appropriate gurgling sounds as I felt was expected. Mummy then said Baby was tired after the long journey and it was three o'clock anyway so nap time.

The Governess took the two sissies away as one of the other ladies unstrapped me from the pram, took hold of my baby reins and came after me as I crawled up the stairs after my new Mummy. I crawled behind Mummy down the landing corridor and into a bedroom door to be met by the largest, most wonderful nursery I had ever seen. Coloured in delicate pink and yellow pastel colours the centrepiece was a gentle pastel green coloured baby crib, rather than a cot, with a canopy, railings and all on rockers so the baby could be rocked asleep.

The Nursery had a matching changing table laden with creams, powders, sponges, pins, towels; baby wipes, bowls, baby oils, and underneath there were shelves of countless terry nappies in

both white and pink. Sitting beside the changing table were two large nappy pails with 'Penelope Pansy' written on the side. In another corner was a matching playpen packed with rattles and cuddly toys, boarded with shelves of baby books, baby toys, dollies and teddies.

Each wall was decorated in elegant nursery style wallpaper with the words 'Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy' hung up in nursery style alphabet letters. The lady who was holding my reins, who I had learnt was to be my nanny, excitedly let me crawl around the room and showed me my baby bouncer, my baby walker, my pastel green baby bath once again with the words 'Penelope Pansy' written on the side, my pram for my dollies. It was a veritable baby paradise except it was all for me.

She took a nappy from the changing table, held it out to show me the words 'Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy' embroidered on it and told me every nappy was the same. She then opened all the wardrobes only to display the most magnificent array of sissy baby dresses, bonnets, booties, mittens, bibs, baby vests, frilly sissy panties and plastic panties you could ever imagine. There appeared to be an outfit for every day of the month, let alone every day of the week, and each one was a complete matching set. Nanny excitedly showed me a selection and once again each one had my name discreetly embroidered on, with the exception of a few panties and bibs which had either my name or 'SISSY' or 'BABY' printed in huge big letters.

Just as Nanny was really getting going, Mummy stopped her in her tracks and said it was nap time. First, however, she led me to a wall and pointed to a large yellow strap about two feet long and four inches wide hanging on the wall. She took it down to show it to me. One side had "Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy" lettering while on the other "Naughty Paddle". Just beneath the hanging strap, on the floor was a play box in matching yellow with "Naughty Penelope Pansy" written across the cushioned top. There was no need to say any more. It was quite clear how and where a naughty sissy baby would be spanked.

I was then led to the changing table, climbed up, raised my legs up high as nanny immediately started to fuss over me, raised

my dress and petticoats, pulled down my sissy panties, followed by my plastic panties and then unpinned my drenched nappies.

She oohed and aahed lovingly as she washed down my nappy area with a sponge and soapy warm water and dried me off. She pulled two terry-towelling nappies out from under the changing table, showed me my name embroidered on the nappies, expertly folded them and placed them under neat my waiting bottom. She pulled out nappy rash cream gently rubbed it over my nappy area, powdered part of me and pinned the two nappies tightly into place. She selected fresh plastic panties with cartoons on them, pulled them up, fastened my baby vest and took off my dress and petticoats. All the while, I gurgled contentedly, happy that I appeared to be in a loving caring environment once I behaved myself. A minute later, my head was lying on nannies lap suckling on a bottle as she talked baby talk to me and told me about my future life. Shortly afterwards I was tucked up in my new crib, dum dum in mouth, musical mobile on, blinds closed over and baby monitor on, having received a kiss and hug from Mummy and nanny.

I lay in my crib, took in my new surroundings still in wonderment and dozed into my nap. When I awoke, I sat up in my crib, took a good look around at my nursery, still dazed by what was happening. I played with the rattles that were strung across the crib, I gurgled and cooed and after a few minutes, cried when no response came. I had been crying for only a couple of minutes when Nanny arrived in, full of smiles. I gurgled back while she drew the blinds, turned off the baby monitor and fussed about the wardrobe. She lowered my crib rails, unfastened my vest, pulled down my plastic panties and checked my nappy giving me a huge hug and kiss and praising me greatly when she discovered I was already wet but not wet enough to justify a changing.

She produced the sissiest, babiest set of clothes I had ever seen in a baby pink colour with a matching dress, petticoats, bonnet, bibs, panties, mittens and bootees. The bib had 'Sissy Baby' written on it, the back of the panties had "Penelope Pansy" as did the dress and the bonnet had simply 'baby'. She spent 10 minutes dressing me, then attached matching baby reins and off I crawled to the

formal introduction making sure I went down the stairs sitting on my bottom.

I crawled to a doorway where nanny then instructed me to get up on my feet. She wanted me to waddle into the room in my best baby waddle. Without even thinking, I waddled with bum out, knees bent, feet out, hands out and plopped on the floor five steps into the room. I spent the next two hours being pampered by my two sissy sisters who I gathered were called Sarah and Suzanne and had a sissy age of 4 and 8 respectfully.

As well as the girls there was the Governess Miss Jones, the maid a young 18-year-old girl called Diane along with Mummy and six of her friends. I carried on like the baby I now was. I did my baby curtsies, my baby shy pose, my baby twirls, my clap handies, peek-a-boos. I lay down on the floor rattles in both hands, and kicked my feet in the air, I bum shuffled after softballs, I waddled, pushing my dollies pram in front of me, my large bottom cocked right up in the air with my name on display. I cried when Sarah took my rattle from me and finally I proudly announced to the room *'Poo Poo isth cominsth Mummith'* and soiled myself in front of all. Mummy and Nanny were delighted, their faces an expression of joy. Nanny immediately left the room and the Maid was ordered off to make me some special treat for din-dins.

Nanny returned pushing a trolley with fresh nappies, towels, a babygro, sponge, plastic panties, bonnet, powders and a bowl of warm soapy water. I had been changed in front of teachers and sissies before but I was not too happy at having my soiled nappy changed in full view of the room. I whimpered a bit and crawled to the door but Nanny simply got hold of my reins, gently scolded me and set about laying me down on a plastic changing mat she had laid on the floor.

Without much ado, I soon had my legs spread up and wide with my soiled bottom on display for all to see. Diane was handed the soiled nappy with instructions to rinse it out and soak it in Penelope Pansy's nappy pail. Nanny very thoroughly, efficiently and effectively cleaned me up only to discover she had forgotten my rash cream so off she headed to get it, leaving me exposed with me with

my legs splayed up in the air, rattles in each hand and nappy area on display. My tiny hairless pale pink tinkle became the source of much amusement with everyone agreeing that complete sissy babyhood was clearly the only sensible option for a person like me.

Thankfully Nanny returned shortly and creamed and powdered me up, showed my embroidered nappies to all and pinned me into three nighttime nappies with heavy patterned plastic panties. Next came the footed and handed baby grow and finally my nighttime bonnet.

I crawled to the dining room where the table was laid out for all and climbed into my high chair, was bibbed with a large practical bib and a plastic smock. Diane served the dining room table first, the six guests, Governess, nanny and two extremely polite and well-mannered sissies with a delicious looking and smelling dinner consisting of soup, followed by roast Barbary duck, Pavlova and coffee with mints.

The two sissy children got soup, chicken nuggets and ice cream. Mummy fed me tiny teaspoonfuls of her soup which was the first real food I had tasted in months and when the guests were having their main course, Diane arrived with a large bowl of what I must admit was very tasty homemade baby food for me. She had gone to a lot of bother to blend what the guests had gotten into a suitable din-dins for baby. She fed me and I played, slobbered, gurgled, dribbled and drooled all I could. Finally, I was even allowed two small teaspoons of ice cream after dinner. For me, it was a proverbial feast. After dinner Nanny tidied me up, had me wave the guests night-night and off I crawled to bed.

Diane brought up three bottles of warm formula which nanny fed to me, she burped me and only then did the first bad thing happen to me. Nanny told me that I had been an excellent Sissy Baby all day but house rules were that all sissies got a maintenance spanking first thing in the morning and last thing at night. Nanny was almost apologetic as she led me to the yellow toy box, had me lie down on the floor to undo the fasteners on my baby grow and then had me lie over the 'Naughty Penelope Pansy' cushion. She put the legs of the baby grow over my back and then pulled down my heavy

plastic panties, unpinned two of the four nappy pins and gently pulled my already wet nappy down around the tops of my legs.

She left the room and returned a minute later with Mummy. Mummy lifted the nursery strap from the wall, commented pleasingly on my already slightly wet nappy and said that seeing as I was so good my maintenance spanking would be 10 medium spanks every morning and night until further notice.

Mummy gently requested that I nicely ask for my spanking so after “Pwetty Pweasth Spfank Naufy Sissith Baba Phenpheof Phfansth” she delivered ten reasonably hard strokes with the strap, waited for “tha tha mummith” and watched as nanny repinned my nappies on and tucked me into my crib. Nanny and Mummy gave me a good night hug and kiss, turned on the baby monitor, the musical mobile and left the room.

5 My New Life



So here I was, 8.15 pm, tucked up in my new crib, fully bottled, music on, left to my thoughts. It took me only a few seconds to realise I had not been bound to my crib and that I could sit up if I choose. However, I chose to stay down and my mind flashed over my day and indeed the past few months. I still had a full college-educated, professional adult mind and yet I was now living the life of 10-month-old Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy. I still had to consciously act out of many of my baby roles but more and more, I found myself subconsciously living my baby life. Drooling, dribbling, suckling my dum dum, wetting, gurgling, slobbering my food, crawling, even crying were all coming more and more naturally to me.

I found myself genuinely excited at this wonderful nursery. Why was it that I could see myself pushing my way around in the baby walker, that I could see myself in the baby bouncer, that I could visualise myself waddling around with my heavily napped bottom cocked out, bent over, pushing my dollies' pram? My crib was wonderfully baby soft and comfortable and the array of dresses and clothes were mouth-watering.

What was worse, the excitement was a genuine giddiness at glimpses of my future life and not some sort of amateur sissy feeling in my groin. To all intents and purposes, all such feelings had been beaten out of me at sissy school. As a general rule, the overwhelming fear of being punished had suppressed all such feelings and in a strange sort of way, I felt pleased that my tiny little tinkle had stayed totally flaccid when I had to endure my soiled nappy being changed in front of all the guests.

Certainly, there were things I still disliked about my life. I intensely disliked the horrible baby mush I had to endure at sissy

school and yet it looked as if a well behaved Penelope Pansy would at least get some sort of tasty solid food, albeit heavily blended, at my new home. I still could not get used to having to drink up to 16 bottles of formula a day and even now my three night-time bottles were sitting heavily in my tum-tum. I hated the public manner in which I had to soil myself and in particular being left in heavily soiled nappies. Yet again, judging on earlier on, it looked as if my new nanny and Mummy would change a soiled good Penelope Pansy immediately. I still struggled to carry on the pretence of being excited at getting a new toy or rattle, at getting excited at watching inane children's television, at gurgling happily as someone tickled my chin. And yet every walk of life has dislikes and likes, I was no worse off than most people and was much better off than the four sissies I had trained with who no doubt at this time were being used, abused and unloved by their new master or mistress.

I resolved there and then that I would be the best Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy that ever existed and that I would never have reason to feel the full force of my nursery strap.

I fell asleep with these thoughts only to be woken in the middle of the night by Diane who told me it was time for my midnight feed. She fed me another three bottles of warm formula, humming gently to me all the time and then undid my baby grow to check that I did not need changing. I was very definitely wet but three thick nappies can absorb a lot and she appeared happy I could last till morning. Diane tucked me back into bed, turned back on my musical mobile and then hummed once more as she gently rocked my crib from side to side. I was asleep in minutes with my final thought being that I was much better off than poor maid Diane whom it appeared was going to get all the nasty jobs of cleaning nappies and midnight feeds.

Morning came around quickly. So quick in fact, that it was nanny who awoke me with a bright cheerful smile and lots of typical baby talk. She flustered around me, drew the blinds, tidied a few things, picked out yet another sumptuous sissy outfit for me to wear, ran the bath and was feeding me another two bottles of formula when Governess, clearly in a bad mood, stormed in, demanding to

know if I was ready for my morning maintenance spanking. Nanny, very business-like, shooed her away saying I was feeding and would be ready in a few minutes. Nanny finished my feed while gently whispering that Mummy liked her morning lie-ins and let Governess do the morning spankings. She cautioned that Governess appeared to be in particularly bad form today so I should be on my best behaviour.

Nanny was busy removing my absolutely saturated nappies when Governess reappeared. Nanny gently cleaned my nappy area with warm soapy water, powdered me down and had me crawl to my cushioned toy box. Instantaneously I lisped "*Pwetty Pweasth Spfank Naufy Sissith Baba Phenpheof Phfansth*" and started crying as I went over the toy box.

Governess appeared impressed by my compliance and Nanny reminded her that as I was so good I was only to get 10 medium maintenance spanks. To be fair, Governess delivered ten medium strokes with the strap after which I immediately responded 'tha tha'. Governess commended me on my compliance, my crying and said the only thing she wanted me to work on was my tears. Crying should always be matched by big baby tears and even the thought of my maintenance spanking should bring not only crying but a nice baby tearful cry.

Nanny soothed and comforted me before leading me to a wonderful morning bath with all sorts of sissy aromas, soaps, oils and suds. She gently washed and scrubbed me and encouraged me to play with my bathtime toys. It seemed like an age before I was napped and dressed for the day and feeling like the luckiest sissy baby in the world.

Time became a blur to me.

My days were filled with love and care. I became used to being paraded around the park or shopping centres in my pram. Bottle feeds in cafes and restaurants and nappy changes in ladies toilets no longer fazed me. Both Nanny and Mummy devoted plenty of time to me and played with me every day. They pushed me in my baby bouncer, read me stories, watched as I used my baby stroller, played peek-a-boo, tickled me, built up towers with soft bricks only

for me to knock them down. I even started to add baby behaviour of my own and one morning, when left unattended in the kitchen, I rather bravely opened one of the cupboards, pulled out a bag of white baking flour and started to play with it. A couple of minutes later I was covered top to toe in flour and having a great time when Mummy walked in. I waited tensely not knowing whether I would be visiting my yellow toy box. Mummy left the room to come back in shortly after with Nanny. I looked up at them expectantly, exactly like a bold child would do but did notice that both were trying hard to suppress smiles. Mummy took a few photographs before Nanny gently scolded me, gave me a very light smack on the back of the legs and whisked me off for a bath. I did notice that the very next day the cupboards had child locks on them.

I had no idea how long Sissies Sarah and Suzanne had been at the house as aside from any combination from the three phrases “Pwetty Pweasth Spfank Naufy Sissith Baba Phenpheof Phfansth”, “Tha tha mummith” and “Poo Poo ist cominsth Mummith” I had no way of communicating other than crying or using any combination of “Goo Goo” “Gaa Gaa” “Ooh Ooh” and “Ahh Ahh”.

I had tried once, but Mummy caught me and it cost me 50 vicious spanks, a week of 20 hard maintenance spankings morning and night along with a week of nothing but formula and baby porridge. That week forever reminds me to avoid the yellow play box at all costs.

What was clear was that both Sarah and Suzanne had also fully adapted to their life. They acted and behaved exactly like real old fashioned prim and proper four and eight years old girls should. It must have been a bizarre sight to see three sissies play “Ring a Ring a Rosie” in the garden and seeming to get so much fun out of it. I knew the two sissy girls did have extra sissy duties to do at night time when Mummy had friends over but it only appeared to be once or twice a week and I was always tucked up in my crib by then.

One night after I do not know how long, for the first time it was Mummy who woke me for my midnight feed. She fed me my bottles and told me that she initially had great plans on how I would entertain her and her lady friends but that I was so adorable and

such a sissy baby that she was unsure she had the heart to do it. She felt it was not appropriate to use such a beautiful, dainty sissy baby in such a way. She then pulled down her panties, placed her bottom right over my face and gently asked me to use my tongue. I seemed to spend forever under her scented bottom before she got up, tucked me back into my crib as if nothing had happened, put on my musical mobile and rocked me gently to sleep.

A week later, Mummy came into my nursery as I was being prepared for bed, sat down beside me, laid my head on her lap and fed me my bedtime bottles. As I fed, she spoke to me in a very serious tone saying that up until she had seen me evolve into a real sissy baby, she was of the view that anyone who let themselves be turned into a sissy baby deserved the most humiliating sissy treatment a woman could dream up. She originally had a whole series of intensely humiliating treatments planned for her sissy baby that she would not dream of doing to Sissies Sarah and Suzanne. However she spoke of how she had become attached to me as a baby, and that Nanny felt the same way. Indeed, even Governess now had a very soft spot for Penelope Pansy. She genuinely meant her comments of the previous week when she told me it was not appropriate to use such a beautiful, dainty sissy baby in such a way.

She then said that for the last time in my life I would, tonight, be given a choice of two future existences. I could firstly decide to live my life exactly as I currently was except on-demand, usually twice a week but sometimes more, I was to become a humiliated plaything for Mummy, Nanny, Governess and all their friends just as Mummy had originally intended. My tongue would become their toilet paper, my mouth their toilet, my tongue would pleasure them at that special time of the month, my rosebud and colon expanded to huge degrees, I would pleasure her male friends with my mouth and offer them my rosebud, I would be humiliated at every turn and if I failed, I would be severely punished. She said I would get used to it and it could be a very good and rewarding life for sissy baby to serve her Mummy and friends in such a way and I could continue on my baby life just as is for the rest of the time.

However, my other choice was to consent to have a “sissy baby operation”. This operation would fundamentally make me a permanent adult sissy baby for the rest of my life. She would mother me forevermore, as any mother would a baby, just as she had done for the past few months. There would be no going back. Other than the occasional private worship of her bottom I would not be used in any sort of humiliating or degrading way. My sissy baby status in the household would be greatly enhanced and people would respect me for what I was, Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy. Indeed as a special treat for such a cute baby, she would even arrange for me to be wet nursed. She outlined what the operation entailed:

1. Removal of all my teeth leaving just small traces of my front two top and bottom teeth.
2. Reduction of the size of my bladder such that I would automatically do wee-wees after 15 minutes.
3. Reduce the size of my bowel such that I would do poo-poops at least twice a day.
4. Make my tear ducts much more sensitive so tears will freely flow.
5. Remove all my manhood leaving nothing but a one-inch long ‘sissy tinkle’ capable of nothing but doing wee-wees
6. Alter my handies and fingers to make them more ineffective, uncoordinated and uncontrollable.
7. Alter my voice box to give me different resonances and ranges of crying.
8. Permanently remove all hair and hair growth.
9. Move the position of my hips to make waddling easier for me.
10. Try to manipulate my leg muscles such that waddling and standing were possible but only for a short period and such that when lying down on my back I could touch my toes and even get them to my mouth just like babies do.

It was clear that Mummy and nanny had made up their minds as to what choice I should make and being honest, whatever about other sissies, to me there was no choice. Without hesitation

and for the last time in my life, I signed my real name, to the consent form for the operation.

Mummy and Nanny were delighted, Mummy informed me that she knew I would make that choice and she had already booked me into a private clinic next week to commence the procedures. She then looked at Nanny who took my head in her lap, undid her formal blouse, unhooked what looked like a maternity bra to reveal a clearly heavy breast with the nipple weeping. Nanny guided my mouth to the nipple, gently warning me that this was really only intended for sissy babies with no teeth but that I could have a little sample before beginning in earnest after my operation.

As I was being wet nursed, Mummy told me I would be the most perfect, most cutest, sissiest, most babyish 'Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy' in the whole wide world.

So here I am, lying in my crib, with a heavily soiled nappy, crying for nanny looking forward to my breast, bottles, bath, and breakfast. I still have the mind of a college graduate but I am contented, happy and stress-free, living in a caring loving, friendly environment and Mummy was right. I am the most perfect, most cutest, most sissiest, most babyish 'Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy' in the whole wide world.

6 My first Christmas



Seven months after my operation and about ten months after moving to my new house I was awoken on Christmas morning by Mummy followed by very two excited Sissies Sarah and Suzanne each clutching what was clearly a new dolly, all of whom gave me a Christmas morning hug and kiss.

It was the first time I had ever been woken by my sisters and it was the first time I had ever seen them in anything other than the immaculate sissy dresses they wore. I was surprised to see both were dressed in Barbie pyjamas, pink nightgowns, with big pink fluffy slippers. However, even in their PJ's, they looked surprising sissy like, especially as their hair was, as always, immaculately presented in pigtails for Sarah and plaits for Suzanne.

I had soiled myself during the night, as occasionally happened since the operation, but Mummy just laughingly chided me for giving her such an early unwanted Christmas present in my nappy and said I should open my stocking fillers and feed before she cleaned me up. My sisters grabbed hold of a Christmas stocking hanging at the end of my crib, dumped all the contents onto my Minnie Mouse duvet and started to unwrap my stocking fillers. I got all the presents you would expect, a small teddy, two new dum-dums, a teether, two rattles, and some sissy ribbons, sissy tights and some sissy socks. Mummy ushered Sarah and Suzanne out of the room with instructions to Suzanne to get dressed in her Christmas outfit and to help Sarah get dressed in hers.

In the absence of Nanny who wet nursed me every morning and evening, Mummy fed me a bottle of what was clearly expressed breast milk along with my top-up bottle of formula. She then whooshed me up onto the changing table, cleaned me up and pinned me into two thick fluffy pink terry nappies, with my name

embroidered onto them, followed by thick Christmas plastic panties emblazoned with Santa Clauses and snowmen. As she did so she playfully informed me that as Christmas was such a special day she had waived all sissies their morning maintenance spanking and if we were really good she would do the same tonight, but that this was a one-off occasion and it would be back to normal tomorrow.

Mummy selected a magnificent new Christmas red velvet dress for me to wear with white and green trim and countless petticoats. Like all my dresses, it was very short, thus leaving plenty of room to show off my nappied bottom plus of course being practical in that it made it easier to crawl. It had a matching white bonnet with red and green trim along with red panties which had the same green and white trim and of course, had 'Happy Christmas Penelope Pansy' inscribed on the seat in small neat lettering. The outfit was finished off with velvet red booties and white mittens. I felt and looked wonderful in my Christmas finery, suckling my new dum dum.

Downstairs, Mummy cooked a gorgeous smelling fry up for herself and Sissy Sarah and Suzanne while a toothless me had to be content with my usual large bowl of baby porridge and two more bottles of formula. (The smell of home-cooked food still drove me crazy and was my biggest source of regret).

After breakfast, Mummy put on my best coat, prepared the girls and off we walked to Christmas service, Sarah and Suzanne holding hands in front while Mummy pushed me in my pram. Mummy came well prepared for a cranky baby and had rattles, keys and a bottle to keep me amused during service.

On returning home we were allowed into the main sitting room where a magnificent array of Christmas presents awaited us under the tree. Sarah got a new pram for her dolls from Santa along with a tea set while Suzanne got a Bratz doll, a play cooker and an ironing board from Santa. Santa brought me soft toy blocks and a large yellow tubby cuddly toy. However, Sissies Sarah and Suzanne were over the moon with their present from Mummy as she had bought them an electronic game each, a basic cartoon game in Sarah's case but a pink Gameboy in Suzanne's case. It appeared as if this was the final sign that they had both reached the ultimate

stage of sissyness. A level of trust and understanding had built up between Mummy and the sissies that they were sissies aged 4 and 8 forevermore, that they accepted that fact, and that as such they would be entitled to the toys that any normal 4 and 8 years old would get.

I must confess that I looked at the girls with a degree of envy as Mummy helped me open her present to me which was a babygro in the style of the yellow cuddly toy I had got along with an orange ball. It drove home to me that I was a 10-month-old sissy baby, that even in years to come there was a limit to the type of presents I would receive and I may as well make the best of it. After the excitement of opening our Christmas presents - and there were plenty of them as each of us got gifts from Santa, Mummy, Nanny, Governess and Diane plus from a few of Mummy's lady friends - Mummy settled down to play with us for an hour or so. It suddenly struck me the first time ever there were only the four of us in the house, one big happy family.

At 2.00 the doorbell rang and in trooped a group of people I had never seen before which immediately put me into my shy, bashful sissy pose but Sarah and Suzanne rushed over to greet the new guests who it turned out were my aunties and grandparents. Mummy's parents, two sisters, two brothers in law along with their children a 12, 8 and 4-year-old girls with an 18-month-old boy. I felt very uneasy meeting my family and in particular cousins for the first time but sissies Sarah and Suzanne seemed totally at home and immediately set about showing the girls their new Christmas toys.

It took me quite a while to get over all the shyness and all the 'goo-goo' 'gaa gaa' stuff that went on as they all enthused over the new baby. I made sure however that I was on best behaviour and gurgled, giggled, clapped handies, played peek a boo at all the right moments. Another series of presents were opened with yet more rattles, baby toys, teddies together, of course, as always, the one defining present, the Christmas present that everyone must have. My granny had knitted me a baby pink cardigan, with matching knitted knee-length pants, hat, bootees and mittens. It was hideous but nothing would do granny but to have Mummy take off my

beautiful Christmas dress all to be replaced by my new totally knitted baby attire. I felt ridiculous in the outfit and while not necessarily sissyish it certainly made me feel like a total baby. It was babyish in the extreme. Here I was a 10-month-old sissy baby dressed in an outfit barely suitable for a newborn. To be fair, I could see Mummy cringe at her beautiful sissy being dressed from head to toe in knitted baby pink.

Rather ashamedly, and despite my baby pink outfit, I must admit, I settled into the day and ended up spending a wonderful day playing happily with my cousins, sisters and new toys and my cousins seemed to take for granted that I was 'Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy' as if it was something they came across every day of the week.

I had great fun interrupting the games the girls played and after myself and Alan (the 18-month-old) had knocked over a game board the girls were playing for the fifth time we got scolded and banished to the playpen. The sad part is that I happily played with Alan for an hour totally lost in my own baby world.

For the first time ever, Mummy had skipped my morning nap but both myself and Alan were put down for afternoon naps and once again I found myself not being fazed by having my nappy changed right beside a real 18-month-old. We awoke from our nap to find that delicious smell of Christmas dinner wafting through the house and thankfully Mummy used my nap as an opportunity to change me back into my Christmas dress. Sure enough, a short time later I was strapped into my high chair bibbed and smocked ready for din-dins and longing for the starters of seared scallops, prawns and crab claws Mummy had laid before the guests. Wishful thinking, of course, Mummy did, however, have a treat for me and while the guests were tucking into their starter I was given a bottle of watered-down fruit juice, the first time I had been given anything other than breast milk, formula or gripe water since I had arrived and I slurped it down like a proverbial feast.

Dinner for me consisted of turkey and ham along with all the trappings, except as normal it was heavily blended for my toothless mouth but to be honest while it did not look the best it tasted lovely.

Mummy had a lovely apple puree fruit dish for me afterwards and once again as a special treat fed me a small bowl of ice cream all washed down with my regular bottles of formula. I was happy with my baby Christmas dinner but it was still difficult to look at all the others gorging themselves and I did find that a bit of crying and pointing got me a couple of baby sips of red wine from granny.

With all the fussing about after dinner I got yet another treat in that Mummy forgot about my bedtime and I was wise enough to be on best behaviour and not antagonise the girls as a result of which it was 9.15 before Mummy finally changed me into my night nappies, yellow babygro, waived my maintenance spanking, had me wave night and put me down to bed. I lay in my crib without a tingly bottom for the first time since I became a sissy baby and fell asleep contented and happy in my nappy.

7 Being a Sissy



While life was in general good to me, Sarah, Suzanne and I were still very much sissies and expected to carry out the duties of a sissy in whatever way was required. Our purpose in life was the pleasure of Mummy and her lady friends and in return, we were well looked after and led a happy contented life.

Mummy very much honoured her commitment to me that if I had my baby operation I would not be used as a humiliated plaything for herself and her friends. Certainly, I usually ended up nursing her bottom with my tongue once a week and she often took me up my own bottom but it was always done in a caring, gentle, tender sort of way and always with a size that fitted me. Other than that I was only used for display purposes and was never made available to any of her friends or indeed to nanny or Governess.

Mummy usually invited different sets of friends over every second Saturday and on those nights all three sissies were expected to be on best sissy behaviour.

Governess had the duty of teaching Sarah and Suzanne different ballet dances, nursery rhyme dances, nursery rhymes recitals etc. for these evenings. As a baby, my movements were limited but certainly, I had plenty of baby tricks to display. My attempts at waddling and falling down on my bottom was a constant source of amusement for the ladies as were my waddled baby attempts at curtseying and doing twirls. The ladies took delight at seeing me push my dolly's pram and loved my baby walker and baby bouncer.

The ladies loved to tease me over having to wear nappies and use them. They adored seeing me wet my nappy and often had me stripped down to crawling around in nothing but thick sappy wet

terry nappies unable to sit down in case I ruin the furniture. I also soon learnt that if I soiled myself in front of them, Mummy was very pleased and it meant a few more treats in my regular day to day baby life. Mummy also put a large range of plastic panties on display and let the ladies pick ones for me to wear. Invariably I ended up sitting on the floor, in a soiled nappy playing with blocks and rattles, showing how I could play bicycles and how I could bring my feet to my mouth. I also usually ended up crawling around after a ball, fetching it, and throwing it back baby style. There were lots of clap handies, peek-a-boos, tickles and of course, there was plenty of crying for my bottles of formula and for my nappy change. Mummy always made the formula in front of the ladies to emphasise that I was still such a baby I had formula and not cow's milk.

Nappy changes were always done in full view of the ladies and always led to ridicule of my tiny hairless little tinkle and how it was good for nothing but doing wee wee in my nappy. Mummy regularly took my dum dum out of my mouth so the ladies could see how much bigger my tongue was but she was always strict and teased her friends that my tongue was for her use only.

Since my baby operation, I was incapable of feeling in my tinkle and the ladies had great fun asking me to play with myself or they would play with it but nothing would happen. I would stay at my one-inch length much to the hilarity of the ladies. That fact that I automatically did a small wee wee every 15 minutes was also a source of fun as at nappy change they would put a fresh nappy under me, leave me with my legs in the air, bottom on display and invariably within a few minutes my little wee-wees would come running down me into the waiting nappy. Only then was the nappy pinned back on. A tiny hairless one-inch tinkle, incapable of any other feeling and tiny little wetties every fifteen minutes all simply proved that I was and always would be helpless Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy. My 15-minute wee-wees did get me into trouble one night as I uncontrollably did a wee wee as a lady was massaging my tinkle. I had a very uncomfortable evening as I had to waddle and crawl to my nursery, bend over my yellow play box and ask each lady, in turn, to spank me with my nursery paddle.

Spanking was an inevitable part of the night often taking place simply to show that ladies needed no excuse to spank sissies and while it was painful it was never too bad. On the odd occasion where Mummy felt any sissy had not performed properly then we well and truly did get a serious spanking and paid for it during the following week with a longer harder maintenance spanking but that was rare enough.

Games were devised for the sissies to play and on departing each night a different lady was given the task of inventing a new game for the following meeting. Once a lady brought a potty and insisted that as I did not know how to use it properly maybe I should wear it on my head so I spent the whole evening with a potty tied onto my head with a ribbon. She also emptied two jars of baby food into the potty and made me eat directly out of it with my mouth.

Another night they put three chairs in a line, bent all three sissies over the chairs, drew targets on our bottoms and proceeded to shoot at the targets with pellet guns and toy bow and arrows with a bull's eye always generating lots of laughter.

As the baby, I had a distinct disadvantage in some games such as pram racing when we had to line up in the garden and have a race pushing our dollies in their prams I never had a hope of competing as I waddled, bottom stuck up in the air, feet out, falling on my bottom every few steps. To be fair my sisters treated me exactly as they would a baby and I learnt that if I sat down and bawled my eyes out after a couple of races my sisters would let me win a race.

I also had no hope in colouring competitions where holding a large crayon in my fist as a baby I could only draw a couple of crooked lines, even to risk more would not be baby-like and generate a major spanking.

Occasionally we had to wear exceedingly large dunce caps with dunce panties and stand facing the wall displaying our dunce panties holding a piece of paper against the wall with our nose. Needless to say, failure to hold the paper generated a spanking. Another favourite game was called 'Spank the Sissy'. Six instruments of spanking were on display and numbered one to six.

Three different coloured dice were thrown simultaneously. The first dice decided which sissy got spanked 1-2 for me, 3-4 for Sarah and 5-6 for Suzanne. The second dice dictated the instrument of pain and the third the number of spanks we were to receive. We then had to fetch the spanker and pick one of the ladies to ask but we could only ask each lady once. As I mentioned earlier most ladies were very reasonable and never really wielded a heavy hand but there was always the exception.

My night always finished with nanny being called, me being prepared for bed, getting my maintenance spanking and finally nanny unbuttoning her blouse, undoing her bra and putting me to her breast. After 10 minutes on each side, I would get my supplemental two bottles of formula, was winded and packed off to my crib. As always I was in my crib by 8.00 for 8.15 while Sissies Sarah and Suzanne stayed behind for what I presume was the serious sissy business.

I regard these days as part of my sissy life. I may not like them, even still, six years later, find them intensely humiliating but I am Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy, I must perform my sissy duties and in return, Mummy provides me with a loving, caring house, looks after all my sissy baby needs and even still manages to design and create wonderful new sissy baby dresses and finery for me to wear.

8 Time Goes By



I have now been Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy for six years and the amazing aspect is nothing much has changed. I am still treated as a 10-month-old sissy baby with no letup. There is no sign of Mummy getting tired of keeping a family of three sissies and she still maintains an incredible balance between providing a motherly gentleness, loving, tender and caring atmosphere and a strict sissy regime. I still go over my yellow toy box every morning and evening for my maintenance spanking. I still have to ask for my spanking “Pwetty Pweasth Spfank Naufy Sissith Baba Phenpheof Phfansth” and still have to thank her for my spanking “tha tha mummith”. Other than these heavily lisped words even still the only other sensible words I am allowed to utter are my humiliating “Poo Poo isth cominsth Mummith”.

The house is full of baby smells, nappy rash cream, powders baby oils, baby soaps and of course nappy pails etc. A stranger walking into the house would instantly know that a baby lived here. My skin is now a soft tender milky white. When outside I am totally covered by bonnets, baby style umbrellas and even with the slightest hint of sun I am covered in factor 50 sun cream. Even my bottom is soft and tender despite the daily maintenance spankings.

If anything my babification has actually increased. I still have my original nanny and the housemaid, Diane, who is now 24, still gets the midnight feed and still looks after washing and ironing. As well as anywhere between 10 to 15 nappies a day of which two changes are always due to soiling, I usually go through three feeding bibs a day, two dribble bibs, one baby grow and one dress along with related bonnets, bootees, mittens, panties and plastic panties. Add to this lot the clothes that Sissies Sarah and Suzanne wear you have an awful lot of washing and ironing for one woman. The outside

clothesline is a constant reminder of my status with my nappies and plastic panties always hung out on full display.

A few months back when Diane reached her 24th birthday, which coincided with the sixth anniversary of my being Mummy's baby, a new level of babyhood was introduced.

After my lunchtime 'solid' food Mummy informed me that she had a new baby treat for me. I was such a baby she felt that wet nursing by Nanny twice a day was not enough for such a fragile baby and from now on I would also be wet nursed by Diane. Nanny, therefore, would wet nurse me first thing in the morning and at tea time while Diane would wet nurse me at lunchtime and bedtime and if she was full she could also wet nurse me at my midnight feed. I watched in shame as Diane sat down on the sofa, beckoned me to crawl over, undid the top of her maid's dress and unhooked what was clearly a brand new maternity bra.

Nanny had been nursing me for the best part of 6 years and had perfected the art of feeding me with 10 minutes on each side in the morning along with another 10 minutes, each side again, in the evening. Each feed was then supplemented with 2 bottles of formula. Diane may have been only 24 but she certainly did not look like she was concerned or in the least bit embarrassed about putting me to her breast. Indeed when I hesitated she gave me four hard smacks on my thighs and Mummy warned me that if there was any more nonsense I would be up in my nursery getting a visit from my nursery paddle. Diane was inexperienced and it took a while for both of us to coordinate my nursing but 30 minutes later my first feed from Diane was finished and nanny topped me up with my usual two bottles of formula.

Over the last couple of years, Mummy had also re-emphasised my babyhood by introducing a 'newborn' week into my routine. Usually, this was done as punishment for misbehaviour but occasionally was done for no reason at all other than to prove that she had complete control over me.

During Newborn Week I was still put down at 8.00 every evening and woken at 8.00 am in the morning but I also had to take 4 naps during the day and spent 17 hours a day in my crib. I lived on

nothing but breast milk and formula with a feed taking place every 3 hours and for the bit of waking time that was left I was strapped into my pram, lying down with just a small teddy and rattle for company. I did not even get to wear my pretty dresses and spent the whole time in infantile babygros or worse still, knitted baby suits that 'granny' had knitted specially for her pretty grandchild Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy.

Like all families, there were good moments and bad moments but the good outweighed the bad. Mummy was extremely good to me but very occasionally, like all mothers she really did lose her temper big time.

Once, she was all dressed up ready to go out for the evening and in a hurry, so instead of feeding me my normal blended din-dins she had bought three jars of baby food, for convenience, and was busy spooning them into me when I unintentionally spurted a huge mouthful all over her magnificent blouse and skirt. Well, all hell broke loose. She was furious. Quick as lightning, I was over my yellow toy box, bawling my eyes out, as she rained my nursery paddle down on me. She must have given me 50 extremely hard spansks before she pinned my wet nappies back into place, pulled up thick plastic panties, and put me in a babygro. She then stuffed another wet nappy into my mouth and pinned it tightly over my face before locking me into a tiny cupboard saying that she would deal with me properly when she came home.

I was a very sore, soppy, soiled and contrite baby when Mummy came home and opened the cupboard a few hours later. Fortunately, she had calmed down quite considerably. She was reasonably gentle and kind when cleaned me up, put on a fresh nappy, plastic panties and baby grow simply saying that I had been very naughty and while perhaps she had been a bit harsh on me she would reconsider my punishment in the cold light of the morning.

The next day was uneventful except my morning maintenance spanking which, while kept at the normal 10 medium spansks was much more painful than normal due to the tender state of my bottom. Just before bedtime, however, Mummy had me crawl to her room, said she had given much thought to my punishment for

my misbehaviour the previous evening and felt that if I did not appreciate my baby food she should supplement my diet with something else. She led me to her bathroom, gave me two of my empty baby bottles and ordered me to hold them under her as she went to the toilet. I held the bottles as she filled them and followed her back into her room whereupon she put on the rubber teats, waved the bottles in front of me and told me to cry out loud for my night-time bottles or else I would be back at my toy box. I wept as I lay on her bed feeding on my supplemental sissy nutrients. She insisted I finish both bottles before she gave me a hug and a kiss, let me worship her bottom and told me my punishment was finished.

Six years on I still generally accept my life as Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy. Certainly, even still I feel acute humiliation and embarrassment at certain aspects but there are good sides to sissy babyhood. I have no real worries, cares or stresses. I have no decision making. I have no issues about where the money to pay the mortgage is coming from.

The days pass remarkably quickly. By the time you take out the normal baby duties of bedtime, nap time, feeding times, changing times, bath times there is not actually a huge amount of the day left. The two hours immediately after lunch are lovely and nanny or Mummy always make that time available for active playtime. One or both of them sit on the floor with me and appear to have endless patience in playing with me and my baby toys. Mummy has built up a huge selection of nursery rhyme books and baby storybooks and I love cuddling up to her as she reads me a story. I never tire of the storybooks and over the years she has gone to great lengths to build up a veritable library of baby storybooks. She reads the stories with great interactive interest and I cherish this time with Mummy every day.

I get to watch a bit of baby television during the morning under Nanny's watchful eye and over the years together, we have picked baby's favourite TV characters so each time they come on I have to gurgle happily, jump up and down excitedly, clap my handies and generally show great enthusiasm for my favourites. After my afternoon nap, it's playtime with Sissies Sarah and Suzanne and

once again under the watchful eye of either nanny or Governess we play merrily away.

I am now totally reliant on my dum dum and suckle loudly on it most of the time. It is no longer tied on and when it does fall out I automatically cry for it.

At this stage, even Sissies Sarah and Suzanne are allowed to place it back in my mouth. Crying and tears are also now a routine part of daily life. Between crying for bottles, crying for nappy changes, crying to get up from naps, crying for my dum dum it would not be uncommon for me to break into tears up to 10 times a day and Mummy insists that all crying is accompanied by tears. I have also developed slightly different nuances in my crying so nanny and Mummy generally recognise what I am crying for.

Last year, Mummy also had my name officially changed to 'Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy' and also had a christening ceremony at the local church.

I was dressed in a beautiful white traditional style christening robe with a magnificent embroidered shawl that Sissy Suzanne had made. I and my sisters are well and truly part of the local community and are accepted for what we are. The local pastor was therefore delighted to welcome another baby to his flock and had no hesitation in including me in the traditional Sunday afternoon ceremony along with two other local newborns. I was good and did not cry when the water was poured over my head. Mummy then had a big celebration party up at the house. The biggest discussion Mummy and nanny had about my name was whether to officially name me 'Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy' or else use 'Sissith Baba Phenpheof Phfansth'. Nanny also suggested that they add the word 'Silly' or 'thilly' to my name. In the end, they went for the normal spelling.

Last year, Mummy brought us on our first holiday together when she booked a house in France for two weeks. While I regularly still feel embarrassment and humiliation the holiday was the first time in a long time that I felt a real acute sense of shame and self-consciousness.

Mummy had a baby pink swimsuit for me with frills on the bottom and I looked and felt ridiculous with the swimsuit put on over

two thick terry nappies and plastic panties. I was allowed to sit in a baby pool to splash around and to add further insult to injury she insisted on putting two swimming armbands on me as I sat in four inches of water. There was no relenting on my baby status despite the strange surroundings. In fact, if anything, she reinforced my baby status:

As a matter of convenience instead of getting my normal blended adult food for dinner, I was fed jars of bland baby food. Mummy could not bring my crib so had ordered a normal baby cot. As such I spent each night curled up in the foetal position in a real baby sized cot. It was also hot during the holidays but Mummy insisted on covering me from head to toe in my sissy dresses and if I was not in the baby pool wearing my ridiculous swimsuit over a heavily padded bottom I was firmly strapped into my pram with huge bonnets.

Mummy seemed to make a point of reinforcing my babyhood while on holidays and I was the only sissy who still got the twice-daily maintenance spanking. Not only that, for the first time she allowed Sissy Suzanne both changing and spanking rights over me. I was a less than happy baby on the third morning when for the first time sissy Suzanne came in to change me out of my nighttime nappy and deliver my maintenance spanking. I paid the price for a tantrum when Mummy was called and gave me 20 of the best with the nursery strap, pinned the wettest of my nighttime nappies around my face, pinned the rest back onto my bottom with two fresh nappies put over the wet one and told me I would spend the rest of the day in my cot with Suzanne giving me 20 spankings on the hour every hour for the rest of the day and at each feed one bottle of formula would be replaced by a bottle of Suzanne's wee wee. After a thoroughly miserable day, I had no hesitation getting my legs right up in the air for all of Suzanne's future nappy changes.

The holiday seemed to bring about a change in the status of Sissy Suzanne and Sarah. They got to wear very simple summer dresses and after years of sissy treatment passed extremely well for the fairer sex. Indeed I noticed that even in a swimsuit each had a shape that many women would die for. There was no obvious sissy

treatment for them and I alone had a miserable humiliating and embarrassing holiday as a total and absolute sissy baby in a strange place.

I reacted by being a typical cranky baby on the first holiday and whinged and cried just like any baby would. For me, it was a balance between crying like a baby and annoying Mummy but without annoying her so much that she deemed it over the top and spanked me.

9 Mummy



I sit and watch Penelope Pansy, in admiration, as she lies on her back playing with her toesies, trying to get them into her mouth. She makes a small movement in the position of her bottom, a minor face change and while I know she is soiling herself, she is almost oblivious to the fact as she continues trying to eat her toesies. I feel an immense sense of pride and satisfaction at how I have somehow, over the years, managed to transform a man into an abject state of total and utter sissy babyhood. And yet I love my sissy baby Penelope Pansy with all my heart. I am her Mummy, her guardian. She is totally dependent on me and for the life of me, I cannot understand why I have this great feeling of love for a sissy baby. I have looked after her and transformed over a period of 11 years and have, I feel, reached the ultimate destination of complete and utter sissy babyhood. Penelope Pansy can be regressed no more. She is the same as a real 10-month-old baby except larger.

A couple of years back, life did start to change a bit for the family. Sissy Sarah and a good lady friend of mine had grown quite close so we eventually agreed that she should take over formal guardianship of Sissy Sarah. While Sissy Sarah is still a regular visitor to the house she no longer lives here. Around the same time, I also decided that I would reward Sissy Suzanne for her years of lifelong service to me so over a period of 18 months I gradually allowed her to grow up and develop all necessary female attributes ultimately resulting in the final removal of all vestiges of her male life. She now works here in the house as an assistant maid to Diane and leads a full and healthy female life. Diane, of course, was only too willing to get away from some of her drudgery and has allocated plenty of the baby work to Suzanne who has responsibility for emptying, soaking, washing and conditioning the contents of

Penelope Pansy's nappy pails, along with cleaning and washing all her baby bibs, dresses and rest of her baby clothes. She also makes all the bottles of baby formula, blends and prepares all baby's food asides from doing other household chores.

The changes also meant that Governess had no sissies to look after so we set up a preschool crèche in the house to look after infants from 3 months old to pre-school age. Governess was delighted with this and I suppose after years of looking after sissies she found real children far less tiresome and easier to handle.

This left me to concentrate on my beloved Penelope Pansy. Coming up to her 10th anniversary I decided I wanted to see how far more I could regress her. I was conscious of the fact that Penelope Pansy acted out many of her roles very well, often for fear of getting spanked or punished. But I wanted to bring her beyond acting I wanted to get her to a level where her sissy babyhood was instinctive and natural but yet at the same time it was important to me that she still be aware she was a sissy baby, that there was some small semblance of knowledge that she should be in a pub having a beer instead of sitting in a soiled nappy, playing with her toesies.

A week before baby's 10th Anniversary, I brought her to a friend of mine, Lady Christine, to be measured for a new nursery strap as after 10 years of use her old yellow strap was a bit the worse for wear. I had Penelope Pansy bend over a soft bench, remove her nappies and Lady Christine measured Penelope Pansy's bottom from all sides before recommending a selection of straps perfect for her size of tushie.

After a few trials, she finally suggested that a two and a half foot long strap, six inches wide and a quarter-inch thick would be the perfect strap for Penelope Pansy and she could have a pastel green coloured one made and ready inside a week.

I had been pleasuring myself up Penelope Pansy's bottom for the previous number of years with a twelve-inch long by one-inch-wide strap-on but was also now anxious to see if I could extend it so while there Lady Christine took a few internal measurements up Penelope Pansy's bottom such that she could design and

recommend a larger device. After lots of probing and measuring Lady Christine, went off for a few minutes to research her results while I re-napped Penelope Pansy. By the time Lady Christine returned I was feeding the sissy baby a bottle of formula. She inquired as to the importance of nappies in Penelope Pansy's life as she had two recommendations but one would mean Penelope Pansy would be dependent on nappies for the rest of her life. Firstly I could safely increase the size of my strap-on to 15 inches long and 1¼ inches wide with no repercussions. However Penelope Pansy could take up to 17 inches in length and 2 inches wide. The consequence however would be permanent damage to her bowel movements. She would no longer have any control over her bowels and as a result, would end up soiling herself every hour. Sure they would be small poo-poops but never the less every sixty minutes or so Sissy Baby would poop uncontrollably into her nappy. She would be totally and utterly nappy dependent.

This was manna from heaven. At last, I had a way of babifying Penelope Pansy even more. I looked down on my little darling baby as she suckled her bottle, conscious that she had heard the conversation and was well aware of her future fate. I left a happy Mummy looking forward to the following week when I could collect baby's new wares.

The day of Penelope Pansy's 10th Anniversary as a sissy baby arrived and just before her bedtime, I called the household into the drawing-room to announce my new plans for complete and utter sissyfication and babyfication. I sat my lovely Penelope Pansy by my side, head on my shoulder, all cuddled up by me and made sure she was fully attentive before announcing my plans.

To enhance her baby status from now on she would be swaddled in three thick terry nappies during the daytime and four at night.

To enhance her sissy status she would wear a minimum of five layers of petticoats with even the simplest of dresses and would wear up to 15 layers with her fancy party dresses

To enhance her baby status, her 1 pm lunchtime wet nursing and solid food feed would be replaced by a noon wet nursing

followed by two top-up bottles of formula. At 2 pm she would then get a supplemental feed of three bottles of formula. Thus, in essence, a solid food feed was to be replaced with extra bottles of formula.

To enhance her sissy status and show that she was subservient to all ladies in the house her new supplemental feed at 2 pm would also include a bottle of ladies wee wee. A rota would be done up for each lady in the house to prepare a bottle of wee wee for Penelope Pansy each morning from her morning toilet. Nanny would then reheat the bottle each lunchtime and feed it to sissy baby immediately after her three 2 pm bottles of formula. Perhaps after a period of time, Penelope Pansy might even learn to distinguish the unique tastes between Mummy, nanny, Governess, Diane and Suzanne.

I explained how I was concerned that Baby Penelope Pansy was acting out her roles very well but I wanted more than that. I wanted her lost in a baby world of her own forevermore. From now on therefore when she was in a room there was to be no adult television or radio. Penelope Pansy would be allowed to watch all her baby videos and listen to nursery rhymes but I wanted to prevent her from listening to news and current affairs programs. To further enhance her own baby world and block out her environment I had arranged for some minor alterations to her sight and hearing such that she could certainly hear sounds but with far less clarity than here to fore and her sight would be a bit unclear and fuzzy.

I was on a roll and noticed the glint of delight in the eyes of all but Penelope Pansy.

“Now ladies, as you all know, Sissies need regular spankings and ladies take great delight and pleasure in spanking them. However, Penelope Pansy has been such a wonderful loveable baby for the past few years and is naughty so rarely, other than her maintenance spanking I never get a chance to spank her and I always feel guilty when I spank her for no reason at all. So to further remind Penelope Pansy that she is a sissy baby and that she is subservient to all ladies in the household I have decided to introduce a new maintenance spanking regime.

“From now on Penelope Pansy is to get 20 maintenance spankings at every nappy change. Governess you will deal with the morning spanking, Nanny you will have the lunchtime honour, Suzanne you will do tea time, I will do bedtime and Diane will do the midnight spanking. You will also be delighted to know that Penelope Pansy and I went shopping last week and I have here, all wrapped up and specially made to order, a brand new spanking strap. As you can all see Penelope Pansy is delighted with her new present and the pastel green colour matches her nursery perfectly. A green strap and red bottom go perfectly together.

“I have also decided that Penelope Pansy should attend Governess’s morning nursery crèche. Governess has allocated her a permanent place in the 6 months to the 10-month-old section of the crèche where Penelope Pansy will make lots of new friends until they graduate up to the wobblers section for bigger babies and leave Penelope Pansy behind in the infant baby section.

“But wait until you hear the best news of all ladies, and Penelope Pansy was so so excited when she heard this. Lady Christine told us the other day that we can expand Penelope Pansy little bottom hole until she has no control over her poo poos at all. Not only that, we can make it such that Penelope Pansy will make little poopies more or less every 60 minutes. Imagine, between wetting every 15 minutes and pooing every 60 minutes she will very rarely be in a clean nappy. Total babyhood beckons.

“Now, ladies, all we have to do is start expanding her bottom. Lady Christine made me a whole series of insertions ranging from 1 inch wide and 13 inches long up to the biggest which is 2 inches wide and 17 inches long. In three weeks time I want Penelope Pansy pooping uncontrollably into her nappy so between now and then, Nanny will spend five minutes at each nappy change making insertions in and out of Penelope Pansy’s bottom, gradually increasing the size taken. Diane, I recommend you stock up on nappy liners because in a couple of weeks time Baby will be having little packages for you at each and every nappy change.

“While watching the babies at Governess’s crèche I have also noticed that most 10-month-old babies cannot crawl and only

move around on their bottoms so, in future, Penelope Pansy will do the same. From this day on crawling is strictly forbidden. She will shuffle around the floor on her bottom which is probably particularly appropriate as she will invariably have a soiled nappy. She will bump up and down the stairs on her bottom rather than crawl.

“These changes, ladies, are all designed to enhance Penelope Pansy’s babyhood and sissy hood. It is what I want, it is what she wants and once she has attained total sissy babyhood we will be able to live as a happy love-filled family forevermore. However, it is important that we pamper her and guide her through these difficult changes in her life. We need to show her lots of consideration and show her how the changes will help her lead a more fulfilling sissy baby life.

“She will need lots of cuddles, love and care as she changes. Her morning bath time should be nice and sensuous, with lots of oils and creams and scents. Remember baby will be getting 100 maintenance spanks a day for the rest of her life so we have to keep her bottom nice, tender and soft. I want to match her smells to the outfits she wears, so a purple dress for the day should mean a sumptuous lavender bath. A yellow dress should be a lovely primroses bath with lovely yellow scents etc. Everything for Penelope Pansy should be matched in perfect harmony.

“I have also decided that she will no longer even be able to say her little baby phrases. Instead of asking for her maintenance spanking, she will cry for it instead. So just before her spanking have her point up to her strap hanging on the wall and spend a couple of minutes crying for it, just as a baby would cry for something it wants. She needs to show you that she wants her maintenance spanking and loves her spanking strap. After her spanking a simple ‘ta ta’ is the only intelligent word she will ever say again. Also as she will poop so often she will no longer have to shout out that she is pooping and indeed hopefully, soon she will not even realise she is pooping her nappy.

“That ladies is what the future holds for us all, a perfectly divine sissy baby Penelope Pansy”

Our little family meeting then ended with each lady clear on the new rules for Penelope Pansy and I asked nanny to dress Penelope Pansy into one of her best party dresses and have her shuffle into my bedroom.

15 minutes later Penelope Pansy waddled into my bedroom, took her usual five steps before falling onto her bottom and shuffled on her bottom the rest of the way looking delightful, swaddled in four layers of thick nighttime nappies, 10 layers of petticoats, a light pink and white floral dress with matching pink bonnet, panties, booties and mittens. She looked truly scrumptious.

I complimented her on her looks, cuddled her, sat her down on my bed and outlined to her that tonight she was going to become a very special sissy. She was to be rewarded as no sissy had ever been. I told her that in all the years I had sissies I never once let a sissy worship my most intimate part, no sissy was ever good enough to worship her Mummy in that way but tonight was special. As a reward for being such a wonderful sissy baby, I would allow her to become the first and only sissy ever to worship my tabernacle. I warned her however that, in return, I expected perfection. I expected to be brought to levels of ecstasy never achieved before.

I lay on my bed brought her to my skirt and had her kiss me through my skirt. I then unbuttoned my skirt to reveal the practical white cotton panties I was wearing. I brought her head to the gusset and watched her and felt her recoil as she saw the pad inside the panty.

“Yes sissy baby, what did you expect, while you are a very special sissy and you are getting your reward. However, you are only a sissy and will only ever get to worship my most intimate part at Mummy’s special time of the month. For three days, each month, at my heaviest time, your tongue will bring me to ecstasy.”

I pushed her face into my panty and held it there.

“Off you go, Penelope Pansy. Worship Mummy, pleasure Mummy and thank her for making you such an adorable sissy baby. That’s it, reward Mummy for being so good to you”

She struggled for a while and needed time to get going but after I while she got the hang of it and I felt it was time to remove my panty and pad.

“That’s a good baby, now just let Mummy take off her panty and pad and Penelope Pansy can start again.”

Once again I had to hold her head down to my now naked honey pot. It took her 10 minutes to warm to her job but eventually, she reached a level that gave me some degree of satisfaction though she clearly had a lot to learn.

As always on these special Mummy/sissy occasions, I then took her up her bottom with one of her new larger strap-ons and finally finished off by rewarding her with her usual two bottles of mummies wee wee. Penelope Pansy loved holding out her bottles to accept mummies wee wee and never spilt a drop as she looked forward to suckling herself to sleep on the precious liquid while cuddled tightly in Mummy’s arms

However that night I was not finished. Penelope Pansy had struggled to come to terms with her new honour. I gently chided her.

“You were honoured tonight, Penelope Pansy with an honour that no sissy has ever had and no sissy - only you - ever will. Yet you hesitated. You struggled to worship your Mummy. You threw that honour back in Mummy’s face. I do not think you understand how big an honour it is to worship Mummy’s most intimate parts, especially at that special time of the month. You disappointed me greatly and I think a very extra special punishment is needed to teach you so you will perform much better tomorrow night and in the future.

“Not since the very first day I met you all those years ago at Sissy school have I caned you but tonight I think you earned a special caning. Now stay on the bed there while I fetch a cane and you think about 12 of the hardest lashes of the cane ever that are going to land on your tender bottom. Not gentle strokes, but 12 fearsome strokes that will leave weals for weeks to come and you think about worshipping Mummy properly tomorrow. Mummy is very sorry she has to punish you but Sissy baby must learn to appreciate the honour she is being awarded”

I returned a few minutes later to see a tearful, crying, contrite, sobbing baby, not only that she had pooped herself out of fear. I must admit I felt sorry for her as I saw her lying on the bed crying her eyes out and it nearly broke my heart to have to punish her but she was a sissy baby and needed to learn her lesson.

I undid her nappies, cleaned her up and lay her across the bed. I put two used pads into her mouth to bite down on, simply to remind her why she was being punished. I braced myself and literally had to force myself to bring a most vicious lash of the cane down onto poor Penelope Pansy's bottom. After only six stokes I stopped. My lovely Penelope Pansy was bawling her eyes out in agony. She had six horrible weals across her bottom and I was feeling extremely guilty for punishing her.

I gently rubbed cream all over her tender bottom, napped her in four fresh, extra soft, thick nighttime nappies, got her into her baby grow, took her in my arms and cuddled her asleep. Another first took place that night as I let poor baby sleep in my arms, in my bed for the night.

The following night, Penelope Pansy brought me to the most magnificent climax I have ever known and now I must be one of the very few ladies in the world who, if not exactly looking forward to that special time of the month, at least I have the comfort of knowing that my special sissy baby Penelope Pansy will be on hand to worship and honour me as no other person can.

The Making Of Sissy Baby Charlotte



Poetic Entrée To A Mistress Attendance

*Autumnal early flight o'er open sea and mountain vales,
Then shuttling trains to traverse sweet Yorkshire's dales.*

*Rest awhile midst the throng of the rustic market fair,
Before setting out in search of elusive Todmorden's lair.*

*By meandering runny brook and lofty railway bridge,
Turn right past the quarry factory and up the hilly ridge,
Where nestled there in the bosom of the cliff's rugged hue,
The charming Practice dwelling so enchanting to my view.*

*In animated spirits, I boldly enter through the wooden gate,
And thrice do pull the bell-rope while attending there to wait.
Then a glorious vision to behold of the Mistress at the door,
Invites me in and in submission, I kneel before her on the floor.*

Governess In A Bygone Age



Given GovernessX's interest in, and affinity with, the Victorian and Edwardian ages, I wondered what she might think her life would have been like if she were born in such times?

Somehow, I imagine GovernessX, as a highly sophisticated and attractive, middle-aged, titled English Rose, Countess Taylor, who reigns over an expansive country manor and estate in which maids-in-waiting and stable boys feature prominently. As the Lady of the Manor, you are a woman of independent means (perhaps helped by a generous family inheritance from a favourite aunt), financially or otherwise dependent on no man (highly unusual for the times), and a greatly respected figure in the local rural community.

You reside with your two cousins, Lucinda and Prudence Hardright, who are extremely beautiful, fun-loving and feisty young women in their late teenage years who have, unfortunately, fallen on difficult family circumstances and whom, out of the kindness of your heart, you have taken into the bosom of your home. They are constantly seen in your presence as, day-by-day, you skillfully guide and shape their personal development and social deportment in a manner befitting of their newfound status.

As the young ladies' Benefactor, Guide and Mistress, you are the adored object of their complete devotion and loyalty. For your own part, you regard it as your solemn duty to imbue within them a profound sense of the proper order of your own moral universe in which, contrary to the prevailing conservative social mores of the times, women can, and indeed should, take up public leadership roles, while keeping members of the weaker male species under them and firmly in their place, through the application of appropriate measures of female control and discipline.

As a Patron of the Arts and Literature, you set up and manage a small, but extremely successful, publishing house for aspiring and struggling authors, such as the Bronte sisters. In time, the publishing house develops a niche reputation for supporting the literary works of strong-minded female authors who write about socially repressed, but altogether human, themes relating to female domination and the subjugation of the adult male. This interest seems to many to present an added strange and erotic dimension to your already enigmatic persona and reputation.

You also sponsor the establishment and development of a theatre company in your local northern English mill town in which you have a particular interest in informally advising on stage setting and costume design. In fact, you have been known, from time to time, to write and direct plays in your own right. Your dramatic productions are invariably ones that take place in a female-headed domestic, nursery or academic setting in which women actors always play the lead roles, while men are dressed in period girl's or women's clothing, playing minor and subordinate parts. Somehow, nobody is surprised by, or comments on, the fact that the Management Committee of the Taylor Theatrical Company for the Dramatic Arts Ltd. is comprised solely of women of a rather dominant disposition of which you are its lifelong Patron.

As part of your busy public profile, you also fulfil a number of other important and rewarding social leadership roles in the community. For example, as Governor of the Board of Management of the Western Grammar School for Aspiring Young Gentlemen, you are personally credited by many for the school's well-established reputation for high standards of moral development and scholastic attainment. Here, you have a pivotal and personal role in ensuring the employment of suitable female teachers whom you are confident will instil the required moral and academic standards of excellence among their young charges – standards which are to be rigorously applied and consistently reinforced through the use of traditional methods of corporal punishment.

Again, it seems to be broadly acceptable within the community that the school is led by the renowned French

Headmistress, Madame Hortense de Chambonnard (whom you have personally selected for the post) and her all-female teaching and ancillary staff.

As a Justice of the Peace For Young Offenders in your rural borough, you have an instrumental role in adjudicating on serious misdemeanours and crimes of incorrigible local youths who come before your court. While you have an innate sense of natural justice and fair play, tending towards leniency whenever you feel there is a genuine prospect of the personal rehabilitation of a youth, nonetheless, you have no hesitancy in imposing the most severe and harshest of sentences to recalcitrant boys and young men who fail to show any sign of remorse for their wrongdoing and wickedness. Judicial punishments of cane and birch floggings (which in your official role you are required to personally supervise), allied to long periods of confinement with hard labour in The District Reformatory School For Offending Youth (again, for some odd reason, staffed only by forceful females) is your ultimate, and not infrequent, court sanction.

A number of your other important roles in the community have a significant socially progressive influence which are widely recognised and valued. For example, you have been hugely innovative in setting up the first pre-school nursery in Great Britain. You view this initiative as a response to the needs of the countless number of poor children of the working class of the Industrial Age, many of them who are abandoned urchins, whose desperate living conditions and pitiful plight are anathema to your highly developed sense of social justice.

Your visionary work in this area comes to the attention of national politicians and public policymakers based, as it is, not just on a traditional childcare model for socially-deprived kindergarten children, but on the vital need to promote their early childhood education and development. You have written *A Guide To Good Practice For Preschool Nurseries in Great Britain and The Empire*, which includes a manual on the day-to-day operations of a preschool nursery regime which has been adopted by the Government of the Day as The National Approved Standard For Nursery Childcare And

Early Education. In recognition of this and your other outstanding work in this much-neglected field of child welfare, you are publicly awarded The Order of Merit for the Upbringing of Preschool Nursery Babies and Sissies (BS), which you rightly regard with great pride as your singular most professional achievement.

Another progressive initiative is your founding of The Royal Society for the Care of Abandoned and Stray Animals which you set up, through royal imprimatur, with the aim of providing loving homes for the neglected animal cast-offs of society. Here, you have led by your own wonderful example in taking in a minimum of three dogs at any one time, all of whom you make your dearest canine companions. Ahead of your time, you are the first to see the need for foreign adoptions in this area by importing into England and bringing into your home an abandoned Irish red setter and wolfhound.

Unbeknown to anyone, save your closest female confidantes and friends, you have dedicated an entire rear wing of your country manor to the conduct of a particular private activity which, while doubtlessly beneficial for the individual attendees involved, would, if discovered, heap down on you untold opprobrium and denunciation from what is, fundamentally, a deeply conservative and repressive society.

However, having never in the past flinched from the carrying out of your duty as to what you regard as being socially responsible and progressive, you demonstrate tremendous visionary courage in establishing a special preschool facility of your own, *The Nursery Institute For The Infantilisation, Sissification, Humiliation and Objectification of Select Gentlemen*.

Your primary motivation for doing so is your heartfelt conviction that there exists within the wider society as a whole an abundance of pathetic, weak adult males who are morally and sexually repressed, and who yearn within themselves for the authentic experience of returning or being regressed to their childhood years.

Indeed, a slightly ulterior motive in providing a new home for your two bright and enchanting cousins, Lucinda and Prudence, is to inveigle them as willing and active collaborators in your secret

enterprise. You are necessarily most assiduous in the selection of male attendees to your special preschool nursery, for they must be gentlemen of upright and honest character, of the utmost discretion, of reasonable means, inherently submissive by nature, and willing to enter into a personalised journey of control, discipline and humiliation under the absolute authority of The Governess Taylor, ably assisted by her two Dominant Ladies in-training.

Thus, does this majestic, mesmerising and mysterious Lady of the Manor interweave her public and private personas in such subtle and wonderful ways that provide beneficial social outlets for her great creativity and enormous organisational skills, while meeting her deeply-felt desire to be the paragon of female domination over the abject and submissive adult male of her time?

Truly, Countess Taylor conquers all before her...

Governess in A Bygone Age (Part 2)



Continuing the narrative theme of GovernessX in a Bygone Age, this is a short story of The Governess as a mythical Celtic Goddess who rules over the Land of the Ever Young. It is loosely based on the famous Celtic legend of the Goddess, Niamh of the Golden Hair, and how she brought a mere mortal man, Oisín (pronounced Ush-een), to the mythical land of TirNa-nÓg.

The story, like so many others in mythology, is about the inner journey of the human soul/psyche/spirit, the facing of tests and trials set by a powerful God / Goddess and the initiation of the underling into a higher or better state of being, followed by the pre-ordained descent to a disastrous fate.

The Governess of Tir-Na-nÓg (meaning 'Land of the Ever Young') was a Celtic Goddess, daughter of Mannanan, the Celtic God of the Sea who roamed the west coast waters and gave his name to the Isle of Man. The Governess was the most beautiful of all the Celtic Goddesses. Her long raven hair hung down in tresses and at the end of each plait was tied a coloured bead. Slender and exquisite as a birch tree, of shape as sweet as the fine clover, of colour as picturesque as a summer morning, The Governess was indeed the Glorianna of the Celtic lands and seas.

One morning, the Fianna (a band of Celtic warriors) were deer-hunting on the shores of Leas Lean on the far west coast of Ireland. Suddenly, they saw a wonderful white horse coming towards them from out across the sea. Riding on the horse was the most beautiful woman they had ever seen. She wore a long dress as blue

as the summer sky, studded with silver stars, and she was brandishing a riding whip.

"What is your name and what land have you come from?" asked Fionn, the leader of the Fianna.

"Why, I am The Governess of Tir-Na-nÓg in the western seas. My father is King of Tir-Na-nÓg, " she replied. "I have heard of a certain pretend-big-boy named Oisín. I have been told of his so-called great courage and of his pretentious poetry. I have come to find him and take him back with me to be regressed as a forever-newborn in my nursery home of Tir-NanÓg."

"Tell me," Oisín said, without revealing his identity to the awesome Goddess. "Wwhat sort of land is TirNa-nÓg?"

"Why, Tir-Na-nÓg is the land of forever nursery babies and sissies," replied The Governess. "It is a happy place, with no pain or sorrow, and where I, as The Governess, look after every baby and sissy who lives there under my Law and Rule. Any silly wish you make, (only) with my express permission, comes true and no baby or sissy ever grows old there. If you come with me now, Oisín, you will find all this to be true for yourself."

Having nurtured a secret desire all his warrior-life to return to his earliest childhood days and experiences, Oisín boldly mounted the white horse of the mesmerising Goddess Governess. She, for her part, was careful that the wannabe-nursery baby was properly tie-tied so that he would not fall off her horse on his long journey across the western seas.

Oisín fondly said goodbye to his father and friends. He promised them he would return again someday. The horse galloped off over the water, moving as swiftly as a shadow. The Fianna were very sad to see their hero go, but Fionn reminded them of Oisín's promise to return to them one day.

On their arrival at the Land of the Ever Young, all the nursery babies and sissies warmly welcomed Oisín and held a great feast of milkie, rusks, juice and jelly and ice cream in his honour. It was indeed a wonderful land, just as The Governess had said it would be. It was a timeless, ageless, happy place; a source of all wisdom,

peace, beauty, harmony and immortality; a world full of magic, enchantment and music.

During the daytime, Oisín played never-ending fun games with his many new baby and sissy friends and at night, before going to beddy-bye-byes, he was allowed by The Goddess Governess to tell them exciting stories of Fionn and the Fianna and of their lives in Ireland. Oisín had never felt so happy as he did with The Governess and before long, he became her very special forever little baby, as she had promised him, and was recognised as such by all the babies and sissies in Tir-Na-nÓg.

Time passed quickly and although he was very happy, Oisín gradually grew more and more lonely and began thinking of returning home to Ireland to visit his father and his former warriors in the Fianna. The Governess refused him permission to do so for, after all, he was nothing more than a tiny little one and he might easily get lost. She had warned him that if he ever went back to Ireland without her permission and touched the soil of the country, he would never return to her or to the Land of the Ever Young again!

However, despite this clear warning from The Goddess Governess, one early morning, the very naughty Oisín rose silently from his crib and crept into the stables where The Governess's white horse was standing asleep. He gently woke him up and, after feeding him an apple, mounted him with the help of a ladder (due to his little legs) and rode into the western seas, away from Tir-Na-nÓg, to return from whence he had come. The Goddess Governess, in warning him about leaving, had not alerted him to the fact that, although he thought he had only been away for a few years, he had really been a forever-newborn of The Governess in Tir Na nÓg for well over three hundred years (since there were no clocks allowed by The Governess in The Land of the Ever Young).

Finally, having been guided to Ireland by The Governess's trusty steed after many days travelling across the western seas, his old home seemed to be indeed a very strange place to Oisín. There appeared to be no trace of his father or the rest of the Fianna. The people he met seemed to be very, very big to him.

As he passed through the Glen of the Giants, he saw some huge men trying to move a large stone. "I will help you," shouted the enthusiastic Oisín, being the ever-helpful little baby he had been taught to be by his Goddess Governess. The men were astounded at the sight of this little baby in double terry cloth nappies seated on a white horse. Stooping from his saddle, Oisín tried to lift the stone with one hand and to hurl it with all the little baby strength that he could muster.

With that, the saddle girth broke and poor Oisín was flung to the ground on his botty. Immediately, the white horse disappeared into thin air and the men, to their great shock and horror, saw Oisín turn before them into a grey and wizened old man (and still dressed in his nappies). Then, they gently took him to a holy man who lived nearby.

"Where is my father and the Fianna?" Oisín asked. When he was told that they were long dead, he was truly heartbroken. He spoke of his wonderful time in Tir-Na-nÓg and of his beautiful Celtic Goddess Governess whom he would never see again. How sorry he was now that he had not obeyed the command of The Governess to stay on her white horse, no matter what. Then, sadly, before their very eyes, Oisín died and crumbled away to dust.

The story of the beautiful Goddess Governess of Tir-Na-nÓg and her darling forever little baby, Oisín, has continued to this day to live on in Celtic folklore. It is not uncommon for modern-day Governesses to tell this sad morality tale to their babies and sissies as a scary reminder to them that they should always be obedient to their Governess and that they should never, ever stray from the nursery without their permission.

Indeed, it is often the case that Governesses today, when placing their little charges in their baby reins before going outside the nursery for walkies, would humorously chide them that it is really for their own good, as: "Otherwise, you might stray off from the Land of the Ever Young and never return again - just like poor Baby Oisín!"

The Sissy Alphabet Nursery Rhyme



A is for my Apron, that I do adore,
Oh so nice and pretty, upon my pinafore.

B is for my Buggy, in which I go outside,
To park, mall or playground, for my daily ride.

C is for my Curtseys, I practise to impress,
By graceful, dainty bows, before my Governess.

D is for my Dollies, Megan, Beth and Sue,
Such lovely party dresses, yellow, pink and blue.

E is my Enema, to make my tummy well,
And clean out all those foodies, that make it oh so swell.

F is for my Frillies, so delicate to the touch,
My skin cries out aloud, "I love you very much!"

G is for my Garter, to keep my stocking high,
And yields a wondrous vision, of my upper thigh.

H is for my Hair, so shiny does it glow,
My lovely curly ringlets, all tied up in a bow.

I is for my Inky, to feed my nibby pen,
That writes my silly stories, every now and then.

J is for my Jammies, fleece and winceyette,
That my plastic pants, do keep from getting wet.

K is for my Knickers, I love to wear so long,
Directoire or satin frilly, but never skimpy thong.

L is for my Lipstick, to colour my lips a sweet,
My dimply cheeks so rosy, when others I do meet.

M is for my Mummy, oh She who is so rare,
Graceful, tender and loving, to whom can She compare?

N is for my Nappy, to which I do so thrill,
When my bladder opens, and rushes in to fill.

O is for my Onesie, that keeps me snug and warm,
When curling up to Mummy, safe and free from harm.

P is for my potty, I'm forced at times to sit,
Until my Governess, She deems no longer fit.

Q is for my Qualms, ashamed at what I do,
Pondering the spankies, which surely must accrue.

R is for my Rabbit, all fluffy, soft and pink,
I cradle in my arms, until off to sleep I sink.

S is my Submission, to The Petticoat,
Surrender to its Rule is my life-long oath.

T is for my Teddy, Toddy by his name,
Dowdy in complexion, I love him all the same.

U is for my Undies, my botty likes to feel,
Cotton, lace and silk, they do so much appeal.

V is for my Vitamins, that Mummy does insist,
Her milkies, snacks and din-dins, so futile to resist.

W is for my Winkle-tie, with its noisy bell,
Warning vigilant Mummy, of my willy-wanky swell.

X if for the XXXies, that Mummy will impart,
To her goodly sissy girly, who touches her dear heart.

Y is for my Yummies, all dripping down my bib,
As She cleans face and pandies, to place me in my crib.

Z is for my Zeal, to please my Governess,
No higher goal than this, can I aspire to address.

A Nursery Re-Education

Introduction



Continuing to face into the corner, and fixed in his shameful pose, Charles' anxiety increased with every passing moment as he waited with bated breath for his Governess's expected instruction. The only sounds he could hear were those of The Governess's high-heeled shoes resounding on the old oak floorboards of the Nursery, as she busied herself with, what Charles surmised to be, her preparations for the imminent introduction to his nursery re-education. This had the effect of heightening, even further, Charles's sense of anticipation of what was to come.

Then, the sound of the Governess's movements gave way to what, to the boy, seemed an interminable period of eerie silence. Charles felt his legs beginning to tremble, gripped as he was in the fear of a dreaded expectancy when it seemed to him that time itself had been suspended. This coincided with the by-now painful downward pressure on his full bladder – an embarrassing predicament that seemed only to accentuate his vulnerability to the scenario about to unfold before him.

At last, he heard the ominous words delivered in a clear and stern voice that filled the room: "Turn to face your Governess, you naughty boy!"

Charles obeyed the instruction without hesitation.

There before him, standing in the centre of the room, with her legs astride and hands folded neatly to the front of her waist, was the striking vision of his beautiful and imposing Governess. Transfixed by the glare of her dark brown eyes, Charles feet firmly rooted to the spot where he stood before her. She was a remarkably attractive woman in her middle thirties. Her finely featured face was crowned by the soft tresses of her dark chestnut hair tied up

elegantly in a bun and her natural complexion required little application of make-up except for a touch of deep-red lipstick which gave greater prominence to her pouted lips. Her graceful neck, secured with a velvet choker and cameo, rose from the high lace collar of her full-sleeved white French blouse, while her trim figure was complemented by an almost full-length black skirt which seemed to highlight wonderfully her shapely legs encased in clear, seamed stockings. The very model of Victorian discipline, The Governess's natural air of elegance and refinement bespoke the class and quality of her upbringing.

“Come and kneel before me, this instant, Charles.”

The Governess, being of rather petite stature, was determined to establish from the outset the natural order of things that was to prevail in the Nursery from this moment forward in her dealings with her gangly ward. Charles found himself kneeling abjectly before her, his head cast downwards, without needing to give his action a second thought. The Governess began to pace up and down before the boy, as he focused his gaze on her black leather high-heeled shoes. Her very deliberate steps seemed to him to be perfectly in concert with the annunciation of her carefully chosen words.

“You are about to commence your nursery re-education here in the Nursery under my personal direction and supervision. You should be in no doubt, Charles, as to the necessity for this. Your poor record of academic attainment, allied to your recent obnoxious adolescent behaviours, require that you be removed forthwith from the School to which you are clearly no longer suited. Is that understood, boy?”

“Yes, Governess,” Charles sheepishly replied.

“Louder, Charles!”

“Yes, Governess, as you wish,” he answered more robustly.

“That is better! At all times in the Nursery, you will refer to me only by the terms, Governess or Ma'am. I alone shall be responsible for your nursery re-education which will, not just be limited to your academic endeavour and achievement, but will also

involve my personal supervision of all aspects of your upbringing and wellbeing. Is this clear, Charles?”

“Yes, very clear, Governess,” said Charles, not yet able to fully take in the ramifications of his Governess’s words.

“Good. Here in the Nursery, I cater to different age categories of Adult Babies”. Charles immediately was deflated on hearing the Governess’s worrying reference to babies. “These include infant adult babies who require an intensive regime of childcare, wobbler-toddler adult babies who are older and have developed more dexterity and mobility, but who are still largely dependent for their care needs and finally, preschool adult babies who are the oldest age group and who undergo a more structured programme of nursery education to prepare them for entry into the School. Can you repeat to me the three age categories I have just described, Charles?”

The boy felt a sudden release of wee-wee, as he stumbled through a stuttering explanation of infants, wobblers and preschool babies in response to The Governess’s unexpected question.

“Never mind, Charles, you will understand soon enough. Henceforth, you are to be dealt with as a preschool adult baby. You will be allowed speech, but only at a level appropriate to your age. Given your older disposition as an adult baby, your education and care plan will be underpinned by a traditional regime of nursery discipline and corporal punishment to which you will totally submit, at my discretion, without question or dissent. Do you understand what I have said to you, Charles?”

The boy was too shocked to answer straight away, but before he could gather himself to respond, The Governess walked over to the Nursery cupboard and, taking a key from her skirt pocket to unlock it, opened out the two doors to reveal a truly awesome array of implements of punishment, each one described in a beautiful calligraphic notice above it – ‘Nursery Paddle’, ‘Leather Strap’, ‘Scottish Taws’, ‘Junior Cane’, ‘Governess Cane’, ‘Dragon Cane’, and ‘Nursery Birch’.

Charles was so overcome by the truly devastating sight presented before him that he was now no longer able to control his

bursting bladder, as his wee-wee flowed freely down into a growing and spreading puddle on the floor before him. The Governess completely ignored the boy's embarrassing plight, as he broke down into convulsive sobbing at what was happening to him.

“As a preschool adult baby, you will from time to time be subject to disgraceful base urges which must be curbed and constrained. Accordingly, you will be introduced under my supervision to a regime of personalised and controlled sissification, Charles. Do you understand what this means? No? Well, let me demonstrate!”

With that, the Governess quickly pulled over a wall curtain where hung up in a neatly arranged sequence were four sissy satin frilly dresses on display, with their matching appendages of frilly knickers, petticoats, tinkle-ties, mittens, footsies and bonnets. Charles was utterly overcome by this mélange of pinks, blues and yellows which seemed to reinforce to him his already belittled status before his imperious Governess.

“As sissy Charlotte, you will behave at all times as the sissy satin frilly baby girl that you are – whether in private or in public!”

The thought of him being exposed in public in such a state seemed to bring Charles to a state of near-total breakdown, where his will was now completely subjugated to the absolute authority of his Governess.

However, The Governess had one more final verbal revelation for her new preschool baby which she was sure would utterly divest him of any lingering doubts he might be having as to his altered status.

“You should be mindful, Charles, that at any time I feel that you are not complying to my satisfaction with the terms and conditions of your regime as a preschool adult baby or a sissy baby girl, I will reserve my absolute and sole prerogative to regress you to the state of an infant adult baby in the Nursery and be very assured that I shall have no hesitation to treat you as such, should I so decide. Is this perfectly clear to you, Charles?”

By now completely crestfallen by the humiliating cumulative effects of his Governess's prescription for his coming nursery re-education, Charles was genuinely unable to muster a coherent response through his continuous sobbing and peeing.

Having achieved what she set out to do with such a dramatic impact, The Governess then took out a potty from the Nursery press and, bringing Charles tenderly by the hand to the corner of the room, she smartly took his short trousers and white cotton underpants down to his ankles and instructed him to sit on the potty indefinitely. Under threat of a sound spanking, he was told not to pee into his potty, no matter how much he might feel like it!

Leaving him there in his degraded condition, The Governess turned on her heels to leave the room and closed the door behind her new preschool baby who had just received, under her expert guidance and manipulation, an introductory seminal lesson in his nursery re-education.

A Nursery Education: Under The Petticoat



The slow passage of the Nursery clock on the wall before him was a visible and tedious reminder to Charles of his increasing vulnerable state. Seated on the potty, his short trousers and underpants tugged around his ankles, the boy struggled to cope with the growing cramp pains in his upper thighs, as well as the pressure of his still partially-full bladder. Over thirty minutes had passed when, finally, he heard the deliberate footsteps of The Governess on the corridor outside the room. Then, there followed a period of strange silence which seemed to heighten even more Charles's sense of expectancy before The Governess, at last, re-entered the Nursery room, shutting the door firmly behind her.

Without casting even a sideways glance to the boy, she walked over to where the sissy clothing was displayed and proceeded to pick out a fine lace petticoat from the rack. Ordering Charles to his feet, she first checked the potty and confirmed for herself that he had followed her previous instruction. Then, bending down to divest him completely of his trousers and underwear, she abruptly led her new preschool baby by his ear-lobe to the centre of the room where he had deposited his wee-wee which by now had settled into a widespread pool that had begun drying into the old floorboards. Forcing the boy by his shoulders down to his knees, The Governess commanded him to thoroughly clean up his liquid excess with the petticoat, warning him that failure to do so to her complete satisfaction would merit an immediate and severe spanking with the nursery paddle.

Standing back, she delighted at the sight of her preschool baby's raised bare bottom, as he diligently applied himself to the

degrading task set for him. After a number of minutes, The Governess instructed Charles to cease and to stand facing into the corner. Then carefully picking up the sodden petticoat by its dry edges, she walked over to her adult baby and, without warning, placed the wee-saturated garment over his head and shoulders. Charles coiled backwards with the shock of the wet female undergarment coming over his face, as its watery content slowly filtered down onto his neck and under his short collar and vest.

“Your new preschool baby status is clearly beyond any doubt, you disgraceful, naughty young boy”, said The Governess, her opening words sounding all the more resonant to Charles due to his vision being blocked by the dripping petticoat over his eyes. “You could not even listen to my simple instructions as to the demeanour and conduct I expect of you in your Nursery re-education without being able to control your bladder. Still, we should not be too surprised. After all, you are nothing more than a silly preschool baby! This is your first experience of being put under the petticoat, sissy Charlotte – if a singularly wet one – but be assured, it shall not be your last! We shall first deal with your sorry napped-head and then proceed to introduce you to your inaugural Nursery punishment.”

The Governess opened the door to the adjoining bathroom which had been specially designed for the toiletry and ablution requirements of her adult babies. Running the metal oval-shaped bath with a well-measured mix of cold and hot water until the desired temperature had been reached, and after adding lots of bubbly, she returned to the main Nursery room where Charles continued standing in his petticoat shame and in an evident state of discomfort and distress. Putting on her rubber gloves, The Governess removed the soiled petticoat from her preschool baby’s head and disposed of it in the laundry basket. Charles presented a truly dishevelled sight with his hair, face and shoulders soaked right through by his own waters. Stripping him of his shirt and vest, she led the now naked and deflated boy by his ear to the bathroom.

Then, instructing Charles to sit into the bath without protest, The Governess put on her long plastic apron over her shoulders, securing the tags behind her back. Picking up a bar of baby soap,

she roughly applied the soap all over his body, building up a strong lather as she scrubbed him vigorously with a long-handled bath brush, and then shampooed his hair, before rinsing him down using the shower-head. Promptly ordering him out of the bath, she dried her preschool baby with a large pink, floral towel, without fuss or ceremony. She continued her ministrations by sitting him on the edge of the bath and rubbing in baby oil to his nether region, thereby bringing him to an early state of arousal as her fingers tantalizingly fondled his penis, testicles and under-carriage area. The boy's body cleansing was completed by the application of copious amounts of perfumed talk over his milky white skin. By now, Charles felt himself surrendering to the control of his nursery Governess, having suppressed his initial drive to resist her and increasingly happy within himself to yield with growing excitement to her finely-honed skills in regression and humiliation.

The Governess led Charles by the hand back into the main Nursery room to the sissy clothes rack. Pointing out his trousers on the floor, she told the boy to take a long leave of them since they only served for him to assume airs of ridiculous superiority which he could never possess in a relationship under a dominant female. Then, warning the boy that she would stand for no-nonsense whatsoever, she dressed him with deliberate purpose in vintage under-clothing of a chemise, long stockings, drawers, petticoats and a corset and then buttoned up in a tight-fitting bodice. His feelings of acute embarrassment were swallowed up by the sense of utter disgrace caused by his Governess placing a pair of her own laced drawers over him – the waistband being tied around his neck and his arms put through the long legs of the drawers as if they were sleeves and fastened with garters at his wrists! She then brought her baby Charlotte to the long wall mirror where he has able to view his sissified self in all his exquisite under-vestment.

“From now on, Charles, I shall exact your total obedience and abject submission as your Governess. Here in the Nursery, you are to be governed by the petticoat. You will find yourself under it in more senses than one. Henceforth, you will tremble at the mere rustle of the petticoat in your presence. Make no mistake, my boy, by

it you shall be governed. Petticoat-rule shall be at the very heart of your reeducation regime in this Nursery”.

Charles now knew deep within his being that his future here would be rooted in a sissification transformation where the petticoat would have domain over his budding masculinity. Strangely, he felt himself warming to the prospect of his fate.

“To enforce your subjection to the petticoat, the emblem of your female domination, you shall stand back into the corner with one over your head until such time as I make the necessary preparations for your first Nursery punishment”. With that, The Governess took one of her flannel petticoats from her soiled linen basket, tied it together at the top and threw it over his head. Once again, baby Charlotte could be said to be “under the petticoat”!

The Governess rolled out the Nursery horse to the centre of the room. The horse was made of black mahogany wood with a soft leather bolster on top and had a series of tapes attached along its length which were clearly designed as body restraints. Summoning Charles over to her, The Governess ordered him to place himself down its length and proceeded to strap him by his ankles, ensuring that his thighs were separated by the horse and pressing cruelly on his private parts. She furthered his subjugation by fastening the tapes around his waist and his neck. Lastly, she bound his hands together underneath the horse, thereby completely immobilizing her preschool baby in readiness for what was to unfold.

Walking to the Nursery cupboard, the Governess took out a long moulded birch rod attached to a short wooden handle which had been given to her as her first implement of punishment by her revered Governess tutor many years previously. She swished it through the air a number of times to test its pliability and, in the process, terrorising the harnessed boy to the point of utter fear. Coming up slowly behind him, she seductively lifted the hem of her soiled petticoat which she had dressed him in, together with his chemise, with the birch rod head, bringing the garments right up over his shoulders to expose his buttoned-up drawers.

“Now, your bottom must be suitably prepared for you to receive the gift of the birch”, said The Governess. With that, she

slowly undid each of the buttons of her preschool baby's drawers which fell away to his sides.

Charles, in his wholly frightened state, had fully expected that his Governess would apply the birch to his bare bottom from behind him. However, he was somewhat perplexed when she placed a small footstool to the left of his lowered head. It was only when she placed her right foot on the stool and daintily lifted her skirt over her upper thigh to reveal her layers of frilled lace petticoats that Charles understood that the symbolism of his corporal punishment and his petticoat-rule would forever be inextricably linked for him in his mind. Sitting almost upon his neck, The Governess placed her right leg across him, smothering him with her petticoats, the back of which fell to the floor over his head.

“How do you find your predicament now, Charles?” said The Governess. “Lost in the depths of my petticoats, tasting the sweet smell of their aroma, as you await the lash of the birch on your exposed posterior”.

As she released the first vicious stroke of the birch lengthwise, the Governess had the immense satisfaction of being able to view through the wall mirror the novel posture of the preschool baby – his bottom raised for punishment and his head buried underneath her underskirts. After the slow, methodical delivery of 50 telling cuts of the birch by his Governess – an awesome introductory Nursery punishment – Charles was released from the horse and collapsed onto his knees, wholly beaten and exhausted. She made her preschool baby kiss her hands and the remains of the rod while eliciting from him his heartfelt gratitude for punishing him so severely.

Then, in a final wonderful erotic gesture of petticoat-rule, The Governess tenderly lifted the boy off his knees and brought him to a chair facing the wall mirror where, seating herself in the chair, and with Charles on his knees before her, she spread her legs apart, raised her skirts high around her waist and instructed Charles to sink his head deep between her legs, as she encouraged him to spend the rest of his tears and to recover himself in an act of intimate and subservient worship.

As Charles willingly gave himself over, body and mind, to his Governess's delicious invitation, the last sensation he was to experience that fateful afternoon in the Nursery under the sway of his disciplinarian Governess was the feel of her skirts descending over his head and being lost in an inner world of darkness and delight where he was once again - Under The Petticoat!

A Nursery Re-Education: The Dressing of sissy Charlotte



It seemed to Charles that over an hour or more had passed since he first found himself unwillingly surrendering to a growing, but nonetheless, rather pleasant feeling of entrapment within the interior world of his Governess's undergarments, following the painful ordeal earlier that afternoon of his severe assignation at her hands. With his head evermore firmly locked between the well-formed, finely laced thighs of The Governess, the boy felt his virility slowly ebbing away, as he began to yield in increasing despair and resignation to his sense of her dominion over him.

Indeed, reflecting back on this first day of his nursery re-education, her mesmeric influence, and in particular her introduction to his petticoat discipline, had had a profoundly disconcerting effect on Charles's spirit, sapping, as it did, his strength and powers of resistance to her sway. Little by little, as the day had progressed, he discovered himself giving in to a flood of warm, and sometimes conflicting, feminine associations that the petticoat was evoking in his susceptible nature. For instance, every time the Governess's skirts had brushed against him - he was certain more by her design than by accident - it was like being hit by a sudden electrical shock!

Now, cowed and humiliated beneath his Governess's frilly undergarments, following his wretched petticoat-shaming and testing corporal punishment, Charles was wholly overcome by a poignant sense of his self-contempt and abasement. Reluctantly, he was forced to conclude that his time in the Nursery would involve much more than what first might have been apparent on the surface of things. The Petticoat was to have its revenge on him following his wasted opportunities and refractory behaviours in the school. By now

completely emasculated, he realised that he was to be nothing more than a childlike subject to his Governess's regime of tutored education, strict discipline and petticoat-governance.

For her own part, by now fully recovered from her physical exertions of applying the birch, The Governess was inwardly very content with her carefully-planned, initial implementation of Charles's nursery re-education. She had previously determined that this important induction period would be akin to a hermetically-sealed experience, one enacted solely between herself and her ward, who was to be denied any contact whatsoever with other people and with the outside world, all the more to impress and reinforce upon him his sense of her absolute authority and rule over him. Of course, the advancement of his programme of re-education and sissification would, in time, doubtlessly lead to many intriguing and exciting opportunities for his exposure to the company of other dominant females, both privately and publicly, but this was certainly not the time to reveal such enticing scenarios to the boy.

As she coquettishly whirled her skirts around her knees, thus granting Charles his first glimpse of light for some considerable time, The Governess, at last, rose from her chair in a sprightly manner, her head thrown back archly with pride, emphasizing her well-shaped bosom and bodiced-trim waist. As Charles, still on his knees, looked around to gaze adoringly upwards at his Governess, she seemed to him in his fully supplicant state to be the very embodiment of triumphant womanhood.

"Get up at once! It is time for you to be attired in your sissy dress, Charlotte. Yes! This is to be your new sissy name, henceforth. Say it to me!"

The boy, drawing from deep within himself the last vestiges of his rebellion, refused to utter his designated girlie name for The Governess. Promptly detecting his mood of defiance, she bent over and, grabbing him firmly around his waist with her left hand, she smartly pulled down his silk stockings to his ankles and proceeded to smack the backs of his legs with the stinging force of her right hand until his shrieks filled the Nursery room.

“What [SMACK] is your name [SMACK]? Say [SMACK] it for me, you naughty [SMACK] sissy [SMACK] girl or your bottom [SMACK] will be re-visited by the [SMACK] birch! If it is [SMACK] punishment you want, you [SMACK] shall have it in [SMACK] abundance, you [SMACK] willful [SMACK] sissy minx”.

Charles quickly relented in the face of his Governess’s imminent threat and sputtered out the ill-fated words through his tears of shame.

“My name is... Charlotte, Governess. My name is... sissy Charlotte. I promise to be a good bo... I mean, girl. Please don’t punish me anymore, please! Please!”

Sissy Charlotte then found herself facing front to the Nursery class blackboard, her drawers having been pulled down around her ankles, as The Governess carefully pinned her petticoats and long chemise high up around her shoulders, exposing to full view the latticed marks of her still well-tanned bare bottom. Placing a Nursery tall canonical hat on Charlotte’s head, The Governess instructed the sissy girl to write with white chalk in small, meticulous hand script the lines fifty times.

“My name is sissy Charlotte and I love my new sissy name”.

Charlotte took great care in the writing of the lines since she did not wish to incur the continuing wrath of her Governess, although she had difficulty in keeping her lines straight and in staying upright, as she tripped time and time again due to the shuffle effect of her feet being caught around her drawers. As she diligently completed her task, Charlotte could hear from behind her the rustling, silky sounds of what she surmised could only be dresses or petticoats, as her Governess prepared her for her first dressing as a sissy girl in the Nursery.

“Now pull up your drawers, Charlotte, take off that dunce’s hat and come here this instant!” pronounced The Governess.

The sissy novice turned around to see her Governess sitting on one side of the divan and surrounded by an ensemble of lilac, white and cream-coloured sissy garments which struck Charlotte, as

she was forced to admit to herself and somewhat to her surprise, as being rather attractive, even beautiful, to behold.

“You are to strip yourself of all your clothes and place them here in the Nursery laundry basket. And you are not to dally, my girl if you know what is good for you!” exclaimed The Governess who had a determined look on her countenance that clearly communicated she was about her business.

Charlotte soon divested herself of her clothing, standing naked before her Governess who then stood up and commenced by placing a cream, chiffon chemise over the sissy girl’s head. The feel of the texture of the elegant garment, as it fell across and down the clear white skin of her shoulders, back and front, made Charlotte’s upper body shiver with sheer delight!

Next, The Governess dressed Charlotte in a new pair of cream silk stockings which she was careful to ensure were fitted straight up her legs and sufficiently taut at their lacey tops to be held up by the four clasps of her cream lace suspenders. With her stockings now encased, Charlotte felt beyond the point of rescue but, in truth, was secretly relishing the next stage of her sissy dressing discipline. The Governess then put Charlotte into a pair of cream full-bloomer style, silk drawers which were of a very long fit with frilled cuffs. The sissy girl was a little embarrassed at the length of her knickers, being slightly agitated as to what might be the length of her skirt, while feeling all comfy and protected by the cool and sensuous touch of the silky fabric, especially on the delicate skin of her tortured bottom.

The Governess then brought a low stool in front of the Nursery mirror and had Charlotte kneel on it, instructing her to keep her head up and to maintain an upright posture. Walking behind the sissy novice, The Governess held up a new white taffeta petticoat with a very finely-stitched lace hem.

“Remember, sissy girl Charlotte, it is by the Rule of the Petticoat that your life and re-education here in the Nursery and beyond it is to be governed. This shall be the focus of your discipline and training. Do not be distracted by the other accoutrements of your sissy clothing, since no matter how beautiful or alluring they may

appear to you in your sissy innocence, they are nothing more than mere 'refinements' when compared to the Glory of your Petticoat! As a visible reminder of this truth, your petticoat hem shall always be visible below your skirt for others to observe, no matter what form of sissy dress I may choose for you. Do you understand clearly what I am saying to you, sissy Charlotte?"

The sissy girl retorted a respectful affirmative as The Governess placed the garment over her head and shoulders, almost in a quasi-religious fashion, such was the import of the very act. The moment seemed to Charlotte herself to be one of a near solemn anointing, as she formally embraced her subjugation to the Power of the Petticoat now in the present and into her future life.

Charlotte was still a little perturbed that her long drawers were not fully hidden, but was soon tempered in her unease by the sight of the froufrou satin lilac dress being placed over her petticoat by her Governess. The beautiful dress was fitted with frilling across the bodice and along the edges of its hem, and it had elbow-length puffed sleeves and a Peter Pan white collar. Charlotte noticed that narrow black ribbons were gathered at the cuffs of the sleeves which perfectly matched those at the edge of her knicker legs. Having first been somewhat fretful over the sight of her overextended drawers, the sissy girl's concerns were dissipated completely when viewed in the context of her overall new sissy clothing. The dress had a long back fastening of small pearl buttons which The Governess lovingly attended to and was completed by a white wide sash belt which was tied by The Governess behind in a big bow. Charlotte was simply enthralled and delighted by how she felt and looked in her new sissy attire. Seating Charlotte on the stool, her Governess then put on the girl's short white ankle socks with frilly, lacey turn-ups and a pair of matching lilac-coloured Mary Jane shoes. The final additions were a lilac Bo Beep bonnet which was hung loosely around her neck by a string and a delicate, minute, lace ladylike handkerchief that struck Charlotte as being of no practical use whatever, but which she was commanded by her Governess to hold at all times in her hand.

Sissy Charlotte was so happy, as she sat that evening at the dinner table in the company of her wonderful Governess and eating

her chocolate cookies and drinking her chilled milk. The Governess had placed a large white bib with coloured teddies around her neck at the start of the meal, so as to protect her lovely satin dress. During the repast, The Governess had occasion to reprimand sissy Charlotte as to her inappropriate language for a preschool baby. Unfortunately, Charlotte was way too excited, indeed almost bordering on being hyperactive, by the events (good and bad) of the first day of her nursery re-education that she resorted to her natural tendency to over-intellectualise her thoughts and feelings by using clever adult words which greatly angered her Governess.

Putting down her knife and fork noisily on her dinner plate, The Governess rose determinedly from her seat and brought sissy Charlotte forcibly by the hand to the Nursery spanking chair in the next room.

“Now, you silly sissy, you have gone and spoiled a lovely evening together by verbalizing in your big adult words which no well-behaved preschool baby would even understand, never mind speak. I will soon beat that arrogance out of you, you naughty, sissy girl! You are to speak only big baby words while you are here in the Nursery and when you are outside. I will not tolerate your affected intellectual superiority which counts for absolutely nothing in this disciplinary regime, my girl. For this, you are to be punished severely with the Nursery spanker!”

With that, sissy Charlotte found herself lying over her Governess's knees, her face down towards the oak floor and her bottom arched high. The Governess pulled up her dress and petticoats over her back before summarily pulling down her drawers to her mid-thighs. The leather paddle came down ferociously on her bare, marked bottom, with stroke after stroke delivered by The Governess in a slow and methodical fashion. By the twentieth stroke, Charlotte's legs were kicking high and her drawers had fallen around her ankles. The Governess removed them altogether and, momentarily standing Charlotte on her feet, she hitched up her skirt and petticoats over her knees and instructed the frightened sissy girl to come back over her left leg, while proceeding to pinion her with right leg so as to restrict her movements. The execution of a further

twenty hard strokes of the paddle reduced Charlotte to a snivelling wreck of a sissy novice who was pleading in her big baby language to be forgiven by her Governess.

Ignoring completely her pleas, The Governess brought the chastened girl to the small bedroom adjoining her own. She stripped Charlotte of her clothes and put her sitting on the edge of the bed. The Governess then dressed her in a pair of pink rhumba knickers which were covered by a pair of clear plastic, elasticised pants in case of bedtime accidents. Next, she introduced Charlotte to “the naughty girl nightie” which was a long, pink floral flannelette, with a laced-trimmed collar, that reached down to her knees.

Sissy Charlotte was told by her Governess to climb into the bed and to say her night prayers before going to sleep. She prayed earnestly and simply for her Governess and for all the sissy girls and little babies that she looked after, that they would all be kept safe and well. Sitting close by her on the bed, The Governess bent down and placed a loving tender kiss on sissy Charlotte’s forehead telling her that, while she had indeed been a very naughty sissy girl during her first day in the Nursery, she would continue to devote herself as her Governess to her re-education, discipline and care.

Charlotte was instantly filled with a deep warm glow, as her Governess turned off the light and left the room, leaving the door slightly ajar. The tender light from her Governess’s own bedroom cast a pale reflection on to the taffeta petticoat that The Governess had left hanging on the wardrobe. As she felt her eyelids close over to soon visit the Land of Nod, Charlotte contemplated on what was a truly fitting end to the first day of her nursery reeducation under the petticoat rule of her Governess.

A Nursery Re-Education: Learning The Nursery Routine (AM)



A week had now passed since the newbie sissy Charlotte had first been ensconced within her Nursery regime of re-education and sissification under the supervision of her Disciplinary Governess. From the outset, the deliberate and orderly routine of the Nursery regime had been planned and executed with a military-like precision by The Governess, with the clear and focused intention of reinforcing in the mind and heart of her sensitive, but recalcitrant, ward, the reality of her altered status as a sissy adult baby who was henceforth bound to the strictures and humiliations of petticoat government in her life.

The Governess had meticulously designed a detailed programme of daily activities and events centred on the basic Nursery functions of personal dress, cleanliness, lessons, play, meals, toileting, outdoor excursions, discipline and punishment and bedtime preparations and sleep. The very busy schedule, set out in a roster-like fashion and displayed prominently on the Nursery wall, ensured that sissy Charlotte was denied any idle time to contemplate anything other than the immediate tasks and endeavours set for her at any given moment during her day and night time servitude in the Nursery. Indeed, as akin to the training of a new puppy dog, Charlotte found herself becoming more and more dependent with each passing day on the very regularity and consistency inherent within her daily regime, imbuing within her, as was its singular purpose, an increased sense of self-confidence and belief in her new Nursery environment and in her enforced sissified existence.

Sissy Charlotte's waking day commenced precisely at seven o'clock with the sound of the morning bell being loudly rung by The

Governess from the bottom of the Nursery stairs. The sissy girl knew that she had but fifteen minutes to rise, toilet and bathe, so as to present herself completely naked in her bedroom to await the arrival of her Governess for a thorough inspection of her body cleanliness. This included the checking of teeth, finger and toenails, hair, ear lobes, nostrils, armpits, groin and anal passage (while being made to bend over for the latter).

Infringements of the Nursery cleanliness code were dealt with summarily by The Governess through either, depending on the gravity of the lapse incurred, a smart smacking of the back of the sissy's legs in a standing position, the sharp smacking of her upper thighs whilst being told to lay on the bed with her legs splayed wide or the forced marching by the ear lobe down the stairs to the Nursery spanking chair for a sound over-the-knee, bare bottom chastisement with The Governess's skilled spanking hand or, on occasion, with her black leather riding gloves on. The perfunctory nature of such early morning punishments had the salutary and peremptory effect of setting the correct tone for the rest of the day for sissy Charlotte, sharpening, as they did, her awareness and senses, in order to be the more compliant in responding to the prescribed activities that were ahead of her.

Due to her complete inexperience as a sissy, Charlotte was dressed for the day by The Governess herself in her own bedroom, as the girl could not yet be trusted to be adequately familiarised with the requisite presentation of her feminine attire and demeanour. Charlotte's undergarments, as selected by The Governess, were always of the classic vintage variety. Cream or white in colour, and either of cotton or silk material, they included vest, chemise, hold-up or suspender stockings, corset and a pair of long bloomers or drawers buttoned at the sides and with a detachable rear flap for easy toileting or punishment access. Pivotal to the morning dressing ritual was the donning of The Petticoat of either lace, satin or taffeta material. Charlotte was required to perform her first curtsey of the day to her Governess once she was dressed in her petticoat slip and, in the process, to hold the frilly edges of her Garment of Governance out wide with the tips of her index fingers and thumbs,

while theatrically genuflecting very low with her head bowed down in a respectful gesture of humility and obedience to her Governess.

“Good morning, Governess. I am your sissy Charlotte and I promise to be a truly obedient little sissy for you today.”

The quaint little ceremonial was completed with The Governess extending her right hand for the kneeling Charlotte to kiss before proceeding to put on her dress which, for the morning Nursery regime, was usually her red sailor dress with traditional shoulder cape and complemented by a frilly pair of pink lace, turn-up ankle socks and black, patent leather shoes. As had been decreed by The Governess in Charlotte’s first formal dressing as a newbie sissy girl, the white edges of her petticoat were well visible below her dress so that, at all times, others on viewing her would know the centrality of The Petticoat Rule in her new sissified life, while the long cut of her drawers coming to just below her petticoat hem augmented her already keenly-felt sense of shame and humiliation.

Breakfast consisted of a glass of cool milk, with a baby yoghurt and followed by a bowl of lukewarm, lumpy porridge which sissy Charlotte wholly detested. Having committed the unthinking error of saying just so to her Governess at their first breakfast meal together, she was assured of its continuing presence on the breakfast table every morning without fail thereafter! For the second day in a row, Charlotte had made such a mess of her dress front and table cloth, due to having to use the plastic baby training bowl and cutlery, that The Governess opted to put a large terry bib around her neck and to lock her into the high chair close to her own seat at the breakfast table so that she could readily intervene when called for.

Whenever she felt that the sissy girl was not properly applying herself to the eating of her porridge, such as stirring it aimlessly around her plate or putting on a long face in disgust, The Governess would tie the naughty girl’s panties behind her back, place a spreader between her legs and force-feed her the porridge in methodical, swift spoonfuls, making sure that any spillies on her mouth, bib or table-top were scooped right back up and promptly re-fed into sissy’s mouth which was opened by the Governess holding back the girl’s head and plugging her nose with her free hand.

On the fourth morning when naughty sissy Charlotte again demonstrated her resistance, The Governess took the porridge, and adding copious amounts of milk to liquidise it, she poured the cold porridge into a large adult baby bottle up to three-quarters full. Then, in front of the stupefied sissy girl, The Governess lifted her skirt and petticoats, undid the ties of her bloomers and proceeded to fill the bottle up to the top with her own sweet nectar. Shaking up the liquid contents of the bottle, she then made Charlotte down the acidytasting watery porridge in one single, prolonged mouthful, such that the shocked sissy girl thought she would choke in the seemingly unending effort it took to finally drain the bottle. As an additional punishment for her display of defiance at the breakfast table, The Governess decided to confiscate sissy Charlotte's drawers for the remainder of that day.

At nine o'clock sharp each morning, Charlotte's lessons began in the Nursery study room. In the clear vision of the Governess, the Nursery was as much a centre of early education as childcare, and particularly given her sissy's lamentable academic performance in her previous existence in the School, the main activity for Charlotte, while living within the confines of the Nursery, would be an age-appropriate re-education programme personally tutored by her and based on a structured schedule of three hours lesson work in the morning, Monday to Friday, followed by a two-hour afternoon and a three-hour Saturday morning study period by Charlotte on her own for the completion of various homework assignments and course revision work.

The subjects of study for Charlotte's re-education during the week included basic reading, writing and math (i.e. ABCs, 123s), as well as physical education (the practice of sissy curtsies, posture and skipping), poetry (Nursery rhymes), music (Nursery songs), religion (the learning of baby prayers and hymns), art (silly pictures drawn with coloured crayons), domestic service (the completion of menial tasks assigned by The Governess so as to assist the good running order of the Nursery), introduction to studies of feminization (pictures only!) and social etiquette (the acquisition of good sissy manners and protocols while in the presence of The Governess and other dominant Ladies).

Despite some initial lack of willing engagement by sissy Charlotte in her new re-education programme at the start of the week, The Governess was able to encourage her greatly in her efforts through the imposition of a variety of degrading personal humiliations, including ample periods of corner time, the writing of countless punishment lines, the wearing of the dunce's canonical hat, the sitting on the punishment potty and, when necessary, the application of the Nursery strap or taws on the girl's upright palms. The latter was a particularly effective incentive when administered in the "tennis-style" mode, with the supplicant sissy kneeling before her Governess as, with her legs spread apart, she raised the strap or taws high above her head to unleash a merciless punishment sentence of six strokes on her sissy's alternate hands – one set of six strokes for venial offences and up to six sets of six strokes for the most serious of misdemeanours in the Nursery study.

However, in her wisdom, The Governess had long recognized the truth of the old adage that all work and no play does Jacqueline make a rather dull Sissy! Accordingly, at noon, following a short rest interval when Governess Teacher and baby pupil enjoyed a glass of cool lemonade together (with Charlotte, of course, drinking her refreshment from a pink plastic lidded-cup and through a pink straw), The Governess allowed her sissy charge to play with her toys for a half-hour or so in the playpen located in the centre of the Nursery playroom. At this time every morning, Charlotte was so delighted to be allowed the opportunity by her Governess to embrace her favourite soft toy, Toddy the Teddy Bear, as well as hugging close to her chest her dearest dollies three, Megan Beth and Sue. Other playtime activities for Charlotte during this precious free time included her coloured books and crayons, the shaking of her numerous sissy baby rattles with their different sounds and The Governess joining her in the playpen to read to her classic Nursery tales spoken so beautifully in her rich and sensuous voice.

The final daily activity before the luncheon was sissy Charlotte's "cushion time". The Nursery study room had a wide bay window that opened out onto The Governess's garden which she tendered to so lovingly and painstakingly throughout the year. As the sun was at its highest point in the day, there was nothing more than

The Governess loved than to sit in her comfortable armchair at the bay window, facing towards the garden and basking in the rays of sunshine, whilst reading one of the books of her favourite authors, Blyton or Dickens.

Before preparing to seat herself, The Governess would click her fingers for sissy Charlotte to scamper, puppy-like, on her hands and knees along the floor across to the armchair where she sat with her back to the front of the chair and placed her head right back on to the seat cushion, making sure to lift up her dress, petticoat and drawers and to spread her legs wide apart with her thighs facing outwards. The Governess would make her subservient sissy girl stay there in this embarrassing position for some time until, eventually, she walked over to the armchair, placed her feet between Charlotte's open legs and, hitching her skirt and petticoats high above her waist, would sit firmly down on her sissy's cushion face before straightening out her skirts and taking up her book for a pleasant half-hour read. Charlotte's only senses were the sight of the dark interior world of his Governess's underskirts and the taste of the rather coarse gusset of her cotton drawers as she pressed it over her nose and mouth.

“So! There you are enveloped under my skirts once again, sissy Charlotte! At your peril will you dare move or speak without my permission, you naughty sissy girl!”

Charlotte knew full well the consequences of her failure to follow The Governess's command since her instant response would be to raise her skirts to severely smack her exposed upper thighs until they were red raw with the pain of her affliction.

A Day In The Life of A Governess And Her Ward: Public and Private Retribution Part 1: A Public Retribution



That morning after early lessons, Governess Taylor had instructed her young ward, Charles Lovell, to join her for the short journey to the nearby town in order to purchase certain provisions which she had in mind. She had dressed him in his thick corduroy short trousers, winter coat, and woollen scarf and gloves, as she did not wish him to catch a chill on that cold March day. The walk into town was pleasant, with Ms Taylor making periodic conversation with Charles on the evident signs around them of the budding springtime. The charming local landscape on view had persuaded the Governess to inform Charles that she intended to devote their afternoon lesson together to an appreciation of nature through art, a prospect which met with the youth's approval and gratification. As was usually expected of him on such occasions, Charles walked slightly behind his Governess, while she led him by the hand, albeit struggling somewhat to keep up with her determined pace.

On entering the main street of the town, Ms Taylor had Charles wait outside the chemist shop while she purchased some items of a personal nature. After completing these purchases, she led the boy next door into the small clothing shop. The shop's owner, Ms Johnson, was well known to Charles, as his Governess had on previous occasions ordered his clothes from her. She was an elegant, neat woman of middle years and a seamstress of renowned skill who was an expert on advising Ms Taylor on suitable clothing for her slim-built, but growing, ward. After a private exchange of words

between the two women, the seamstress proceeded to size her measuring tape around Charles's waist and along the length of his upper leg calf.

"Yes, Ms Taylor, I believe the satin short trousers will be just right for those special occasions you mentioned. I will have the three pairs made up in the colours which you requested. I will deliver them to your cottage later this afternoon - along with the boy's six pairs of lace underwear", said Ms Johnson.

Charles was wholly mortified to hear these words from the seamstress. After all, he had secretly hoped that his Governess would progress him to wearing long trousers given his age, but it was the reference to the lace underwear that had unnerved him the most. He caught the eye of Ms Taylor with a beseeching look, but she treated him with complete indifference. Charles felt humiliated by this incident and was visibly upset as he left the seamstress' shop with his Governess. However, he was too stunned to think of questioning Ms Taylor about her purchases. She, for her part, was far too experienced not to detect his obvious surliness but had decided to herself that she would resolve the matter later at an appropriate time and in the appropriate manner.

Further along the main street, at the corner, was a large haberdashery shop run by a Mr Thompson. Charles had never been to this particular shop before, but he noticed that Ms Taylor was quite at ease in the shop's surroundings and had immediately entered into easy conversation with the owner, indicating to Charles that the two adults were acquaintances. Charles was instructed by his Governess to sit quietly on the bench in the shop corner until she had completed her transactions. A number of other customers, principally women, were also present in the shop at this time of the midmorning.

After a few moments of conversation with Ms Taylor, Mr Thompson went out to the rear of his shop where Charles surmised he kept his supplies. The Governess continued facing towards the counter away from Charles. He noticed that she had taken off her doe-skinned gloves while waiting for Mr Thompson to return. He was yet again, as on numerous other public occasions together, struck by the singular beauty and graceful deportment of his Governess. After

what seemed like an interminable period of time to Charles, Mr Thompson eventually appeared with a long, thin box wrapped in brown covering paper with postage marks on the front. He began to unwrap the paper for his elegant female customer. The box was of plain white cardboard material and sealed with a lid which Mr Thompson removed before proceeding to take out a series of objects wrapped in very fine crease paper.

Ms Taylor carefully unfolded the crease paper to view the first of the implements which she had ordered from Mr Thompson the month previously. Instantly, Charles was filled with horror as he saw his Governess lovingly fondle a new black strap of some eighteen inches long and approximately two inches in depth. Ms Taylor momentarily glanced over her shoulder to catch Charles's look of total disbelief.

However, worse was soon to follow for the boy as the Governess slowly unwrapped the crease paper from a second object to reveal a wide, round, perforated paddle with a wooden handle. She moved the wicked-looking implement close to her face, so as to more intimately take in the pungent aroma of its fresh leather. Next, his Governess unfolded a short, soft leather strap of a type which Charles had seen only once before in his childhood years and knew to be called a 'spanker'. By now, he was totally fearful and demoralized at the sight of these awesome implements of punishment.

Just when he thought the horrendous transactions were completed, Mr Thompson came from the back room with a set of three rattan, hooked canes of varying lengths, each one wrapped in a fresh blue ribbon. At this fearsome sight, Charles almost wet himself with absolute shock and terror. He looked on uncomprehending as his Governess took the longest of the rattan canes in her hands, which was called a dragon cane, undid the ribbon, flexed the cane for its pliability and then dramatically whooshed it through the air a number of times in front of the shop's amazed customers.

Charles, his pent up emotion and tension of the morning finally boiling over, lost total control of himself and screamed at Ms

Taylor, "Why are you buying those horrid implements, Governess? You have no right to! I do not deserve to have these punishment materials bought for me. I cannot allow it. I will not allow it. It is simply not fair! Please! I beg you, Ms Taylor. Please!"

Without further ado, Ms Taylor, her face visibly crimson with anger, marched over to where Charles was sitting on the bench, raised the boy's chin with her left hand to ensure his face was raised towards her and, without any warning, crashed in two vicious slaps across his open cheek with her right hand which almost spun her ward's head around on his shoulders with the sheer force of their execution. Reeling in total shock from his Governess's calculated assault, Charles was now reduced to the helpless state which she required for her next move.

Forcing Charles by the arm upright to his feet and, seating herself in an erect fashion on the bench, Ms Taylor quickly turned the boy over her knees before he had even realised what was happening to him. She lifted his coat right over his back, so that it almost covered his head, and expertly undid his trouser buttons before lowering the trousers around his ankles. Then, showing scant regard for her ward's little remaining modesty and dignity, she yanked his cotton white underpants to his knees, before commencing to administer a thoroughly sound spanking to his exposed bare bottom. The only sounds to be heard in the entire shop were those of the rapid and methodical hand strokes of the irate Ms Taylor on Charles's increasingly reddening posterior. This was matched by the youth's initial whimpering cries followed, as the ferocity of the spanking increased, by his entreaties for clemency and forgiveness, which proved utterly futile in the face of his resolute Governess.

When Ms Taylor had finally decided to bring the errant youth's public chastisement to an end (which for Charles had seemed like an eternity), she quickly re-dressed him and forcibly led him by the hand to the counter. After arranging payment to Mr

Thompson for the implements, she instructed that they be delivered to the cottage as soon as possible that very afternoon. As the still visibly angry Ms Taylor left the shop with her shamed ward in

tow, it was apparent to the bemused, but impressed, female customers that the Governess's purchases would soon be put to very good use indeed!

Emerging from the haberdashery shop, Charles was conscious that his silent, but determined, Governess was leading him by the hand in another direction home from whence they came earlier that morning. Turning left at the top of the town square,

Ms Taylor and her ward entered the small park which contained a recently-opened playground area that was proving a very popular attraction with the town's residents. The playground was full of mothers with their children, as well as a class of children from the local school under the supervision of their female teacher.

In the centre of the playground, amidst the array of sandpits, swings and climbing castles, was an elevated stand of n vintage from which the town brass band played every Sunday morning. With obvious intent, Ms Taylor walked through the crowded play area and brought Charles to the very front of the band platform. Without further delay, and in a raised voice which attracted the attention of those adults and children adjacent, she began to severely admonish the youth for his previous aberrant behaviour.

"How dare you misbehave in such an insolent and disobedient fashion in the haberdashery shop, Charles? Nor should you think that your surly attitude in the clothes shop went unnoticed. You have been an extremely naughty boy! Do you hear me? You have disgraced yourself and deserve to be treated accordingly as the wicked young man you are!"

With that, Ms Taylor, having quickly captured the attention of everyone with this very public reprimand of her ward, turned the boy fully around so that his back was facing the onlookers. She then bent over purposefully, pinning her left arm firmly around Charles's waist so that he was unable to move and, pulling the seat of his trousers upwards to expose as much of the back of his smooth, white legs as possible, she proceeded to apply her gloved right hand in a series of high-arched, strong, smart smacks to each of his bare legs in succession.

“You have been a very (SMACK) naughty (SMACK) boy (SMACK). Just wait (SMACK) until I get (SMACK) you home (SMACK). I will teach (SMACK) you a lesson (SMACK) that you will never (SMACK) forget (SMACK), my boy. You are to be punished (SMACK) severely (SMACK), Charles. Do (SMACK) you (SMACK) understand (SMACK)? You are a naughty (SMACK), naughty (SMACK) boy! You will come home (SMACK) with me this very (SMACK) instant (SMACK), Charles. Do you hear (SMACK)? Come along (SMACK) and don't you dare (SMACK) dally (SMACK), my boy!”

Charles went puce with the sheer embarrassment of his Governess's second public chastisement. He was so choked with shame that he was unable to cry out from the stinging pain he felt in his legs. However, the copious tears, now so uncontrollably flowing down Charles's cheeks, were ample proof to everyone watching how thoroughly pitiful was the plight of this recalcitrant youth who was so evidently under the absolute authority of his strict and unremitting Governess.

Leading him by the hand through the thronged crowd and out of the playground gate, Ms Taylor marched her young ward along the road home to the cottage without a single word being said by her. Finally, as they rounded the last bend in the road to see the cottage appear before them, she abruptly took the bewildered boy by his left earlobe, already having clearly mapped out in her mind during the journey home the precise programme of painful punishments and exquisite humiliations she intended to inflict on him. As they came through the wooden garden gate of the cottage, there on the doorstep were two neatly wrapped parcels that Charles warily surmised were the purchased goods of his Governess which, as earlier arranged, had been delivered by Ms Johnson and Mr Thompson.

As the door of the cottage was opened by the Governess, Charles remorsefully concluded, if he was already in any doubt, that the lesson which Ms Taylor had planned for him earlier that fateful morning would be very, very different to the one he was now about to receive!

Part 2: A Private Retribution



After abruptly divesting her ward of his coat in the hallway, the Governess ordered the youth to his room with instruction to shower, change into his regular school uniform and report promptly to the study room on hearing the bell. In great trepidation, Charles climbed the stairs to his room and, after washing, quickly changed into his uniform, making sure that he put on a clean white vest, underpants and knee-length socks, as was the standard requirement of Ms Taylor in preparation for any impending punishment. It seemed that an awfully long period of time had elapsed before the bell was rung, thus providing Charles with ample opportunity to reflect on the day's sorry events and their imminent consequences for him.

With the sudden sound of the bell, the youth was jolted out of his reflections and quickly left his room, descended the stairs and nervously knocked three times on the wooden door of the study room. After a suitable interval, he heard the voice of his Governess summon him to enter. Ms Taylor was seated upright at her desk, having herself bathed and changed into fresh clothing. Charles noted with admiration her carefully selected attire of immaculate French white blouse with its high starched collar and puffed sleeves, pencil-thin, knee-length black skirt, flesh-coloured, back-seamed stockings and high-heeled black shoes – a truly imperious look that was completed by her neat neck choker, thin spectacles and her fine chestnut hair brought up in a tight bun.

“Come here this instant, you naughty boy, and kneel beside me as I write”, ordered the Governess.

Charles did so immediately and noticed that Ms Taylor was filling out the Misdemeanor and Punishment Log Book she habitually maintained as part of his training and discipline regime, no doubt in

respect of the various offences he had committed that day. As she carefully applied her beautiful hand script to the braid-covered Log Book, the youth, still kneeling abjectly in silence, cautiously cast his eye across to the right-hand column of the page which he knew, from previous experience, was for detailing the due punishments decreed for his misconduct. With a growing sense of dread, Charles noted that his Governess seemed to be compiling a long list of punishments which, frustratingly, because of his poor eyesight, he was unable to read.

Finally, Ms Taylor rose from her seat and stood over the still-kneeling youth.

“I have no need to remind you, Charles, of your absolutely despicable and disgusting behaviour this morning in the clothing and haberdashery shops in the town. You disgraced yourself and me, your Governess, in front of everyone. For this, you are to be severely punished.” Then reading aloud from the Log Book, Ms Taylor stated in a clear and formal voice, “We shall commence with a 6 x 6 hand-strapping and then proceed to an over-the-knee gloved hand spanking on your bare bottom which will be followed by another over the knee session with the new spanker. After this, we will return to another 6 x 6 hand-strapping, this time tennis-style and using the new long leather strap which Mr Thompson has also conveniently delivered. You will then be mounted on the horse for a 6 x 4 session of the new senior cane, young man, which I know you greatly fear. Finally, your punishment will be concluded with a sound birching!”

Charles was utterly devastated on hearing this cruel declaration of his Governess and his head sunk dejectedly into his chest in resignation of his fate.

Ms Taylor instructed Charles to stand facing into the corner of the study room with his hands on top of his head, as she busily went about her preparations. The sound of the Governess' heels on the old oak timber floor as she moved about seemed to greatly add to the intensity of the occasion for the lad.

Finally, he heard Ms Taylor summon him over to her as she stood by the study desk and ordered him to kneel before her. He was a rather tall youth for his age, with his Governess being somewhat

smaller in stature. She then lifted the desk drawer to take out her well-worn, brown leather strap which had twin-split ends. Firmly taking hold of his right wrist, she ordered him to keep his arm out straight, raise his hand high and count each stroke while thanking her. The sound of the first stroke filled the room in a loud echo as the strap cracked down fiercely on his open palm. Charles almost forgot to count the stroke and to thank his Governess. A failure to do so which he knew to his cost would result in extras! After the sixth crushing stroke, Ms Taylor paused briefly, as was her practice, to come down to the boy's level, to rub his hair and to let him kiss either her hand or the implement of his punishment, almost in a loving maternal mode.

Thus it was for the five remaining sets of six strokes (three sets on each hand in total), after which Charles slumped back onto his heels, holding his burning hands under his armpits and seeking in vain some modicum of comfort. He was then instructed to stand again in the corner, this time with his hands opened out before him so that he could see the reddened palms, as well as feel their lingering pain.

Ms Taylor's desk and chair were placed on a raised dais in the study room which seemed to give a heightened elevation to her natural authority. The Governess pulled the chair well clear of the desk and seated herself upright, while carefully adjusting her skirt. She then extracted from her skirt pocket, her two dove-skinned gloves into which she neatly enwrapped her fingers. Ordering the boy to come to her, she slowly undid his belt and lowered his short, flaxen, grey trousers to his ankles. Suggestively hitching her skirt to reveal her glorious mid-thighs, Ms Taylor looked deep into Charles's eyes for what seemed a long period of time and then uttered the refrain with which he was all too familiar from similar occasions in the past.

“Assume the position, boy!”

The feel of being put over his Governess's knees for a spanking was one of the most cherished and exquisite moments for Charles in his punishment regime, not least because of the sensuous experience of coming into almost direct contact with his

Governess's suspender belts which he knew she was very fond of wearing under precisely these circumstances. After ensuring the boy was settled, she lifted the tail of his shirt over his back and slowly raised the elastic of his underpants for a number of seconds before yanking them down to her favoured preliminary mid-thigh position. She then carefully massaged his bottom cheeks for a period which had the effect of lulling the boy into a false sense of security. This was suddenly shattered with the first sharp smack of her raised gloved hand hitting his bottom cheek, each one alternated in a rhythmical volley of blows which were executed in a rapid fashion and without any hesitation or mercy shown.

Although the lad strove to show his manliness by staying silent for the first minute or so, his resolve quickly weakened and he began to blubber. This was the signal for Ms Taylor to again yank his underpants, this time to his knees. As the blows descended, Charles's legs started to lift from the floor and to flay about. To restrict the movement of the boy's legs, the experienced Ms Taylor pulled his underpants to their ultimate position around his ankles. After a number of minutes had passed, the Governess finally heard her ward beginning to cry, but she knew well from experience not to be deflected from her task since Charles was want to precipitate sobbing in the hope of an early termination of his spanking. Ms Taylor ruthlessly continued to spank him through his tears until, finally, she was convinced that his crying was in earnest and she ceased the first phase of her spanking and removed her gloves. Charles was allowed to fall onto his knees, rubbing his bottom, while his Governess hugged him and kissed away his tears in a touching gesture of love for her ward.

Without emotion, however, Ms Taylor suddenly rose from her seat and went over to where the parcel was on the study table to reveal the small, but sturdy new 'spanker' and, then re-seating herself, she instructed Charles to once again come over her lap. This time, not needing any preparations, she methodically applied the spanker to the lad's bare bottom, delivering the strokes in a slow but deliberate fashion, totalling 40 in number, after which Charles rolled off his Governess's knees in a huddle, clutching his raw buttocks with his hands. Helping the boy to his feet, Ms Taylor then put him

sitting on her lap like a small child, and caressing his warmed bottom and endowing him with her hugs and kisses, she gently reassured him of her enduring love despite her need to have to discipline him severely.

The Governess then made him stand upright and helped him quickly walk over to the corner, shaming him further by forcing him to do a “trouser-shuffle” as he went. Despite Ms Taylor’s support, Charles could not help but stumble over himself, with his trousers and underpants tugged down around his ankles as he walked. In facing him towards the wall, the Governess ensured that his shirttail was tied up behind his back, thereby exposing his well-spanked bottom for her inspection and pleasure.

By this stage, Charles’s breathing was rather laboured and irregular, so his Governess left him for some time on his own in the corner to repose himself, while she sat at her study desk. After five minutes or so, Ms Taylor rose and went over to the parcel and, unwrapping the fine crease paper, took out the brand new 18” black leather strap from the box. She admired its texture and sheen, as she lovingly caressed the instrument across her open palm.

The Governess had decided to herself that the punishment regime was now moving into a more formal phase and, instructing Charles to turn around and face her, she donned her black gown and mortar in a highly ritualised gesture. She then stood in the middle of the dais and spread her legs apart to give her better balance for the tennis-style hand strapping of her ward which was to follow. In truth, this was one of the Governess’s favourite postures, as it reinforced in her a feeling of complete authority, not only in her stated position but also in its physical manifestation.

Calmly, she ordered Charles to pull up his underpants and trousers and to come over and kneel before her with his right hand held out upright before him and supported underneath by his left hand. She stood back in a measured fashion from the kneeling boy, while maintaining her open-legged posture. Then, menacingly, she raised the new strap in her right hand as high as possible above her head, while holding its tip with the fingers of her free left hand. She maintained this poise for a number of seconds, ensuring that she

caught the boy's frightened look in his eyes, as he waited in trepidation for the springing of the first stroke. For Charles, this Governess was truly an awesome sight of power and control!

When the stroke was unleashed, he almost buckled over with the excruciating pain, but was immediately pulled out of his self-absorption with the command, "Change hands, you disgusting boy! And as you did not count the stroke or thank me for it, we shall start again".

After the first set of six strokes in this dramatic style, when Charles was convulsed in terrible pain, his Governess came over to him to offer her customary maternal gestures of hugs and kisses. After a short period of respite, Ms Taylor returned to her position and again raised her strap high to commence the second set of six strokes and so it continued until the final sixth set was delivered, by which time Charles was utterly incapable of saying a solitary word due to his singularly distressed state. After this ferocious strapping, Ms Taylor was especially mindful to provide the poor boy with a final comforting session which included taking him close to her breasts and allowing him to fully exhaust what was left of his tears.

Charles had to be physically assisted by his Governess to the corner where she decided it would be best to leave him for fifteen minutes to recover on his own. Before doing so, however, she extracted from the study cupboard a small nursery blackboard, complete with golden thread which she used to hang the blackboard around the boy's neck. Written on the board, to Charles's great consternation and humiliation, were the ominous words: "TO BE CANED AND BIRCHED!"

The Governess was inwardly very pleased with this rather theatrical gesture which she felt heightened further the pathos of the overall punishment scenario that was so obviously under her complete control and manipulation.

Then, thoughtfully, Ms Taylor placed a glass of chilled water beside Charles which she gave him permission to drink and left the study for some light refreshments in the kitchen. As she sat at the kitchen table drinking a welcome glass of milk, Ms Taylor felt a profound sense of satisfaction with the execution of her punishment

regime and the beneficial effect she was sure it was having on her young ward. She calmly composed herself, carefully thinking through her strategy for the final punishment phase of the cane and the birch. She was all too aware that Charles had a dreaded fear of the cane and for this reason, she had used it sparingly on the boy to date, but it was now time to bring the lad to a new level of experience with this king of instruments. As for the birch, the Governess had never applied it to her ward before, but she was very clear in her mind on the new stage of his discipline and training regime which she would introduce to ensure his complete subordination to her absolute will and authority.

On returning to the study, she found Charles standing in the corner slightly calmer, although she noted that he continued to sob from time to time. Taking out the new hooked senior cane from the parcel, she went over to the boy, ordered him to extend his palms open and then laid the cane flat across them for him to contemplate on. Going to the far corner of the room, she then wheeled over the wooden horse with its soft leather covering to the centre of the room, making sure that it faced the central wall mirror which was almost from floor to ceiling in height.

Standing by the horse, she summoned Charles to bring the cane to her. Taking off his neck board, she then removed his trousers totally, as they would serve no useful purpose whatsoever for what was to come. Flexing the new dreaded cane in her hands, she then proceeded to lecture the boy in a severe voice as to his aberrant behaviour in the town that morning and decreeing that he was to receive 24 strokes of the cane. This, Ms Taylor knew, was the highest number of caning strokes Charles had received from her and she noted the utter look of terror in the boy's pale face on hearing his punishment sentence. Without further ado, she ordered the boy onto the horse, facing him lengthways along it, and strapping him down by the hands, waist and legs, certain in the knowledge that such restraints would be necessary. She then came behind him to slowly remove his underpants to his knees.

Taking up the cane in her right hand, she walked to the front of the horse and, holding out the instrument before him at eye level,

she instructed her ward to kiss the implement of his punishment along its full length from handle to tip. She then walked back behind him, measured the distance for her swing and proceeded to execute a number of air shots with the cane whose whistled sounds completely undermined whatever little resolve the boy had left. As was the norm, Ms, Taylor ordered Charles to count the strokes and to thank her. After a few preliminary taps of the cane on the centre area of his raised bottom, the frightened boy was moved to clench his buttocks in protection but was reproached angrily by Ms Taylor that to do so would earn two extra strokes for each clenching incident.

Ms Taylor released the first stroke of her cane, carefully aimed at his lower bottom area, which had the effect of making Charles almost jump out of his restraints with the shock. She continued to play out the first set of six strokes, aiming the remaining five around his centre bottom area. On completion of the first set, the Governess walked to the blackboard and chalked up a notch. By the completion of the second set, Charles was verbally articulating his resistance, but Ms Taylor ignored him as she chalked up the second notch on the blackboard.

With the third set, the Governess decided to take over responsibility for the counting due to her ward's obvious distress, but still requiring him to thank her. By its end, Charles was begging for mercy from his Governess, but to no avail. After marking the third notch, she did remember to take a short period of time to take his, by now, sweaty hair out of his eyes and to kiss him tenderly on his cheeks, exhorting him that the application of the cane was for his own good and how it pained her to have to use it on him, but it that it was her moral duty as his Governess to correct his misbehaviour.

Intermittently, the Governess had, between strokes over the first three sets, bent over and seductively blown her cool breath over the area of Charles's chastened posterior, which had a peculiarly soothing and erotic effect on the boy. However, Ms Taylor decided to administer the final set with added ferocity in order to bring the boy to the culmination of his pain and humiliation. Charles was wholly broken by this last fierce assault.

Having completed the final notch of four on the blackboard, she again held the cane out front for her ward to pay homage to the instrument of his punishment with his kisses and tears. Before releasing Charles from his restraints, Ms Taylor spent some time rubbing his afflicted bottom gently with her hands, including the inside of his upper thighs. This had a steadily calming effect on the boy, helping him slowly to come down from the height of the physical threshold of his pain. On restoring his self-composure, Charles was led by his Governess once again to the corner of the study room.

The Governess had decided at her kitchen repast that the final birching session with her ward should be executed in tandem with the initiation of his new sissification regime. She had previously placed a long stout birch in a bucket of brine in the study cupboard. Ms Taylor left the study to fetch a girl's navy pinafore uniform which she had specially purchased some weeks back for just such a scenario, along with a brunette wig from her wardrobe. On re-entering the study, she opened the parcel from Ms Johnson and picked out one of the new pair of frilly white knickers. Seating herself on the study chair, she ordered Charles to come to her and quickly detruessed him of his trousers and underpants.

Without speaking a word, the Governess then made the boy step into the frilly knickers, the sight of which mortified him with feelings of utter shame and humiliation. She completed his sissification with the putting on of the girl's pinafore, the skirt of which came just below his knees and with the placing of the wig which was a perfect fit and colour for his complexion. Ms Taylor instructed "Charlotte" to walk up and down in front of her, so that she could more easily observe his posture and gait. She also ordered him to courtesy to her which he did with surprising finesse. The Governess was quietly pleased with how graceful a figure Charlotte presented in his charming apparel. She was convinced that, under her own expert guidance, he could be formed into a very pretty satin sissy boy indeed.

The Governess was now completely focused on the final stage of Charlotte's punishment. As this was to be the boy's first experience of the birch, she opted for a maternal rather than judicial-

style birching, and so removed her gown and mortar. Ms Taylor rose from her chair and ordered Charlotte to kneel on the left side of the seat of his school desk, whereupon she pulled up his skirt and tucked it in high about his waist. Again, she had ensured that the school desk was facing the centre wall mirror so that Charlotte and she would have an enhanced view of what was soon to unfold. On the count of three, the Governess instructed the apprehensive boy to bend forward right over his desk. Standing behind him, she proceeded to delicately pull his frillies down to his knees.

Ms Taylor then went to the cupboard to fetch the ripened birch, making sure, as always, that her determined footsteps on the wooden floor heightened the overall sense of expectancy and tension for Charlotte. The boy's eyes opened wide in disbelief on seeing the ferocity of this next and final instrument of his punishment at the hands of his stern Governess.

Moving front on to the right side of the desk, Ms Taylor placed her left arm right under Charlotte's waist so as to ensure that his bottom was poised high at the very best possible angle for the application of the birch, almost lifting his knees off the desk seat in the process. Then, spreading her legs astride to maximize her balance, the Governess raised the birch high above her head in readiness. This awesome image of his Governess in dramatic punishment mode, as reflected in the mirror before him, was forever etched in the boy's mind. For her part, the Governess had a policy of never determining in advance the number of strokes to be applied in the case of the birch, since truly this was a classic instrument which was best wholly spent until its natural character and texture had physically deteriorated beyond the point of effective use by the impact of the brutal beating to be administered.

It was then that Charles / Charlotte heard the dreaded annunciation: "Prepare yourself for the birch, you wicked boy!"

And a proper sissy girl was thus prepared for life.

The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:

Wetting the bed around the world

Forrest Grant

*A (mostly) fictional account of
wetting beds, cots, and nappies
while travelling the world*

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The Bedwetter's Travel Guide



I awoke that fateful morning as I did every morning.

I was wet.

My bed was wet and my nightie and panties were equally wet. The morning promised sunshine and warmth and as I stepped out of the bed that was soaked, I saw the tidelines of many previous wet nights. It made me smile. I saw beauty in wet sheets and always have.

As I stretched out and walked to the front room to see the beauty of the gardens opposite my house, I spotted something unusual and unexpected by my front door, just underneath the mail slot.

It was a brochure.

The days of personal mail were long gone and the only deliveries through that slot were bills, more bills, and the occasional speeding fine. I had a 'no junk mail' sign out front, so even that source of printed rubbish was almost non-existent. But as I picked up the glossy 12 by 8-inch brochure, I saw that it was not mere junk mail, thrown randomly in the hope that it might attract interest in one per cent of its readers. This brochure was targeted at me, directly at my specific interests.

It was expensively produced and as I held it in my hands, I felt as though my life was suddenly exposed and yet, I was not concerned. The fact that I was a bedwetter was an open secret. I

took the 48-page brochure into the kitchen and sat down, still very wet from my sleep. I looked at the front page for a minute without opening it and simply marvelled.

It was entitled *“The Bedwetter’s Travel Guide: wetting the bed around the world”*.

The front page had a photo of an English country house with lovely gardens and upfront was a clothesline full of bedsheets. What was most noticeable was that one of the sheets had pee stains, overlapping each other – a bedwetter’s sheet.

My hands were shaking as I carefully turned the page. It had this simple message in large print:

“Being a bedwetter can make travel difficult for obvious reasons. This guide is a listing of all the places you - a bedwetter – can go to and stay with zero problems. This guide lists not only bedwetter-tolerant but also bedwetter-positive destinations. And in some locations, you will also find bedwetter-only locales where everyone you meet will be like you – a bedwetter. Enjoy travelling again and meet other bedwetters and those who appreciate the fine art of wetting the bed with style and pleasure.”

Along the top and bottom of the page were twelve photographs of bedrooms. In every single one, the quilt was pulled back and the wet patch was visible. I was stunned and almost afraid to turn the page once more and lose the impact of those twelve glorious beds. But I did turn the page.

What I found was a table of contents to a comprehensive guide to what looked like a hundred or more places that bedwetters could go to.

For the next hour, I turned each page and read the description of each place. There were Bed and Breakfasts. There were private homes. There were boutique hotels that offered ‘private

bedrooms'. There were motels and even a few caravan sites that offered bedwetter caravans.

To say that I was stunned is an understatement.

As I stood in the shower, I mulled over every page I could remember. There was one very obvious difference between this brochure and the countless others you might encounter. It was 2019, but there were no websites, no email addresses, no social media. Every location had just one phone number and one person's name plus a physical mailing address.

If not for the exquisite quality of the brochure and the at times stunning photography, it felt like a 1980s effort, before the internet put www and @ symbols on everything.

As the hot water rained over me in the shower, I stood still, just considering what this all might mean. The brochure was obviously not some fake, troll's attempt to upset me or to try and extort me. It would have cost thousands to produce this brochure and the quality of the photography was at a professional level with proper lighting and post-production. Among the photographs of bedrooms and facilities, there were 96 (yes, I counted them!) first-class photographs of wet beds ranging from small patches to full-length, multi-night wet beds.

But what really took my interest was not the Australian, American, Canadian, Brazilian and French locations, but rather, the B&B located less than thirty miles from my home. It accepted bedwetters like me.

The shower was long, hot and yet very little actual washing took place until the last fifteen seconds when I finally began the task of washing away a night in a soaking bed. I didn't always wash so carefully and if I had no plans on going out, usually showered not at all. The smell of being a bedwetter was nothing I was ashamed of, but I also knew that mine was a minority opinion. I still had to live in this village.

As I laid on my change table and pinned my nappy on, I suddenly remembered the time I had wet the bed in a private home.

The bed was unprotected and when I awoke, the sheets and mattress were very pee-soaked.

Martha was her name and she was a treasure. Upon admitting what had happened, she simply took charge, stripped off the wet sheet and left the mattress to dry. The multiple stains on the old mattress demonstrated that it was not only not the first time, but it was probably the hundredth time it had happened. I was young, I was nervous, and I was still irresponsible, but Martha handled it with aplomb. But as most bedwetters will attest to, wetting someone else's bed rarely goes down so well.

After pulling on my plastic pants and girl's panties, I clipped my bra on and put a shirt and trousers on over the top. Nothing special, nothing unusual, but today was not a usual day. The brochure had also come with a little yellow post-it note.

Forrest, I hope you can make use of this and I hope we meet in a wet bed some time. Love, Dahlia.

Who was Dahlia? I could not specifically remember anyone of that name. And I wanted to know who she was. I imagined she had to be a bedwetter like me, but why come over to my house during the very early morning and anonymously drop off such a remarkable gift?

I knew most of the residents in my village and there was no Dahlia here. And the note didn't even let on that she was from my country, never mind my county. I was intrigued and a little nervous as well. The fact that I was a bedwetter was well-known online, but not my address. This Dahlia knew me better than I knew her.

It was a question I had to answer.

I grabbed the brochure and opened it to page eleven and looked at the description of "**Agatha's Wet Bed and Breakfast**". It was then that it occurred to me that a brochure of this kind would have had a print run of a thousand or more.

Who else had a copy? How many other secret bedwetters travelled the country and the world staying only at places that permitted and encouraged wet beds?

Agatha's Wet Bed and Breakfast



Agatha Houseman's charming two-storey, five-bedroom establishment is set in lush surroundings with two walking trails nearby. One of the double bedrooms is set aside exclusively for bedwetters, while two others are easily able to be readied for bedwetters of any size, age, gender or wetness level.

Featuring bedrooms with classic old-world charm and style, you will be welcomed to wet her beds at your leisure and comfort. Bedwetters may choose their protection type and sheet and pillow styles. Laundering of all wet-wear, including nappies/diapers, are available on request.

I sat reading the short description of Agatha's B&B and wondered how I could have not been aware of her existence in the years and decades of wetting my bed. I read it dozens of times before finally grabbing my phone and calling the number.

"Agatha's wet bed and breakfast," the person on the other end answered almost immediately. "How can I help you?"

She answered using the term WET BED and breakfast! Was she really that open about it or was this a private number just for bedwetters?

“Um... I was just wondering...” I stammered. I kicked myself. I was not backward in talking and writing about my bedwetting and yet, here I was stammering like a teenager.

“It’s fine dear. I expect you are a bedwetter and want a safe place to stay, am I correct?”

“Yes, that’s right,” I replied, relieved that we were on the same page.

“When do you want to book and for how long?”

“I was thinking as soon as possible and for three days, if that is convenient?” I asked, finally overcoming my stammering.

“That would be very easy to do, dear. You can come today if you wish and I only have one other non-bedwetting guest at the moment, so the wet room is free.”

The wet room!

It was the nonchalant way she used the term that both made me feel welcomed and yet, nervous at the same time.

“My last bedwetter left three nights ago and I haven’t yet prepped the room, so I need to ask what kind of prep you want. Do you want me to list the options?”

“Er... yes please,” I replied, not at all sure what the ‘options’ might be in a wet room.

“Okay dear,” she began. “You can choose between absorbent mattress protection and we use cotton covered absorbent broly sheets or you can have plain plastic protection. You can also choose white or pink sheets and pillows and we have girls’ or boys’ quilts to choose from.”

“Wow,” I replied, genuinely impressed with the idea of such a variety of bedding. But before I could begin to make my choices, she added another option.

“But there is another choice if you want, and it is a bit more specialised and so pleased don’t take offence.”

“I won’t.”

“If you wish, I can leave the current sheets and protection on the bed. The last bedwetter slept on it for five nights and one side of

the bed is probably dry now and stained and the other clean. It is pink with absorbent mattress protection. So, if you want, I can leave that on.”

I was genuinely stunned at the choice. Not from revulsion, of course. Quite the contrary. I’ve slept in more pre-stained beds than clean ones.

“I think I’d like that stained option better, if that’s okay.”

“Of course, dear. I’m sorry she left a few days ago and so it will be pretty dry now. But we can’t always have what we want!”

Over the next few minutes, I gave her my information and found out the details of where to go to find her B&B. As I packed a small bag to go on the very short journey, I felt as if I was embarking on something truly special and exciting, not just a 35-mile journey along roads I had driven many times before. But there was a side road I would be taking, and it was going to be very interesting indeed.



I parked my small car in front of the home in a small gravelled section set aside for the purpose. As mentioned on the phone, there was one other car there that looked like a family SUV.

As soon as I went to knock on the front door, it suddenly opened from inside.

“Forrest Grant, I presume?” the smiling middle-aged woman asked rhetorically.

I nodded and dragging my suitcase behind me, I went inside, following Agatha’s lead. She took me up the staircase and to the room at the rear of the building. As she opened the door, I took one deep breath of the air and smiled automatically. It was a bedwetter’s room and had the unmistakable odour of pee-wet sheets. But beneath the smell of fresh pee, there was that recognisable scent of long-term bedwetting – the trace of pee in the curtains, the slight odour of the bedding and the sixth sense that every bedwetter has.

We all know a long-term bedwetter's room when we are in one. We don't have to sit on the crackly mattress protector or see the stains on the sheets. We just... know.

This was very definitely a bedwetter's room.

"The bathroom is at the end of the hall and breakfast is at 7 am. Will you be needing nappies washed or anything else?"

"Yes, nappies and knickers and if you are okay with it, my bra too."

I didn't really need my bra washed nor my knickers and my nappy was only slightly damp, but I couldn't help but take up the option that was given. My exhibitionist streak is only ever barely under control.

"If you want to change your nappy, just give me your bra and knickers and I should get them clean for you by tonight."

As she closed the door, I quickly pulled back the quilt to see what the bed looked like. It was dry, but there were multiple pee stains on one side and as I lowered my face to it and inhaled the scent, I could imagine the person who had emptied out there only days before.

Being an incorrigible snoop, I decided to check out the state of the mattress. It is something I have done for years whenever I travelled, to see if bedwetters had preceded me. While I routinely wore nappies to bed so as not to incur the wrath of proprietors, I often found the odd stain or two on mattresses. This time, however, it was a bit different.

There were about thirty rather obvious stains on this mattress. This mattress had taken quite a number of unprotected assaults.

I changed my damp nappy and took off my bra and knickers and put a fresh set on and then went downstairs to find Agatha to give her my 'washing'. I found her in the downstairs living room saying goodbye to a couple and their two children as they were heading off to their next destination. We were alone.

"Thanks for these, Forrest," she said as she took my washing. "I will get them washed for you."

“I was pretty excited to find out that you accepted bedwetters,” I said, trying to start a conversation. “I never knew you were here.”

“I’ve been taking bedwetters for about four years now after a lady asked me if I was interested in the idea,” she replied in her matter-of-fact voice.

“Us bedwetters usually struggle to find places that will take us, even with nappies, but without nappies...”

“You get thrown out or abused?” she added.

I sighed deeply. I had experienced both of those. “What made you decide to take on bedwetters like this? I mean, you are so open and accepting of it.”

Agatha smiled. Her face was inscrutable and I knew a secret awaited.

“Do you really want to know?”

I nodded.

“Come this way.”

Agatha led the way through the living room, past the kitchen, and down the hallway to a room marked ‘Private’. As she opened the door, the secret was instantly revealed.

The queen-size bed was wet. Pee wet.

“Does that explain it enough for you?”

I nodded once more.

As we walked back to the living room, Agatha explained some more.

“When I had my first daughter, I started wetting the bed again. Doctors couldn’t find the problem and daytimes were fine but at night, I would wet almost every night. I stopped as a young child so there was no real history, but at twenty-three, I was wetting the bed every night. And as you can see, it is not a small amount.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” I answered genuinely. I might enjoy a wet bed, but most people do not, and I assumed it wasn’t Agatha’s choice either.

“Long time ago, now, dear,” she said with a happy face. “But it would be fair enough to say, that it didn’t work out well in my marriage. He hated the wet sheets and was totally averse to nappies and after a few years, he left and I truly don’t regret it.”

“Your story is not unique,” I offered, weakly.

“Oh, I know that, dear. After he left, I was able to find a continence support group and I found there were a lot of bedwetters around – a lot more than I realised. And I only had one child and this large house and so I was able to have some of my new-found friends over and the beds were protected and so...”

“You let other bedwetters sleepover?”

“Yes. It wasn’t very often of course, but a handful of times, some of my support group would sleep over knowing that a wet bed here was not a problem.”

“That’s wonderful. I bet they appreciated it.”

“They did and I enjoyed the fact I was offering a safe haven for them when so many other places were denied them.”

“So, what made you offer it to other bedwetters like me?”

“I assume you have the Travel Guide?”

“Yes, I do. It arrived this morning and I wanted to try it out straight away.”

“That’s very enthusiastic, Forrest!” she exclaimed. “About four years ago, a woman called me up and asked if I wanted to join a network of bedwetter-safe B&Bs. The idea sounded good to me and she sent me a copy of the 2010 Bedwetter’s Travel Guide to check out.”

“I did not know this network existed,” I protested. “I would have been using it before now if I knew about it.”

“That’s the thing that intrigued me. The woman told me that the network was invitation-only so that I would never end up with irresponsible, ne’er do wells or wannabes or those who would abuse the privilege.” Then she looked at me and pointed her finger and added, “Sounds like you just got approved!”

“Wow!” I replied, finally understanding what had happened. “I am a fully approved bedwetter?”

“Sounds like it!”

“And so, you kinda *get* bedwetters like me?” I asked.

“Of course, my good friend. I get that you like wet beds and I get that you wear nappies and bras and knickers. Most of the men that come here also wear nappies and panties. And the women... the women are usually just as wet as you guys!”

She laughed infectiously as she told of couples that wet the bed together and singles that just relished the opportunity to wet the bed openly and without shame.

“A lot of adult bedwetters suffer at the hands of others, but not here and not in any other places in the network.”

“Do you...” I stammered again. “Like bedwetting too?”

“Not like you, dear,” she replied. “It doesn’t worry me anymore and I change the sheets just once a week, so I am a *little* like you, but only a little.”

Her smile made me feel welcome. It was probably a good thing she wasn’t a bedwetting fetishist or life-styler like me. It made the whole setup feel more genuine.

“Do you get busy here?” I asked, noting that I was the only guest at the time.

“In summer we are booked out solidly and the wet room is rarely empty, and I often have to bring in the second wet room as well. This time of the year, we are usually about half-full but come winter, the bedwetters come out in force.”

“Really? In winter?”

“In winter, I turn the heat up and for a month, I make all five bedrooms, wet rooms. They are usually all occupied and in that month, it means that wearing wet pyjamas or nighties to breakfast is acceptable.”

My mind immediately visualised five or more bedwetters in wet PJs or nighties sitting around the table having breakfast like it

had been at times for many of them growing up as bedwetting children.

“Damn,” I exclaimed. “I missed that!”

“Well, you are the only guest and I have none booked in until three days’ time so, if you want, you are free to wear your wet things to breakfast.”

I grinned stupidly. My exhibitionism was going to get a bit of a chance!



I arrived back at Agatha’s Wet Bed and Breakfast just after dark after spending time wandering the shops and streets of the local village. I had been there before but now, I was killing time as well as exploring the quaint streets and paths.

Seeing no one around, I slipped up to my room and laid down on the stained bed and changed my very wet nappy. I was a fan of cloth nappies and so when I pulled the plastic pants down, the sheets beneath me began to get damp and that was fine by me!

The room had a TV mounted on the wall and so I propped up the pillows and got ready to spend the evening in bed. I put on fresh panties, changed into my ‘night-time’ bra on and slipped on a satin nightie. With my dummy in my mouth, I was set and ready for a night of whatever was on free-to-air TV. Football replays and a gardening show was all there was available, but I was content and happy and best still, minutes later, the bed began to get wet as I slowly and happily peed on it.

Around 9 pm, there was a knock on my door.

“Just me!” called Agatha. “I have your washing for you.”

“Come on in,” I replied, getting up to open the door, which had a privacy lock on it.

“Here is your washing,” she repeated, as she walked in and placed the small pile of nappies, panties, and bra on the low cupboard. “I see you are off to an early start!”

My nightie and panties were already very wet and the patch on the bed was already sizable. I grinned.

“I love your choice of bras, by the way. You certainly have good taste!”

And with that, she left, closing the door behind her.

I did have good taste in bras and knickers as well as camisoles, stockings and other lingerie. I was helped by having a friend in the business who fitted me for a bra many years before and had continued to do so as I had gotten older and my breasts had swelled. She made sure I had the very best in lingerie.

What she hadn't mentioned was the obvious colour of my nighttime bra. It was technically white, but it was heavily pee-stained. It was an expensive and very comfortable bra, but it had been a month since it was last washed and it was worn during every wet night. And my wet patches rarely failed to rise to bra height and beyond.



I awoke early in the morning before the sun had risen. There was some light still coming through the window and as always, I slipped my hands underneath myself to measure the extent of my bedwetting. I smiled to myself when I realised that the wetness extended to my knees and the pillow my head was lying on was also damp.

Wet pillow! Well done! I wonder if Agatha will comment?

I laid in the soggy bed, happy and content. The room was heated and so I was not cold and being a naturally warm-blooded person, the bed was also warm and inviting. As I usually did, I deliberately pushed my bladder to empty out the remains of my night-time pee only to find very little left. Years of training had taught my bladder that the bed was the proper place to empty out and to do so fully.

An hour later, the sun was up and a little light filtered into the room and I sat up and admired the wetness. In the dim light, I could make out a few other tide-marks of previous bedwetting, indicating that the person who slept in these unwashed sheets could also make a sizable patch. The smell of the wet bed was arousing and before long, I was sliding up and down the wet sheets, clad only in my soaking panties and my now very wet bra. My wet nightie was discarded on the floor. It was my familiar routine to masturbate in my wet bed every morning.

I was nearly at orgasm when the door suddenly opened and in walked Agatha.

“Good morning, Forrest,” she exclaimed. “I hope you slept well.”

The quilt was pulled back and the extent of my wetting was fully visible, along with the erection in my nearly-transparent wet panties.

“Really well, thank you. The bed was very comfortable.”

As I focussed on Agatha, I realised she was wearing just her nightie and it was soaking wet as well. There was silence for a moment as the two of us – open bedwetters – looked at each other.

“I am making breakfast if you would like to join me in the dining room. There is just the two of us, so you don’t need to get dressed.”

“I just need to er... finish...” I stammered pointlessly. She had clearly seen me humping the wet bed when she opened the door.

“Would you like to see my wet bed?” she whispered.

It took just a few seconds to understand her meaning and I stepped out of my bed, urine still soaking my skin along with my bra and panties.

I walked slowly to her room, taking the time to try and understand what was happening and to make sure I didn’t mess up. As Agatha opened her bedroom door, I saw her wet bed and smiled.

It was gorgeous.

There were tidemarks that I hadn't noticed the night before. Many of them, in fact, and the centre of the bed was soaking wet and spreading.

"May I?" I asked, pointing to the bed.

"Of course," she answered, knowingly. "Get on in!"

I carefully laid on my back on her wet bed. Initially a bit cold, it quickly warmed up and I looked at Agatha's face. She was smiling as I enjoyed her wet bed.

"Is it okay?" she asked, wanting praise for her wet bed.

I understood that sentiment perfectly. I understood that wet beds could be graded, scored, approved of and enjoyed. Whenever my wet bed was praised as a child or teenager, I had grinned stupidly.

"It's lovely!" I said genuinely, as my erection grew to full length and poked out of my inadequate panties. "May I finish?"

"Of course. Can I stay while you finish?"

I nodded and rolled over on my stomach and began to thrust and slide in her surprisingly wet bed. The plastic sheet beneath me crackled some, announcing each thrust and retreat in the search for orgasm.

It did not take long before my climax arrived and my penis erupted. Pointing out of my panties, I deposited onto her sheets.

Agatha grinned as I sat up, my white semen distributed over her sheets.

"Time for breakfast then?" she announced.

Sitting around the dinner table, both clad in wet nighties and underwear was a bit surreal, but very nice just the same. We ate and talked and the fact we were both bedwetters was an obvious given, but of no concern.

"Do you want your sheets changed?" she asked as the meal ended.

I laughed. "No, I really, really don't. They are just starting to look good!"

Agatha laughed in response as well. “I get that. I really do. Most of my wet bed patrons want their sheets left on. A bit like a trophy really.”

“How often do you change your own bed, Agatha?” I asked, hoping I wasn’t prying.

“About once a week, more or less,” she replied, shrugging her shoulders. “If the wet rooms are occupied, I feel less like washing them.”

“I guess you get to see a lot of wet beds around here?”

“Yes, a lot of them and occasionally, people who don’t say they wet the bed also do it, but in unprotected beds by accident.”

“Do you complain?”

“I make them pay a fee for extra cleaning, but the truth is that if someone really soaks and stains a mattress, I keep it and put it in one of the wet rooms when someone doesn’t want mattress protection.”

“Do a lot of people reject mattress protection?”

“About a quarter want to wet the bed and mattress.”

“Would it be okay if I took the waterproof off the mattress too?”

“Of course, dear,” she said, almost enthusiastically. “I will take it off when you are out this morning.”

I wasn’t taking notice of myself and as soon as I stopped talking, I felt the warm pee run down my leg.

Shit! I’m wetting myself without a nappy on!

My bladder control was minimal at best and without conscious effort, non-existent.

“I’m sorry, Agatha!” I explained, apologetically. “I can’t help it! I need to go and get my nappy on.”

“That’s fine dear,” she said. “Easy to clean up. But do you need a hand getting your nappy on? I have put more than a few of them on people.”

“Okay,” I replied, relishing yet another opportunity to be an exhibitionist.

Back in my room, I retrieved and folded a thick cloth nappy and lacking any other place to lay it down, laid it on top of the wet bed. Now fully erect once again, I laid back on the nappy as Agatha gathered the corners of the nappy and expertly pinned them together.

The nappy was already quite damp from the wet bed as I pulled up my pink plastic pants. I took off my soaking wet and badly stained ‘night-time bra’ and hung it over the edge of the bed to dry out. I chose a red lace bra with a naughty smile.

This bra will show through my clothes and people will know I am wearing it! I don't care!

Agatha watched the entire dressing sequence including wearing a baby-style onesie over the top. True to expectation, the red bra was slightly visibly under my t-shirt along with the A-cup breasts I was now sporting.

Not having showered, the smell of wet bed – and not just my own – hung to my body like a badge of honour. I remembered once again, an older woman who had once smelt me and engaged in a discussion about the problems of bedwetting with me. Everywhere I went... wet beds everywhere!

I drove around the local areas checking-out side roads that barely qualified for the name, saw old farmhouses, broken down buildings and the smell of fresh air that a city dweller rarely experienced. On the edge of that freshness was the smell of a bedwetter – a smell I enjoyed and a smell I was proud of.

When I returned to Agatha's Wet bed and Breakfast, I was disappointed to find another car in front. Obviously one of the rooms was about to be rented. I was hoping to be openly wet again, but it was perhaps too much to ask for.

“Mr and Mrs Collins have arrived, Forrest,” she remarked quietly, as soon as I walked through the front door towards my bedroom. “They are in one of the dry rooms.”

It was quaint how she had wet rooms and dry rooms.

I opened the door and saw my wet bed open and drying out. The aroma was strong, despite the open windows, but very arousing. My nappy was soaking wet after a half-day of exploring the district and I took the opportunity to change into a dry one. I couldn't risk another accident, especially with non-bedwetting guests.

Dinner felt a little bizarre. While it was only a bed and *breakfast*, it was Agatha's idea to often invite one or more of the patrons to dinner in her private section of the house. That night it was me and the Collins' sitting around a small table with Agatha.

I still smelled of pee somewhat. I noted that Agatha, however, had showered and the only smell of pee was on my own body. Not that I cared. My red bra was still noticeable and our other guests noticed but said nothing. Agatha seemed to enjoy the subtextual commentary of my crossdressing.

After dinner, I retired to my room where the sheets were now more-or-less dry and sat in them reading a book. My nightie was stained and my dummy relaxed me while my incontinent bladder continually wet the sheets beneath me. The mattress protection had been removed and so much of the pee flowed through to the mattress below.

By the time I turned off the light to go to sleep, the bed was already moderately wet and unlike many, I found it a great comfort. To me, a wet bed is a pleasurable comfort while a dry bed seems unnatural and rare.

In the morning, it was time to leave Agatha's Bed and Breakfast and after breakfast was done, she came to my room to see if everything was to my satisfaction.

"I hope you enjoyed your stay, Forrest," she enquired.

"Absolutely loved it," I replied, pointing to the very wet bed with the heavy pee stains.

She lifted the corner of the sheets and inspected the heavy damage to the mattress and smiled.

"You did well on the mattress!" she exclaimed.

"Thanks. I always try my best!" And then I grinned stupidly.

“I have a middle-aged woman coming in this afternoon and she asked for a pre-wet bed *without* protection and so, these sheets are staying on and the waterproof is staying off. According to her, she wets four times a week and never uses protection but wants a bit of a break from home, so she is coming here.”

I briefly wondered what this newcomer would think of the bed I was leaving and the soaked mattress. She would be the third bedwetter in the same sheets and I knew from my own experience that while a protected wet bed will dry off during the day, a pee-soaked mattress will usually keep the sheets damp. She would be getting into an already quite wet bed that night.

But I guess she already knows that!

I reluctantly left Agatha’s Wet Bed and Breakfast and headed down to Bristol where I had booked a single night in a private home. The back story intrigued me because there was none. It was just a single bed in a private home where literally, *only* bedwetters were allowed to sleep.

Colour me intrigued.

Caroline's Single Bed



I arrived just after lunchtime at the home of Alyssa Carter. The advertisement in the brochure attracted me mainly because it was located so close to me. The details were curiously sparse, simply offering a single bed for overnight stays with the single proviso that you *must* be a bedwetter and that nappies were not permitted to be worn inside the house at all. As a person interested in the stories that go with bedwetters, I simply had to visit. It was a curious demand for no nappies, and I had to find out what was going on.

Alyssa greeted me at the front door with an inscrutable visage. Clearly, she was checking me out and it felt a little uncomfortable, but it was perhaps to be expected.

“Come in, Mr Grant,” she said officiously, giving nothing away. “Let me show you to your room.”

Together we climbed the narrow stairs and she opened the door to the bedroom. I noticed with a degree of curiosity the sign on the door that said in large letters: ‘Caroline’s Room’.

“Who is Caroline?” I asked as I stepped into the bedroom, clearly set up as a teenage girl’s bedroom, replete with rock star photos and a My Little Pony collection gathering dust on a shelf.

“Caroline is my daughter,” she replied, her sentence not fully ending, implying more information was available... if I asked.

“Does she live with you still?” I asked, immediately regretting the stupidity of my question as obviously, she didn’t live there since

her mother was renting out her room.

“No, she left home a few years ago and I haven’t seen her since.”

“I’m sorry – “

“She left without a word. Her room is exactly as it was when she left, including the plastic sheet on her bed.”

“She was a bedwetter then?”

“Yes, still wet her bed every night and I miss that so much.”

“You miss the wet bed?” I asked, insensitively.

“I miss Caroline most... but yes, I miss her wet bed as well.”

There was a story to find out and a woman who clearly wanted to tell it, but only to trustworthy people. I was just a voice on a phone a few days ago and a total of five minutes inside her house.

“Are you wearing a nappy?” she asked, brusquely. “I can see a bulge in your trousers.”

Inwardly, I laughed at the ‘bulge in my trousers’ comment. In any other circumstance, it would be a sexual one, but in the curious world we both lived in, a ‘bulge’ meant an indiscreet nappy.

“Yes, I wear them all the time. I have to. But I don’t wear them to bed,” I added, to confirm that I was the bedsheet wetter I claimed to be.

“Nappies are not permitted in this house, sorry. I have to ask you to take them off.”

I looked at her in surprise.

“Caroline was a bedwetter. She didn’t wear nappies. Even when sitting on that chair over there.”

Alyssa pointed to a soft upholstered chair sitting in the corner. As I walked up to it, I could see the multiple pee stains on it. Dozens of wetting incidents had taken place there. I was unsure of what the protocol was for using the chair.

“You can’t wear nappies in the house even if you absolutely need them, but you can use the chair and of course, the bed is fully protected for your wetting.”

I sat on the bed and was rewarded with the loud sound of a very thick, very crackly, old-fashioned mattress protector.

“It’s been on her bed for twelve years now,” Alyssa commented as the loud crackling settled down. “And the chair has been there since she was fourteen.”

I was beginning to get an idea of the story that may be behind it all but decided not to push.

“But I must insist you remove your nappies and leave them with me. I will put them in the sitting room and you can wear them when you leave... if you must.”

“I’d wet your couch, if I don’t wear them,” I explained, truthfully. Over the years, my extreme bedwetting had filtered over to my daytime and staying dry for more than an hour required a Herculean effort. Any longer than that simply wasn’t possible.

“There are worse things,” she replied. “Now, nappies off please.”

“Now?”

She nodded and folded her arms.

Taking my cue from her body language, I sat down once again on the noisy bed and removed my shoes and my trousers, exposing my panty-covered nappy and plastic pants. I felt oddly self-conscious since my nappy was actually quite wet as I slid it down my legs. As soon as I stepped out of the sodden nappy, Alyssa bent down and picked it up.

“I will leave this in the sitting room for you and you can get it when you leave. Now can I have all your other nappies too, please?”

I extracted the other cloth and disposable nappies from my suitcase and gave them to her and pulled on a pair of panties to cover the nakedness I was surprisingly embarrassed by.

“I will leave you on your own to get used to the room. By the way, that dress is very pretty. I look forward to seeing it. Feel free to use the chair.”

And then she left.

I felt quite unprepared to be in such a teenage girl's room without any nappy protection and yet, that seemed to be the point. I pulled back the quilt, half expecting a wet bed, but instead, the sheets were pristine. Flowery, but pristine. The plastic protector was old but sturdy, made of thick clear plastic that was badly stained yellow. Through the protector, I could see that the mattress beneath was, unlike the sheets, far from pristine. Multiple large pee stains showed it was the bed of a heavy bedwetter. And the mattress had seen long service, possibly fifteen years or more.

I looked at my suitcase, now totally devoid of nappies. All that was left were a couple of panties, my feeding bottle and emergency formula, a couple of bras and pee-stained nighties and of course... my baby dress, the one Alyssa had referred to.

No time like the present! I came here to explore so...

I took off my adult clothes and slipped my baby dress on. My padded bra pushed the top out some and my matching panties were totally incongruous with the infant dress. I walked out of Caroline's room and walked down the stairs to the kitchen where Alyssa was washing up her few lunch dishes.

"Oh, that is pretty, isn't it?"

I smiled and she motioned me to go and sit in the living room.

Sitting on the low coffee table were my folded nappies and plastic pants and a couple of emergency disposables. Planted on top was the very wet terry nappy I had taken off just ten minutes earlier, still pinned together inside its plastic pants. It was waiting for me to put back on again – 'if I must go out and need protection'.

'If I must' made instant sense when I looked at the couch. The middle seat had a chair pad on it – clearly for me.

"You can sit there, Forrest," she said, pointing to the reusable cotton pad. It was perfectly clean but obviously, not new.

I sat down on the chair pad, still unsure if I was permitted to wet or not. In about thirty minutes, that question would be moot. I decided to be blunt and ask about her listing in the Bedwetters Travel Guide. But before I could ask, she jumped right in.

“I’ve been in the Bedwetter’s Guide for just a year and a bit now. I really enjoy the company it gives me.”

“Do you get many bedwetters through?”

“Not as many as I wish. About three nights a month Caroline’s sheets get wet again, thankfully.”

“I understand,” I replied, even though I didn’t really.

“Have you wet the bed for long?” she asked.

“All my life. My parents didn’t mind and so I never stopped.” It wasn’t completely true, but my complicated life story was a difficult one to tell.

“And you wear nappies during the day now?”

“Had to for about ten years now. I need the protection.”

“That’s why I put a pad out for you. You can relax on it quite safely. It was Caroline’s seat and her chair pad.”

I had permission and my bladder needed little motivation and so I began to pee slightly on the chair pad.

“Her bedroom chair doesn’t have a pad. It dries out on its own fine.”

Another question answered. I was allowed to wet her chair.

“Do you mind what I am wearing?” I asked, more to lead the conversation.

“No of course not! Caroline always wore pretty dresses and I prefer my guests to wear dresses as well.”

It was a curious response.

“I wear baby clothes most of the time except when out.”

“Well I think it is lovely and you can wear what you want. But I would prefer it if you left your nappies off. You can put your wet one back on if you need to go out, but when here, would you be okay with no nappies?”

Something was going on and the story drew me in.

“That’s fine, but I can’t always sit on this pad.” I stood up briefly to make my point with a small wet patch already visible on the cotton-topped pad.

“Most of the house has a lino floor, so that’s fine. Only in the sitting room with the carpet do I ask you to sit on the pad. Caroline wet everywhere in the house.”

“May I ask about Caroline and why she wet her bed?” I tried to be sensitive, but that isn’t my strongest trait.

“Caroline never stopped wetting her bed and I didn’t want her in nappies. But she tended to wet her chair and sometimes around the house.”

“That must have been frustrating for you both.”

“I had a mop to clean up after her and a washing machine for her wet sheets. It was no real problem. But she really did have the sweetest dresses for a very long time. It is nice to see you in something like them. Would you like to see?”

Every parent wants to bore visitors with pictures of their children growing up. But these photos, I wanted to see. The obligatory ones of an infant in nappies were there as were the toddler ones. But there were no nappies on the toddler Caroline, even in the few photos showing her in a wet dress. The photo of the proud twelve-year-old girl holding a prize from school was taken in her bedroom, but I was drawn to the wet sheet still on her bed in the background.

The photos continued on until around age sixteen, not that I asked her age. It was a guess which means, being a man, it could be anything from fifteen to twenty-one.

“She is very pretty, Alyssa,” I commented, despite the fact she was very plain. But it is the social convention to tell people their daughter with plaits sitting in the same seat I was in, sitting on a chair pad similar to the current one, was very pretty.

“Did she have problems at school with... you know...?” I asked pointing at the chair pad which was quickly getting wetter.

“She was fine,” came the cryptic reply and clearly that was the end of that topic.

“When did she leave?”

“A few years ago, when she turned twenty. Only a few days after her birthday, she went out and never came back. I kept the wet

sheet on the bed for a month before I had the courage to change it.”

“I’m sorry about that.”

“Don’t be. I kept that sheet hoping one day she would come back home.”

“You still have it?”

“Of course. Do you want to see it?”

My fascination with wet beds demanded I see it.

“If that is okay with you.”

Alyssa led me up the stairs once more, but this time to her room. She went to a cupboard and brought out a folded sheet, holding it almost reverently. She opened the single white fitted sheet and laid it out on top of her bed. It was stained almost full length and the three years since had not allowed the stain to disappear.

“She sure wet the bed a lot,” I exclaimed, perhaps a little insensitively.

“Yes, she did,” Alyssa concurred, holding up the corner of the sheet to her face and closing her eyes. “I miss that.”

Wordlessly, she folded the sheet back up and returned it to its special place. It was clearly an important object to her.

“I hope you wet the bed as good as she did!” she said, in a surprisingly firm voice as we descended the stairs.

“I wet the bed very heavily, Alyssa. I promise.”

“That’s good. That’s why I listed in the Travel Guide in the first place.”

That was my cue to ask the question that still plagued me.

“How did you hear of the Travel Guide? I only found out myself this week and I’ve been wetting beds all over the world for years!”

Alyssa motioned me to sit down at her kitchen table. I was unsure about the protocol once more as I was unnapped and the kitchen chairs did not come with protectors.

“Two years ago, I was missing Caroline enormously and out of the blue, a woman rang me up and asked me if I was interested in

having people stay here occasionally, but who were all bedwetters. She explained that since I already had a protected bed, it would not be a big problem.”

“She knew you had a bedwetter?”

“Yes, she seemed to know about Caroline, and I guess her bedwetting wasn’t that big a secret, but it still surprised me.”

“What did you think of the idea?”

“At first I was just surprised and then I asked how much it would cost me to have someone wet Caroline’s bed.”

I was shocked by her comment, but then suddenly it made sense.

“And what did she say to that?”

“She laughed and told me that people would pay *me* to be allowed to wet Caroline’s bed. And so, she sent me a lovely young woman called Dahlia who came over and wet the bed for me. It was so lovely of her.”

Not this Dahlia again? Who is she?

“And after she left, I got an email saying my place had been approved to be in the Bedwetter’s Travel Guide that was coming out in a month’s time and then I started getting people coming over to help me with Caroline’s bed.”

‘help her’? What does that mean?

“Well I hope I can treat Caroline’s bed with the respect it deserves,” I replied, hoping I had understood her meaning.

Alyssa’s eyes glistened. “Thank you, Forrest. That dress already makes me think you know what is needed.”

The conversation was quiet and then interrupted by a drip. A small amount of pee had flowed out of me, onto the kitchen chair and onto the floor. I felt mortified. Alyssa saw the tiny flow and looked at me.

“Thank you for that. You really *do* understand.”

And I really didn’t. Not fully, but I was starting to see that Caroline was an unresolved trauma for Alyssa and if wetting her bed,

her chair pad and even her kitchen floor was going to make her feel better, who was I to complain?

I like to go for walks, but there was something about the house that made me want to stay inside and enjoy the ambience and the unusual conversation from Alyssa. The more I talked, the more open she became.

“Caroline wet everywhere,” she suddenly offered. “But not at school, just at home.”

“Even on the kitchen floor?” I laughed. My pee puddle was still on the floor and I was now sitting back on the now, quite damp chair pad.

“Kitchen floor, bathroom, hallway, stairs and of course, her bed. Her bed was very wet.”

“I bet she left the toilet in quite a state,” I offered.

“She never peed in the toilet. Not ever. Not even as a little girl. Just number twos.”

“Really? Never?”

“Well hardly ever. Even at school, she would try not to go and then come home and...”

She went quiet, unsure of what to say next. Clearly, she had not shared this information easily.

“I didn’t mean to offend you. I just want you to wet Caroline’s bed. I’m not asking you for...”

“Not asking me for what?” I asked. She had begged the question and now I wanted to know what she meant.

She got up and walked out of the room and I followed her. She went back up to her bedroom and I entered with her, unbidden.

“What did Caroline do when she came home from school?” I asked.

“She would wet around the house. She would wet her bed, even before dinner. She would leave a puddle in the kitchen or on the chair pad or even...” Alyssa pulled back her quilt. She would sit on my bed and wee. She lifted the sheet and displayed the multiple pee stains on the mattress – none of them hers.

Her eyes glistened again. The memory was clearly still haunting her.

“Does anyone know she used to do this?”

“No!” she spat out. “I kept it secret. You are the first person I told. I just wanted people to come in and wet her bed for me, like the good times.”

“I will wet her bed for you as good as I can,” I promised, feeling faintly ridiculous.

“Thank you, Forrest.”

“And I’ve already puddled your kitchen!”

We both laughed.

“And I think there might be a few dribbles in the hallway, sorry.”

Alyssa smiled. “My hallway has seen a lot more than a few dribbles.”

There were a few moments of comfortable silence, then Alyssa spoke.

“Would you do me the honour of sitting down on my bed?”

I looked at her directly and instantly knew what she was asking.

“I will be downstairs when you are done.”

Alyssa walked out closing the door behind her and I pulled the quilt back a little more and then gingerly sat down. My panties were already very wet, but she wanted more and so I complied. I let my bladder go on her bed and a large wet patch formed beneath me. When I was finally empty, I stood up and looked at the result. It was a moderate size wet bed, perhaps ‘girl sized’ I thought to myself with a chuckle.

“All done?” Alyssa asked as I stepped back into the kitchen.

I nodded, not sure what to say and she quickly put a mug of hot tea in front of me.

“Don’t want you to dehydrate, do we?” she said, her words implying more than anyone else could understand. But we did. I was

to be Caroline for her. Other guests had come through and wet her bed for her, but I was being asked to be more 'Caroline-like' than anyone else. I was to wet not just Caroline's bed but to emulate her wetting behaviour around the house.

I noticed that my original pee puddle in the kitchen was still there.

"How often did you have to clean up after Caroline?" I asked.

"Every morning I would strip her wet bed and then wash any floors she had wet which was usually a lot and most mornings I would have to wash my sheets as well and let my mattress dry out."

It was matter-of-fact, but what she was telling me was that as her new "Caroline", I was expected to do the same. It was a new challenge for me. Typically, my bed and my nappies were the limit for me.

The tea worked wonders, especially as it was refilled multiple times and I excused myself to go to my room – Caroline's room. As I sat cross-legged on her bed, pee flowing out of me and onto the sheets, Alyssa walked in and just watched. I suspected, this was not a new thing and may, in fact, have been a regular occurrence.

"Wetting your bed again, Caroline?" she said with a face of genuine love, mixed with exasperation.

I didn't know what to reply, given she had just addressed me as her daughter.

"Yes, I am. Sorry."

"No need to be sorry, Caroline. I'd rather you do it in your bed than down the hallway."

"Okay," I stammered.

"And if you are going to do it in my bed, I'd appreciate telling me afterwards, young lady!"

"Yes, Mum." The word slipped out of my mouth before I could stop it, but Alyssa smiled and came over and hugged me.

"I love you, Caroline, and I am sorry about being angry about wetting the hallway. Mummy is okay with it."

The story was starting to come out slowly and piecemeal. Caroline's house-wide wetting escapades had obviously been a source of conflict and perhaps the reason she had left home in a hurry.

I sat and read for a while – one of my favourite habits – and the chair pad began to reach capacity. Unsure what to do, I simply moved to the kitchen with its lino floor, chose a clean seat and continued to read while continually being plied with tea and even the occasional Diet Coke. I felt oddly comfortable as the pee ran out of me and pooled under the seat, the second kitchen seat I had soaked that afternoon. And yet, Alyssa made no mention of it.

For a couple of hours, we talked and shared. I told her of my sissy adult baby nature which surprised her very little and I showed her the photos of my extensive baby dress collection and she made me promise to show them to her one day. I also shared photos of my adult nursery and particularly my large adult cot and especially the very wet cot sheets. I may be a baby, but this baby goes nappy-less to bed!

She helped me do my nails, helped me with a bit of makeup and commented favourably on my taste in bras and panties, even as those panties dripped wherever I was.

Dinner was a fabulous Shepherd's pie with two glasses of wine which literally went right through me. While helping her with the dishes, I spread my wet path over much of the kitchen floor. When she mentioned that the bathroom was always the easiest spot to clean up after Caroline, I took my leave and standing in the middle of the bathroom, emptied most of my bladder on the tiled floor, leaving enough to drip along the wooden lower floor hallway. Alyssa smiled more and more as I wet more and more around her house.

We watched a little TV together, but by the time I finished, my chair pad was beginning to leak. I had overfilled it. I began to apologise, but Alyssa stopped me halfway.

“Caroline's pad was often full. I will just let it dry for you for tomorrow and wash it after you leave. Everything is fine.”

My limited bladder control was holding back a nearly full bladder as I slipped into Caroline's already quite wet bed. I hadn't quite relaxed when Alyssa came striding in once again.

"Goodnight, Caroline," she said, before kissing me on the cheek. Then she took one of my hands and whispered. "You can let go now."

Taking my cue, my bladder erupted noisily on the ancient waterproof and Alyssa smiled.

"Goodnight, Caroline," she repeated.

"Goodnight, mummy," I replied, this time meaning it.

A wet bed is a soporific to me and I was asleep in minutes and only awoke as the sun began to filter through the upstairs window. I was more than just wet. I was flooded. Feeling around with my hands on a bed that had been wet twice before I went to sleep, I could feel that I had exceeded one side, soaked the pillow and my feet confirmed that there were only a few inches of dry bed left at the foot of the bed. I was awash and feeling terrific.

My baby nightie, now wet for four nights in a row was dripping. While I would normally change into at least a clean baby dress, I figured it was more appropriate here to go out, literally still dripping.

As I went downstairs to the kitchen, I noticed my puddles had dried, but I could still see them. And I was leaving a trail.

"Good morning, Caroline!" Alyssa exclaimed enthusiastically, giving me a big hug and a kiss, despite my saturated state.

"Morning, mummy!" I replied.

A few minutes later, bacon and eggs appeared in front of me and I began to eat ravenously. I did like my breakfast!

"I'm sorry you have to leave today, Caroline. I really like you being here."

I instantly knew there were two levels to that statement. Yes, she enjoyed my company and 'appreciated' me wetting Caroline's bed as many had done before me. But to her, I was the closest thing she had to the real-world Caroline she missed. I wet her floors, I wet

Alyssa's bed. I overflowed the chair mat and we had discussed, dresses, nail polish, makeup and even boys 'I might like'. I'd been her daughter in so many ways and she was going to miss me on that other level as well.

"I loved it too and it is worth the money..."

Alyssa's complexion suddenly darkened. "I would never charge money for my daughter to sleep over!"

I had goofed.

"Sorry mummy," I replied, hoping to put her back in her happy place.

"It's okay, sweetheart," she replied, hugging me tightly once more, despite the still very wet nightie.

"I'll come again soon, mummy, I promise." And I fully intended to return. Calling her 'mummy' felt good, calming and even a bit right.

Back in Caroline's bedroom, I stripped off to put on a clean bra and panties and my adult male clothes – which I hated.

"I don't want you to wear nappies, Caroline," she said when I went to retrieve my nappies to wear for the two-hour drive. "Drive home free."

And that is exactly what I did. I laid a nappy down on the seat and during the two-plus hour trip home, I wet whenever I needed to, in honour of Caroline.

Before I left, I googled Caroline Carter and discovered that three years ago, a twenty-two-year-old woman had been found murdered in her seedy bedsit in London and no one had ever been charged with the crime. Caroline was never coming home, and her bed would never be wet again. But I determined that I would be a Caroline substitute for her as often as I could. I would wet her bed and remind her of the eccentricities of her late daughter.

When I finally arrived home around lunchtime, I walked into my house and immediately felt something awry. I searched the house and at the last moment, walked into my bedroom or rather, nursery. And then I saw it. My cot had a wet sheet.

I had been gone four nights and my sheet would be well dry by now. I walked up to it and put my hand on the wet patch, a lot smaller than my usual efforts. It was still warm!

And then I saw the note pinned to the end of my baby quilt. It simply read: *“I needed a place to stay and hope you don’t mind I used your cot. I hope you enjoy what I left you! – Dahlia”*

“Who the hell is this ‘Dahlia’?” I yelled.

And then I smiled. She had left me a nice wet bed and clearly, knew my interests well.

As promised, a week later, I went back to Alyssa’s home and Caroline’s bedroom. I was greeted like a long-lost child – which perhaps I was. Alyssa knew her daughter was dead, but I think my presence helped her to heal and believe that something of her was still left behind.

“I have something special for you, Caroline,” she beamed as she led me to the bedroom – her daughter’s bedroom – again.

As she stepped in, she pulled back the quilt to reveal a very special sheet with three-year-old pee stains on it.

“Now you are back, I put your old sheet back on the bed! Isn’t that special?”

“Thank you, mummy,” I exclaimed, feeling genuinely blessed by the gift of that relic on the bed. “I will make good use of it.”

In the nine months since I received the Travel Guide, I have now visited Alyssa six times. Sometimes on the way to somewhere else, sometimes just to be the daughter Alyssa missed and to wet not only Caroline’s bed but also Alyssa’s.

I have seen her smile and cry tears of happiness to see her own bed wet by her ‘daughter’ and to see the original sheets from her bed once more wet on. Every time I returned, the same dried but unwashed sheets appeared on the bed. I was apparently the only one permitted the honour of Caroline’s original wet sheets – and I honoured them appropriately.

A Downunder Bedwetting Experience – Steve and Meredith



I love Australia.

More than most other countries, it is more like England but with nicer weather, a lot more space and people who speak the Queen's English – and spell it the proper way! How could I not love the place? I had spent several years there before so going there was like visiting an old friend.

While perusing the Bedwetters Travel Guide, it was apparent that I could spend wet nights in multiple places in the land down-under. I only wished that I had known of these locales in my previous visits where I suffered through endless enforced dry sheets and wet nappies. I chose one place – *Steve and Merri's Wet Wonderland*.

It is a long flight and I wasn't looking forward to it at all. My bladder control is poor at best and at night, non-existent and so, wearing a nappy on a plane is essential and as many diapered travellers already know, planes are not really set up for adult nappy changes. And forget about wearing my preferred terry cloth nappies and bulky plastic pants! I was set for a disposable experience, but also... a good variety of wet beds.

Visiting Australia? You don't need to put up with dry sheets and the inconvenience of diapers. We are just a

half-hour from the airport and for less than the cost of a hotel, you can sleep in one of our spare bedrooms and wet to your heart's content. Enjoy the weather. Enjoy the sights of the city and luxuriate in a wet bed openly. Yes, we are both life-long bedwetters ourselves, so you are right at home!

I read the blurb in the travel guide and looked at the photo that accompanied it.



The wet bed quickly evoked memories of years earlier. I had seen a bed like that as a teenage boy in another house. Even the stains looked familiar in size and shape and I remembered taking the risky chance of stripping off and lying face down in the wet sheets and enjoying the feelings and emotions of not just a wet bed, but a *flooded* bed. Not just a single night wet bed, but multiple nights of wetting. Not just my own wet bed, but another person's wet bed. It was a glorious experience so many years ago and I knew the moment I saw that picture, that I would need to visit that particular private home on the opposite side of the world that displayed one of the formative wet bed experiences of my youth.

And so, it was that a lovely and intriguing phone call to the private (wet) Bed and Breakfast in the inner suburbs of Brisbane in Queensland, Australia took place. The owners were a childless couple in their early forties who sounded happy and carefree and were very pro-bedwetting. Even that pro-bedwetting stance felt oddly reminiscent of times long past and I felt instantly comfortable talking with them. We discussed more than travel plans and dates. We

discussed bedwetting histories and our various toilet training dramas. Meredith, the wife who hated her old-fashioned name, was incontinent and wore nappies outside of the bed while Steve, her husband was just a classic night-time bedwetter.

Only one of the three of us had ever had a dry night in our lives and I felt good about that. There are a lot of bedwetters around the world. But there are not many who can put together 40+ years of wet sheets (or nappies) without a single dry experience. And just like me, they had embraced it and extended it.

After talking to them on the phone for over an hour and planning the first stay of my trip, I began thinking of what to do to get my own place added to the next edition of the Bedwetter's Travel Guide. I had an adult-sized baby cot, but also had two other bedrooms, one with a protected mattress that I occasionally slept and wet in. I could offer a place for bedwetters to sleep and stay in. I didn't, however, have any idea how to even get that accomplished. The guide's publishers and managers were still very secret. I was yet to be 'in the know'.

I was to spend seven nights at Steve and Meredith's house and I was more excited and fearful than I had been at either of my previous wet bed stays from the Guide. It was a long way to go if it was a dud or worse, a con. But I had already been in a number of wet beds from the guide and so I was moderately confident. But as many other bedwetters know, travelling as a real bedwetter is always scary, even if it is to familiar places. It is one thing to wet nappies for fun or to wet your bed when you want to, but when you are incontinent, it is a very different equation.

I had been to Australia before and had lived there for quite a while and so I was excited but anxious about returning.

The trip on the plane was as bad as any international traveller knows. 24 hours on two flights and even in premium economy, the seats were tiny and I like my space to stretch out. I padded up with the thickest disposable nappies I had and lined with baby ones, my first change was fourteen hours in the flight. Like others in my predicament, I drank sparingly and frequently checked myself for leaks. My first change was less dramatic than I expected

but putting my soaked nappy back in my carry-on luggage was better than trying to dispose of the now-huge swollen item in the small receptacles on the plane. If customs opened my bag and wondered what it was, they were free to investigate!

Fortunately, Australian customs is polite, if very restrictive and professional. The cursory inspection of my luggage excluded my carry-on and while it contained a few nappies and some baby clothes, the officer hardly took any notice. I imagine they saw all kinds of things and some unusual baby items were probably not high on their list of interests.

By the time I caught a taxi and found my way to Steve and Meredith's house I was ready to fall asleep, despite the excitement.

"Howdy, Forrest!" yelled Steve in his unnecessarily loud Aussie twang as I dragged my suitcase through the front gate and along the winding brick path that led to the front door. He and his wife opened the door just before I got there.

"Hi," I replied, trying not to stumble over the step.

"Good trip?" he asked. It was the same question everyone asked. It was polite.

"Made it in one piece and that's good," I offered.

"Do you need a nappy change or are you okay for now?" It was Meredith whose curly red head had appeared around the side of her much taller husband.

"I might just head to bed for a few hours if that's okay?" I said.

The exhaustion was now coming on strong now that I had finally arrived. I am a notoriously heavy sleeper and ironically, the exact opposite on planes. I always fear overflowing or engaging in baby behaviour when I sleep, so I nap at best.

"Sure thing, hun!" she replied and as I walked inside the house, I noticed that Meredith was wearing only a classic pinned cloth nappy and plastic pants and a tight T-shirt.

I think I am going to like it here!

"Bed's this way, Forrest."

As she opened the door to the surprisingly large bedroom, I saw the open queen-size bed lying there waiting for me. Meredith was literally beaming with excitement.

“Do you like it?”

The sheets were pee-stained and with multiple overlapping tidemarks covering the entire bed. There must have been at least a dozen or more of them.

“It’s beautiful,” I replied genuinely.

I honestly appreciated it. I have long ago found a wet bed far more comfortable than a dry bed and while the bed was in fact, technically dry, it was a proper bedwetter’s bed just the same. I felt at home.

“It’s all my own work!” she added.

“Merri is proud of it,” Steve added. “This is where she naps during the afternoon and never wears her nappy.”

It all made sense. They both loved bedwetting and Merri was like me – needing nappies during the day.

“Thanks for the bed,” I repeated. “But I might pass out if I don’t get a couple of hours sleep!”

“We’ll leave you then. There are two nappy buckets in the corner. One is for your wet ones and the other for your dirty ones. You don’t need to worry about either. And clean nappies are in the drawer.”

“You sure don’t!” laughed Steve as he pushed his wife out the door. “This one has a shitty nappy already and it’s time for me to change her!”

As the door closed, I stripped off all my clothes leaving my damp disposable nappy on the floor and gratefully slipped into bed. The teddy bear that was placed on the pillow was gratefully accepted and I began to fall asleep.

Before I succumbed to the exhaustion though, I heard the rhythmic creaking of the bed in the room next door.

“That must have been one very quick nappy change if she was dirty!”

I thought about the possibilities for only a few moments before sleep claimed me.

It was to be not two, but three hours before I woke up lying on a now quite wet and lovely smelling bed. I had already wet their bed!



I was immediately grateful for the supply of fresh cloth nappies that I found in the second drawer of the cupboard in my room. Like Merri, I had limited control and the bulkiness of my regular nappies made international travel using cloth, impossible. Most times, I was relegated to buying local disposables and making do. It was a wonderful thing to be able to wear proper nappies – baby-style nappies – in a foreign country. Sadly, plastic pants are not one-size-fits-all and Merri was several sizes smaller than me and so I had to wear my very plain white plastic pants when I would rather be wearing my pink frillies.

I stumbled out of the room and headed down the hallway where I could hear the others talking. I was wearing only my nappy, bra and T-shirt since open nappies were obviously acceptable. I glanced in at their bedroom and saw their quite wet bed and the dirty nappy Merri had been wearing, discarded on the floor.

Their sex must have been fast and frenetic. They didn't even put the dirty nappy away!

“Glad to see you awake, sleepyhead!” grinned Merri, still dressed in just a nappy, but now topless.

“I slept pretty solidly,” I replied.

“And wet, I assume?”

“Very much so!”

“Yummm,” she grinned again. “I will check that out later on.”

I knew exactly what she meant. I had said and done that before many times, secretly ‘checking out’ another’s wet bed. Touching, sniffing, sometimes lying in it, sometimes adding pee too

and sometimes... semen. My attraction to wet beds was more than magnetic.

“We thought you might like to check out a proper Aussie beach since you Poms don’t have any!” said Steve.

I didn’t mind the good-natured ribbing or the reference to me as a ‘Pom’. Australian beaches were the best in the world and there were literally thousands of kilometres of them. I was not much of a swimmer and not at all a beach aficionado, but I did like to visit them. As a young boy, I had been to the beach in a nappy back when you could without people staring. It was a good memory.

“I’ll just go and get dressed then. Can’t go dressed just like this!”

“Might want to get rid of the bra too, mate. It’s a bit obvious.”

He was right. In England where a bra was usually covered by several layers including a jacket, it was easy for a man to wear a bra – even a well-padded one. In Brisbane however, it was almost never cold by even Australian standards. My bra would have to be an ‘at home’ thing during my stay.

It felt weird not wearing my bra. Even on the plane, I wore a bra for comfort and security.

As I quietly stepped through the doorway of my bedroom, I immediately halted as I saw Merri, face down on my wet bed, her hand inside her nappy, masturbating furiously. I stood there silently until I heard the muffled grunt of her orgasm and she rolled over.

“Oh hi!” she said, without a single hint of embarrassment. “I told you I’d check out your bed!”

“Oh, that’s fine!”

What else could I say to a woman who had openly masturbated herself lying in my wet bed? In a way, it was a compliment to my bedwetting prowess.

“Do you want to check out mine?”

I gulped. “You mean...?”

Merri stood up and grabbed my hand and led me to her bedroom.

“That’s my side,” she explained, pointing to the very wet side of the bed. “Jump on in!”

By now my penis was fully erect and was now guiding my actions. My nappy was blissfully soft and still completely dry and I was ready to masturbate. It had been over 24 hours since I had last masturbated and that was much longer than usual.

I carefully laid face down on the wet sheets and shimmied my way down so that my face was just inside the freshly wet area. I breathed in that wonderful scent of a fresh wet bed with a mixture of dried pee. The sheets were clearly at least a week or more since they were last washed. Knowing exactly what to do since I had been doing it since I was a young teen, I humped my nappy lying on the wet sheet. It was a heady and exciting experience. From time to time, I turned my head sideways to see Merri still standing there, watching me, her grin even wider than usual. My orgasm was incredibly powerful, more powerful than usual and I yelled out my release. I rolled over and smiled.

“Sounds like that was a good one!” It was a voice from the doorway. It was Steve.

“It was amazing!” I said, still catching my breath.

“Well, matey...” he continued in his oddly relaxing accent. “Our wet bed is always there for you to enjoy whenever you want and Merri here, certainly intends to enjoy yours.”

“And my nappy buckets too.” It was Merri and as I turned to see her, she was blushing. “Either bucket,” she added.

It was a very pointed comment. I was to be given access to not only their wet bed but also Merri’s wet nappies and... her dirty ones. My stomach flipped over, but not in disgust, but in deep, deep desire. My deepest secret was being revealed. I didn’t know if I would act on it. Only time would tell. Merri seemed to be a lot like me.



The beach trip was wonderful. The sun was scorching hot by English standards and I had to cover myself in sunscreen, but for the locals, it was just another glorious day – not too hot, just perfect. I love England, but sometimes... the weather is awful and Australian weather is quite the opposite. Now, if only they could do something about the flies and bushfires...

After a wonderful evening meal of an outdoor barbeque filled with wonderful aromas and the biggest flies in the world, we went inside for a game of cards and more than a few beers. Australians can knock back beer like the English drink tea. I wisely decided to try and keep my head and drank just the one and more than a few Cokes.

“So, tell me about the other people who’ve come here from the Bedwetter Guide?” I asked. I wanted to know as much as I could about this amazing publication.

“We’ve been in it for just two years now and had eight separate guests,” said Merri, whose face was a little red, but this time from, alcohol.

“What were they like?” I genuinely wanted to know.

“We had a couple in their thirties from Sydney, a young guy from Cairns, a couple of adult babies like Merri and you...”

I thought Merri was an adult baby! Why are they hiding it?

“We had a lovely single woman who came here for a week for a holiday and she was awesome. She wet the bed a lot too.”

“You only think she was awesome because you fucked her!” Merri added, giggling under the influence. “Three times!”

“Like you can talk, baby girl!”

I felt a sudden desire to change the topic. I don’t know why, but I did. I was no stranger to casual sex, but not much for talking about it.

“Merri, since you are an adult baby like me, why don’t you dress like it since no one is obviously going to care?”

“She’s a bit self-conscious, my little baby,” Steve explained. “She has baby clothes and dummies, but she was abused a lot for it

as a young kid, so she tries to hide it from other people.”

I knew there had to be a story behind all of what was going on. The adult baby Merri as well as the open bedwetting and the openness in things like masturbation. I decided to press on before the alcohol ended the ‘making sense’ part of the evening.

“Steve, why do you wet the bed?”

“Ah... that’s a story and a half,” he said, opening yet another beer. I could see that he could handle more booze than his wife, but he must still be reaching his limit.

“I wet my bed like a lot of kids until I was fifteen and got smacked for it most mornings. So, I kinda stopped, but I felt weird about it, you know?”

Oh, I knew. A dry bed for me was not only weird, but it was also uncomfortable and very, very *wrong*.

“I understand. I really do.”

“And I hated the belt for a wet bed when I couldn’t help it and so I left home at eighteen and stayed with some mates. The first night, I wet the bed again and they didn’t say a thing. As long as I cleaned up, they couldn’t give a shit since I actually had a job and could keep them in beer. I got a plastic sheet and wet my bed a few times a week coz I wanted to and then... it just started happening all the time and here we are!”

“Makes sense to me. And you, Merri?”

Meredith was almost asleep, and my question roused her.

“I wanted to be a baby since I was a kid,” she replied sleepily

That also made sense to me. I had never really considered myself anything other than a baby. Growing up always felt like some kind of con and inside, I was still a baby in a disturbingly growing body.

“I couldn’t stay dry and my parents just let it go. Then...”

Merri closed her eyes and fell asleep.

“Sorry, she’s gone mate,” explained Steve. “She can’t handle her booze.”

“It’s okay, I was just interested in her story.”

“Well, if you must know, the biggest part is she was never toilet trained. She’s been in nappies all her life. Except at night of course! She doesn’t tell people about it unless they really understand like you do.”

My ears pricked up at this. The ‘never toilet-trained child’ was rare, but not unheard of. I had been toilet-trained, just not particularly effectively. But Merri had never gone through the potty-training stage at all. I was very intrigued.

I helped Steve march Merri into their bedroom semi-comatose and he unceremoniously pulled down her now wet nappy, removed her top and laid her naked on the bed, still sound asleep.

I couldn’t help but stare as Steven put a dummy in her mouth, retrieved a pink teddy bear and put it in her arms and then, spread her legs apart wide enough for me to see her pussy. It was shaven. It was open and very inviting. It was also very deliberate. He wanted me to see it. And I did.

“I should head to bed now,” I stammered. “See you both in the morning.” And I rushed to my room.

I didn’t know if Steve was making a point or an offer, but as I pulled off my own wet nappy, I was fully erect, and it took very few thrusts on the still damp bed to spurt all over it. It still took me some time to go to sleep as the image of Merri, spread wide on her wet bed stayed with me. When I awoke soaking wet several hours later, I looked at the clock and saw 3 am. Still unable to get the image of a naked and spread Meredith out of my mind, I masturbated once more onto my wet sheets, imagining the highly unlikely.



The next day was spent doing the usual tourist things. I checked out a lot of places that I wanted to see, enjoying the location and the beautiful weather. I was wearing one of Merri’s delightfully soft and fluffy cloth nappies and my plastic pants but sadly, no bra, just my regular panties. The morning, however, was anything but regular.

I awoke around 7 am after a very solid sleep uninterrupted by anything other than my 3 am masturbation need. It was a quiet street and I appreciated that fact since my own place was very quiet and I had grown used to the silence. As usual, my bed was very wet and after the small amount of beer I had drunk, slightly wetter than usual. It was just another tidemark on a sheet that had seen a dozen or more already.

As I walked past the open door of Steve and Merri's bedroom I looked inside and saw two large wet patches on both sides of the bed. I was not surprised. Throughout the entire house was the delicious, if faint, smell of wet bed – both old and new.

The other smell that enticed me was that of frying bacon. I followed the aroma to the kitchen and found Steve sitting at the table while Merri was cooking. I was surprised and disappointed to see she was wearing a dressing gown. Part of me was hoping to see her naked again, but I guessed that spitting bacon fat might be the reason and sure enough, as soon as she brought the bacon and eggs to the table, she took off her gown and sat down – completely naked. So was Steve. And notably aroused.

I did not know that nudity was a household behaviour and so I had pinned on a nappy and plastic pants and thrown a shirt and trousers on. I felt overdressed.

“Forrest!” Merri exclaimed. “You don't have to wear clothes around here if you don't want to.”

“I kinda need to wear a nappy coz I can't really go very long without wetting,” I explained.

“I'm the same,” she replied, shrugging her shoulders. “But I can stay dry for a short while and you can drop the nappy and enjoy the freedom if you want.”

“You sure?” I asked. “I don't want to embarrass you.”

We all knew what I meant. I would be erect and I am not ashamed to say that I am well endowed.

Merri laughed. “I've seen it all before, Forrest! Go take your clothes off!”

It was an order and so I returned to my room and tried to think of anything to lower my thickening penis, dropped my still dry nappy on the floor and returned to breakfast.

“That’s better, isn’t it?” Steve added with a smile.

I nodded. It was a bizarre meal for me, but I suspect they did this every morning and I was guessing, even with bedwetting guests like me. Even with the heady aroma of bacon, the smell of three bedwetters permeated the room. It was an odd combination of odours.

I tried not to look, but Steve was fully erect and Merri was flirting with him. The more amorous they were, the more erect I became. By the time breakfast was eaten, I was at full length and my generous eight inches were threatening to peek over the tabletop.

Then without so much as a word, the two of them stood up and waltzed up the passageway towards their bedroom – or so I thought. From the kitchen table, I could see the entire passageway and they walked past their own room and entered mine.

They’re gonna screw in my bed!

Not sure of the protocol, I waited a few minutes and then walked along the hallway, pausing briefly at the sight of the couple’s own wet bed then silently entered my own room. As I stood in the doorway I took in the scene before me.

Merri was naked on her back on the wet side of the bed, legs spread and Steve eagerly going down on her. I was transfixed. Then Merri opened her eyes and saw me standing there, staring and holding my erect cock.

“Hi, Forrest!” she giggled. “Hope you don’t mind us enjoying your wet bed!”

I simply grunted my reply.

“If you want to go and enjoy our wet bed, you’re more than welcome! Or you can stay and watch!”

I was torn between two options. Their wet bed had enticed me all morning and I desperately wanted to get into it and experience all it had to offer. But the sight before me held me in place.

I stayed for several minutes and feeling emboldened, I moved into the room and drew closer. Standing next to the bed, I could see Merri's pussy up close and personal and when Steve sat up and positioned himself for entry, I could hardly breathe.

He slipped in easily, just as I expected he would. His thrusts were slow at first and before long became more urgent. Merri's fingers rubbed her clit in a well-practised rhythm as they both approached climax. Merri came first, loud and long. Steve followed seconds later as he ploughed deep into her and dumped his load.

That was my cue to leave. I was unsure what would happen next so I took the offer of their bed to masturbate in. After watching their sex performance, I was very aroused and took very little time to ejaculate onto their soaking wet sheets.

And that was my morning!

After we had all showered and dressed and two of us were in nappies, Steve explained that they enjoyed having sex in their guest's wet beds and probably would do so most mornings.

"You're welcome to use our wet bed anytime you want and Merri has already offered her used nappies if you want to wear them."

The last comment triggered me particularly hard. One of my very secret and pet fetishes was wearing another person's wet nappies, but sadly, the opportunity was quite rare and yet, here was an open offer for just that.

During the day of sightseeing, my mind frequently returned to the offer of the wet bed and the used nappies and while my own nappy got wetter and wetter during the day from my own incontinence, I wished I was wearing Merri's.

I was to get my wish.

It was nearly 6 pm when I finally returned from my day out and my nappy was very wet and I was looking forward to a change before dinner.

"Grub's up in about twenty!" shouted Merri from the kitchen. I had learned to translate Aussie and so understood that dinner would be soon.

As I entered my room, the bed had dried out as I expected in the warm weather, but lying in the middle of it was a nappy, still in its plastic pants and pinned together. I knew instantly whose it was. It was Merri's.

I reverently picked up the quite wet nappy and lifted it to my nose where I smelt the refreshing scent of soaking, day-long wet nappy. It was an aphrodisiac and I responded in kind.

Sadly, Merri was at least two sizes smaller than me and so the opportunity to simply slide the adorable nappy back up my legs was not afforded me and so I unpinned and refolded the very wet terry cloth to fit me and laid down on it.

It took my breath away and as I pulled the sides up and pinned them together, I was now fully erect once again. Using my own plastic pants and adding a bra and T-shirt to the ensemble I bravely stepped out and went to the kitchen.

"Well, don't you look all comfy!" she said. "You found my gift, I take it?"

"Yes, thank you," I stammered. "It's wonderful."

"Well, I told you yesterday that *both* of my nappy buckets are yours to enjoy if you want them."

There was that word *both* again. It made me swallow again.

"I hope you don't mind if I wear yours then?"

I simply nodded. How could I refuse?



Dinner was a mixture of tasty and bizarre. Merri finally dressed up fully as a baby in an adorable infantile baby dress with baby shoes and a cotton baby bonnet. But most bizarre was that she was wearing *my* daylong wet nappy, just as I was wearing hers. Steve grinned most of the meal aware of what we were wearing and apparently quite okay with it.

That night was a one-beer-only evening over a game of cards for which I was thankful. I wanted to hear more of Meredith's

story of how she was not toilet trained. Among other things, I am a collector of stories, of narratives of how babies like her came to be and how bedwetters like Steve were created. My own story was different enough that I wanted to hear how others became adult babies or aficionados of the wet bed.

“I wet the bed until I was fifteen and it frustrated my mum immensely and dad hit me for it,” Steve began. “When I finally stopped and had been dry for a month, she literally threw a party! I kid you not! An actual party! Not that I could have any friends over or anything. Couldn’t exactly send out invitations to a ‘*Steven has finally stopped wetting his bed*’ party! It was just me and my brothers and sisters who teased me about it. But we had some good food and I even got a present.”

“But you wet the bed now?” I asked.

“Yeah...” he drawled. “The whole dry night thing didn’t really take all that well. I moved out like I said before and it started again and then I found I really didn’t care, so I let it continue. A few years later I met this big baby bedwetter over here and it was a marriage made in... er...”

“A nappy?” I suggested.

Everyone laughed.

“Yeah it kinda was, I guess.”

“You don’t wear nappies yourself?” I asked.

“Nope. Well, I have a few times for playing around and when we sleep elsewhere since I have to, but that’s about it. Anyhow, are you enjoying Merri’s nappy?”

I blushed. Sadly, I blush easily despite the fact I wasn’t really embarrassed.

“It’s great, thanks! I’ve always enjoyed wet nappies and wearing other people’s nappies when I can.”

“Have you done that much?” asked Merri. “I only get a few from our guests.”

I was quiet for a while as I considered how much to say. My childhood and teens were, in fact, a plethora of wet beds, wet

nappies and not all of them just my own. But it was a complex and perhaps disturbing story for some and so I glossed over the details.

“A few over the years,” was all I said. “So, Merri, you were saying you weren’t potty trained? How did that come about?”

Changing the subject seemed a good idea. I was still uncomfortable sharing my story of growing up wet and still a baby.

“You really want to know?”

I nodded.

“Well, you have to understand my parents. They were hippy-types born too late to be the real thing, but we lived out in a small town and they believed in a lot of weird stuff and one was that I should be able to find my own path and be who I wanted to be. They were all organic and particularly smoked a lot of weed and so my nappies as a baby were always going to be cloth and if they could get waterproof pants from plants I would’ve worn them as well. But they didn’t believe in toilet training which is why...” she pointed to her nappy – which was actually mine – “I’m still in nappies.”

“You didn’t want to toilet train yourself?”

I’d heard of other kids who weren’t toilet-trained by parents for whatever reason and they effectively did it themselves. It was usually well after the usual age, but they still did it nonetheless. But Merri hadn’t.

“It never actually occurred to me. I was homeschooled – of course – and I was never encouraged to use a toilet and never criticised and so... nothing happened.”

“Tell him about being a baby,” Steve interjected.

Merri paused and drew her breath for the next part of her story.

“I’m an adult baby just like you, but I knew it from probably three or four years old. But unlike everyone else that was forced to grow up, I wasn’t. My parents never ever tried or forced me to grow up in any single way.”

I was curious now. These stories are everywhere, but I’d never actually met someone like it.

“I didn’t want to stop breastfeeding and so I continued until I was twelve and it wasn’t me that stopped. My mum simply couldn’t keep up with it. I’d been having baby formula from a bottle since before I can remember as a supplement and so I just had more.”

“Any older food at all?”

“Yeah, I had soft baby foods and then some more solids and as I developed a taste for some foods like meat, I had that as well, but I stayed on the bottle and in fact, I never stopped.”

“I still have a daily bottle myself,” I admitted.

“So why didn’t you tell us?” exclaimed Steve. “I make a morning and evening bottle for Merri already. It’s no big deal to make two of them!”

I felt sheepish to have hidden that fact from two very open people. The fact is that I am not really an exhibitionist but rather quite shy. At times I revert to wanting to show off, but at the core, I am still shy. I didn’t want to risk damaging what promised to be a great overseas trip in a bedwetter location and so, I held my peace on my formula needs.

“Anyhow...” continued Merri. “My parents let me stay in a cot and it was eventually replaced with a much larger one and because I am small, I stayed in it. They never made me leave it and it wasn’t until I was about sixteen when I asked for a bed. That was when I started sleeping without nappies and I found out how much I liked wetting the bed and having wet sheets.”

“Did they give you any trouble over that?” I asked.

“Nah, not really. Dad got me a bigger plastic sheet for my bed and mum said I could wash the sheets when I felt ready to do it and so it was about once a week.”

“And they never made you grow up or toilet train?” I asked incredulously.

“Other than saying they’d help me if I wanted to, no. I guess because I always wanted to be a baby, it never made sense for me to do that and so I didn’t.”

In a bizarre way, it did, in fact, make sense. Merri had never chosen to be toilet trained and her natural physical maturing was no

match for her desire to remain an infant.

“Why are *you* incontinent?” she asked.

I should have seen that coming. It was the obvious next question. I tried to be both truthful but not expansive. I took a breath and repeated my version of my childhood.

“I also wanted to be a baby girl since before I can remember, and my bedwetting was just epic and out of control even long after I was day toilet trained. I remember asking my mum why I had to stop wearing nappies during the day and she looked at me like I was really odd. That’s when I realised, I was a bit different. Everyone else my own age knew why they couldn’t be in nappies and didn’t even want to be. But not me. So, I kept it to myself and stayed in nappies until they were taken away as a preteen and then like you, I discovered the pleasures of a wet bed.”

That was the very abbreviated and mostly – but not entirely – accurate story of my growing up. There was a great deal more to say.

That night, when I finally retired to bed, I once again masturbated into Merri’s nappy then stripped off naked ready to sleep long and wet in what I had finally found out was now the 14th wet sleep in the same sheets. The loud sounds of sex from the room next door were not enough to keep me from sleep and I missed the finale.

It was a wonderfully deep and relaxing sleep. And while I slept. I wet naturally and easily – as was proper.

By my fifth day there, the morning ritual was well established. I would arise and go to breakfast unshowered, and sometimes wearing a clean nappy for the protection I needed if I felt unable to stay dry. Merri and I would both have a hot formula bottle. After we had all eaten, we would all return to my bedroom. I would watch Merri masturbate in my wet sheets or engage in intercourse and then I would go to her side of their shared wet bed and hump it to orgasm while she watched. After that, we would both shower and I would head off for a day of sightseeing and checking out the city of

Brisbane. A few times we did short trips together but mostly, I was on my own.

The afternoon ritual was also developing where I would come home and Merri and I would swap our wet nappies. It was delightful and to her credit, she kept her cloth nappies in pristine condition and always soft and fluffy which was quite an achievement given that we both soiled in them as well. Merri had explained that she soiled with little control and I was similar. But I also knew that it meant that we both *could* stay clean, but emotionally found it better to do it in our nappies. Our stories were different, but Merri and I were very similar in the ways that counted. We were both babies. We were both bedwetters.

It was on the last evening when we sat outside until the mosquitoes came out that I heard more of their story. It started when I asked what Steve did for a living. I knew that Merri didn't work and never had done so, and that made perfect sense. She was a very babyish woman who wore baby clothes most of the time at home and wore nappies full time. Her need for a carer – or a daddy – was rather obvious. But Steve... what did he do?

Steve looked at Merri and there was a silent communication between them before he began his reply to my query.

“I need to go back a bit first,” he started. “When Merri and I met, I knew she was very different and we clicked, but not romantically at first. It was more of a parent caring for a child sort of thing. She needed someone who could care for her like her mum did, changing nappies and feeding and that kind of thing. So, in the beginning, I was more of a babysitter. Most guys would have gone running, but I really enjoyed it. I was wetting the bed every night by then so the nappy thing was no big deal, even during the day.

“Her mum was all for it. She thought I was great coming around and spending time there and changing her nappies and feeding her. And then I began to fall for her as a woman as well as a... er... well... child. I know that sounds creepy, but it wasn't.”

I knew what he meant. It was a common problem for some people trying to understand adult babies in relationships where one partner was at times, more of a child or even a baby than an adult. I

had grown tired of frequently explaining to people that being an adult baby didn't make you a paedophile.

“One day I was changing her nappy and her mum was there and I was so horny I must have shown it and I kid you not, her mother asked if I wanted to have intercourse with her. And when Merri agreed, we had sex while her mother stayed in the room and approving!”

“I told you my parents were unusual!” interjected Merri.

Most people would have been shocked. I wasn't. I'd heard a lot weirder than that.

“And so, we finally moved out and lived together. I worked at the council during the day and cared for Merri the rest of the time. I set up a playroom for her with some toys and stuff and she spent a lot of time there. Now as you know, we have toys set up in the bedroom.”

I had seen her collection of baby and toddler toys already and wasn't surprised. My own bedroom had even more baby toys. As I said, Merri and I were a lot alike.

“It was a compromise for a long time because Merri needs a lot of care and contact. She tries to be an adult around other people, but when we are alone, she is more of a baby and so she used to worry about me not being there with her, just like any other child. Her mum was able to babysit a bit, but that wasn't enough and then...”

Steve took a deep breath and it seemed as if he was about to let out a secret.

“We came into a large amount of money.”

“We won the lottery!” exclaimed Merri in what was becoming more of a young girl's voice than a woman's.

“We've never told anyone before but figured we could trust you.”

“I won't tell anyone, of course!” I replied. “I understand you want to keep it secret.”

I hadn't won the national lottery, but I too had come into a large amount of money and preferred that no one know. My house

was very nice but not ostentatious and my car was a premium model, but not super expensive. My cot, however, was custom designed and built and had cost five thousand pounds. And I had two cots.

“And so, for the past five years, I have become Merri’s daddy and she is now my daughter. My baby daughter.”

To anyone else, this would have sounded more than just bizarre but also probably wrong. To me, it was perfect, lovely and I envied Merri. A lot.

“And in the locked room is her nursery.”

It was as I had suspected. The locked room had intrigued me, but in other Bread and Breakfasts I had slept in there were often one or two locked rooms where the owners didn’t want other people going in for their own reasons, most likely simple privacy. That Merri had a nursery didn’t surprise me at all. In fact, I was surprised that she *didn’t* seem to have one.

“Would you like to see it?” asked Merri in an even younger voice.

I was watching her regress in front of me. She had held it together while I had been around, but now, she had apparently decided she could trust me with her infancy on show. Every minute she showed more toddler and infant traits.

“I’d love to, if that’s possible,” I replied, looking to Steve for permission. I understood that as Merri was now effectively a child – probably a toddler – it was *his* permission that mattered, not hers.

I knew the protocol of parent/child relationships. Steve was the adult and Merri was far more than any mere role-playing child. She was in many ways, now a child inhabiting a woman’s body and required Steve to make decisions for her. I both understood and respected that.

Merri took hold of my hand and dragged me along the passageway, skipping as she went. We came to the locked room and she stood in front of it impatiently.

“Daddy!” she giggled in her childish voice. “Let me in!”

Apparently, the key to this room was under Steve's control. It made perfect sense.

"Here we are, little one!" Steve said as he unlocked the door and pushed it open.

Merri rushed in and spun around like the little girl she was.

The room was decorated and furnished just like a baby's nursery - pink and white themed with an oversized cot in the middle and a *lot* of baby toys scattered about. The baby toys in their 'adult' bedroom were just a small selection of what the nursery had to offer.

I felt very much at home. My own nursery was not quite as large but decorated similarly. Like Merri's nursery, mine was also set up for a baby girl. I kept my baby girl's name to myself and rarely let others know. But I was very much a baby girl at home and the nursery resonated with me.

"Do you like it?" baby Merri asked, now combining walking and crawling and sitting in the corner of the room with an almost literal pile of teddy bears and other soft toys.

"I love it!" I exclaimed.

"Wanna get in the cot?" she giggled coyly.

I nodded and Steve immediately dropped the side of the beautiful cot and pulled back the quilt. For a household that wet the bed and kept them wet for many days, the cot sheets were a surprise. There were a few small pee stains from leaking nappies, but otherwise, they were pristine. I was briefly surprised to see dry and clean sheets. They were literally the only ones in the house.

I stepped in and immediately felt at home. I also immediately felt the powerful drive to regress back to my own baby state. I had long ago learned to control my powerful regression and infant states so that I could mix safely in public. Even on this trip, I had only *slept* as a baby in order to satisfy the deep need I had to be an infant. But in Merri's cot, I was losing that fight and more importantly, didn't even want to win.

Baby Florence – the baby girl within me – came out to play.

For about an hour, baby Florence and baby Merri played in the large nursery. We played with dolls and teddies, built towers with

blocks and even laid in the cot together laughing and playing and lying on top of each other.

I was home once again. A baby girl playing with another baby girl in a nursery. Near the end of our playtime, Steve brought in two piping hot bottles of formula. He fed Merri with her head in his lap while I laid in the cot and drank my own. I gulped my bottle down greedily, having missed my twice-daily bottle or three on this trip.

It was only 9 pm when we both began to feel the deep tiredness that only a baby or toddler can feel. We were two babies who had been playing well past our proper infant bedtimes. I stood in their bedroom, watching and yawning as Steve took off baby Merri's nappy and laid her in their dry, but heavily pee-stained bed and once again, spread her legs wide so I could see her pussy. I was too tired and too little to care about such things. Then I toddled off to bed myself, took off my own wet nappy and quickly fell into the deep sleep that only babies have.

It had been a fine day, a fabulous evening and now, a baby sleep to finish it off – a fitting end to a wonderful week in a house full of bedwetters.



When I awoke the next morning, I was glad I had a midday flight home. The 6 am flights were a killer and after the deep regression I had experienced the night before, I needed the time to get myself together. Sometimes, I took a few hours to really find my adult feet again and in this case, they were the feet I absolutely needed to retrace my steps back to England.

Breakfast was typical as Merri and I sat there wearing just a nappy because neither of us were toilet-trained and with babyiness hanging over us still, could not be trusted. I was going to miss living in this house with their open bedwetting but also because we all got on so well. When I wasn't out sightseeing, we were laughing, eating and drinking (a lot) and then openly masturbating in each other's wet

beds. More than any other of the wonderful B&Bs I had stayed in, I felt a kinship with my antipodean friends.

Before I showered and packed up my belongings ready to leave, there was just one more thing to enjoy: the morning masturbation/sex ritual.

I stepped into my room ready to watch Merri masturbate in my wet bed and possibly watch them have intercourse and just like always, the diminutive and naked woman was already lying on her back on my wet sheets, her legs widely spread.

I stood, waiting for Steven to remove his boxers and to mount her as he had several times before when he simply said, “Merri would like you to enter her.”

“You want me to... er...”

“Go into Merri. She’s wanted it all week but I made her wait.”

Merri grinned at me in her infectious way as Steve simply pointed to her naked form. I nervously pulled down my nappy and knelt between her legs, my erect cock bobbing in anticipation.

This feels so normal! Like it should be!

In full view of Steve, I slid inside her and began slow thrusts. Getting our rhythm working together, we two adult babies began to bounce and slide and hump our way to a wonderful and powerful orgasm.

It was quick and yet deeply meaningful. It was not sex as it usually was. It was two friends – two bedwetting adult babies simply putting their genitals together in a time of play. Even now, it is hard to explain fully. There is adult sex and there is adult *baby* sex. They are very different.

As we approached orgasm, I looked into the face of Merri and saw *baby* Merri. And my own face was that of *baby Florence*. We both sighed and laid next to each other in the hot wet bed and laughed as our bladders erupted once again, further wetting the sheets beneath us.

But airplanes wait for no one and two hours later, I hugged both of them genuinely as the taxi waited to take me to the airport.

“There is always a place and a wet bed for you to visit if you ever want to come over to England,” I offered genuinely.

“We will!” Merri replied.

And true to their word, eight months later, I stood to the side of my own adult-sized cot with its soaked sheets as Steve and Merri thrust their ways to a mutual orgasm.

It all seemed very natural! And even better when it was Baby Merri and Baby Florence in that cot... sans nappies!

How to wet the bed in a Hotel



After my escapades in wet beds in different locations, I was now eager to try out the tantalising and more exotic options from the Guide. The one that intrigued me next was the Sovereign Hotel, a boutique hotel in the southwest of the country. The idea of a professional hotel offering bedwetter-positive rooms was something I could not ignore. To think that such things existed without being aware of them still annoyed me.

Like a million bedwetters before me, I had travelled extensively around the country and the world and left wet sheets behind me. But in every case, I had let them know beforehand and usually, a mysterious waterproof sheet appeared beneath my bedding. It was normal, but I also recognised that it was an impost on them, and I sometimes felt bad about it. But when I paid my bill, that feeling quickly evaporated. I paid a lot of money for a tiny room and the moderate inconvenience of my wet sheets seemed inconsequential.

So, I didn't really know what to expect from my two-day stay in the Sovereign Hotel. The Travel Guide was a bit mysterious and less informing than for most locations. It simply said that it offered two rooms for 'enthusiastic bedwetters' with a choice of fresh or previously wet sheets.

This I have to try out! How can I leave an option like this alone?

My exhibitionist streak at times runs hot when I get into it, while the rest of the time I am shy and retiring, and so the two-hour trip to the hotel, hampered by terrible traffic was spent in a very wet nappy. Instead of folding a fresh terry nappy, I decided to put on the previous day's already quite wet nappy. I was feeling naughty and so it was with a smile that I repinned the wet nappy back on and pulled up some pink frilly plastic pants over the top.

I did not shower and so the smell of pee was on me and I didn't care. While I normally go out of my way to not offend people with the smell of a bedwetter, today I wanted the opposite: to announce that I wet the bed to anyone and everyone. I was in one of my *'I don't care who knows'* moods.

I put on one of my prettiest bras and slipped my breast pads into them thus giving me a genuine C cup and while wishing I could put on a baby dress as well, opted instead for a loose shirt and trousers. My breasts, however, were still very obvious and I wanted it that way. And for much of the way, I sucked on my dummy which had become for me, more natural than not.

When I finally drove up to the front of the hotel, I was soaking wet and my trousers were a little damp with those very obvious crescent-shaped patches on the back on open display. And they weren't small patches either.

"Yes sir," the tiny woman behind the counter enquired. "How can I help you?"

"I have a booking under the name of Forrest Grant."

The woman typed into her computer and a subtle, but obvious, smile crossed her face.

"We have placed you in room W1, Mr Grant. Our special services Manager, Winifred will be with you shortly to show you to your room."

I waited next to the front counter for about five minutes, aware that a few people had spotted my wet trousers and at least one of them knew exactly what they were from.

"Mr Grant," announced Winifred, a middle-aged English woman of impeccable taste and grooming. "Let me show you to your

room.”

I grabbed my large suitcase, full of nappies, baby clothes, teddy and dolls that I always take with me and followed past the regular elevators and around a corner to a smaller lift which she opened with a key.

“I am head of Special Services, Mr Grant,” she explained, handing me my own key to the lift. “Your room is completely private and only select staff have access.”

We entered the lift in silence, as small groups always do in such places. I began to wonder what Special Services could mean.

Is it just about bedwetting or is there something else?

I was suddenly even more intrigued.

As we exited the lift, the hallway appeared gloomy and then I realised it wasn't gloomy at all but was just lowly lit for a purpose – privacy and discretion. This wasn't your average set of rooms in the hotel. And I wasn't the only bedwetter staying there.

“Here is your room, Mr Grant,” she said crisply, inserting the traditional hotel electronic door key. “The room next door is currently booked for the week by a lovely woman.”

As I entered, I saw a familiar and enticing sight. A wet bed. A queen-size bed with one pillow. Clearly, the bed was set for one person but was also available for couples.

“I hope the room is to your satisfaction and is what you ordered.”

“It is, thanks,” I stammered, looking at the wet bed rather obviously.

“The previous resident was here for four nights and based on your booking, I thought it best to leave it on the bed. I hope I was correct in that?”

“Oh, yes,” I stammered once again. “It is very nice, thank you.”

Then Winifred handed me a folded sheet of paper.

“We offer a number of services to support bedwetters like yourself and so please look at the list and check any options you

wish and then call me on extension 53 and I will come and pick it up or explain anything to you.”

I was very excited and so the moment she shut the door behind her, I stripped down to my soaking nappy and bra and laid face down on the wet sheet and began to hump. The bed was very wet with multiple overlapping stains, the aroma was intoxicating and it took only a few minutes before I exploded into my nappy and then sighed with the release. Finally, I could think clearly again, now that my penis had performed its necessary ritual of ejaculation.

As I sat up again, I was conscious that the décor in the room was not hotel standard but was closer to that of a regular bedroom and more of a younger child’s style at that. There were framed photos of teddy bears and the quilt – which had been pulled back to show off the pre-wet bed – was a dusty pink with white flowers. And it was well stained with pee from more than one bedwetter whose nightly leakage had gotten to the quilt.

Now sated, I inspected the mattress and was not surprised to find it was literally covered with pee stains. It made me smile as I remembered that when I booked via that special phone number - which I now knew went to Winifred – she had asked if I wanted a fully protected, a cot-protected or a fully unprotected mattress. This mattress had clearly been unprotected many times and was even now, still damp in the middle. A cot-sized waterproof sat under the sheet offering moderate protection to the bed. I knew from my own experience that an adult bedwetter would normally breach the protection a cot waterproof provided. Such a small waterproof in a large bed looked and was, ridiculous. But I loved it!

I sighed in pleasure at having a mattress more in keeping with not only my preferences but my life history as well.

Then I remembered the sheet of paper and unfolded it. It was entitled “**Your Bedwetter’s Room Options**”.

Welcome to your own Special Wet Bed Room!
We are excited to offer you the special services you have asked for. But apart from having the ability to wet your bed openly and without fear, we have additional services that you may wish to consider.

You can choose to have your mattress protected by either a full waterproof, a cot-sized waterproof or no protection at all.

I smiled and ticked on 'Cot-sized Protection'. My own adult-sized baby cot often had a cot protector in the middle and I exulted in the minimal protection and overflow that occurred. I was thrilled that the bed was already partly protected with a cot-size waterproof like my own adult cot at home.

Because our special rooms are frequently in use, we can offer you the option of fresh sheets or previously wet sheets. This option is free and is available to all. If there has not been a previously wet bed to offer, the staff will pre-wet a bed for you.

I smiled at the thought of staff wetting the bed for me as a 'service', wishing I had been able to choose that beforehand, although that would mean not enjoying the wonderful example of the art already on the bed. Then I read further on...

Additional pee is available for your bed if you wish. This is subject to supply of course, but you may request that Special Services Staff pee on your bed during the day or you can request a 'potty service' in the mornings and/or evenings. This will entail a baby potty with additional pee for use as you wish on the bed or in your nappy.

My eyes widened as I read of the 'potty service' as it brought back memories of long ago – both good and bad - and I immediately ticked the box for morning and night potty service as well as the one for daytime 'pee on your bed' option. I indulged myself and ticked both morning and night service, wondering just how much pee that would be.

As many of our clients have a need for discipline for their bedwetting, Special Services provides an in-room spanking service that you can organise with the manager. There is a range of options from light hand spanking to full paddle, strap

and cane discipline while pee-wet. Please discuss your needs with Winifred.

My heart leapt in me as I considered the spanking. Once again, being harshly spanked – especially when wet – was part of my history and was both terrible and wonderful all at once. I ticked the box for discipline, hoping Winifred would be able to help me choose the best for me. I crossed it out once before ticking it yet again. I was of two minds about a wet spanking again. It was like childhood all over again, bent over the bed taking the wooden spoon for wetting the bed. It was painful back then and would be painful once more. It was something I both feared and desired. And desire won over.

Wet washing, including nappies, is handled with discretion. Dirty nappies are handled at a small extra fee.

As well as the regular room-service menu, Special Services also provides baby formula in heated bottles as well as a small range of baby foods. For an additional charge, you may request that a staff member feed you.

Sexual services are not directly provided by Special Services, although open masturbation is acceptable. Sexual activity with other clients of the Bedwetting Rooms is permissible and strongly encouraged and you may choose to indicate your willingness to do so on the form. Your willingness to engage in sex acts with other bedwetters will be passed on. Sex acts must be supervised by a staff member so please book with your host.

All Special Services staff are chosen for their expertise in bedwetting support. All of them were bedwetters up until at least mid-teens and so can provide the care and understanding you require.

Once again, do not hesitate to ask for anything else that is not listed, and we will try our hardest to fulfil your request.

My head was spinning as I completed reading the document, once again wondering how I had not known about this phenomenal set of rooms in my own country. A life-long bedwetter, the Bedwetter's Travel Guide was opening up a world I had longed after for many years.

"Good afternoon. This is Winifred of Special Services. How may I help you?"

"This is Forrest Grant in Room W1," I stammered. "I just want to order a... er..."

"It is fine Ms Grant," she replied. Winifred had seen my padded bra and assumed... correctly that my preferred gender in private was female. "There is nothing you can ask that will surprise me. So, how can I help you?"

"I would like to order the potty service and the bedwetting service and... er.." Again, I stammered, annoyed that I could not say what I wanted.

"Yes, young lady? What else?"

"I need a spanking!" I finally shouted, unnecessarily loudly.

"I see. What kind of spanking do you want?"

"I don't know. Can you choose for me?"

I was annoyed at myself for not being direct or knowing what I wanted. I was a confident, well-educated person and here I was feeling completely at sea asking someone over the phone for a spanking.

"That's fine, young lady. I will organise something appropriate for you. May I ask what name I will put it under?"

Winifred was calling me out and I felt as if she was exposing me. It was both abrasive and deeply relieving.

"Florence Grant, please," I replied in a firm and confident voice.

Florence was my secret name – a name I had acquired so long ago that it was well before puberty and given to me by another. I barely dared to write her name – my name – on anything lest I give it the power of truth.

“That’s fine, Florence,” she replied without hesitation. “I will be there to spank you at 2 pm. Please be ready and just in your nappy. Make sure you are very wet.”

“Thank you, Winifred,” I answered, feeling out of my depth and yet feeling exactly what I wanted to feel. Humiliation. Submission. Punishment. The hallmarks of a bedwetting child’s history.

But I wasn’t a child. I was an adult. I was a bedwetter for sure and very much an adult baby, but still an adult.

I sat for forty minutes on the edge of the wet bed wearing just my soaking wet nappy and no plastic pants. My pee continued to flow into the bed, through the sheets, and into the mattress while I watched the clock move slowly along.

I’d been spanked before many times, even as an adult. But the context here was different and while I didn’t know why it was different, I certainly knew that it was. I was in a room decorated as a child’s room, sitting on a soaked bed that had been wet by a number of other people, a dummy in my mouth and feeling a sense of trepidation that was nearly overwhelming.

2 pm arrived and on the dot, the door to my room opened. There was no knock which didn’t surprise me. While unstated, I had a sense that personal privacy wasn’t given in the Special Rooms by the staff.

It was Winifred.

She had a small bag over her shoulder but in her hands, she had a yellow toddler’s potty. I looked inside and saw that it was half full of yellow pee.

I swallowed hard.

“Now, Florence,” she said crisply. “I hear you have been a very bad little girl. Am I right?”

I stood in front of her in just my wet nappy dripping down my legs.

“Yes,” I stammered.

“Yes, *Auntie*,” she corrected. “You will call me Auntie or you will get another smack. Do you understand? Can you tell me what you have done wrong?”

I truly didn’t know how to answer, but while I was standing there trying to find the right answer, Winifred quickly extracted a wooden spoon from her bag, stepped behind me and delivered two stinging hits to the tops of my legs, just below the sagging and soaking terry nappy.

“Ow!” I yelled automatically. The pain was sharp and severe and thoroughly unexpected.

“Now, can you tell me what you have done wrong, Florence?” she repeated, as she pointed the wooden spoon towards the wet bed.

“I wet my bed, Auntie,” I offered hopefully. I was in no rush for the wooden spoon again.

“Yes, you did, Florence,” she replied. “You are supposed to be a big girl now and yet look at it? This is the seventh wet bed in a row from you and look at the bed and what you’ve done to it!”

It wasn’t a rhetorical question. I looked at the bed and could certainly see the stains and marks from many nights of bedwetting. The pillow was heavily stained. The sheets were apparently white but were now a deep yellow and orange. The childish quilt that was folded at the dry end of the bed was covered in pee stains. It was obviously not laundered often.

“You’ve been a naughty girl and I need to punish you for it.”

I nodded. It wasn’t theatrical at all. I truly felt the shame and humiliation. While this particular bed was not my fault, there were many, many other beds that looked similar to this one that *were* my fault. Even as I stood there feeling the shame, my adult cot at home had a stained and wet sheet on it and it was all my fault. And then, just as if she knew what I was thinking, she asked the question.

“Who is to blame for this wet bed, Florence?”

I looked again at the soaking mess understanding that there were at least two other people who had wet that bed, possibly more. But that was not the answer she was looking for.

“I am, Auntie,” I replied, hanging my head in genuine shame. I felt a real sense of ownership over the wet bed and Winifred was enforcing it. “I am responsible for all the wet beds.”

“Yes, Florence. You are a bedwetting girl who has created this appalling mess, but who has to sleep in it, hmm?”

“I do, Auntie.”

“Yes, little girl. You do need to sleep in this mess, but you still need to be punished for it.”

I nodded.

“What is this, Florence?” she asked, pointing to the half-full potty.

“A potty, Auntie.”

“Yes, and what is in it?”

“Pee, Auntie.”

“And whose pee is it? Do you know?”

I shook my head. I really didn't know, even if I suspected.

“Half of the pee is mine. The other half comes from Alicia, the girl from the front desk that booked you in.”

My eyes widened in shock. Winifred was clearly in charge of the special services, but I figured there was a wall around her role so that only a small number were involved. So far, I had only seen Winifred.

Winifred smiled.

“You thought no one else knows what we do here?” she said. “All of the reception staff supply pee for our rooms.”

“All of them?”

“Yes, all six of them.”

My humiliation suddenly increased. It was one thing for the smiling girls in reception to know about what went on. It was another thing for them to be urinating in potties for me.

“And you selected the option for someone wetting your bed during the day, remember? “

I nodded.

“At 5 pm, at the end of their shift, one of the girls will come here to urinate on your bed. You can watch if you wish.”

I was genuinely shocked, but I had little time to react before Winifred handed me the half-full potty.

“Where do you think the potty needs to be emptied, Florence?”

“In my bed?” I offered hopefully.

“Now, young lady. Empty it in your bed. Now!”

It was a command not to be disobeyed.

I took the yellow potty and slowly poured the contents into the middle of the bed. A pool formed and began to slowly spread to the edges of the bed. There was only a cot-sized protector and as soon as the pool spread to the edge of the inadequate waterproof, it began to leak into the bed. It was fascinating to watch, but my fascination was short-lived.

“Florence,” she commanded. “Bend over and put your face into the bed.”

It was not a request. It was a command and not one to be ignored. I gingerly placed my face into the middle of the still spreading pee, surprised that it was still warm(ish). As soon as my face touched the sheet, a pool formed underneath from all the pee on the bed and I had to reposition my face to breathe. I immediately felt my wet nappy being pulled down and my face pushed hard into the bed.

My face was underwater! Or under-pee or whatever it was! I was a bit panicked. I closed my eyes and held my breath as the first of the hits from the wooden spoon rained down on my soaking wet bum.

It hurt! A lot!

I counted ten hits before my head was pulled up and I could breathe again. I saw the pool beneath my face for ten seconds before I was pushed back down again, and I felt ten hits from a paddle thrash my quickly-reddening backside. Then, fifteen seconds to get my breath back and then face back down into the pool of pee and more whacks with the paddle. This went on for four sets of ten

hits before I stood up, pee running from my head and my bum on fire. Daring to open my eyes after wiping the worst of the pee to one side, I was shocked to see the reception girl Alicia standing on the opposite side of the bed, smiling broadly. Clearly, privacy was not mine to be had. I had smiled at her a few times at the front desk and here she was seeing me in the most humiliating state I could possibly be in.

“Alicia, would you hold Florence’s head on the bed while I finish her strapping?”

Strapping? There’s more?

I was near tears from the assault and yet, felt oddly comforted by the humiliation. With practised ease, Alicia took hold of my head and lowered it to the bed before pushing it deep down. The pee pool immediately formed and unable to keep my mouth closed during the thirty strokes of the strap that followed, I tasted and swallowed some of the pee that had come from the two women now humiliating me in such a powerful way. Every six hits, Alicia would lift my head, tell me to take a few deep breaths before pushing me back down for more strappings.

Finally, it was over, and I was crying. The tears flowed as much from the pain as from the humiliation. But I also felt a little released from some of the inner trauma I always carried with me. I was not embarrassed by the tears as they poured down my face in an unexpected quantity. I didn’t cry easily, but as a punished bedwetting little girl – which was how I was being treated - I cried easily and profusely.

I felt overwhelmed as the tears continued to flow and Winifred took my dummy and put it in my mouth. Rummaging around my suitcase, she found one of my baby bonnets and tied it on before telling me to get back on the bed and lie down.

“You’ve had a busy day, little girl. It is time for you to have a sleep. Your formula feeds are due at 7 pm along with your evening potty service. Have a good sleep and Erica will feed and potty you then.”

Winifred pulled the stained quilt up over my naked frame and I sank into the soaked bed, a pool forming around me. The room was very warm and the comfort of the sodden bed overwhelmed the pain in my rear and I was quickly asleep, luxuriating in one of the wettest beds I'd ever slept in. It was perverse, bizarre, deeply humiliating and quite painful.

I felt wonderful.

I awoke refreshed with a still-stinging bottom and stood up from the bed, wiping myself dry with a towel. The bed was saturated and while the pool of pee and dissipated, it had obviously spread to the mattress. I heard the powerful exhaust fan keeping the room well vented, but even with that, the aroma of both fresh wet bed and long-stained mattress permeated the room. I knew that smell all too well.

Wearing just panties, I was surprised to see the door open and another young lady from the front counter waltz in uninvited.

"Hello Florence," she said with a broad smile. "I am Rhonda, your afternoon bedwetter. I normally service this room at 2 pm, but I am told you were busy then!"

Rhonda smiled. She knew what I had been through and while I didn't know for sure, I felt sure she was often on the business end of a paddle. As I watched, Rhonda, removed her shoes, stockings and finally, without any embarrassment, lowered her panties. Then she stood wide-legged on the bed and with a rush, urinated all over the sheets below. It felt like she peed for hours.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "I've been holding on to that all day!"

Like it was the most common thing in the world, she wiped her legs dry and redressed herself to go home to her family.

"Enjoy!" was the last thing she said as she left the room.

I looked at the bed and wondered if perhaps I should have ordered a full waterproof given the quantity of pee on the bed already and the amount I had ordered and was still to come. I lifted the sheet and saw that the mattress was indeed very wet. I was intrigued by how they managed such heavy mattress wettings.

Unable to ignore the attraction of the bed, I once again laid face down in the freshly wet bed and simply absorbed the incredible

environment. I was only lying in the wet bed for ten minutes before once again, the door opened and Rhonda returned holding a large glass baby bottle full of baby formula.

“Din Din Time,” she exclaimed with a wide smile.

She placed the nipple into my mouth and I greedily latched on and quickly emptied the bottle. It was delightful. I could take a bottle at every meal if I could and even replace entire meals with bottles and baby food.

After she left, I laid in the sodden bed unsure what to do next. The bed was soaking wet, the pillow was sodden and I was literally lying in a pool of pee, stark naked. I decided that I wanted to have a look around at the Special Services section of the hotel. I put on a baby dress and opened my door and looked along the dim-lit corridor. My room was W1 and the rooms went up to W4 as well as a ‘Drying Room’. The door to that room appeared unlocked and so, I opened it.

I was immediately hit with a powerful smell of drying urine and once I recovered and found the light switch, I saw six mattresses leaning up against both sides of the wall. All of them were exceptionally stained and most appeared obviously wet, probably from incidents like I had just gone thru. Two exhaust fans sucked the worst of the smell outside, similar to my own room.

*This must be where my mattress will end up after I leave!
They must rotate them through here.*

As I walked back along the corridor, I noticed a full potty of pee had been left outside room W2. As I stood there wondering who was going to get it and what they might do with it, the door suddenly opened and a middle-aged woman appeared in the doorway.

We were both shocked as obviously, we had not planned to meet other bedwetters like ourselves – or at least, I hadn’t. She was completely naked with a dummy in her mouth and like me, was very wet. My baby dress offered little coverage from my erecting penis. I had long grown used to the fact that my penis ‘spoke’ quickly and obviously and being well endowed, it tended to ‘shout’.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to intrude,” I offered while staring at the potty she was holding in her hands.

“It’s okay,” she mumbled. Neither of us knew what to say and yet, neither wanted this accidental meeting to end.

After a few awkward seconds, she suggested I come in.

“You might as well come in and say hello,” she said. “My name is Annie.”

“Florence,” I replied automatically, using my baby girl name without thinking. Wearing a baby girl’s dress, a female name made more sense.

I looked at her bed and saw not just a wet bed, but a pee pool! She had clearly chosen a full mattress protector and the mattress had sunk some in the middle, allowing the pee to form a shallow pool right across it.

“That’s a great bed!” I commented. “It’s even wetter than mine.”

Annie blushed as if that comment was more embarrassing than standing there naked and dripping pee while holding a potty almost full of urine.

“I come here every few months and they know what I like so...”

“It’s my first time here and I’m still recovering from my spanking!”

“My spanking is due in a few minutes, so I am a bit nervous.”

“I get that. I really do. So, I will get going then and leave you to it.”

“Oh, you’re not leaving!” exclaimed the voice behind me. I turned to see the face of Winifred, holding her bag of tricks.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to intrude. We just accidentally...”

“Florence, be quiet, please. I am here to spank Annie and you can help me by standing there and watching.”

“Annie, please empty the potty into your bed and assume the position.”

Annie knew exactly what to do and poured the pee into her bed, making the pool a little deeper and then bent over the bed, her face just above the puddle. Winifred took her time getting out her strap and preparing for the first stroke.

“Face in the bed, girl!” she exclaimed and Annie obediently pushed her face under the surface of the pee pool as five hits of the strap rained down.

She pulled her face up and gasped for breath for fifteen seconds.

“Back down!” Winifred commanded and strapped her another five times.

“Tell me why you are being punished, Annie!”

“Because I wet mummy’s bed!” she replied.

Clearly, there was a back story that I hoped I would find out.

“And why is there so much piss in your bed, girl?”

“Because my bed is a toilet now because I am a bedwetter... mummy!”

The role play was getting more involved and I suspected, not an original idea, but maybe a version of things that had actually happened.

“Are you a bad girl, Annie?”

“Yes, mummy. I’m a very bad girl.”

“And what do I need to do then?”

“You need to pee in my bed, mummy. And you need to hit me.”

“Yes, I do. Now stay there and wait.”

Annie stood completely still, her face barely above the pee pool. As I watched, Winifred took the potty now sitting on the floor, lowered her underwear and with a loud hissing sound, pissed into it. When she was finished, she ordered Annie to sit cross-legged on the bed. The bed was so wet and... deep... that it sloshed.

Winifred held the potty just above Annie’s head.

“What are you, Annie?”

“I’m a baby, mummy.”

“And why are you a baby, Annie?”

“Because I wet the bed and my pants and because I cry.”

And then she slowly poured the potty half full of warm pee over her head.

“Keep your mouth open, Annie!” she yelled.

The potty was quickly emptied and I had just witnessed what I suspected was a frequently repeated ritual of punishment and humiliation.

“Florence,” Winifred suddenly said to me. “I was going to do this later, but since both of you marked on the list that you were available for sex acts, I have rostered you two to have intercourse in your wet beds. I had planned that for tomorrow morning, but since you are here now, Florence, you need to have intercourse with Annie right now.”

I gulped. I was incredibly aroused, but I had not expected there to be any sex at all during this visit. I suspected the form was more for titillation than actual performance.

“Take your dress off right now, missy, and get your face between Annie’s legs!”

I pulled my wet baby dress off and looked over at the bed where Annie was now lying flat on her back, legs apart and as I nervously stepped forward, I could see there was a pool between her legs. A pool of pee. And her vagina was partly submerged in it. This was part of a fantasy of mine, but I considered it a silly one. Until now.

“Florence, you have ten seconds before I paddle that behind of yours!”

I quickly knelt on the pee-pool bed and slowly lowered my face between her legs. Taking a breath for courage, I immediately went down on Annie. There was enough of her vagina about the level of the pee to lick and taste her and I was aroused even more. Bedwetters like me were used to the occasional taste of wet beds and more, and so she tasted truly wonderful to me. This went on for

about five minutes with Winifred watching and encouraging my performance.

“Florence, it’s time to penetrate now,” she suddenly said and I lifted my head, now dripping with pee.

“Annie, is that okay?” I asked.

“It’s not Annie’s decision, Florence!” she quickly interjected. “Annie is penetrated by whomever I choose and whenever I choose. Now get down now and fuck her hard!”

Even in my hormone-addled brain, I realised that this was part of the roleplay and that Annie was to be fucked without her effective permission. I briefly wondered what had gone on during her growing up years. I suspected we were playing out a version of her past, hopefully far expanded on what had actually happened.

As I lined my penis up with her vagina I noticed again that I would be entering a pussy that was barely above the surface of the pool.

This will be new!

I slipped into her easily – more easily than I expected. She was very, very lubricated and obviously, the roleplay was arousing her greatly. I pushed in and bottomed out and just sat there, enjoying the enveloping pussy and the proximity of such a wet bed.

Suddenly I felt a sharp crack on my backside from the paddle.

“Stroke!” she shouted and hit me again.

I pulled almost all the way out and as I went to push back into Annie, she paddled me again. It was this way for the next dozen or so strokes. I would pull my penis almost out of Annie, Winifred would paddle me and I would push back in again. Pull out. Paddle. Push in.

Finally, she just said, “Fuck her!”

And so, I fucked her. I had never fucked a woman so wet or in a bed where there was actual splashing from all the pee. Not surprisingly, I did not last long. Not that I wanted it to ever end, but

eventually, I orgasmed and dumped my load deep into the very wet woman.

“Good girl, Florence!” Winifred commented with a surprisingly happy face.

Now that my brain had command of the blood flow once more, I was aware of just how sore my backside was. But it had been worth it. Winifred packed up her spanking kit and as she turned to leave, she spoke to Annie.

“Annie, roll over and I want you face down in that bed for the next hour. Do you understand?”

The pudgy, short woman obediently rolled over in the sodden bed and placed her face into the soaked sheets.

“Now, Florence. I have rostered you to fuck Annie again in *your* bed tomorrow morning at 9 am. And again, in this room at 8 pm. I expect you to do as you are told!”

I nodded and while overwhelmed, was secretly excited.

“Annie, William will be here at midday and Alan at four. Remember what you have to do?”

The muffled voice of Annie replied. “Get on my knees and spread and let them...”

“Penetrate you, yes.”

Winifred and I both left the room and the moment the door closed, the domineering, spanking woman evaporated, and the caring, intelligent middle-aged woman returned.

“Thanks for helping me with that, Forrest,” she said, unexpectedly using my adult male name. “Annie needs what you just gave her and a lot of it.”

“Fucking?”

“More than that. She needs someone like her mother getting men to fuck her in her wet bed.”

I gulped. It seemed like the roleplay was loosely based on real life. I didn’t want to know just how ‘loose’.

“I get it, I really do,” I admitted.

“And I suspect you need something similar to happen to you as well to put some of your own demons to rest?”

Winifred was good. Very good. She had picked up from me that I had a ‘complicated’ past.

“Yeah...” I replied.

“When you come back to see us again, speak to me first and we can arrange a visit tailored to your needs.”

My heart beat faster and I was both excited and terrified.

“You can be just like Annie and I will ensure that you have no say in what goes on or *who* goes on - or in.”

I was astounded by her ability to tell what I needed or at least to guess some of it. I would indeed come back when I built up the courage to share my story and to relive some of it.



I stayed for three nights in total. I never left the hotel that entire time. I just laid in my wet bed, reading, watching movies and enjoying the relaxing experience of being so very wet and having the pee of six different people in my bed. I ended up fucking Annie seven times in all, including once in the corridor as some kind of humiliation roleplay. We always had a witness, usually Winifred or Rhonda. I was also spanked hard every day and cried each time.

By the time I left, I was battered, a little bruised and the smell of urine was almost embedded in me and a hot shower didn't fully get rid of it.

It was brilliant. The three-thousand-pound cost was huge but well worth it. Over the next six months, I emailed Winifred a number of times, slowly revealing my past and my desires and I booked four days where I would be like Annie, reliving and expanding a past I could not run away from. And I would be not just a sissy baby there. I would be a girl and when I was to be in that soaking pee pool like Annie was, the exact same thing would happen to me.

And I would have no say in any of it. Winifred would be in control and that was fine by me.

The Middle of Nowhere – An American wet bed



I was once again perusing the *Bedwetter's Travel Guide*.

Even though I treated it like a holy relic and with great care, it was starting to show signs of wear and I was hoping it would last until the next Travel Guide came out. Not that I knew when that would be or even if I would get the next edition. I still did not know how to contact the publishers or how to get my own place on the list.

I had been looking for something a little different from what I had experienced to date. Not that there was anything wrong with what I had experienced; quite the contrary. I just wanted more variety to see what was possible. There were the places that offered pre-wet sheets and I loved those. Some offered *shared* wet beds which implied casual sex that I felt hypocritically uncomfortable with and so tended to avoid. There was also one place in the USA that offered group wet beds in an open dorm-like situation where six bedwetters could openly wet their beds and where each night, you rotated so that you were in someone else's pee-stained sheets all the time. I felt a little too intimidated for that as well, although I nearly dialled their number several times. Their listing was large and long and apparently very popular. I wanted something a little more personal and with fewer people.

A small German town offered a classic Bed and Breakfast where I could wet the bed in a perfectly normal manner. That sounded wonderful, but I didn't speak German at all and while city Germans were good English speakers as a whole, small towns were not quite that good and the owners said that they spoke 'good

English'. Not *fluent* English, but 'good'. How could something as complicated as a sissy baby girl openly wetting someone else's wet bed go wrong with poor language communication? All too easily.

I eventually settled on the same thing but in a country that spoke a version of English that I could cope with. The United States.

Mrs Mary Westmore was offering not so much a Bed and Breakfast, but just her private home where bedwetters like me could go, enjoy themselves and wet their beds freely. It sounded wonderful. Not pressured or involved, just normal, but with open bedwetting involved.

The location was not exactly prime USA tourist material. Rather, it was part of the rust belt in a very small town that was getting smaller by the year. The main industry had been a coal mine that had now closed. The town itself was dying, but long-term residents were determined to stay, even as the young people left in search of employment and other opportunities. I was looking for something plain and simple and yet, catered to my specific needs. And I admit, also some of my wants. It sounded just like what I was looking for.

Getting there was a bit of a roundabout. Two flights were followed by a two-hour bus ride in a less-than-comfortable seat. I was glad I was napped as there were no facilities on the bus. Other passengers were not so lucky. I grinned, realising that my nappies were a very real advantage at this point.

Only eight people got off the bus as we arrived at the tiny town. That was not a good sign. I stood on the main road, alone with just my luggage and a nappy that needed a change waiting for my promised 'pick up'.

Like every other place on the *Bedwetter's Travel Guide*, there was only a phone number. After a booking had been made at other places, email and texting made up the bulk of the communications, but not with Mary. She had no email address and I suspected no internet either. Her phone number was a landline so there was no texting either. It sounded quaint and interesting on the other side of the 'pond' back in England, but now on a cold, windy

day stuck on a road in a near-dead town in the middle of Nowhere USA, I was growing increasingly concerned.

I tried calling the number but there was no answer. Just as I was about to try and find somewhere to stay for the night since dusk was fast approaching, a brown 1970s era Buick town car turned the corner, complete with squealing tires or fan belts or... something like that.

It was huge. It was a classic old American car, twice the length of the average English vehicle. And it even had wood panelling on the side. It was my ride.

You wanted something different, Forrest! Well, you got it!

“Forrest Grant?” called out the prim and proper woman from what was to me, the wrong side of the car.

“Yes!” I exclaimed as the cold air suddenly felt even colder. “That’s me!”

“Jump on in. Throw your bags in the trunk.”

The trunk was the size of some bedsits I had seen and the interior of the massive vehicle, bigger than some bedrooms. Or at least, it felt that way.

“Sorry, I’m late!” Mary exclaimed. “I couldn’t get Betsy started. Took Mr Pines, my neighbour, to come and get the battery fixed, but here I am!”

Mary was older than I had expected. I picked her for around sixty – only a decade or so older than her car. But she was very well dressed and impeccably spoken. Likewise, the car – although ancient – was very well maintained, despite the sounds it sometimes made.

“Thanks for picking me up, Mrs Westmore,” I said. “It was starting to get cold out there.”

“Oh, that’s nothing, Forrest,” she exclaimed. “This time of year, a real gale can whip up around here. I’m just glad I got here before you were blown down the street like a tumbleweed!”

“I’ve never been anywhere near here before,” I said trying to make polite conversation.

“No one has really. Not anymore. When the mine was open, it was a busy place but now, everyone’s leaving and just us old-timers are left.”

“I’m sorry. It must be hard to watch that happen.”

“It gets lonely some days and that’s why I take in all of you bedwetters. For the company!”

I was a bit surprised by her comments and how she seamlessly mentioned bedwetters as if we were common. Perhaps in her world, we were.

“Well, I’m here for a week and I hope that helps!”

We had spoken on the phone before and she mentioned how she liked card games, board games and watching old movies – all things I enjoyed as well. I suspected we would have a good time together. I couldn’t drive her car but there weren’t many things to see anyhow. I was promised a drive around some of the nearby farms as well as a visit to the now-closed coal mine and that was about it. Many of the shops in the main street were shuttered and not likely to ever open again. I had seen a large baby items store that was also boarded up. Ironically, that is one place I would have liked to visit.

All my life, I have enjoyed browsing baby stores, imagining how the clothes would fit me, and what a particular cot would be like if three times the size. I sometimes bought toys and the odd mobile or baby clock. My home nursery was quite full of such toys and trinkets and the spare room which housed my spare cot was now more like a second baby nursery than the spare adult bedroom it was originally intended to be.

“How did you get on the Travel Guide?” I asked as we bumped along a dirt road. The sole house at the end of the road was obviously hers.

“Oh, that’s quite a story, my dear. I will tell you later on, but we’re here now, so time to get you all settled and ready.”

She parked the car in a very large garage near the house and I grabbed my suitcase and carry-on and together, we entered Mary’s home.

My first impression was that the home was a monument to the 1980s. The decoration, the furniture, indeed *the feel* was of a place that time had forgotten. It was clean and tidy and very well looked after, but the 21st century had certainly passed by without looking ever inside.

The rotary phone in the hallway with a large ornate and rather ugly mirror was my first clue. The lounge room with its small CRT TV was the second. No flat-screen TV here!

This is going to be extraordinary! Like Time travel without actually travelling!

“Your room is just upstairs, Florence,” she explained. “Right next to mine so I can look after you properly.”

Now that we were in her home, my preferred name was now in use. I had hesitantly mentioned my girl name and she was actually excited to have someone like me – a man wearing baby girl clothes. And nappies. The nappies were something she was particularly enthused about. I hoped to find out why soon.

We climbed the wooden staircase which creaked on several steps, a bit like the way her old car also creaked.

“Here we are, Florence!” she exclaimed, pushing open the door. “The girl’s room. Just for you!”

In our phone conversations, I had mentioned how I dressed as a baby girl and used a female name. She was quite fine with it and had now shown me to the ‘girls room’.

“The boy’s room is on the other side of my bedroom, but the girl’s one is right for you.”

The room – my bedroom for a week – was also direct from the 1980s. A metal frame single bed with a very high mattress and a floral bedspread was in one corner of the expansive room. No quilts here! The old-fashioned blankets and bedspread were on show. A bookshelf held several dolls and some old books. The whole ambience was 1980s juvenile femininity.

“Your mattress is properly protected in case you wet the bed, Florence,” she added unnecessarily.

Of course, I’m going to wet the bed!

“Now, are you wet, dear? Do you need a diaper change?”

“Yeah, I think I better do that. It was a long flight.”

“Okay, dear. Let’s get you changed.”

I expected her to leave me to my task, but instead, she went to the standalone six drawer unit and pulled out what I immediately saw was a change mat for adults. She then laid it on the bed.

“Now let’s get you all fixed up.”

Mary sat me down on the bed and the sound of the crackly plastic sheet rocketed around the room. It was clearly thick and well used. No modern bed protection here! Just the plastic sheet used by generations of parents for their bedwetting children. And this one clearly had done significant service. The loud crackling was a testament to that.

She took off my shoes and then laid me back and pulled off my jeans. I wasn’t expecting any of this but went with the flow, just the same.

“That’s a very pretty diaper, Florence!” I was wearing my princess pink disposable under some plain panties and it was sagging under the weight. My pink onesie was all that was holding it up. “Now lie back and let me get you all fixed up.”

I laid back and Mary opened my onesie at the crotch, untaped my nappy and slid it off. Normally I would be erect at such an experience, but I was deeply surprised at what had taken place and remained quite flaccid. It was wonderful, but not even remotely erotic. Then with a damp cloth, she carefully wiped all over my genitals as if I were a child. Fortunately, those same genitals behaved like one and stayed small.

“Nice and clean now!” she commented to herself. “Now it’s time for some nice dry nappies for you, baby Florence. See, I know what you English girls call *diapers!*”

From the same chest of drawers, Mary extracted a pre-folded cloth nappy and expertly slid it beneath my now very clean bottom, pulled the sides up and skilfully pinned them together. This was not the first time she had changed an adult’s nappy.

“Does that feel good, Florence?” she asked.

“Uh-huh,” I replied. We had not discussed nappy changes during any of our phone conversations. They were limited to my bedwetting and the wearing of baby clothes and little else.

Next came the plastic pants and I was once again shocked to see plastic pants that were in pristine condition but had to be twenty years old or more - classic American adult plastic pants in milky white with thick elastic leg and waistbands. As she slipped them up my legs, I felt truly babyish in a way I didn't often experience and seconds later, my bladder wet the new nappy slightly. It felt very normal.

“Now let's get the rest of you dressed properly.”

Without doing a thing myself, Mary removed my jacket, my shirt and finally pulled my pink onesie over my head.

“Lovely bra, dear,” she said, commenting on my comfortable, travel bra, a plain cream unpadded front clasp bra. “But I don't think you will need that on this evening. That's more for daytime wear.”

And she unclipped and removed it.

“Now for a nightie... Hmm, which one?”

She stood at the drawers once more before extracting a pink cotton knee-length, old-fashioned girls' nightie and slipped it over my head.

“Yes, that works,” she mumbled to herself.

Then, without asking, she opened my suitcase and began to look through it. I know I should have been offended by the breach of privacy, but I wasn't. Oddly enough, it felt appropriate.

“Oh, here they are!” she said to herself.

Mary then grabbed my dummy, still on its chain and pinned it to my nightie. Then she found my lacy white baby bonnet and tied it around my head.

“Oh, don't you look pretty, Florence!” she exclaimed as she lifted one foot and pulled on my white knitted baby booties. I rarely travel without a bonnet and booties and even though I sleep without nappies, I usually wear a bonnet and booties. It was my trademark reminder that even without nappies, I was still a baby girl.

Well, this is unexpected! But I think I like it!

“Thank you, Mrs. Westmore,” I said.

“Florence,” she replied. “I expect you to call me *mommy* from now on.”

“Yes, mommy.”

“Dinner will be in an hour, sweetheart. Can you play on your own until then?”

I nodded and ‘mommy’ left the room. That was my chance to unpack my clothes and check out the room.

I hung my few baby and adult clothes in the wardrobe noting that there were already a number of dresses and other women’s clothing, all circa mid-1980s, hanging there. In the mysterious chest of drawers were quite a number of cloth nappies and plastic pants. There were also two entire drawers of panties and bras, all old-fashioned but in pristine condition. I found a particularly pretty pink pair and finding them in my size, slipped them up over my nappy.

In the corner of the room, I found a curious large wooden chest with a padded lid. When I opened it, I saw that it was a child’s toy box, filled with dolls, teddy bears, assorted blocks, a plastic tea set and other toys. All girl’s toys.

All I really knew about Mary was that she was a long-time widow and that she had a large house where she lived alone. Apparently, there had been at one time at least one child – a girl. I decided to find out more. The room I was staying in was – like the entire house – stuck in a time warp of thirty plus years. I like personal stories and wanted to know more. I collected people’s stories and backgrounds. It helped me appreciate them more.

I decided that I would indeed play with the toys and when the door opened suddenly an hour later, I was engrossed with my tea set and enjoying the company of eight dolls and two teddy bears. Baby Florence was in her element.

“Eleanor,” she said. “Dinner time!”

Mary’s eyes widened as she realised the mistake in the name. At least now I knew the name of the girl whose bedroom I was staying in.

I padded downstairs in my thick and increasingly wet nappy and nightie and followed Mary to the dining room. I was surprised to see a steaming hot roast with vegetables waiting for us. I was hungry and there was nothing better than a hot roast!

I sat down and Mary took hold of my hand and said her usual perfunctory grace.

“Now, El... Florence, let me cut up your food for you, little girl.”

Once again, I was surprised as Mary cut all my meat and vegetables into small enough pieces so that I would not need to use my knife. It was the act of a mother for a very small child. On the table in front of me was a sippy cup full of water. Apparently, she viewed me as too young to drink from a cup. In more ways than I could explain, she was right. Baby Florence was inside me and fighting to come out.

The meal was absolutely scrumptious. The sippy cup was emptied several times and Mary didn't even need to be asked to refill it. While she sipped a glass of wine, I only had water and it made a lot of sense. I had so many questions to ask and preferred to be sober.

“Mommy,” I said, using her preferred title. I was rewarded with a broad smile. “How did you get to be in the *Bedwetter's Guide*?”

Mary took her time to answer. She finished her mouthful of food, washed it down with the rest of her wine, wiped her mouth and then turned to me to give me the answer.

“My two boys wet the bed for a long time.”

Two boys? What about Eleanor?

“Samuel stopped when he was twelve and David never stopped.”

“I see,” I replied knowing that there was a great deal more to this story.

“David worked in town in one of the stores and Samuel worked in the mines. David wet the bed all through way through until...” She stopped, took a breath and continued. “Until he left.”

I remained silent, feeling the heaviness that had come upon her.

“Not long before he left, he told me he was going on a trip for a week and I was concerned about that because he still wet the bed very heavily and as you would know, most people don’t like a wet bed in their homes.”

Oh, that was a story I understood only too well.

“When I told him he shouldn’t go, he showed me this.”

Mary stood up and went to a tall cupboard in the kitchen and retrieved a thin brochure inside a plastic sleeve and sat it down in front of me.

It was the *Bedwetter’s Travel Guide* with a year printed on it.
1986

“He went to a wet bed location way back then?” I was astounded.

I knew so little of this Guide and yet thirty-odd years ago, there were wet beds around for people like me to enjoy and I didn’t know it. Of course, I was a very young teenager then and it would never have been allowed, but still...

“Yes, he went to the city for a few days and he told me all about it when he got back. El... David and I spoke about everything and he told me every single detail, including the *contact* he had when there.”

Another question answered. Clearly, Eleanor and David were the same person and *contact* was a pseudonym for sex.

Eleanor and his mother discussed his sex life?

“Did he enjoy it?” I asked.

“Florence, he absolutely loved it. He told me all about it just as a...” She hesitated and considered her next words. “Just as a girl would.”

There was a deep silence in the room. Mary had told me that David was a girl – at least in some regards.

“Eleanor told me everything she did and experienced and how she lost her virginity to a young man in her wet bed.”

It was unstated, but now I finally understood that David was, in fact, Eleanor and she was a girl. I suspected that Mary knew I would understand.

“That must have been a wonderful conversation with her,” I offered, desperately hoping I had not stepped over a line.

Mary sighed deeply and smiled. “It was one of the best days of my life. Eleanor was so excited by becoming a woman and to experience that in a wet bed was just something beautiful for her. And, I admit, for me too.”

“It does sound beautiful,” I added.

“I found out that David was Eleanor when he was fourteen. I’d suspected that for a long time before then, but that was the first time she told me and we started our journey as mommy and daughter then.”

Mary leant back in her chair and I realised she wanted to talk about it. I was very happy to do so. I understood a lot about it from a personal perspective and also, I simply wanted to share in her story.

“Eleanor was wetting the sheets every night and I knew everything she did in them and we had no secrets. She started wearing diapers a bit then and I began to learn about adult babies from her. She was still using a pacifier at night and sleeping with dolls. She’d never even given up teddy bears. We were best friends. And every week she was showing more babyiness.”

Mary’s eyes teared up and I knew automatically that there was tragedy coming up.

“Two months after her bedwetting trip, Samuel and Eleanor were killed in a road accident.”

The room suddenly went cold. A deep, depressing cold.

“I’m so sorry,” I offered.

“I lost not only my two sons but also my baby daughter and my best friend.”

Mary stood up and cleared the table and I began to help.

“Eleanor, you don’t have to help me.”

“I want to, mommy,” I replied, knowing exactly what I was doing.

“Thank you, sweetheart. Mommy appreciates that.”

As we stood washing and wiping the dishes, we bonded in a way that few could understand. By the time we put them away and took our places on the couch, we were mother and baby daughter. Something magical had happened in those few short minutes.

I was now Eleanor, her eighteen-year-old baby daughter, and Mary was my mommy. The magic was happening and still growing. We watched an old romantic movie and I sat next to her, more comfortable than I had expected. When she took my hand, I gratefully accepted it.

“I think it is time for bed now, Eleanor,” she said as soon as the credits finished. “Let’s take you up to bed now.”

It was very different from the first time I had climbed the stairs. This time I had a new name, a new identity and I had a mother. You might think it was role-playing, but it was much, much more than that.

Mary pulled back the blankets and I stood next to the bed, waiting for her to tell me what to do next. She lifted my nightie and carefully pulled the now-wet pinned cloth nappy complete with plastic pants down my legs. She then went to the drawer and extracted a pair of high-waisted white panties with lace trim and helped me put them on.

“I know you prefer to wet the bed than wear diapers at night, Eleanor. Mommy loves you. Now lie down.”

I laid on the bed and Mary tucked me in along with a doll on one side and a teddy bear on the other.

“Don’t go to sleep just yet, baby,” she added. “I’ll be back with your bottle in a moment.”

True to her word, she returned holding a glass baby bottle with hot formula inside. She sat on the edge of the bed and held the nipple to my mouth, and I began to drink steadily.

“I remember the first time I fed you, Eleanor. You had just had your fifteenth birthday and I had bought you a pretty nightie and

you asked for a bottle. It was just hot milk that night, but every night from then on, I put you to bed with baby formula. I so loved doing that.”

It was my first experience of being told a story by being part of it. It was a novel experience.

“Now Eleanor, sleep tight and mommy will get you up in the morning.”

Mary leant down, kissed my forehead and popped my dummy in my mouth.

“I probably should have guessed that something special was happening when you started demanding a pacifier again when you were five. I’m just glad I had the sense to give you one.”

As the door shut and darkness enveloped me, I realised that I had encountered something very special and very unique. I had come looking for plain, basic bedwetting and acceptance and now, I was playing the role of a lifetime. I was Eleanor, a sissy baby girl who would forever be eighteen years old and who had been in diapers since fourteen, bottle-fed since fifteen and using a pacifier at night since just five years old. And she was a bedwetter who enjoyed wet sheets, just like me.

Eleanor Westmore was just like I was, even down to losing *that* virginity in a wet bed.



“Good morning, Eleanor!” exclaimed Mary as the door swung open at 7 am. The clock on the sideboard was of course, not digital, nor backlit. I had to wait until there was enough morning light to read it.

“Morning, mommy,” I replied.

I was unsure if the previous evening’s roles had continued on until morning. Apparently, it had.

She pulled back the blankets and bedspread to check on her daughter’s night. My guess is that she had done the same for

Eleanor for many, many years.

“Well, it looks like someone had an *extra* wet night, didn’t they?”

“Yes, mommy.”

“Well, no problems. Let me get you up and give you your bath and mommy will make your bed all nice and fresh and clean again.”

My bed was indeed very wet – as it usually was. The single bed was wet along almost the full length, had reached and overflowed both sides, stopping just shy of the pillow. Both sheets were very wet. I stood next to the bed dripping wet as Mary carefully stripped off my wet nightie and pulled down my wet panties. She also took off my booties and after examining my bonnet for wetness, put both to one side. She then stripped off both wet sheets and I saw the plastic protector for the first time. It was not a fitted protector but rather a large sheet of thick transparent plastic that had been laid there as a makeshift waterproof. Its inadequacy was apparent by the multiple heavy pee stains on the mattress beneath where it had moved during nights long past. I noticed that both edges of the mattress were also slightly damp from my own overflow.

“Come with me, Eleanor. I’ve already gotten your bath ready, so please go in and wait for me.”

The bathroom was just down the hall and as Mary took the wet sheets downstairs, I entered and stood next to a steaming hot bath, just as ordered. I was totally naked, smelling of pee and wondering what would happen next. Moments later, I found out.

“Okay Eleanor, jump in the bath please and let’s get you washed and ready for the day.”

Following her lead, I sat down in the iron claw-foot bath and enjoyed the hot water for about five minutes on my own before Mary returned.

Holding a cake of soap and a face washer, Mary began to wash my back and chest before asking me to stand up. I guessed she wanted to wash ‘the rest’ of me. I nervously stood and Mary

soaped up my legs before reaching my genitals and began soaping them up as well.

My self-control totally failed me and my penis was erected fully and pointed up. She continued to soap me and wash me and then soap me once again, taking no notice of my erection. My cock began to throb and I truly didn't know what to say. When her hand took a firm grip on my erect penis and began to stroke it, I began to swoon. Three strokes were all it took before my penis erupted in orgasm and squirted out and into the bathwater.

“Good girl!” Mary uttered in a clinical way that surprised – and disturbed – me. “Now you are ready and all relaxed to get dressed for the day.”

As she dried me, I wondered just how realistic her portrayal was. My orgasm seemed less like a hand job than someone realising I needed to cum and simply expedited it.

Back in my room, I found the bed remade with fresh sheets and a diaper, pins and plastic pants awaiting me. I took my cue and laid down on the diaper, letting her pin them on me and pulling up another pair of apparently brand-new plastic pants.

“I have a very pretty bra and panty set for you today, Eleanor,” Mary said sweetly. “Remember when I got these for you for Christmas? You looked so pretty that day, even with your diaper underneath!”

The red padded underwire bra managed to fit me when lengthened to its maximum size. And as promised, the matching red panties truly set off the ensemble.

“Now, let's get a pretty dress for you, Eleanor.”

I had only brought three baby dresses with me due to luggage restrictions and left dozens of others back at home. Mary found a particularly pretty yellow and white baby dress with a giraffe embroidered on it.

“Now, let's get your tights on, baby girl!” she announced and literally helped me roll my white tights up my leg – a task I had done for myself since I first started wearing tights or stockings way back in the er... just before teen years.

With booties and bonnet back on and a dummy firmly in my mouth, she took me by the hand that wasn't hugging a large teddy bear and led me downstairs to sit on the mat in front of the tv and watch videos (yes videos!) of children's TV shows from the 80s, 90s and the current century.

For over an hour, I enjoyed myself, enveloped by the experience of children's TV shows I grew up with and more. At about 8 am, Mary called me to breakfast and on the table was hot porridge and toast cut into quarters. As I sat down, Mary picked up a spoon, filled it with porridge and lifted it to my mouth.

She's feeding me like a toddler?

I had to know what was happening, or more importantly, *had* happened. As soon as she had finished the bowl and I had eaten the toast I had to ask.

"Did you feed Eleanor like this?" I asked, nervously. Breaking out of character might ruin the moment – and the week.

"I began spoon-feeding her when she was about sixteen and by the time she..." She paused, unable to say the word, 'died', "I was feeding her at every meal. It's part of why I was so nervous about her going on her bedwetting trip. Not only did she wet the bed, but she hadn't fed herself much in two years outside of school."

Oddly enough, that made sense. But since we had shifted from actors to narrators, I had to ask more questions.

"How much did Eleanor dress as a girl and how much was she a baby?"

"She wore only girl's clothes outside of school until she was sixteen when she left school and then she wore them everywhere except into town. And she was wearing diapers and doing everything in them."

"Did you change her diapers and bathe her as well?"

"Yes, most of the time. I was doing most things for her and she was becoming more of a baby girl and we were looking around for a crib for her..."

I really wanted to ask if she was doing for Eleanor what she had done for me in the bath that morning. I was not naïve. It was

thirty plus years ago and a lot of things were different then and in the backblocks of rural America, it was far from unheard of. But I couldn't ask.

"I used to do her makeup and nails and we were about to go public with her as a girl, although not as a baby girl. Her brother was right behind it all and ready to beat up anyone that teased her and he was a very, very big and powerful young man."

"She was lucky to have a supportive family. Most girls like her don't get that opportunity."

My careful questioning was interrupted by a familiar pressure and need from my bowels. At home, of course, I would simply do it all in my nappy as I had been doing for many decades, but here in another house, that would be presumptuous.

"Mommy," I said, reverting back to being Eleanor again. "I need to go to the bathroom for a number two. Can you unlock the bathroom please?"

One very odd thing I had discovered on my first day was that the upstairs bathroom was locked, and only Mary had the key. I wanted to ask why, but along with many other questions, it had to wait its turn.

"Eleanor?" she asked quizzically. "You are in diapers! You know you are not allowed to use the bathroom. Just do it in your diaper like a good girl. Go on. Do it now, please."

"Are you sure?" I asked, more as Florence than as Eleanor.

"Eleanor, we discussed this a year ago. You don't need bathrooms anymore when you have diapers on and a mommy to change you."

I hesitated for a few seconds before I simply relaxed and with little to no effort, my nappy filled with a large mass of poop. It didn't worry me and never did. At home, I used my nappy for everything and changed when I felt necessary. Filling my nappy made a lot more sense than using a toilet.

"Good girl!" she said. "I'll change you before lunch and until then, you can play with your toys and soon, you and I can start that Canasta marathon we talked about!"

I sat on the floor of the lounge room to once again play with my toys as the mass of poop spread around inside my nappy. Mary didn't care about the obvious aroma.

She was making Eleanor into a baby! She wasn't just allowing him to be a baby girl. She was making it happen and pushing it along. Damn, that girl had a great mum!

An hour later, we were both sitting around the kitchen table playing Canasta while my already very dirty nappy got wetter and wetter. And finally, the time came.

"Eleanor, it's time to change your stinky diaper, little girl. Come up to your bedroom and let's do this."

Mary took off my dress, tights, and panties and laid me on the change mat on top of my bed.

"Wow, Eleanor. You certainly had a big one today! Remember the one that went all down your dress the other day?"

She's remembering Eleanor's dirty nappy. And it sounds like it was all real as well.

"Hold your legs right back for me, baby," she commanded, and I did as I was asked.

Using the still clean part of my nappy, she carefully wiped up the worst of the mess.

"Time for baby wipes!" she cooed softly at me. "You know how this makes you giggle!"

Slowly and methodically, she wiped up the poo from around my bottom right around to my penis and balls which were liberally covered in it. I was able to remain moderately unaroused as she clinically wiped my penis while holding it in her hands. I felt faintly ridiculous. While I had no idea if she did for Eleanor what she had done for me in the bath that morning, I had no doubt at all that she had cleaned him up in that manner. I'm not sure there was any other way other than a shower.

It took some time, but I was eventually clean and she pinned a fresh nappy and plastic pants on me and dressed me once again in baby clothes, ready for the day ahead.

Like every other meal to date, I was helped with feeding and while the day was an inside day due to the heavy rain and generally miserable weather, I loved the experience. I was changed again mid-afternoon and early evening. Each time she would wipe and powder me in a way that for a baby, was very normal, but for an adult, was very intimate. The last nappy change found me nearly fully erect and she simply ignored it and put my penis in the correct place for my new nappy.

When bedtime came around once again, my nappy was removed and I was put into a new nightie along with my bonnet and booties and now, *three* night-time dolls and teddy bears. By the time my evening bottle was drained, I was nearly asleep and the night passed by quickly, filled with dreams of my own mother babying me in the same manner. It could only be a dream.



Day two began just as the previous day had. I was bathed with motherly attention and at the conclusion, masturbated in a very *unmotherly* - if clinical - fashion as if it were the most natural thing in the world. I strongly suspected that thirty years ago in this house, it was.

The weather had improved and so I was treated to a tour of the town - which was quite interesting and more than a little sad. Even the farms around the town looked a bit down at heel. The loss of the coal mine had stripped the town of its entire reason for existence. We lunched at a diner that still operated out on the highway that now passed by the town and I enjoyed hearing the stories of long ago when life was much better.

My nappy was changed for me three times and the third time was dirty once again. The same procedure took place and when I asked her if changing me when dirty was a burden, she looked genuinely offended.

“Oh sweetheart,” she said, with a look of concern on her face. “You are my child, my daughter. I will never worry about

changing you, wet or dirty. This is important to me! Don't you understand that?"

Important to you? Never heard that before! Why was Eleanor being a baby so important to her?

Over the next four days, we played cards, board games, went for walks and took several drives around the area just to see what it must have once been like. Every day had multiple wet and dirty nappy changes, bottle and hand feeding and of course, wet beds. Every morning bath included masturbation and the one time I needed a second bath after a particularly messy nappy, she once again stroked me to orgasm. Not once did she talk about it as anything other than a normal bath activity for a big baby.

I embraced the persona of Eleanor more and more and began to wear a few of her looser clothes that I could fit into, much to Mary's absolute delight. When I discovered that Eleanor had begun to crawl, I too reverted to crawling as was my frequent habit at home. When I learned that in the months before her death, she had gone to bottles first thing in the morning as well as at night, I also began a morning bottle.

There was no internet and much of the 21st century remained outside the doors to the house, but I was at peace. I was wetting my bed, living as a baby and had a mummy to care for me. I knew it couldn't last, but I wanted to stretch it out as much as possible.

Day six, however, began very differently. Now that I was feeling safe, I was allowing my regressed Baby Florence to come out and explore without any of the limitations that would normally apply. My behaviour was more authentically infant, and it was noticed.

"This is more like how Eleanor behaved, Florence," she commented after I had stopped crying after accidentally hurting my knee while crawling the day before. "She was a real baby girl, just like you."

I awoke that morning after a scary nightmare and began to cry softly, real baby crying. But there was no mummy in the room to comfort me and so in the dim light of pre-dawn, I padded my way out

of my room and into Mary's bedroom and softly sobbing, climbed into the bed alongside her, expecting to be comforted as I had been all week.

I immediately felt the large wet patch beneath her.

Mary was a bedwetter!

The adult part of me recognised that, but the baby part was in control and rather than comment, I just cuddled up to her and held tight. It was only a few minutes before she woke up and realised that she now had a 'baby' in her bed with her. The adult part of me expected a shocked reaction, especially now that her secret was out.

"Bad dream, Eleanor?" she whispered. "Slide over onto mommy's side and cuddle me."

She rolled over and I shuffled into her embrace, right in the middle of her large wet patch. I immediately stopped crying.

"There, there, Eleanor," she cooed. "Do you need some extra comfort?"

Without waiting for an answer, she lowered her nightie and held out her ample breast for me and I immediately latched on. Still fully in infant mode, the comfort and security were immediate and I quickly fell back to sleep. When I finally awoke again, I was alone in the middle of Mary's wet bed. It felt like I had added to the wetness as I had slept. I wasn't awake long when Mary opened the door and came in and sat on the bed next to me. She was still in her wet nightie.

"I'm sorry for barging in, Mary er... mommy," I blustered.

"Nothing to be sorry for, Eleanor. Now you know mommy's secret, it doesn't matter."

"Have you wet the bed for a long time?" I asked.

"I started wetting the bed sometimes again after David was born and when my husband died two years later, I began wetting every night and never stopped. Bedwetting was something Eleanor and I had in common."

Mary smiled at that statement.

"Did she sleep in your wet bed with you very often?"

It was a deeply personal question and one I had no right to ask and I regretted it immediately. But Mary answered slowly and deliberately.

“When she was scared like you were this morning, she was welcome in my bed and I offered her my breast for comfort most times if she was still upset and it settled her. Just like it settled you. But after her trip on her bedwetting holiday, I found her in my bed every morning, sometimes well before sun-up.”

There was a tension in the room that felt like it was holding time itself at bay.

“After losing her virginity to a boy, she told me she was gay, which was no surprise and so it felt natural for her to be in bed with me – even wet.”

Oh oh...

“Then a month later when she was in bed with me, she touched me and before long... Eleanor went into me.”

It was an admission for the ages and yet, it seemed sad that it had happened so long ago and now, would never be repeated.

“I’m glad for you both,” I said, surprising myself.

“Thank you, Eleanor. I appreciate that more than you understand.”

The moment had passed, and we went to the bathroom where I would once again be washed and cleaned. When the time came for the no-words, no comment ritual of stroking me to orgasm, Mary looked at me and said, “This is for you, Florence.” And she masturbated me with great excitement and vigour, commenting all the time until I exploded in her hand.

Later that afternoon, during a nappy change she told me more.

“After that one time, Eleanor went into me every morning like clockwork. I would wait in my wet bed for her to appear and was always ready. For 39 glorious mornings, I was honoured to pleasure and help my baby girl. She had no interest in girls at all. She was very gay, but she wanted the intimacy that came from putting her penis inside me – just me. I know you think this is all very wrong, but

I could name five other families in this town that had crossed that line at some stage.”

It was a different day, that last full day. We were comfortable and happy and she told me a lot about Eleanor and her complicated growing up. She told me of the boys she liked and the baby ways she had grown into. I found out that she hadn't, in fact, masturbated him in the bath and I was both pleased and surprised. But she had witnessed her doing it many times, usually humping her diaper on the floor. I was genuinely envious of the connection both mother and daughter had.

During the afternoon, she offered me her breast again and lying on the couch, I nursed platonically on her, enjoying the pleasure and security it brought me. And the real Eleanor had enjoyed that for a couple of years. I was jealous again.

When she put me to bed that night, I felt a pang of sadness knowing that in the morning, I would have to find my adult side again, wear a disposable nappy and catch the horrid bus once more back to civilisation on the other side of the pond.

When morning finally broke, I was drenched, wetter than ever before and the pillow had finally been breached. I rolled out of bed and in a moment of inspiration padded over to Mary's room where I knew she would be nearly ready to wake in her own wet bed. As soon as I entered the room, she looked at me and smiled. I think we both knew. I pulled back the blankets and smiled that she too had wet her bed a great deal.

“Mommy,” I whispered. “I need to go in.”

“Come on, Eleanor,” she whispered back. “Come into mommy.”

I took off my soaked nightie, lifted Mary's nightie up slightly and knelt between her spread legs. She grasped my massively erect cock and guided it to her entrance as she had also done 39 glorious times before.

I pushed in and she cried out. “Eleanor!”

“It's me, mommy. Your daughter.”

“Eleanor! I miss you, baby. Go into mommy again please.”

It was the most emotional sexual intercourse I had ever had and yet, it wasn't really sex at all. I was Eleanor, a gay baby girl seeking a form of comfort and security inside the vagina that had given him birth.

When I finally orgasmed and laid on top of her heaving body, she whispered softly. "Thank you, Florence. You've given me my daughter back."



As I left the tiny dying town, I took with me a pair of plastic pants and a special pair of panties and bras that had *Eleanor* sewn into them. I had a mummy now and Mary had a daughter again. And life for both of us became just a little bit easier as our own burdens had been lightened, if ever so gently.

Dahlia



It was nearly a year since that fateful morning when I had awoken to the discovery of the incredible *Bedwetters Travel Guide*. In that time, I had visited nine of its locations, both at home and abroad. I still had three more bookings including a very powerful (and expensive) trip to the bedwetting hotel.

Each trip had been unique and very pleasant. Some were simple pleasures like wetting the bed at night without fear of negative consequences in a house of lovely people who didn't care and were happy for it to be openly done. Everyone had their own story of why they were in the Guide and why they were bedwetters themselves... or not. Some were adult babies and others were not, but in every case, I was well accepted as a sissy baby girl.

I had never really thought I was reticent about my own story, my incontinence or my baby girl side but during the year, I had grown increasingly confident in who I was and what I wanted. Indeed, I had booked the last session in the name of Florence Grant, finally admitting my sissy nature and wishing to acknowledge it more publicly – at least to some degree.

Bedwetters are very different people when they embrace it with a passion. During the year I had intercourse with four separate people in wet beds and each time, it was a very natural and very normal way that two bedwetters expressed their friendship or physical need. I was slowly growing less embarrassed about many of the things I had done and still wanted to do.

The Guide was not meant to be therapy for me and yet, it had been exactly that. I had discovered myself as much as I had discovered other wet beds and other bedwetters. I tried to tell myself that I never felt shame about my wet beds or the multiple night – or week – tide marks that I created. However, at times, I still felt that shame, but after sleeping in nine different wet beds in different locations and doing so openly, I finally felt a genuine pride in my sheets.

And so it was that one lazy Saturday morning as I laid in my very wet cot wearing just a wet baby dress that I heard a knock on the front door.

I threw a dressing gown over my wet dress, hoping it was someone I could get rid of quickly so I could return to my beloved wet cot inside my recently redecorated baby nursery.

“Hello Florence!” the young woman exclaimed as I opened the door. Blood rushed from my face at the mention of my baby name. “My name is Dahlia. I think you are expecting me!”

Dahlia? Finally?

“Oh, hi,” I stammered. I was aware that I smelt much like a wet bed. “I didn’t know...”

“Oh Florence,” she interrupted. “You always knew this day was coming, didn’t you?”

“Come on in. Take a seat.”

“You don’t have to hide your wet things from me. I’ve wet your bed, remember?”

I certainly remembered coming home to find a wet cot and a note from Dahlia. The woman looked to be mid-thirties and with a stunning figure. Her mid-length skirt, however, appeared to be covering a nappy, something only another nappy-wearer would pick up.

“Have you enjoyed your year travelling around the wet beds of the world?” she asked.

“Yeah, a lot. I wanted to ask you about that. I wanted...”

“You want to ask if your place can be listed in the next Bedwetters Travel Guide, right?”

I nodded. “I kinda wondered if maybe I could?”

“That’s what I’m here to discuss with you. Show me around your house again and the facilities you could offer other bedwetters.”

Still feeling overwhelmed and accidentally wetting myself at one point since I was un-napped, I showed her my two cots and my two nurseries each with a single protected bed. In addition, there was another double bedroom with an unprotected mattress in it. I had bought it for the purpose of non-bedwetting guests – not that there had been any of them.

“You will need to get a waterproof for this bed and each room needs a potty chair and nappy buckets. You might also want to have a nappy cupboard in here as well. But I think your house is ready for other bedwetters. What do you think?”

“I think I’m ready or near abouts. At least I believe I am.”

Then she took me by the hand back to my main nursery and my very wet and very stained cot. She then pulled out a small digital camera and began photographing my wet cot as well as the other rooms and bedding.

“Yes, I think you will be a good listing in the Guide.”

“Er... Dahlia...” I asked hesitantly. “Can you tell me how the Bedwetters Guide came about? I’d never heard about it before.”

“I am a fourth-generation bedwetter and exactly no one in my family stopped bedwetting before the age of twenty. Thirty years ago, a few of my family and another couple in America decided that we needed a network of safe and understanding places where we could go and wet our beds freely.”

“Your family made you wet the bed?” I asked.

“No silly, not at all. We are all afflicted with the bedwetting gene or whatever and over the generations, decided not to bother with it and so we stopped bedwetting when – and if – we did. I never stopped, nor did my brother or both my parents.”

“That’s incredible.”

Even with my bizarre and complicated family history, I didn't know that other such families existed.

"But I have one other thing I need to check out," she said as she lowered her skirt, took off her top and kicked off her shoes.

She was standing next to my cot wearing just a disposable nappy that was already sagging.

"Well Florence," she asked suggestively. "Are you going to help another girl out of her nappy?"

With my heart beating and my penis now fully erect and poking out from beneath my wet dress, I put both hands on her disposable nappy and slowly pulled it down.

"A few ladies and a couple of admiring men have commented on your penis, Florence. I need to fully check it out as well before confirming your listing in the Guide."

No more words were needed. Now both fully naked we laid down together in my wet cot and within minutes, I was thrusting inside her.

When I finally orgasmed and ejaculated inside her I realised that I had come full circle. I was no longer ashamed. I was no longer embarrassed. I was no longer an adult.

I was a baby girl.

And I was a bedwetter.

And people were proud of me.

THE END

The Second Lives Of Nappies

by
Martin Coster

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Intro...

It is said that Writers need to 'write what they know'... so I write about Adult Babies and nappies and the specific are of this wide lifestyle that affects me. I have written for decades but just for myself with the important aspects taking centre stage and the less-important – like character development, context and big story arcs – not really being considered. I wrote so that I could convey what is powerful to me and then so I could re-read it and re-experience these things because, for most of us, literature is where we get to live and express those hidden secret needs and desires.

I am an adult baby and have been since my earliest memory. I am a sissy baby and once again, the feminine has always had an attraction since toddler years and as an adult is a large part of my identity. But I also love nappies. Truly love them and for me, they are best wet and soiled. In this, I am far from a rarity. I've read many posts that either hint or say explicitly that a nappy isn't 'right' until it is wet and a dirty nappy is pure heaven. I agree totally. Apart from those times in my life where I wear a nappy for its literal protection from accidents and therefore need it to be dry and hopefully stay that way (family, friends, job, medical appointments etc.) I prefer to wet or soil my nappy as soon as possible. They make a lot more sense to me like that.

But my interests are a bit more specific. I like to wear nappies that have been *used* already. Like most of us, I have often put one of my own wet and dirty nappies back on, but the real thrill for me is to wear someone else's wet or dirty nappy. There are two reactions to this among adult babies... Yuk! Disgusting... and Oh yeah! I want that too!

Wearing someone else's used nappy is not as rare as I once thought as a teenager whose only real source was used ones. When I read the social media and ABDL sites I read of many who either want to or already wear used ones.

The stories I write are either extensions of reality or near-impossible wishful thinking. But in each of them is an element of 'I would do that if possible' and I suspect that many ABs are the same.

In real life, I wear 24/7 but as often as I can, I will have a used nappy inside it for added 'experience'. I won't pretend that it isn't sexual as I masturbate in them every time, but the real driver for it is more primal, more a part of who I am.

I hope you enjoy these stories of how nappies are given a second chance at being worn and sometimes... a third!

To add authenticity to my writing, every story was written when I was wearing someone else's wet nappy!



It all starts young

Chapter 1

Matt Sutter walked along the road, feeling the usual heaviness and loss of energy. His life seemed boring and lifeless and he was sick of it. He has a good job, good education and good prospects. But he had no romantic partner or even much in the way of friends. Life was very ho-hum. His mum had died at an early age just a year before and she was the only one he could talk to about his 'issues and feelings'. She had always understood his unique feelings and needs.

Matt liked to look in people's gardens and even back yards. He had always done so even as a young boy. He was a snoop, but not one who crossed the line – at least not usually. He checked out his mum's bedroom years earlier and discovered sex toys and even some pretty hardcore porn. He found his sister's secret stash of condoms as a sexually active mid-teen.

He enjoyed looking and prying. But what he was usually looking for was rarely in sight. He was looking for *nappies*. Any evidence of nappies or babies or baby furniture would set his heart fluttering. But what he really wanted most of all were nappies that had already been worn. Wet. Dirty. Masturbated in. Adult or toddler nappies. He wanted them all.

He wanted to wear them. He had always wanted to wear nappies and had long since reverted to wearing nappies full-time and eliminating toilets from his daily life. But the cream of the crop was always *used* nappies, nappies that could be worn a second or even third time. Even as he turned the corner, he remembered way back when he had first worn a used nappy. It was his sister's and it had called to him. It wanted him to wear it.



Matty – as his mum always called him – was only four years old when he had woken up early in the morning as was his habit. His mother had him in pinned cloth nappies since he was not night trained yet and his nappy was happily soggy, and he was very comfortable. But his younger sister, 18-month-old Candice was in a disposable nappy. For reasons he never understood, he was kept in pinned nappies while his sister had disposables. But that morning, he crept silently out of his room and into the adjoining nursery for his prize.

With only early-morning light to guide him, he found the nappy pail and gently opened it as his baby sister happily gurgled and played in her cot. He quickly found the one he was looking for. Just before going to bed the previous night, Matty had stolen into the nursery to watch his sister's last nappy change before bed and had been delighted that it was a dirty one. Something about the look and thought of that nappy stirred something within him and with shaking hands, he took the rolled-up delight back to his own bedroom and shut the door.

He had thought about this many times before but now he was actually doing it.

He pulled down his own soaking wet nappies and plastic pants and unrolled the dirty toddler nappy. He carefully tried to pull the soiled garment between his legs, noticing that it was dirty from front to back. Never having worn a disposable nappy nor changed one on someone else, he struggled to connect both sides together, but eventually, a makeshift connection was made, and he quickly pulled his own nappy up his legs and over the dirty disposable.

He grinned madly to himself as he felt the cool dirty nappy push against him.

It was a wonderful experience and he jumped back into bed to further enjoy it. He squashed the poo with his hands and felt a thrill course through his body. He knew that he had discovered something he very much wanted.

It was Saturday morning, and he knew it was his mum's only time to sleep in and so he knew he had at least two more hours in

his wet nappy lined with his sister's dirty one. And then he felt that other urge. The urge to push and dump.

Driven by a primal need and the poor bowel control of a four-year-old boy, he pushed his morning poo out into the already dirty nappy and grinned when he felt the mass around his bottom and as it spread around.

It wasn't his first dirty nappy by any means. He messed his overnight nappy at least twice a week and it wasn't always by accident or while asleep. Matty often woke early and while lying in bed, would push his poo out into his nappy as if it were the single most normal thing he would do. And to him, it was.

Matty's mum was a tolerant woman and so rarely complained about his dirty overnight nappies nor the fact he was still wetting at night. She washed his wet and dirty nappies and plastic pants and hung them up to dry. She had confided in a friend who had helped her through her divorce that she saw no likelihood that her son would be out of night nappies anytime soon and admitted that there was something maternal about it that she liked. When her loser husband had abandoned her, she drew great comfort from her two children who desperately needed her and so she determined that she would not rush them to grow up.

Matty had day-toilet-trained at three and a half, driven mostly by social pressure for preschool and kindy, but at night, she had determined that she would not pressure him at all. Some mornings when she dressed him and found him in a soaked nappy, she would smile and remind herself that he still desperately needed her. And when he was dirty, she took an odd delight that his needs were even more and weren't going to end any time soon. She wanted him to need her.

Candice, likewise, was not rushed into toilet training and at just 18 months, nothing had been attempted at all.

As Matty lay there in the nappy soiled by two toddlers he was blissfully unaware of how he had altered the trajectory of his life.

Being a smart boy and with a sneaky nature seemingly inbuilt, he knew he would have to hide his newfound fun from his

mum. When he heard the first sounds of his mother rising, he quickly pulled his nappy down a little and awkwardly pulled the inner dirty nappy out, leaving much of the joint pile of poo inside his own nappy. The disposable was filthy inside and out and his best attempt to make it look like it was before he stole it was a disaster. He rolled the dirty disposable up and carefully placed it under his bed, hoping his mum would not discover it before he had a chance to put it back. Then he laid back in his bed waiting for his mum to come and check his nappy as she did every morning.

He smiled.

When his mother laid him down on the bed, she saw the large mass of oddly-spread poo and at first, she couldn't quite understand it. She wiped him clean before sending him off for a morning bath. As he sat splashing in the bath, his mother looked around his room trying to see if she could understand what was going on and she quickly found Candice's rolled up disposable. It was obviously dirty, but her experienced eye picked up that it was wasn't as poo-filled as it should be.

He is wearing his sister's dirty nappies! But why?

As she dressed him for the day, she thought deeply about what she suspected and determined to find out more.

I really do like him in nappies and how he cuddles me. He's only four but he is more of a baby than Candice. Maybe I shouldn't have pushed him out of day nappies. He still has accidents anyhow. Did I mess up somehow?

Her thoughts during the rest of the day centred not just on her son's needs but also on her own. It took time for her to acknowledge that she was actually *happy* that he was wearing his sister's dirty nappy. It clicked something inside of her and she tried to think about what to do.

I think I will just watch and see what he does.



Matty awoke early the next morning as always and his first thought was... dirty nappies! He remembered the previous evening when Candice was being readied for her cot, that his mum had invited him in to 'help' her. Truth was, Matty was little to no help at pretty much everything at that age and so his offers of 'help' were usually rejected with a smile of thanks. But this time, his mum had invited him in to help her with readying his sister for her nighttime sleep.

Matty stood transfixed as Candice laid on the change table as his mum untaped the sides of her nappy and revealed a truly heavily soiled garment. His mother, Lauren, tried to hide her smile as she briefly glimpsed at her son's face when he saw the dirty nappy and she also saw the hint of a smile on his little face.

He wants it! I know he does!

Lauren carefully wiped her daughter clean, using the nappy to scoop up the bulk of the mess, suspecting that the nappy would have at least one more wearing. She then folded it up and handed it to Matty, asking him to put it in the used nappy pail.

Matty blanched and Lauren saw it. It confirmed her suspicion that he really wanted to wear it himself.

When the change was complete and Candice was happily ensconced in her cot and already falling asleep, Lauren picked up Matty and cuddled him as she carried him to the lounge room.

"Do you want your dummy, Matty?" she asked, as she held his beloved dummy in front of him.

He grabbed the dummy and immediately pushed it into his mouth. His dummy was restricted to night-time only and had been for over a year. Matty grinned as he sucked strongly and cuddled up to his mummy.

Maybe I should let him have his dummy more.

Lauren had felt pressured from her own upbringing to take the dummy away from Matty, just as she had felt the pressure to toilet train early – as she had been.

Her own parents were deceased, but they had insisted that Lauren be toilet trained at 12 months and even now she felt the

pressure of that expectation. Of course, she didn't remember the trauma of the potty training, only the insistent fear and stress she still felt about toilet elimination. She determined early on that her children would not go through that and so the only attempt ever made was simply to get Matty toilet-trained enough to go to Kindy.

Once or twice a month, Lauren still wet her bed. Most times, it was a small amount but every now and then, it was a full-sized wet bed and her feelings about it were mixed and confusing. The bedwetting had returned shortly after Matty's birth, but Lauren soon realised that the true cause was psychological.

I'm wetting the bed to say 'screw you' to my parents! she admitted at one time.

From then on, when the wet beds appeared, rather than stress out, she would smile and remind herself that she was rejecting her parent's traumatic toilet training and nothing more.

But what do I do about Matty and wearing dirty nappies?



Lauren felt conflicted as she napped her son for bed that night. The nappy was of course dry and clean and she knew Matty would rather she put the dirty one on him instead. But she knew it wasn't something she could – or should – do. So, when she kissed him good night, she went to her room to think about it all. It was then that she realised that she hadn't taken him to the toilet before bed as she usually did to try and minimise the risk of an overflowing nappy, but she decided that it didn't matter. She knew that her life was changing and Matty's with it.

As she expected, the next morning she discovered that Matty's nappy was extremely soiled and when she retrieved Candice's nappy she saw that much of the poo was missing. It was then that she realised that not only had her son worn his sister's dirty nappy but when he had finally taken it off, he had tried to keep as much of the poo for his own nappy.

Lauren was confused but decided to say nothing about it and just let Matty continue on his ways. He never had an explanation why his overnight nappy was now always dirty. Even when asked, he just shrugged. And so for the next 18 months, Matty's routine was to get up every morning and retrieve a dirty nappy and put it on and enjoy it. Lauren's routine was to come to his room a little later so he had time to enjoy it. But then came potty training.

Matty was now six years old and still wearing nappies to bed and almost every one was dirty – dirtied by Candice effectively. Matty was also dirtying his nappies to add to the mess and occasionally, there were no dirty nappies to take and so he simply messed his own.

I don't really know what to do about any of this, Lauren mused one day. Her son was still stealing used nappies and she was facilitating it by ensuring there was always at least one for him to wear in the mornings. But a massive change was on the horizon.

She was beginning to toilet train Candice. She knew that Matty would be upset but it was now time for Candice. She was three years old and already clearly ready for daytime training. And so out came the potty and the end of nappies began its journey. It took only weeks for her to day train and to end day nappies. But night nappies remained which Lauren was relieved about, if only for Matty's sake. He was doing okay at school if a bit of a loner. Every few months he would ask her if he could wear nappies during the day, but she refused, unsure how to handle it. But every night, the nappies were soaking wet and dirty although it was mostly his own poo. Candice was now using the potty before bedtime and encouraged to poo there. Lauren felt both pleasure at Candice and disappointment for Matty since his source of dirty nappies was disappearing.

She had still said nothing and then came the day when Matty had something to ask his mother.

"Mummy," he said, with his eyes cast down. "Can I wear a nappy?"

Matty had just come home from school, and it wasn't the first time he had asked in the past week.

“Honey, I can’t let you. Nappies cost good money and you know you are still wearing them for night like Candice. I can’t let you waste one.”

Matty looked embarrassed and his face went red and then he asked the question he *really* wanted to ask.

“Then can I just wear the one I wore last night again?”

Lauren was stunned at how brazen the request was.

“Oh, I don’t think that would be a good idea...” she said, her voice drifting off as she understood what he was asking for.

“Please, mummy!” he said and as Lauren looked into her son’s eyes, she saw intense longing and the coming of tears.

“Okay, sweetheart. Just this once, okay?”

Matty jumped up and hugged his mother.

“Do you need me to help you put it on?” she asked.

Matty was now mostly entrusted with putting his own night nappies at night but had to come to his mother for a final check and a frequent repinning. Matty had never gone into disposables and Lauren had simply folded the nappy differently and gotten larger plastic pants.

Matty simply nodded and Lauren took a nervous step toward his bedroom and a dirty nappy change – in reverse. She was shocked to find Matty’s nappy already out on the change table. Clearly, he was going to do it anyhow and it helped Lauren as she calmly refolded the soiled garment and Matty sat down on it.

What the fuck am I doing?

She expertly pinned the nappy on and pulled up some plastic pants and with a huge grin Matty jumped down and went off to play.

It was a week later when he asked for the same thing and once again Lauren relented but the third time, she refused. She knew that from time to time, her son was still re-wearing his dirty nappies in secret, but she chose to say nothing and it wasn’t until he was 13 years of age that he stopped soiling his night nappies.

But the wet nappies never ended and so it was when Matty finally left home at 20 for a new job some distance away, he took a suitcase full of terry nappies, plastic pants and pins and a secret intention to *never* be out of nappies again. When he finally arrived at his new flat, he put on some nappies and true to his word, never used the toilet again.

The Nappy Service

Chapter 1

I'd heard through the 'grapevine' of a very special nappy service that was not exactly the usual kind. Since I was in 24/7 nappies and my true love was wearing pre-worn and used ones - both wet and dirty - this seemed too good to be true. Obtaining used nappies was always difficult and risky. I figured that it had to be a scam, but I was intrigued just the same. And so, I rang the phone number, expecting it to be answered by a gruff, unshaven, dirty old man. I know I couldn't see who was on the other end, but the voice would tell me everything. Except that when it was answered...

It was a well-spoken young woman.

"Mistrel Nappy Service, this is Lizzie. Can I help you?"

I was quiet for a moment as I was gobsmacked that the used nappy company was apparently real – at least so far. It would seem that Lizzie was used to callers reacting in shock and so patiently waited for me to open my mouth and stammer my questions – which I did.

"I wear nappies all the time for 1 and 2 and wondered if the services you offered were... er... real?"

I could almost hear the smile on Lizzie's face as I asked what must have been the identical question that other highly embarrassed callers would ask.

"Mistrel Nappy Service is quite unique in that it is an adult nappy service that offers more than the usual cloth nappy wash and dry service."

She left it at that, begging me to ask the next question.

"Er..." I stammered while going stupidly red. "I heard that you also offer to provide.... er..."

I just couldn't say it.

"We offer the supply of not just washed and dried nappies but also worn and used nappies for the true connoisseur if that is what you are asking."

“So, I could pick up someone else’s wet nappies for myself?”
I asked still incredulous.

“Of course, and we provide wet and *soiled* ones based on supply.”

“Oh wow,” I stammered somewhat idiotically. “I would love to have some of those.”

“Well, why don’t you come down to our store and make a selection and see how that works for you?”

It was an hour’s drive but that was of no consequence. Something this special was worth the effort and the time.

“Do I need to make an appointment?”

“No need. There are three of us here to help our very special customers and so there is rarely any waiting. We have several nappy changing rooms here if you want to try them on right away.”

I was truly aghast. Not just at the idea of a nappy service that gave access to the used ones but the way it sounded so professional and... so... normal. I was a little knocked off my feet.

“I will be there in an hour if that’s okay.”

“May I ask your name, sir?”

I hesitated for a moment before replying, “Sonya Coster.”

“No problems, Sonya. Just ask for Lizzie and I will handle all your needs personally. If you need some nappies washed, then bring them along with you.”

Unsurprisingly, the drive there was filled with both excitement and apprehension. I was in my usual pinned cloth nappy and plastic pants and I was quite wet and the nervous emotions caused me to substantially fill it with poo about halfway there. This was not really new to me. I had been trying for many years to end my toilet training completely and my bladder was already a failure and my bowels were about halfway to my goal. Normally, going somewhere and having an accidental dirty nappy would lead me to return home and change but this time, it seemed not only pointless but perhaps even contrary to my purpose. I took my bag of used

cloth nappies with me since it was a nappy service after all, and they did need to be washed - eventually.

When I arrived at the address, I saw that it was a semi-industrial complex with 8 large factories or storerooms on site. I found the one I wanted – Number 8 – at the very rear of the property and gingerly opened the door to the windowless office. As I walked in, I saw a small waiting room and a glassed-in reception area. I was only there a moment before a smiling older woman came up and sat down.

“How can I help you?” she asked politely.

“I’ve come to see Lizzie,” I replied trying to sound calm and professional while feeling absolutely nothing like either.

“I will call her. Just wait a minute.”

It was only about 15 seconds later when I saw a young woman stride over to the door at the end of the reception area and open it to let me in. She was pretty, about 25 years old and quite tall but it wasn’t her physical features I stared at.

She was wearing a footed baby sleeper and was clearly wearing a very thick nappy. A dummy hung on a chain pinned to her sleeper.

“Come this way, Sonya,” she said softly. “I am one of three consultants that handle the adult baby side of Mistrel Nappy Service.”

“You are an adult baby?” I added stupidly.

Lizzie smiled, clearly used to the stammerings of dumb adult babies.

“Absolutely!” she exclaimed as she patted her bulky behind. “All my life and you just met my mum in Reception.”

“Your mum?” I spluttered. “Your mum knows you are a baby and... this stuff?”

“Oh absolutely! She’s a one of a kind. She handled me being a baby from early on. And when she found out my extra interests...” She waved her hand around the factory and continued, “she

suggested that we start a Nappy Service that could meet my needs and others and that's how we got where we are now."

"Wow, I'm jealous of that. And you sell used nappies to people like me?"

"Oh honey," she said confidently. "I wear used nappies too. So do my two assistants. Not my mum though although she says one day she might end up in nappies!"

She laughed and I smiled with her. The imagery was overwhelming.

She opened a door and we entered into a largish room without windows and the aroma was very familiar. It was the smell of wet and dirty nappies. It was like perfume to me, and I suspected it was to Lizzie as well.

"Now that you are here, let me explain some of our services. We take the cloth nappies from adults and we launder them and provide cleaned and dried replacements. That is about 70% of our business. But the other part – the part you are here for – is where baby girls like yourself come here to pick up pre-wet or pre-soiled nappies to wear. In addition to that, we have a number of adult babies and non-babies who wear disposable nappies that bring their used ones here to pass on to others. This way, all the nappies have a chance at a second life!"

Lizzie smirked at her lame joke.

"We have a pickup and delivery service for our regular clients and pick up used ones and deliver clean ones. But we also have a number – and it's a growing number – that do the opposite. They launder the cloth nappies for us at home and in return, we provide them with used ones to wear and enjoy. Because they help out our core business, the used nappies are provided at a low cost. But a lot simply come here to get used disposable and cloth nappies and they come and go whenever they want to."

"Wow..." It was a lame response, and I knew it.

"Would you like to select a used nappy to wear now?" she asked.

I gulped.

“Yes, please. I don’t know what I want exactly.”

I wasn’t lying. I thought I knew what I wanted but all of my previous experience of taking used nappies from disabled toilets was simply a case of ‘whatever was there’ but now, I was being offered... *choice*.

Lizzie brought over a large bucket and lifted the lid. The pungent smell of soaking wet nappies immediately sprang out.

“These are wet ones that were brought in this morning, but if your taste runs to older ones, we have two and three-day-old wet ones in the other room.”

“Wow...” My responses were getting lamer and Lizzie seemed quite familiar with all of them. I consider myself to be articulate, but my vocabulary was currently limited to ‘wow’.

“And this is the bucket I personally prefer,” she exclaimed as she lifted the lid on a bucket of very obviously dirty nappies, largely rolled up and ready for... washing, inspection or even re-wearing. “Would you like to inspect them and choose one for now and one for later on?”

Lizzie really understood the fetish. How many times had I taken off a dirty nappy and then replaced it with... another dirty nappy? Hundreds of times.

With shaking hands, I took out the first nappy and laid it on the polished concrete floor and opened it up. My cock jerked and my mouth went dry as I saw the dirty nappy laid out in front of me. It was moderately dirty. I looked at Lizzie with the unasked question.

“Do you want to check out the rest?” she asked.

For the next few minutes, I unfolded twelve dirty cloth nappies ranging from the slightly soiled to one that was massively dirty from front to back. My eyes gave away my choice.

“Do you want to put it on here?” she asked, and my eyes went wide. I wasn’t expecting such service.

“Sure. If that’s not an imposition,” I asked with what was slowly beginning to be a confident voice.

“Use the mat over there,” she answered, pointing to the thin grey vinyl mattress lying on the floor. “That’s what I use when I change my own nappies.”

“Do you only wear dirty nappies here?” I asked. I saw the bulge in the back of her sleeper and the edge of the nappies were beginning to leak slightly and the colour was definitely brown. I was very familiar with the look.

“I mostly wear used nappies, but mum makes me wear clean ones when I go to her place, but here...” she said, waving her hand proudly around her ‘kingdom’, “I only wear used ones and mostly dirty. But stop procrastinating. It’s time to put on that nappy!”

Guided by instinct and a little fear, I dropped my trousers, lowered the frilly plastic pants which I almost always wore and revealed my sagging and somewhat dirty nappy. I fumbled nervously with the pins and finally lowered my nappy to the floor.

I was dirty. Quite dirty. Despite my shower that morning, I smelled of pee and poo and most of my backside was brown. But given what was open and carefully laid out on the thin grey mat, wiping up was somewhat pointless.

Just as I had done thousands of times before, I sat my bum onto the enticing – and cold – dirty nappy and then laid back. I pulled the cloth which was covered with poo all the way around to the front over my groin and fumbled with the challenges of repinning a wet cloth nappy. I knew to pull the pin through my hair which always made changes easier, and the pins valiantly slid through and finally, the dirty nappy was pinned on.

I was ecstatic and more than a little horny. My erection was very powerful and not exactly easy to hide. But Lizzie said nothing. I pulled my plastic pants up once more and still shaking in excitement, managed to get my trousers back on.

“Now, Sonya,” she said in an off-putting professional voice. “Enjoy the nappy and then have a think about the services we provide and see how we can help you or even help each other out. And because you are a new client, here is a couple of free disposable nappies to take home with you. One’s wet and the other

is dirty. We will take your old dirty nappy and see if anyone wants it later on.” Then she smirked. “Maybe / will!”

Lizzie handed me a plastic bag with two remarkably heavy nappies in it and together, we walked to Reception where I paid for my purchase. It wasn't terribly expensive, but the price was nothing compared to the experience. I left my bag of wet and dirty nappies and was given twelve clean ones as a sample of their service. I wondered if anyone else would be wearing them first before they were washed, and I deeply hoped someone would.

When I arrived home, I knew exactly what I was going to do and I rushed to my cot, lowered the sides and slipped into the cot with pee-stained and damp sheets and began to hump. It was less than a minute before I squirted into the heavily soiled nappy. My penis was sliding in an unknown person's poo and it was... amazing!

Before I went to bed that night, I removed the soiled nappy, showered, put on the masses of skin lotion I lived on and swore by and then unrolled one of the used disposables, found it to be moderately dirty and retaped it on with the help of extra tape and quickly fell asleep.

I dreamed of Lizzie, piles of dirty nappies and of fucking... Not fucking Lizzie but of fucking the piles of used nappies she worked with. I knew I had to return. I had to find out more of the 'services' she and her mother's business provided.

Chapter 2

I was (and am still) a timid person, afraid to let others know my secret life and the needs and desires that compel me. And rightly so. Being not just a nappy-wearing adult baby, I was a *lifestyle* adult baby and my inherited wealth enabled me to do so easily – if very much alone. But not only was I a lifestyle baby, but I was also a *girl* baby. Or that was how I identified. But to add to all of that was my preference to wear *used* nappies, wet or dirty.

For the past ten years, I had scoured local disabled toilets as often as I could looking for what I craved and was occasionally successful, but it was an irregular experience, and they were all disposables while my preference was for pinned cloth nappies which were how I grew up with an old-school parent who refused disposables. When I would find a wet and dirty adult baby nappy, I would instantly put it on and wear it until it fell apart, such was my enjoyment. But mostly it was baby nappies, the occasional incontinent pad and a few adult nappies.

I was frustrated.

But now that Mistrel Nappy Service had come into my life I knew I finally had a safe and secure source for all the used nappies I would ever want. All I needed was the courage to make it happen.

I decided to ring again and ask to speak to Lizzie. At least I knew she shared some of my interests.

“Hi, Lizzie,” I said as nonchalantly as my inner quaking would permit. “I’ve decided I’d like to get some more used nappies if I may.”

“That’s great, Sonya. Why don’t you come on down and I can help you out and choose what you want?”

“Thanks. I’ll do that. It’s nice to be able to talk to someone about doing this. I’ve always felt like such a freak.”

“No need, sweetie. You aren’t a freak. You are just a baby like me and the hundreds of other people who pick up used nappies from us every week.”

“Hundreds?” I said a little too loudly. “That many?”

“You thought you were alone?” I nodded my head rather stupidly before adding, “yeah I did.”

“Well to let you know, we deliver used nappies to 56 homes at present and around 200 pick them up every week.”

I was shocked. Truly shocked at the number of people who wore used nappies like me.

“Wow,” I said softly.

“Well, Sonya,” she suggested. “Why don’t you come on down and I can help set you up with all the used nappies you will ever need just like me. The only time I wear clean ones is to my mum’s place for dinner and if I go out with undiapered friends – which isn’t often. And I mostly wear clean ones to bed but they aren’t clean for long!”

“I’ll get dressed and come on down then!” I replied enthusiastically.

“Well...” she said in a quiet voice. “I assume you have baby girl’s clothes?”

“Yes, lots of them.”

“This is a safe place. Why don’t you wear them when you visit? No one will mind and I wear baby clothes here all the time.”

I was quiet for a moment. This was an incredible opportunity as well as truly terrifying.

“Could I put them on there? It’s a bit hard to wear them in the car.”

“Of course, Sonya,” she said. “It is not easy to wear baby clothes where others can see, that’s for sure.”

“Okay, “I will pack an outfit and–”

“Make sure your nappy is dirty, okay?” she interrupted. “Might as well start the day properly!”

After she hung up, I realised I only had one dirty nappy in the house – a rare situation indeed - and it was the nappy I had picked up the day before. I hadn’t had my morning mess yet and was going to shortly.

Hesitant and overwhelmingly excited, I unrolled the dirty nappy and smiled as I noticed the extra lighter poo that was mine in the back of the dark brown expanse from its previous wearer. Breathing shallow from excitement, I sat down on it, laid back and worked the unco-operative nappy pins through the wet cloth and then pulled on my frilly plastic pants. The plastic pants were dry and clean... well until they touched the nappy, they were!

I put on a padded bra and then a loose shirt and trousers and then went to my cupboard where my array of baby dresses – 47 in all – were hung up. I chose a white and pink short dress and not sure if it was appropriate, I chose a matching bonnet and booties. I was all set.

I was less nervous driving there than the first time because I knew it was real and accepting. But my dirty nappy was very full and my bottom slid sexily in the mess and even more so when I sat up as much as my seatbelt would allow and pushed out my morning poo. I giggled to myself knowing that the other cars on the motorway had no idea I was pooing myself. The atmosphere in the car would have given it away, but I was alone and not at all concerned by it.

Once again, I arrived at Mistrel Nappy Service and as I walked towards Reception, I saw two men stride out quickly, each carrying a plastic bag that I knew contained used nappies. It was comforting to know that I was not alone although I took pains to not be seen.

I opened the door to Reception unsure if anyone would be there and... there was.

I looked at the middle-aged woman sitting on the chair and we both immediately looked away, but not before I saw her holding a large bag of what was obviously used nappies. Pickup or delivery? I didn't know but my question was quickly answered when the door opened and the lady I now knew was Lizzie's mother walked over to the woman and took the bag from her.

"Wet and dirties?" she whispered but still loud enough for me to hear.

“It’s Elaine’s last four days’ worth. I hope someone finds use for them.” The woman responded rather loudly.

“I’m sure they will. We will transfer the money into your account later today.”

And with that, the woman left.

“Is she selling her used nappies?” I asked, probably inappropriately.

Lizzie’s mum smiled. “We give her a small amount in return for her daughter’s used disposable nappies and they almost always sell out. She tends to wear adult baby nappies and she is fully incontinent, so they are highly prized for both pickup and delivery.”

“That’s amazing.”

“We have a growing number that supply their own used nappies or those of their kids like that. We almost never have an oversupply. I have a man that comes here three times a week and buys a dozen used ones each time. And he’s not alone. But you aren’t here to listen to me prattle on. Let me call Lizzie for you.”

She retreated to her seat behind the glass and a couple of minutes later the door opened and there stood Lizzie, this time wearing a knee-length baby dress and bonnet with baby shoes and while I couldn’t see it, I knew there was a used nappy underneath.

I grinned like an idiot.

“Hi, Sonya!” she exclaimed with a broad smile. “Come on in.”

I stepped through the door holding my bag of baby clothes and the moment the door shut, she grabbed my hand and led me to another similar room to where I was the day before.

“You can get dressed now!” she said excitedly.

Normally rather shy, I surprised myself by quickly stripping down to just my bra and nappy.

“I can tell you’re dirty,” she said with a childish giggle. “Can I see?”

I nodded and before I had time to wonder what that meant she was behind me and pulling out the back of my nappy to check its contents.

“That’s so awesome! Can I check the front?”

No one had ever checked the front of my nappy since I was a child and my penis had never ventured into a woman’s vagina or a man’s bottom despite my being interested in both. I need not have worried because the moment I muttered a ‘yes’ she pulled out the front of my nappy and peered in at the brown mass therein. I was already fully erect but since my penis was also entirely brown, it seemed not to matter – or be very visible!

“Great nappy, Sonya! That’s the one you picked up yesterday, right?”

“Yeah. I didn’t sleep in it, but I put it back on when I came here,” I explained.

“It was a pretty nice nappy when you picked it up. You are its third wearer.”

“Third?”

“Yeah... A regular came in yesterday morning and put it on for a couple of hours before returning it. It was a pickup nappy from the previous afternoon. He came in it then brought it back like he does every week.”

He came in it? I’m wearing his cum as well as the poo of three people?

As I pondered what she had said I realised that probably many of the used nappies had also been masturbated in – just as I had done – twice – in this same nappy.

“You want to see mine?” she suddenly asked.

“Sure!”

I felt mildly ridiculous standing in the room wearing only a bra and a heavily soiled nappy but as Lizzie lifted up her baby dress, I saw her clear plastic pants covering a sodden nappy tinged with brown at the leg holes. I pulled out the front of her plastic pants and nappy.

“It’s my overnight nappy. It was clean when I went to bed because mum won’t let me go to bed wet or dirty when I sleep there.”

“No, I don’t let you go to bed dirty, Lizzie!”

I quickly turned around to see Lizzie’s mother standing in the doorway. I quickly pulled my hand away from her nappy.

“It’s not fair, mummy,” Lizzie pouted.

“You know the rules, baby girl,” mum replied with a deep sigh. “It’s been the same way since you were a little girl. Only clean nappies for bedtime!” Then she looked at me and added, “Sorry to interrupt you, Sonya. I just wanted to see if Lizzie needed me to change her, but I see she is still showing off to you.”

“Er... I guess so,” I whispered nervously. I felt like a teenage boy caught by the mother of a girl whose panties he had his hand in.

“I was just showing Sonya my night nappy,” exclaimed Lizzie with a big childish grin.

“I know, now do you need me to change you? You usually do at this time.”

“Yes, mummy,” she whispered.

“Sonya, would you mind if I change my baby girl now. I don’t want to delay you or anything.”

“I’m fine, thanks.”

“You look a little cold. Why don’t you finish getting dressed while I get the change mat and Lizzie... have you chosen a nappy to wear yet? And Sonya, please call me Amanda.”

I was stunned by the interaction between mother and daughter and the easy way in which wet and dirty nappies were part of it all. As Amanda went to retrieve the changing pad I slipped on my baby dress, bonnet and baby shoes and put my dummy in my mouth.

I could tell that Lizzie was a bit nervous and I offered to leave but before I could answer, Amanda returned and shut the door behind her.

“You can stay, Sonya,” she said. “Nothing either of us hasn’t seen before.”

Except it wasn’t true. I’d never seen an adult nappy-changed before and I’d never seen a pussy for real either. Both facts were

causing my erect penis to discover new lengths.

Amanda efficiently took off Lizzie's baby dress revealing her small breasts and then expertly removed her plastic pants and unpinned the wet and soiled nappy. It was soaked but was not particularly dirty.

"I don't know why I bother doing this," Amanda said as she raised Lizzie's legs and wiped over her bottom and her pussy. I stared almost open-mouthed at Lizzie's completely hairless vagina and tried to control my raging hormones. "She only puts another dirty one back on!"

Lizzie's face broke out in giggles as her mum finished wiping her up and putting a lot of barrier cream all over and particularly around her vagina. That was when it became a bit much for me. As I watched Amanda rub and massage nappy barrier cream all over Lizzie's vagina, I couldn't stop myself and my penis suddenly erupted in a massive and uncontrollable orgasm.

I grunted audibly.

Amanda turned around immediately, and she instantly knew what had happened. I expected a shout... or worse.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Sonya. I didn't realise you would... be affected by this so badly. I apologise. I forget how this must look at times."

She's apologising to me? I'm the one that came watching her change her daughter's nappy and put cream on her pussy!

I went red and said nothing. But I noticed that Lizzie was grinning. The nappy change was only half over though.

"Okay, girl. What nappy do you want to put on?"

"These two, mummy," Lizzie said pointing to a rolled-up disposable nappy and a folded cloth one.

Clearly familiar with what was obviously a years-old ritual, Amanda unfolded a soaking wet and very yellow nappy that looked suspiciously more than a day old. I knew what they looked like rather intimately. More than once I had enjoyed repinning a day-old wet nappy and enjoying the vintage smell and sensations it gave.

And then came the disposable nappy.

Amanda unfolded it and it was very dirty. In fact, it was fully loaded along most of its length. She placed it in the middle of the cloth nappy and Lizzie quickly sat in it, spreading the mess all over her previously wiped clean vagina and then laid back for her mother to complete the pinning process.

“Do you know why I put her in clear plastic pants?” Amanda asked me as she pulled fresh ones up her legs.

“No,” I answered truthfully and was finally able to talk again after my massive orgasm.

“Because that’s the only way I can tell easily what’s in her nappy. *You* might like looking inside her dirty nappy, but I’ve seen it all for 25 years. Nothing new to me.”

She helped Lizzie put her dress back on and then walked toward the door.

“Bottle time in an hour, Lizzie. Sonya, will you be still here then? Do you want a bottle as well?”

I didn’t know how to answer but fortunately, Lizzie did.

“She has to choose a new nappy yet and then I want to show her around.” She looked at me with a curious grin. “Do you want to stay for a bottle?”

“Uh-huh.”

I had a formula bottle at every meal these days so having one prepared for me seemed truly wonderful.

“Do you want to choose a new nappy?” she asked and if it weren’t for the fact that my penis had recently disgraced itself, I would have erected once more at the mere thought of getting a new nappy on – one that had previously been worn. But it still gave a slight tingle as my penis prepared to once again lengthen.

Chapter 3

“This is our washing and drying area,” Lizzie explained as she pushed upon the wide double doors into the large and noisy laundry area.

As I looked around, I saw banks of very large industrial washing machines and equally large electric driers. There were two people working the machines and managing the refolding and packaging of the clean nappies.

Since we were both dressed as baby girls and wearing a very dirty nappy, I was in no rush to interact with either of them, but Lizzie had no such inhibitions.

“Sonya, this is Mark,” she said as she walked up to the tall man who had just finished loading one of the washing machines.

Mark took hold of my hand and shook it vigorously and I muttered a ‘hi’ back despite a highly embarrassed face.

“He wears nappies too,” Lizzie said to me loudly as he walked away. “But he only wears clean ones.” She shrugged her shoulders as if the notion of only wearing clean nappies was odd.

“And here is Maria!” She said as we walked half the length of the factory floor to the middle-aged woman managing the refolding and packing area.

“Nice to meet you,” I offered, trying gamely to sound normal despite my attire.

“You too and that is a lovely baby dress, dear!” she replied with a smile.

“Thanks,” I responded in a barely audible voice.

“Maria wears nappies to bed,” Lizzie offered rather inappropriately. “And she brings in her wet ones for us to sell.”

Maria smiled, clearly not offended by the somewhat personal revelation.

Seeing my consternation at Lizzie’s indiscreet commentary, Maria looked my way and smiled. “Don’t mind Lizzie, Sonya. I’m not embarrassed anymore to be a bedwetter. And this job connects me with others in a way.”

“How long have you been a bedwetter, if I may ask?” I knew instantly that I was being way too personal, but the question just jumped out of me before better judgement got in the way.

“All my life, hun. I wasn’t toilet trained as a child.”

Not toilet trained? How does that happen?

I was conspicuously silent and Maria continued.

“My parents weren’t exactly pro-toilet training and so left it to me to do myself.”

I was stunned and deeply jealous at the idea of not having the horrors of toilet training inflicted upon me. I hated it and rejected it as much as I could and had now fully de-trained.

“I managed to day train by the time I was 12 but never bothered with nights.”

And there it was. The story of Maria – short version.

“Maria is friends with mum and they helped us start Mistrel together.”

As we walked off, I simply had to ask. “Does everyone here wear nappies?”

Lizzie grinned at me and pushed open the doors to exit the factory. “Mum doesn’t wear them... yet!”

“Do you think she ever will?” I asked, knowing it was a rather private question.

“I hope so! It would be fun for us both to wear them.”

My head was spinning even more. My nappy life and my baby life were very very private and I had shared it with virtually no one. Even on social media, I kept my presence small and my interactions very non-specific.

As we exited the factory area, I saw in the distance what appeared to me a nervous-looking woman in what I guessed was her forties being led by another young woman who I instantly saw was wearing baby attire. It appeared to be a short baby top, with leggings and a dummy clipped to her shirt. As we got closer, I could see that the young woman was also wearing thick nappies.

We watched from a discreet distance until the baby-dressed woman said goodbye to the other lady and she disappeared into reception. Then seeing us, she approached wearing a broad smile.

Does everyone around her smile constantly?

“Hi Lizzie,” she said as she drew close. “Who’s this cutie?”

She’s talking about me? No one has ever called me cute dressed like this!

“Callie, this is baby Sonya. I’m giving her a tour of the place and she is enjoying our special services.”

“Oh, I see! Good for you!” she said, lightly punching me in the shoulder. Then turning to Lizzie she added, “I just signed a new client for twice-weekly deliveries of used disposables and she is considering used cloth. She’s a disposables wearer at present.”

“Excellent. How many does that make for you this month?”

“Hmm... let me count... Nine clean cloth deliveries, two wet deliveries and three wet and dirty deliveries.”

My head was spinning yet again – something I was getting used to. In the space of just a few weeks, Callie had signed on nine people to get clean nappies – which made sense – and five people to get wet and dirty nappies delivered to them.

I always thought I was alone in this and the stories I heard online all sounded made up. But they were real!

“Business is growing! I love it.”

“Sonya, I love your baby dress. I really should get a couple more myself. Do you have many?”

I gulped because my nursery was very, very well equipped with baby clothes and baby furniture and baby toys and... nothing adult at all!

“I’ve got 47 baby dresses,” I replied quietly.

“Shit!” she exclaimed in the ultimate irony since my nose told me that all three of us were dirty. “I’ve just got two. I thought Lizzie was greedy and she has... er... how many?”

“Seven dresses, 12 onesies, four sleepers.”

“Sonya, I would love to see more of your dresses one day, but I have to split... I’ve got an appointment with a seriously embarrassed man who wants nothing more than to get some wet nappies to wear. Maybe I will sign him up for the premium package! Anyhow... bye girls!”

Lizzie then turned to me with a grin – a grin that spoke to me in a way few would seem to understand. She had deep thoughts... baby thoughts... and I could tell.

“Well, girl, you came for a new nappy,” she laughed. “I nearly said a *clean* nappy, but we both know you don’t want that, do you?”

At that, I laughed because no, I didn’t want a clean nappy. Clean nappies always felt wrong to me and so I tended to wet them almost immediately so that they felt ‘right’.

“Let’s go find you a new nappy or three!”

Chapter 4

Lizzie took me back to one of the smaller rooms which she called 'the stock room' and the moment the door opened, I knew what the 'stock' was. It was used nappies, both wet and dirty.

"This is where the pickups all go first of all, and I go through them to get the ones we need to either send out for planned deliveries or put aside for our one-off sales – like you – and what's left over goes to be washed the next day."

It seemed like a good system although I doubt there was a nappy service anywhere in the world that worked quite like this one.

"So, do you want to look for a new nappy?"

"Sure," I replied, and I felt like I was looking through Aladdin's cave. It was a cave of wonders with large bags of used cloth nappies, both pinned-on Velcro styles and a couple of bags of rolled up and used disposables of all sizes and styles ranging from baby through to teen and the whole array of adult ones.

I was fascinated by the sheer quantity and choice of used disposables and it showed.

"They are incredible, aren't they?" said Lizzie as she came to stand next to me as I sifted through the pile of objects I had tried so hard and so vainly to obtain in years past.

"Uh-huh," I tried to get some, but it was very hard and pretty rare," I admitted.

"Been there, done that," Lizzie replied.

"Really?"

"Yep. Spent many of my teen years searching through bins and so on looking for whatever I could find. That's how come I started this place."

"Do you wear them much now since you have... you know... all of this?" I said waving my hand around the Aladdin's Cave of wondrous nappies.

"I wear both a lot. I love my cloth nappies just like you, but I also like to wear disposables as well so when I am on my own..." I saw a sense of sadness come over her and it stood out on the

otherwise vivacious young woman. “On my own, I tend to wear as many used nappies as I can, so I wear a double pinned cloth but inside it, I put anything from two to five used disposables depending on the size of them.”

I could instantly see what she was saying and how she would look. I too had worn as many as five of my own used nappies, carefully pinned together to make an enormous nappy that made me waddle so bad that crawling was actually faster.

“I kinda do the same. I’ve even got some really big plastic pants so I can load up,” I admitted yet again. I never told anyone these secrets.

“Hey! Me too! I’ve got like these XXXL high waisted pants that I use to hold them all together.

“I’ve got them too and I even found some that have a wide elastic band around the top so I can wear braces to hold them up.”

“Oh, I gotta get some of those! Mine tend to fall down if I wear too many.”

“They work really well. I will show you where to get them if you want.”

I found the eBay seller that had provided me with my enormous plastic pants and then continued to browse the bags of used nappies looking for my next selection.

The door suddenly opened and a now familiar voice.

“Lizzie, it’s feeding time and shit... this place stinks. You know I don’t like being in here!”

Amanda was standing in the doorway, unwilling to enter the Cave of Wonders.

“Yes, mummy.”

It was the way she said ‘yes, mummy’ that gave me pause. It wasn’t the words of a 20s girl talking to her mother. It was the voice of a very little girl responding to her mother as only a very young child would. And I knew what it was like. I didn’t just wear nappies and dress like a baby. I identified as a baby and a baby girl at that. It

was no mere role-play or fun and games. And I saw then – and heard – that Lizzie too was responding as a toddler at most.

“Then come with me to the lounge and let’s get you fed. Sonya, do you need a bottle as well because I’ve made up extras.”

“Er... er... I... er...” I stammered.

“Pwease, Sonya,” exclaimed Lizzie in her toddler's voice. “Come have dwinkies wif me?”

Amanda just looked at me, waiting for me to signal what I wanted to do.

“Okay,” I replied as I toddled off behind them fearful of how I was feeling.

I am a baby and while I am capable of adult interactions, that is not always the case and sometimes, the baby need comes upon me so hard and so strong that I am powerless to overcome it and I virtually become a baby for a period of time. And I was feeling that powerful need coming upon me. Normally, I would make my way home to allow my baby time to pass in safety, but here, I had to decide whether or not to become the baby I am openly and in front of others. Only my mother had seen me as a complete baby before.

As I walked behind them, I began to feel small and my age dropped. I estimated my baby age to be around one year old and I could feel it coming on strongly. There was no escaping it.

The door opened to a small staff lounge that literally had a lounge in it and following established practice, Amanda sat at one end of it and Lizzie laid down and placed her head on her mother's lap. Unable to stand any longer, I sat on the floor, feeling the mass of poo shift beneath me and began to regress to infancy. I sat transfixed as Lizzie drank two bottles of warm formula on the couch, deeply jealous and desperately needing my own feed.

“Okay, Lizzie,” announced Amanda. “You’re done now so go sit on the floor and play while I feed Sonya.”

It made perfect sense to me to see Lizzie crawl off to a corner where there was a small selection of baby toys and begin to play as I too crawled toward the lounge and up onto it and placed my head in Amanda’s lap. In the distant adult part of my brain, I knew

that I must have stunk real bad given what I was still wearing but it didn't matter and as I closed my eyes, I felt the warm nipple enter my mouth and I began to drink. I loved formula and despite being a different brand to my usual I drank deeply and fast and as I crawled off the couch towards Lizzie with a full belly and a full nappy, I laid down and fell asleep.

I slept the sleep of a baby and so did Lizzie.



I slept for an hour and when I awoke, I saw Lizzie first, playing with toys and secondly, I saw Amanda re-enter the room.

“I see you are both awake now. Are you ready to go back to work now, Lizzie?”

“Yes, mummy!” she replied, and I heard the voice not of a toddler but of an adult/toddler hybrid. It was a familiar sound to me.

“And Sonya, are you okay now?”

I didn't know how to reply so I simply cried silent tears. As the tears flowed down, Amanda came over and wiped them up.

“Lizzie, I don't think Sonya can change her own nappy. Can you get a change of nappies for her like she needs?”

“Yes, mum,” she answered and as I laid on the floor still struggling to find my adulthood, Lizzie rushed off to get some new nappies for me. It didn't take long for her to return holding a small plastic bag of used nappies for me to apparently wear.

“Let's get you changed, Sonya,” Amanda said in a motherly tone that was so engaging that I cried a little again.

Amanda took complete charge and removed my baby dress and with a large change mat underneath me, removed my frilly plastic pants and unpinned the stubborn large nappy pins.

“Well, someone's had a big accident!” Amanda said politely as the almost completely brown nappy was slipped away and she began the process of wiping up the excess clinging to my body.

It took a lot of time and a lot of baby wipes to get me more or less clean. Being still only half adult and half baby, when she wiped my penis and balls I had no reaction at all. But I noticed Lizzie staring at my cock. I was well-endowed with 7 inches when fully erect and was completely shaven for the same hygiene reasons as Lizzie was.

Then came my replacement nappy. It was soaking wet and already kite-folded. Then Lizzie carefully placed three dirty disposables along the length of the wet nappy.

“It’s ready, mummy,”

“Okay, Sonya, help Auntie get you back in your nappy.”

My half-adult mind picked up on the use of the word ‘auntie’ and knew then that Amanda was fully aware of how to handle a regressed adult baby.

She pinned my combined nappy together and taking one look at my filthy plastic pants said to Lizzie, “Can you go get one of the spare plastic pants from Reception, please? I can’t put these back on her.”

A minute later, Lizzie returned holding a pair of transparent plastic pants and it was only then that I realised that the two of us were very similar in nappy sizes. The pants were a little snug being one size smaller than my usual, but otherwise, very comfortable.

“Now mummy can tell what’s in your nappy just like me!” Lizzie teased.

“Okay, you two. I need to get back to work. We have people coming in for used nappies in a few minutes! Off you go!”

I made it to my feet, feeling half-adult, half-baby and no longer ashamed to show it. I shoved my dummy into my mouth and instantly felt the relief and release it always brought. Then Lizzie took my hand and led me back to the first room we had been to.

“That was fun!” she said. “I wish I didn’t have to go back to work.”

It was then I began to understand that Lizzie actually had a real job and that was as a nappy consultant for people like me who preferred used ones.

“I better get going...” I said.

“Are you coming back again tomorrow?” Lizzie asked sincerely. “We can play together again.”

“Yes, if you want me to,” I replied and then remembered that I had come there that day for an actual purpose. “But I want to sign up for delivery if I can.”

“Cool! We can do that now if you want!”

In one of the weirdest moments of my purchasing life, I signed up for three deliveries per week of wet and dirty cloth nappies with a couple of used disposables thrown in.

Just as I left, Lizzie came up to me and hugged me tight and I returned her embrace.

“Here, take these as well. It’s a gift from me!”

In a small plastic bag was a very dirty pair of her own plastic pants from the nappy change earlier that day.

“Thanks,” I replied genuinely. “You can take mine too if you want.”

“Really?”

I nodded. “It’s the least I can do.”

My frilly plastic pants were very expensive compared to the plain clear ones, but I didn’t care. It was more than worth it. When I finally got back home, I went immediately to my nursery and with a little difficulty wrapped the dirty plastic pants around my now conveniently fully-erect cock inside the used nappy and laid down on my cot.

I began to hump. As I slid in the plastic pants, I remembered the stunning view of Lizzie’s vagina and imagined how marvellous it would be to slide into it and with a solid powerful blast, I orgasmed into her pants. I did not know for some time later that when Lizzie went home that day she put on my very dirty frilly plastic pants and rubbed herself to a blinding orgasm as well.

It was a very powerful day for both of us.

Chapter 5

It was 7:30 am when my doorbell rang and I heard the van drive off. When I went to the front door after extricating myself from my cot and trying to find enough adulthood to get there, I looked through my doorbell camera and saw my delivery – my first delivery of used nappies. Because it was only my first week, I didn't need to provide clean ones for pickup yet. No one could see into my front yard very easily, so I opened the door and stepped out onto my covered porch wearing only what I wore to sleep. I was in surprisingly wet-only cloth nappies, clean(ish) white frilly plastic pants and a baby's nightie which was rather crumpled. Booties and bonnet along with a dummy completed the ensemble and I was surprised to realise that I was still cuddling my teddy bear. She was a special bear and at home was normally with me much of the day. She was a gift from my somewhat-understanding mother ten years before and Annabelle had entered my life and heart quickly. I decided to take her with me to Mistrel that day since apparently, it was a literal playdate – whatever that was.

I brought the parcel inside and quickly opened it. I was thrilled to find three pinnable cloth nappies – one wet only and two dirty plus 6 disposable nappies of a wide range of sizes one again half wet-only and the rest quite soiled.

It was a fabulous present – even if I was paying for it.

My morning rituals were very well established, and they began with a shower whose purpose was to clean me of the pee and poo that clung to my body and to wash my unfashionably long (for men) hair. But that was only the start of the morning cleaning ritual. Next came my bath. On three or four mornings a week, I gave myself a long, hot luxurious bath where I soaked away the smells and strains of life as well as shaved my legs, chest and groin to keep them baby smooth. I would also inspect my breasts which despite light hormone treatment were still A-Cup size, but I was still very proud of them.

After this, I dried myself and applied lavish amounts of vaseline around my nappy area and nappy cream to a few stubborn

areas. Then some baby powder and I was almost ready to get dressed for the day. I thought that it was time to be a bit more open to my new friend and so I carefully applied pink nail and toe polish to replace the colour I had removed in my embarrassment when I first visited Mistrel. I realised my mistake a few minutes later when I peed a little on my nursery floor and I silently cursed myself for not putting a nappy on first. My bladder control was completely gone and time out of nappies was always risky. But I had to wait another ten minutes before my nails were dry enough to at least attempt nappy pins.

Eventually, I chose a dirty cloth nappy from my morning delivery and laid it on my elevated change table and stepped up to pin it on. The moment my bottom touched the cold, wet and poopy nappy I sighed in relief. Few could ever understand how I feel about used nappies and how they are *normal* to me. The pins went in more easily than usual and my nails remained undamaged – much to my relief. The yellow frilly plastic pants that I pulled up were set to match my chosen dress – a short white baby dress with a yellow giraffe and yellow lace around the hem.

From my unnecessarily large collection of bras, I chose a plain white one that was very comfy with my existing A cup breasts. I had larger size bras which I would fill out with breast forms or padding but today I figured I wanted to go as a baby – even if it was a baby that wore bras. I hoped one day to be able to fill out at least my B cups.

Being a wistful kind of girl, I instantly remembered my first bra – a trainer that was wrapped up in tissue paper and given to me on my 13th birthday by my understanding mother. My then still-alive father was not impressed but did not complain when I began wearing it every moment I could around home. She had also bought me some very pretty panties to go with it. My father's complaint was that a 'boy' who still wet his bed every night shouldn't get special presents. But my mum prevailed, and it was because she knew my secret. She knew I was still a baby and a baby girl. She knew because I had told her the year before that I didn't want to give up nappies ever and she just smiled and said that she already knew

that. It was difficult growing up – as it is for many teen babies – but it wasn't because of my mum. It was all about trying to understand who I was in a world that would never accept me. And so, she never pestered me about my continual bedwetting and night nappies. She understood that at least part of me was a girl. And when my father unexpectedly died two years later, my nappies moved from just night-time to daytimes more and more and by the end of my lamentable school years, I was already forming into the untoilet-trained baby girl I was destined to be.

I upset mum and I knew it. But she supported me just the same.

As my memories gave way for the realities of my morning, I donned my baby adult clothing but packed my giraffe dress plus a spare one as well as booties and a bonnet. I put on a little mascara – something my mother had taught me to do several years before and applied a little bit of blush and lipstick. It was all very modest, but I wanted very much to impress Lizzie and her mother, and this was the only way I knew how. And while I waited for my second coat of nail polish to dry, the inevitable happened and I pooped my nappy. I smiled as I realised just how easy it was and required no effort on my part to mess. While I was walking around the house, my bowels opened and emptied into the already dirty nappy, and it was the most natural thing in the world. And then I got in my car, put Annabelle into the car seat I had for her and as I sat down, I enjoyed the familiar wonder of the mass spreading beneath me around the confines of my nappy.

And then I drove, smiling most of the way.



By the time I arrived, I saw four cars parked in front of the building and waited for nearly ten minutes as one by one, three men and one woman walked nervously into Reception and soon left with bags of what I knew were used nappies. The woman intrigued me most as she laboured with three large bags and put them into the

back of her SUV. I could tell by the shape of her tight pants that she was wearing quite thick nappies and I wondered if they were pre-used or not. But she had a very big supply of used nappies and as I already knew, they had a limited lifespan. But I lacked the courage to go up and ask her and was probably wiser for it. She was obviously picking up for more than one person. But once they were gone, I strode in and was immediately greeted by Amanda who showed me into the factory area and down to the back of the building.

“I’m glad you’re here, Sonya. Lizzie has been pestering me about this playdate all morning. But I think you should dress first before going in.”

Not really understanding why, I quickly stripped off my adult wear and put on my baby clothes and with my dummy helping me to stay calm, I walked into the small room set aside out the back.

It was a babies' playroom of sorts, if rather small and industrial looking.

“Sonya!” squealed Lizzie as she leapt up from her place on the floor with some dolls and gave me a big hug.

“I’m here, Lizzie,” I replied and lowered my hands to squeeze her bulky nappied bottom. I felt the thick nappy slip beneath my hands, and I grinned as I realised why.

“Yes, you sneaky girl!” Amanda said as she saw my less-than-discreet grab. “She’s in very dirty nappies and unless my nose is lying, I guess you are in very dirty ones as well.”

I nodded and grinned as I sat on the floor and went to find some toys to play with.

“You have two and a half hours to play before I come and feed you both and Lizzie, I will change your nappy into just wet ones because you are on duty and need to discuss some route changes with the van driver. And you have two non-baby customer interviews, so you need to be a big girl for me, okay?”

“Do you have to wear big people clothes for that?” I asked since I had never seen Lizzie in adult clothes.

“Not all of it. I can wear my Disney top and skirt but I can’t have my dummy but I can wear big nappies.”

And so, we played and it was some of the best fun I had enjoyed in a long time.

I have a good size playroom with a big selection of toys mostly aimed at young infants and toddlers with a few aimed at 3-year-olds for when I was a bit older than usual. While I enjoyed my time there, it was nothing compared to being with another baby who I realised was exactly like me. We both regressed back to around a year old and our language was mostly baby babble and without any awareness or interest, we wet ourselves constantly while giggling around the block towers we had made. When I slightly messed myself near the end of our time, I was unaware of it until I sat down and felt the extra poo.

But while we were playing, the time flew by and the big clock on the wall felt like a doomsday clock. But the time arrived and Amanda came in and told us that playtime was over. I watched as baby Lizzie grew up before my eyes while I struggled with it. Because I live alone, I let my regression play itself out and rarely had to make myself an adult. As I had sunk deeply into baby time, I was finding it difficult to grow up.

I sat on the floor happily babbling and playing with a doll while Lizzie was bottle-fed and then she was to have her nappy changed and in my baby mind I was very curious.

Like before, Amanda took off her daughter's baby dress and laid her on the change mat and pulled off her dirty plastic pants. She then unpinned the sides of the nappy and lifted her legs up and began to wipe the worst of the mess. I could see that the nappy had two disposables inside it that were completely and solidly brown as was a lot of the cloth nappy.

This time, the wipe was more than cursory as she needed to be non-smelly for the rest of the day. As I struggled to try and find a way out of my infancy, I watched fascinated as Amanda wiped her up but then one part of the change set my adult side roiling.

“Now, baby, we need to get you perfectly clean, right?” Amanda said and as mother and daughter locked eyes, I knew that this was important. It was then that Amanda took one hand and pulled the lips of Lizzie's vagina apart and inserted a gloved finger

from her other hand and pushed it inside and wiggled it around before pulling it out. I was surprised to see her finger was slightly covered in poo.

I had never thought about it before, but with Lizzie sitting in a pile of poo, some of it would go inside her pussy. But as I watched the clinical, but erotic vision of Amanda cleaning daughter's vagina openly, I began to erect... very, very hard.

With my baby senses fighting my adult sexual desires I inappropriately began to rub the front of my nappy which both Lizzie and Amanda noticed.

"Sonya, it is important that Lizzie's vagina is kept clean. Do you understand that?" she said in a soft manner.

But my penis was in control and just as she finished and withdrew her finger and began to rub cream all over her hairless slit, my own cream erupted, and I groaned rather loudly as I ejaculated into my nappy.

My infancy disappeared very quickly and I felt acutely embarrassed at what had transpired.

"I'm... er... I'm s...sorry, ladies," I stammered while my face turned beet red.

"Don't worry yourself, Sonya. It is all very natural for you to do that when you see her being cleaned. But I have to do it quite often and if you are going to play with her more often, you will need to get used to seeing that. And she finds it just as difficult. If I were to change and wipe you up completely, the situation would be reversed."

My mind was boggled at the thought as I sat there now back in my adult state – or as adult as I got – and watched Lizzie dress again as a young woman albeit in a Disney top and short skirt that didn't really hide her thick wet cloth nappy.

I realised that even though she was in a pre-used wet nappy, this was the first time I had been with her when not dirty. And then I inwardly smiled when I recognised that I had never been non-dirty with her either. As I reluctantly dressed and readied to leave for home I was presented with Lizzie's recently worn nappies as a 'gift'.

When I got home, I was once again aroused, remembering the sight and feeling a strong desire to be naughty I laid on my nursery floor, opened up Lizzies' dirty nappy and slowly and reverently placed my face into it. As I smelt her poo and that of the previous wearers I was transported back to my teens when I had first put my face into a dirty nappy, and I stayed there for ten minutes simply enjoying myself. Before long I slowly humped and emptied a second load of cum into my nappy.

I didn't want to move for a long time, but after a while, I showered and still feeling confused, I put Lizzie's nappy on and just a bra, exalting in being still close to my first real friend in a long time.

Chapter 6

It was several days later when my phone rang. It was Amanda. Very few people ever range other than for business reasons and I was very surprised by it

“Good morning, Sonya. I hope I am not disturbing you.”

“No, you’re fine.”

The truth was that I was in my highchair eating my breakfast cereal and so it was in fact a bit inconvenient but I didn’t care. It was human communication of the ‘understanding’ kind – an all too rare experience.

“I am wondering if I might be able to come over and visit you and talk a bit about Lizzie?”

“Er... I guess. Is she okay? I’m sorry for what happened –”

“No, stop,” she demanded firmly. “It was natural for you to masturbate like that. You were just a baby girl and that is to be expected especially when you see her naked like that.”

“Okay,” I replied simply because I had to say *something*.

“If you are free at 2 pm, could I come in and talk to you?”

“Sure.”

“See you then!”

And the phone call was over as quick as it commenced.

I didn’t really get visitors. My mother dropped in about twice a year but she gave me several days’ warning so I could wash all the dirty nappies, vent the house of the odour that I didn’t care about and clean and dust up to her high standard. I was actually a very tidy person, but I did still have baby toys all over the house and a pile of unwashed nappies at any one time. Sometimes I couldn’t bring myself to wash the wet and dirties I loved so much so that when I finally did wash them, it was a massive washing line-full. Or two.

I finished my breakfast, had two bottles of formula and then settled down to get the house ship shape for a visitor. But first I needed to have my morning masturbation. I was still in my overnight wet-only nappies, and I noticed that the cot sheets were stained from

overflow. I retrieved a fresh dirty disposable nappy from my delivery service and which I guess was from a teen and slipped it inside my nappy and laid down in the cot and slowly slid into the mess.

It was one of my favourite times of the day as I slipped into my infant state and gleefully slid in the poo of the nappy and reluctantly came strongly a few minutes later.

Now it was clean up time! But first I had to shower and bathe and prepare myself. I decided to put on clean nappies although I knew that by the time she arrived, I would be quite wet again. My control was nil in that department. I padded out a c-cup bra and applied light makeup and put on one of my newest and best dresses.

I had washed all my outstanding wet and dirty nappies and gotten them ready for pickup the next day. I then opened all the windows and even the front and back door where a pleasant soft breeze should vent the worst of the odours of a baby like me. I was reminded of an old word I discovered recently – *scurry-funge*. It meant the rushed efforts to tidy a house, usually because a critical person was soon to arrive. And so, I... *scurry-funged*.

With my toys all picked up, my nursery tidy and organised and even my playroom put back together, I was finally ready for a visitor. Just like when my mother visited, I was anxious that Amanda would find fault. Babies are always fearful of others finding fault in them. It was silly of course. My mother knew all about me and what to expect. The last time she visited she brought me a new doll to add to my collection and oddly, brought three new cans of baby formula knowing just how much I went through. She found it on special and couldn't help herself.

We chatted and had dinner and she touched up my makeup and asked to see what new dresses I had obtained. It felt oddly normal as we talked about baby clothes, and I proudly showed her my new frilly plastic pants and she was genuinely impressed. It was comfortable and enjoyable, and I didn't have to hide my babyhood. It had taken a long time to reach this level of comfort.

She sat and watched me have my bottles and recalled how in the past she had fed me them. Because of her travelling distance, she stayed overnight and slept in my spare room while I naturally

slept in my cot in the nursery. I never sleep as an adult. Not since my teens. Every time I go to sleep, I revert back to full infancy and sometimes that makes it slow to get up and out of my cot. That last time, mum had to leave early to drive back home and I was still in my cot, happily babyish and she took the time to help me out of my cot and as I was still struggling to grow up, she fed me two baby formula bottles and then said her goodbyes. My mum gets me - although that took a long time.

I sat on the long couch in my front room waiting for Amanda to arrive, remembering how on that couch my mum had fed me. I was nervous because my lifestyle meant I was very solitary. While my inheritance meant that if I was careful, I wouldn't need to work, it also meant that I interacted with people rarely. If I wasn't in baby clothes, I felt stressed. I needed to be the baby I was. When I contacted Mistrel about getting used nappies, I expected to see maybe one person or even none. But to have met Lizzie and Amanda was the biggest and best surprise of all. And Mistrel itself was amazing. From what I understood, all the staff wore nappies – for their own reasons – and understood what went on. The delivery/pickup driver wore used nappies all during his work shift when his wife wouldn't pester him about it. His work-perk was a first look at the used nappies coming in and he could take his pick.

I didn't know what to expect and my nervousness led to an unexpected dirty nappy about thirty minutes before she was due to arrive. Trying to be the best baby girl I could be, I changed into a clean one and so it was that when the front doorbell rang to announce her arrival, I was actually in spotlessly clean and dry nappies. It was a rarity of late.

“Hi Amanda,” I said with a smile trying to look my best.
“Come on in.”

“Thanks, Sonya. Oh, I love that dress and your makeup is very nice. Oh and earrings?”

“They were a Christmas present from my mum. She took me to get my ears pierced a few years ago now. Come on into the lounge and have a seat.”

As she sat down, she said, “I love your house, It is very nice.”

“It’s a bit small perhaps, just three bedrooms but it suits me living on my own.” I knew she wanted to look around and so I offered to show her my house – something I had never done to anyone other than my mother.

“This is my nursery,” I said as I swung open the door to the largest bedroom in the house, now decorated and styled as the nursery of a very young infant girl.

“This is gorgeous, Sonya,” she exclaimed. “This is much bigger and better than Lizzie’s nursery. You could fit two cribs in here!”

“Lizzie has a nursery too?” I asked.

Amanda looked at me as if I had said something dumb – which I had. *Of course*, Lizzie has a nursery.

“She tells people she lives alone, but the truth is that she lives in a self-contained flat at the back of our large block of land. And she has a small nursery and a cot of course. She isn’t old enough to live on her own for real.”

“Of course,” I repeated. The idea that Lizzie slept in an adult bed seemed thoroughly ridiculous.

As I led her to my playroom, I felt like Amanda was ‘checking me out’.

“I spend a lot of money on toys,” I explained. “It’s one of my weaknesses along with... er... dresses.”

“I can see that. Lizzie still plays with the toys I bought her when she was first born.”

“Mum kept some of my baby toys as well,” and I pointed to a shelf where my teethers, rattles and a soft toy sat. They were from my original infancy and sat in testament to the fact that I had not in fact grown up. I still had rattles and a teether in my cot because... I needed them. Even before I left home, I started taking a rattle and teether with me to bed for comfort and security.

“Would you like a tea or coffee?” I asked.

When she replied in the affirmative, I made her a cup of tea and got myself a sippy cup of juice. I rarely used anything other than a baby bottle or sippy cup and she didn't say a word. I assumed that Lizzie used a sippy cup as well.

"Lizzie never graduated out of a sippy cup," she said as if reading my mind. "All her growing up she had a sippy cup at the table and still does."

"Did she never grow up?" I asked, hoping I wasn't being impertinent or worse, hypocritical.

"No, not really. Well, at least not like most people. She had to wear nappies to school because I simply couldn't toilet train her."

"Wow, that must have been hard," I said genuinely. "My mum day trained me for school but by about 15 I was back in nappies again. It was too much of a struggle."

"Are you toilet trained now?"

I shook my head. "No, not really. I can't seem to work out how or..." I hesitated.

"Or why?" Amanda added.

I looked at her in surprise. "Exactly! I don't really understand why I should be toilet trained. I just don't get it."

"You are a lot like Lizzie, Sonya. Very similar in fact."

She sipped her tea for a minute, and it was obvious she was working up to a serious question. If I was like Lizzie, then my mum was very much like Amanda. I could tell when I was in trouble or when a serious question was coming.

"Sonya, are you a girl or a boy?" she asked while staring directly at me.

"A girl," I said almost immediately. It was not an odd question at all. She had changed my dirty nappy and knew I had a penis, but she also recognised that I was also a girl.

"I thought so," she answered with a wry smile. "Lizzie likes you and she wants you to be her baby friend. Do you understand what that means?"

It was a genuine question, but I honestly didn't know fully what she meant.

"She wants me to come and play with her sometimes?" I offered weakly.

"Well, yes, there is that. But she also wants you to be a regular playmate and she wants to come and play here with you."

"Here?" I gulped.

"Yes, now I need to ask you some important questions and I want you to be honest with me. Okay?"

I nodded, finally understanding that Amanda was here checking me out and my house because I was to be Lizzie's playmate. She was a mum looking after the safety of her very young daughter.

"Let's talk about sex, shall we?"

I dropped my sippy cup on the table, ironically proving the point about why I still needed one.

"What about it?" I replied hoarsely.

"Have you had sex, Sonya. I mean with a boy or a girl?"

"No," I answered, hanging my head in embarrassment at being a 30-year-old virgin.

"I didn't think so and that is fine. Lizzie is still a virgin as well."

My eyes widened and Amanda picked up on my surprise.

"Lizzie has had a few boys take an interest in her but when they find she wears nappies they lose interest, and no one has ever tried to have sex with her."

I nodded sagely as I had lived that life. By 15 I was back in nappies a lot and girls simply weren't into that and my bladder control had become poor as well. Plus, I had been wearing panties long before then so... a virgin I remained.

"Now, how often do you masturbate?"

Most people would be offended by the question but since masturbation had been an open secret in my teens due to my... er...

failures in discretion, my mother even now asked if I was 'keeping myself happy' - her words for masturbating.

"Twice a day, sometimes more," I admitted without the guilt some have.

"Just like Lizzie," she laughed. "Can't keep the girl's hands out of her nappy! Three times a day at least!"

It was a bizarre conversation to anyone listening in but to me, it seemed normal and even friendly. Masturbation was normal and healthy and needed and now... now it explained why Amanda didn't seem flustered by the two occasions when I orgasmed around her and Lizzie. To her, it was as natural as it was to me.

"Babies like you and Lizzie don't have very good control over these things just like your potty needs. Now, on that issue, are you potty trained at all, Sonya?"

I shook my head. "Not at all. I pee and poo without any real control now."

"Again, same with Lizzie although in her case she was never pee trained and it was only in her teens that she exerted poo control, but no longer. Now, back to sex."

I gulped. Sex was not a topic I was comfortable with or understood very well. I felt the urges for sure and I ejaculated multiple times a day, but I'd never even touched a girl's privates or a boy's penis before.

"Now I know that you are both still babies in pretty much every way, but if you played together for long you might end up having sex."

There was silence for a few seconds as we both looked down at the table trying to avoid the other. Then we looked at each other and for the first time, Amanda gulped.

"What I am saying is that if you two play together long enough and particularly if she has a sleepover..."

A sleepover? Only my mum has ever slept over and that was in a different room and... fuck... sleepover?

“There is a good chance you two would have intercourse. As babies of course.”

I didn't know what to say. Did I want to have intercourse with Lizzie? I thought so but wasn't exactly sure. My masturbation ritual was frequent and extensive, and I was utterly unskilled in sex.

“Lizzie has the day off work tomorrow and she wants to come over and play. I have someone covering me in Reception so I will be here as well, if that's okay.”

I nodded.

“There is one thing though,” she added and I inwardly groaned.

What now? What else is there I need to be terrified of?

“Do you have baby naps?”

This woman knows more about me than I do about myself!

“Most days I have a 45-minute nap coz I feel tired and need to...”

The words were lost but Amanda knew what they were anyhow.

“Lizzie still naps once a day and usually she gets 30 minutes at work but if not at work, she has an hour and sometimes she has two naps a day if she is very babyish.”

“She can nap here if she needs to.”

“That would be good. I understand your cot is your very personal space, so I needed to ask if she is able to use it.”

“It is the best place in the world,” I rambled. “I wanted a cot all my life and mummy didn't let me have one.”

I was struggling to remain part adult. My infant girl was screaming out for full control.

“Looks like a little baby girl here needs a morning nap, don't you, sweetie?”

That was all it took, and I regressed deeply to infancy.

“Let me get you a bottle and put you to bed.”

As I went down to the floor and crawled over to a teddy bear leaning against the wall, Amanda quickly found my bottles and formula and made up one. Minutes later I was on the couch, head in her lap, happily drinking down the formula and remembering just how wonderful it was to be fed. Nearly asleep before I finished, I crawled to my cot, Amanda lifted up the side and secured it and I was asleep before she even left.

My dreams were wonderful.

Chapter 7

My waking up was *not* wonderful. I awoke feeling terrified and I actually began to cry. I had been asleep about an hour but my first thoughts when waking up were about Lizzie and what Amanda said about intercourse. It was then that I realised I was truly terrified about sex. I may have imagined it during masturbation but now that intercourse was a possibility, I found I was deeply concerned about it.

I had watched internet porn a few times before like pretty much everyone, but I just didn't 'connect' with it. They were all adults and I never felt even remotely adult, even when I was faking being one. And intercourse was very much an 'adult' thing. And so, as my crying stopped, I determined that I would try and avoid intercourse when playing with Lizzie.

As long as my nappies stay on, I am safe!



The following morning, I awoke feeling more secure and in control. I was preparing for a playdate and while I had not really had one before, I had a pretty good idea of what to do.

After my cleansing shower and my soaking bath, I put myself in not just one but *two* thick pinned nappies. The outer one was wet and the inner was my favourite – thickly dirtied. And the moment they were secure I dumped my own poo to finish the nappy's preparation. Frilly plastic pants followed along with an A-cup bra and instead of a dress, I wore a footed sleeper and a bonnet. The sleeper felt safe because it was another line of protection between me and Lizzie's... vagina.

And my next level of protection was a powerful time of masturbation where I not only squirted my semen but I also drained – or tried to drain – myself of all sexual drive. I knew I was fooling myself. It would give me three hours at most before my penis would be at the mercy of any sight of... vaginas. But it was a good start.

When Lizzie arrived, I realised that Amanda had thought the same things and she was wearing overalls in a cute Disney pattern. There would be no easy access to her vagina, and I felt a sense of relief. The fear of intercourse began to fade.

“I’m dirty!” were her first words to me and I giggled like a child and told her that I was dirty too. She followed it up with “This is my friend, Sammy!” as she showed me her well-loved teddy bear. I introduced her to Annabelle my near-constant companion and we each cuddled the other’s special friend.

I showed her my nursery and together we explored it and she oohed and aahed at all my baby dresses and I was excited by her response. I showed her my cot and all its trappings like my swinging mobile above my head, the locking sides, the adjustable mattress height which was important if I ever had... a mummy. We sat in it together and played with the two Fisher-Price play pieces as well as with the two rattles I had.

We giggled like toddlers and all the while... Amanda watched.

All that happened in the cot is that while toddlers entered it, infants left and when we got out, we both naturally went to all fours and crawled to the playroom. The fear of sex was long gone as we crawled around the room making a mess and checking out every toy. Amanda helped us have a tea party on my low table with the tea party set I had bought a year ago and only enjoyed with my teddies and dolls. Sammy and Annabelle joined in.

After a while, we crawled to the lounge room and began to watch children’s TV, but not the average fare but rather shows intended for the very youngest of infants. We were entranced and giggled while we watched.

Amanda prepared each of us a little bowl of something to eat along with a sippy cup and the morning passed as it does for every young toddler. But by midday, we were both showing signs of being very tired as befits two one-year-olds.

Amanda prepared a bottle each and fed us on her lap and then we both knew it was nap time. That was when my carefully

managed plan fell apart. My idea was that Lizzie would take a nap and then I would after her, but I was so exhausted I felt like crying and if I had been on my own, I would have. Lizzie had no such constraints and was already grizzly when Amanda took us both by the hand and walked us to the nursery. It was the first walking we had done in hours.

She wants us to sleep together!

I was too tired to complain and after Lizzie stepped in and laid down, I quickly followed her and we laid down together. Lizzie put her arms around me and Sammy as I cuddled Annabelle. Amanda turned on the mobile above us, closed the windows and as she prepared to leave the room, she placed a device on one of the shelves pointed at us. It was a video baby monitor.

I lasted mere seconds after that before falling into a very, very deep sleep – the sleep that only a baby can have.



It was almost 90 minutes later that I awoke and discovered Lizzie lying on her side and looking around. I was confused to find someone else in my cot – my fortress of solitude – but slowly woke up enough to remember what had happened. That was when Amanda walked in, obviously having seen us awake on the baby monitor.

“And how are my two babies?” she said chirpily. “Had a good sleep?”

We both nodded, our mouths once again full with the dummies that had fallen out during our nap.

“How about we get you both up, huh?”

Her voice was that of a mother to young children and disturbingly reminded me of how my mother had spoken to me once my babyhood was no longer a secret.

She dropped the side and I stepped out.

“Looks like Sonya is very wet!” she exclaimed and as I felt around my sleeper I saw that I had indeed overflowed and my garment was soaking wet. I quickly turned to the cot and saw the wet patch where I had been sleeping.

“And it seems like Lizzie is even worse!”

“Mummy, I poo-pooed!”

Lizzie’s overalls were wet but also, the colour of the leakage was... brown. And so was the patch she had slept in. I couldn’t help myself but giggle and my new baby friend joined it and we hugged each other.

As I had long ago learned, there is one very big problem with wearing used nappies: they don’t have a lot of capacity left for extra pee and poo and therefore, leakage is not only a problem but happened almost every time.

“Change time for two little girls, I think!”

Now that absolute infancy had faded and a more toddler-like experience was upon us, the idea of a nappy change caused me to fear. I could sense already the stirrings inside my nappy that might cause problems.

Amanda stripped Lizzie down to just her nappy, put the soiled overalls to one side and had her climb up onto my change table. I watched in both fear and awe.

I stood next to the table in my soaked and leaking nappy, knowing my time was next. When the nappy was removed it was obvious that Lizzie was extremely dirty and not just her own poo. With the methodical care I had seen before, she carefully wiped all of the mess from her bottom and surroundings but then she looked directly at me and explained what she was about to do.

“Sonya, girls with a vagina have to be careful to keep poo from inside it and since Lizzie is so often in a dirty nappy there is often a little bit of poo inside that needs to be removed. Now I want you to watch how I do this because if you need to change her, you will need to do this too.”

My terror returned and my bowels responded by emptying what little was still in them. With step-by-step instructions given to

me, Amanda first carefully wiped all around Lizzie's vagina cleaning the little crevices and then pulled the lips apart revealing the pink interior to me.

"Sonya, don't step away," she commanded. "Come up close and look so you know what to do."

What does she mean by 'do'?

"Now we wipe around here with a clean baby wipe but now we need to inspect inside."

I gulped and as I glanced at Lizzie's face, I could see her nervousness as well. But not her revulsion.

"The easiest way to check is with your finger."

Amanda took my trembling hand, extended my index finger and slowly inserted it into Lizzie's pussy. I stopped breathing as my finger entered her wet and slippery pussy.

"Now just move it around and see if there is any poo in there."

Not remotely sure of what I was doing, I wiggled around and was rewarded by a groan from Lizzie.

"Now, pull out and see if anything is there."

I regretfully removed my finger and on inspection saw that it was glistening with juice, but no poo."

"Good, she's clean. Now, if there was poo on your finger you would need to try and remove it and then wipe up some more with a baby wipe, understand?"

"Uh-huh," was all I could manage.

"Lizzie, are you alright?"

"Yes, mamma" she whispered. "But I er... I need to... you know."

"Lizzie, do you need to masturbate?"

"Uh-huh," she replied softly.

"I'll just leave," I said and moved to leave the nursery when Amanda grabbed my arm and pulled me back.

“You stay here, girl,” she commanded. “If you two are going to be baby friends and have playdates then you both need to see how the other manages things.”

Things?

“Lizzie, you can masturbate now. Go ahead.”

I was spellbound as I watched Lizzie’s right hand rub her clitoris – a portion of her body that Amanda generously pointed out to me.

“That’s her little button. When she rubs it, she feels good. See where it is?”

I felt like I was getting a sex education up close and personal and I began to sweat.

Lizzie took only a few minutes before she squealed in delight as her orgasm flooded over her.

“Good girl!” Amanda exclaimed. “Now let’s get a nappy on you so you can get back to playing with your baby girlfriend!”

I watched with growing apprehension as Amanda found a pre-wet cloth nappy and pinned it on tight followed by clear plastic pants.

“Sonya, would you mind if Lizzie borrowed one of your dresses?”

“Sure,” I stammered. “At the far end are a few dresses I’ve grown out of that should fit her perfectly.”

Those ‘grown out of’ dresses were dresses from my late teens before my final growing spurt and were too small but too special to be discarded. I felt pleased Lizzie would be wearing one of them.

After Lizzie was fully dressed again, Amanda announced that it was my turn on the table. After taking off my sleeper she announced to all and sundry that I was super wet – something I was well aware of.

Taking down my frilly pants she put yet another disposable changing pad on the table and I laid down waiting for the inevitable.

The pins were removed and the nappy slipped away and there I was very soiled and... very, very erect.

Amanda used her skill with flannels and baby wipes to clean me up with exquisite care. When she wiped over my erect penis it throbbed with desire and need but she continued her ministrations until I was thoroughly clean. But I was still pointing skyward.

“Lizzie, you know that some girls have a penis, don’t you?”

“Of course, mummy. I’ve known that like forever!”

“Well, Sonya has quite a large penis and do you know why it is pointing up?”

Lizzie sighed, clearly embarrassed by having to repeat such a basic fact.

“Because she needs to do stuff to it.”

Amanda then sighed realising that even in her mid-20s, Lizzie’s understanding of sex was minimal.

“Partly correct, Lizzie. Sonya is erect because she is aroused like you were and needs to masturbate... or something else.”

Lizzie looked quizzically at Amanda.

“Like what?”

Amanda steeled herself for *the discussion*.

“Lizzie, when a boy or girl has her penis grow hard like this it sometimes means he wants to have intercourse. Do you know what that means?”

“Kinda,” she replied.

“And Sonya, do you know what intercourse is?”

“When a boy puts her penis in a girl's vagina,” I replied as clinically as I could.

“Or a girl puts her penis in another girl’s vagina,” Amanda corrected. “Now Lizzie, you’ve never felt a boy's or girl’s penis, have you?”

Lizzie shook her head, and I could see her sense of shame.

“Then come over and touch this one.”

I think my heart stopped beating but since I am still alive, I assume that was not completely true, but something sure happened to me inside.

Lizzie came over with trepidation and Amanda took her hand and wrapped it around my cock and it throbbed once again.

“It’s so warm!” exclaimed Lizzie. “It’s really warm and er... slippery!”

“Well, let go now and I think Sonya needs to masturbate. Am I right?”

More aroused than ever before in my life, I gripped my cock and began to furiously masturbate and it took less than 30 seconds before I groaned and a torrent of cum spat out the end and into the air splattering on my tummy.

While I recovered my breathing, Amanda meticulously wiped up the mess while Lizzie looked on in astonishment.

“Is it always like that?” she asked excitedly.

“It’s usually inside my nappy so I don’t really see it but yeah, I guess so.”

I let Amanda choose a nappy for me and like Lizzie, she chose a wet one and found my frilly plastic pants collection and pulled a blue pair on me. While I was still in a daze, she chose a matching blue and white check dress and some knitted booties and then declared her babies were clean and rested and ready to play.

For two hours Lizzie and I played once more, largely in the playroom but towards the end of our playdate, we watched TV and drank from our sippy cups.

And then it was done.

I sat at the window as Amanda put Lizzie in the front seat of the car, still in my blue baby dress, put a dummy in her mouth and drove off.

To say I was confused was an understatement.

She was barely out the driveway when I recovered Lizzies previous dirty nappy, quickly put it on and masturbated noisily into her poo. Even then I couldn’t bear to take it off and early on in the

evening I once again humped it to orgasm and for the first time in a while, I wore a fully pre-used dirty nappy to bed and as I laid in my cot, once again fucked it until I sprayed a weak cum inside it.

Lizzie's pussy both terrified and entranced me and my penis' excitement knew no bounds. It was a dream-filled night full of confusing images and arousal that I did not understand.

Meanwhile...

“Thanks for driving all this way to come and see me,” Corrine said as she ushered Amanda into her home.

“It only took three hours and I started early to make sure we would have enough time to chat about our two girls.”

Corrine Coster, mother of 30-year-old baby girl Sonya Coster led Amanda, mother of 25-year-old baby girl Lizzie into her sitting room and the two sat down to chat.

“I just want to say again how nice it has been to chat on the phone with someone else with a childlike Sonya. It's always been hard to know what to do or how to handle her right from early years.”

“It's the same with me. Sure, with our business, we get to see plenty of adult babies and the like, but Sonya was different right from the start. Lizzie and her get on so well.”

Corrine laughed softly. “I think it is amazing what you do with your business. Sonya has been stealing used nappies or pads since she was very young and now, she has a constant supply!”

“I admit when Lizzie first suggested the business, I thought it was foolish but it has really worked and it will give Lizzie an income stream because she can't get a normal job.”

“Sonya is unemployable as well so is lucky she has a half share in an inheritance that will keep her secure if not really rich.

“That's another thing I wanted to discuss with you. The business is doing really well and growing and we want – or rather I want – to open a branch office not far from where Sonya lives. She is very good with numbers and technology and could manage our books and website and Lizzie could operate the sales of used nappies there as well.”

“You mean put our girls together in an office setting?”

“Well, that's part of it. What I am suggesting is that we push our two girls towards living together in Sonya's house.”

Corrine smiled. “She has talked to me endlessly about this Lizzie and how they have weekly playdates. I never thought she would ever find a friend like her.”

“They do get on very well together and the playdates are good, and I am always there to supervise because I need to know they are okay together.”

“Have they had sex yet?” Corrine asked bluntly.

Amanda sighed. “No,” and then drew another deep breath. “And until they do, I don’t feel like I can leave them on their own for playdates or sleepovers.”

“I understand perfectly. When Sonya spoke with me last week, I asked her if she was ‘keeping herself happy’ which means masturbating. We’ve talked about that a lot in the past and I want to make sure she is okay in that regard. I was a bit concerned because she said she was up to three and four times a day now which is twice her average.”

“And Lizzie is four and sometimes five times a day as well. Plus, she is very indiscreet. She does it at work. She does it at the dinner table sometimes and lacks an understanding of why it should be at least semi-private.”

“And what happened to this weekend’s planned sleepover?”

“At this stage, I have cancelled it because until I know they are safely intimate I can’t leave them to sleep together and possibly get in trouble.”

“Because they are just babies...” added Corrine.

“Exactly. Because if left to their own devices they are simply infants playing together and not really responsible enough to have sex.”

“They need to simply FUCK!” exclaimed Corrine and the two women laughed.

“Agreed. And I do have a plan and I wondered if you were up for it.”

“I love plans but what do you have in mind?”

“How about you join me at the next playdate and when we give them their lunchtime nappy change we instruct them to have intercourse and help them do it.”

“Wow...” Corrine exclaimed. “I would never have thought of that or that anyone needed help in fucking but perhaps you are right.”

“You’ve seen your daughter at her youngest right? Crawling, crying, babbling and yet sporting an erection? Impressive erection by the way. 7 inches or so?” Corrine nodded. “Well, I have had ten years of a girl that is untoilet-trained, crawls as much as walks and puts her hand inside her nappy any time of the day. The only solution for this is for the girls to start fucking every day.”

“So, how do we do this?”

“We’ll have to wing it, but our goal should be to watch them fuck each other at the next playdate. After that, we can discuss them living together.”

“As girlfriends or as...?”

“Two baby sisters, I guess!”

Chapter 8

I know my mum means well but when she said she wanted to meet Lizzie I felt intimidated. Playdates were the best part of every week and even though every post-nap nappy change meant me being taught to clean Lizzie's pussy and her grabbing my penis I wanted nothing better in my life.

I had twice found poo inside her pussy and was instructed on how to clean it and I was enjoying the wiggling inside of her. And Lizzie told me several times how much fun it was for her as well. And since she grabbed my cock at every change, I had never yet had an accident but waited until it was my hand delivering the orgasm.

Baby play was just beautiful. We enjoyed sleeping in my cot together and the closeness was wonderful. It was two months now of wearing nothing but used nappies during the day and clean ones for nighttime – not that I awoke that way. I was always wet and often a little soiled. I did notice a change in how I was feeling. I was feeling younger. I increased the number of formula feeds I was having and I was more often than not crawling instead of walking and finding it more satisfying.

I'd gone to Mistrel three more times, mostly to see Lizzie and Auntie Amanda but also to explore with Lizzie the new supplies of used nappies. I got to sit in on an interview with a middle-aged adult baby as she and he worked out his used nappy needs and arranged his deliveries. I just sucked my dummy as she talked. While still in full babywear, Amanda explained her duties in Reception, and I helped hand over pre-ordered packages to customers who seemed surprised – but not fully surprised – to see a baby girl in full attire. Not one of them thought I was anything but female. I started helping with some accounting and website work as well.

But now, mum had come the night before on an unscheduled visit. I loved her dearly, but she also intimidated me. Just before she went to bed she burst into my nursery as I was humping my dirty nappy and simply waited until I finished before wishing me a good night. I didn't like change much and having mum around was a change.



Mum helped me get ready for my play date as only a mum can. After my shower, she bathed me, making sure every skerrick of body hair was gone. She washed and blow-dried my hair and trimmed and repainted my nails. She did my makeup and added eyeliner and lipstick because she wanted me to 'be pretty' for my girlfriend. That was when she made me cry after she gave me a gift of a gold bangle engraved to 'Baby Sonya'.

"This is a special day, Sonya and you deserve the very best."

With all this cleanliness, it was deeply ironic when she asked if I wanted to wear a wet nappy or a dirty one. My life was so open to her that it never even occurred to ask if I wanted a clean one.

I chose *dirty* knowing that Lizzie would choose the same at her end.

With earrings, a rarely worn diamond necklace and my prettiest dress with matching bonnet and booties I was set to meet my friend. As we waited. Mum bottle-fed me two bottles to calm my nerves. What I didn't know was that *her* nerves were far more frayed.

At the usual time, my bouncy happy little baby friend arrived and I saw she had a brand-new dress on and unlike normal, wore frilly plastic pants like me. Her hair was neatly styled and she too wore a new bangle. Like the toddlers and infants we were, we giggled, compared bangles and went to all fours and scurried off to the playroom for the kind of fun we always had.

My mum watched us play and seemed thrilled that I had found a friend. I know my seemingly endless singleness worried her. She didn't know if I needed a mummy or a daddy and instead, I had found a peer, a girl no older than me – twelve months.

Twelve months and dropping.

We babbled in a language incoherent to others and yet we understood each other and then... I kissed her. On the mouth.

We giggled.

I told her she was my girlfriend and then she laughed and said that no, *I was her girlfriend.*

The morning was like that until we ended up in front of the TV drinking from our sippy cups in what was rapidly becoming very wet and much dirtier nappies than the day began with. But there was our shared nap to come first and as we cuddled together in the cot, with rumped baby dresses, slowly leaking nappies and our teddies, we rapidly fell asleep as our two mummies watched on.

It was sheer bliss.



We both awoke around the same time, bleary-eyed and as we had grown accustomed to, our mothers entered the room having seen on the baby monitor that we were awake.

“Let’s get our girls cleaned and ready, shall we?” announced Amanda and the familiar ritual began of stripping and wiping up the pee and poo on Lizzie’s body began.

When the time for the ‘pussy check’ came around I looked at my mother for some kind of support, but she simply said, “Sonya, now go help clean up your girlfriend.”

I was trapped and so I spread her vagina as I had been taught, wiped her clean and then inserted a finger looking for poo.

“Use two fingers this time, Sonya,” Amanda suggested and I put two fingers inside of Lizzie.

As I wiggled them around, I felt Lizzie’s familiar struggles to stay still. I knew it aroused her and during our less baby times, we had discussed it. I had even seen her masturbate secretly with a hand in her nappy when no one was watching us in the playroom. We giggled about our ‘secret’.

When I pulled my fingers out, I announced that she was clean. Only this time, there was no replacement nappy. Lizzie simply

stood naked next to the changing table wearing nothing but her new bangle as I mounted the table for my own clean-up.

“Corrine? Do you want to clean your daughter?”

I sat up in shock, but mum pushed me back down and for the first time in ten years proceeded to clean me up after a dirty nappy. But that time I was sick and couldn't do it myself. This time... this time was different. Very different.

My cock was pointing skyward as it usually did, and I could feel mum's hands shaking with nervousness. But despite her lack of recent experience, she eventually wiped up my bottom and now was faced with my penis which was fairly dirty and needing a complete wipe over.

The moment she held my shaft and began to clean it I thought of anything I could that had *nothing* to do with sex or nappies in an effort to prevent an accident. I was successful and while my cock was harder than ever, I did not embarrass myself.

And then I was told to step down and stand next to the table and mum removed my bra and like Lizzie, I was wearing nothing but my new bangle.

“Now girls,” explained Amanda confidently. “We are going to do something new today, so Lizzie, I want you to get back in the cot and lie down on your back.”

Lizzie looked at me with a quizzical expression and got back into the cot, lying on her back and grinning.

“Spread your legs wide, honey,” Amanda added and she did as asked. “Now, Sonya, I want you to get in the cot and kneel between her legs, okay?”

I might have been slow and still rather infantile, but it wasn't hard to work out what they wanted and expected. I was of two minds. The first mind was in my head and was terrified of intercourse while my second mind was throbbing in the head of my penis and it *definitely* wanted some tender care.

I did as instructed and knelt between Lizzie's spread legs and my throbbing shaft was not far from her pussy. Idiotically, I looked at mum and said with a croaky voice, “What now?”

“Sweetheart, push your penis into your girlfriend’s vagina.”

It was probably the least common motherly command ever given but I shuffled forward, pushed my cock head between the outer lips of my baby friend’s vagina and looked at her.

Lizzie mouthed the word ‘yes’ and then I pushed.

The sensations I experienced were incredible as my penis slowly moved forward and I expected there to be an end, but it fitted like a glove and I was soon buried entirely inside my baby friend.

I didn’t need any more instruction. I began to fuck her slowly and we both began to moan. Lizzie’s fingers found her clit and she began to rub as I frenetically pumped in and out of her as both our moms watched on in pride.

Like most first times, it was all over rather quickly. I exploded deep inside her and even while I was still groaning in my orgasm, Lizzie squealed and we came in quick succession. We laid together cuddling and holding each other after our first-ever sexual intercourse, still staggered by the power of an act we were both so scared about.

“Was that fun, Lizzie?” asked Amanda nervously after I rolled off of her and we laid side by side in my cot.

“Mummy, it was really good!” she squealed and by her voice, I could tell she was still infantile.

I looked at my mum and saw her smile. “Well done, Sonya. Well done!”

We both grinned like idiots at each other and our moms. We both were rediapered into some used wet nappies, put into fresh dresses and send back to play.

As I played, I knew that something important had happened and that it was good. My fear of intercourse was (mostly) gone and in its place was an understanding that I didn’t need to be an adult to have sex. During our entire time of fucking – and I loved to think of it as fucking – I had remained in my toddler/baby state. I realised that what I feared about sex was of losing my babyhood. Two hours later, Lizzie crawled to her mum in the lounge room and sat on the floor

grinning and said, “Mummy, can Sonya put her penis inside me again?”

A few minutes later, we were back in my cot having had our nappies and baby clothes removed and I pushed into her as we both giggled like babies.

And we fucked. A lot longer this time and not at any stage were we grownups – just toddlers playing and having fun. And this time we were on our own.

But I suspect that the baby monitor was still being watched.

Six Months Later

The past six months have been a blur and a wonderful and also scary transition in my life and that of Lizzie. We are kind of girlfriend and boyfriend but much of the time we are like baby siblings - although baby siblings that fuck.

Once we began fucking, we were allowed to have sleepovers and Lizzie was a regular in my cot. We were very compatible and we learned (with help) how to change each other's nappies, how to manage issues like periods and caring for each other.

After three months of a careful assessment by both of our moms, we were told that Lizzie would be moving in with me to live. It wasn't our decision and we knew we were not really mature enough to make such decisions. But we were ecstatic! I bought an extra highchair and another cupboard to contain Lizzie's clothes. We still sleep in the same cot, and I blessed my decision to buy one based on a King Single size bed.

Mum visits a lot more often now and I know it is in part to make sure we are doing okay but also because she finally came to understand me.

Shortly after moving in, Mistrel opened a new office not far from where we lived. It was an administration office that I learned to manage and also a used nappy distribution office for pickups. We were both nervous about working like this and we decided right from the beginning to do so as babies and so we both wore pretty baby attire the entire time. Amanda spent a lot of time with us for the first month until we knew what we were doing.

Customers who came to pick up used nappies were greeted by a baby girl in thick used nappies and wearing a smile. Anyone who needed to interact with Administration was greeted by a baby girl in thick used nappies but not that big a smile. I don't smile a lot even though I am very happy.

As Mistrel grows and now with my new income helping us, we have bought a *lot* of new toys and set up an outside play area

under shade where we can play as infants when the weather is good.

We are just babies now with little reason to be particularly adult very often and so adulthood rarely finds us.

We both finally found our place in the world.

Infants.

Bob & Carol and Ted & Alice

Bobby Hardcliff and his wife of only three months, Carol, rushed home to their suburban home after a boring but well-paid day of work at offices in adjoining buildings. As they caught their train service after a hectic walk from their buildings to try and catch the 5:19 pm rather than wait for their usual 5:39, they held hands knowingly. They weren't just rushing home *from* work. They were rushing *to* something they were longing for all day. And it wasn't just sex. Sure, after just 90 days of married bliss they planned to be bonking each other's brains out before the evening had finished but first... there was something else.

Nappies.

They were desperate to get home, drop their restrictive work attire, put on something casual but before all of that...

Nappies.

Bobby dropped his trousers, took off the shirt and tie and went to choose a nappy just as Carol rushed in taking off her skirt and top and also went to choose a nappy.

"Feeling adventurous or regular, today, hun?" asked Bobby as they both stood next to each other sans underwear.

Carol kissed her husband deeply, her tongue telling him in no uncertain manner that 'adventurous' was on the agenda. It was a code word that meant only one thing.

They both walked away from the walk-in robe that held several shelves of ABDL nappies and instead, walked to the ensuite bathroom and...

The nappy pail.

Lifting the lid, Carol found Bobby's overnight nappy and picked it up while Bobby likewise found his wife's overnight nappy and carried it with him to the bed where side-by-side they laid down on their treasured pre-worn nappies and taped them on. It was no mistake that they tended to wear nappies with re-adjustable tapes.

Most of their nappies were worn a second time, a habit they had both developed long before they were married or even met.

Bobby was a very regular wearer of nappies to bed but when he could, he would get used nappies to line his own or even the occasional wet ABDL nappy. Carol was a little more circumspect having grown up with a latent desire for nappies and being a baby again but also trying to hide it from parents and friends. Dating was a nightmare since any attempt to even hint at kink or nappies either ended up badly or with a kind of neutral lack of interest. And so, she wore nappies on her own, but it wasn't until she met Bobby literally by accident that things changed.

Carol was riding her bike that afternoon and while not watching what she was doing literally ran into Bobby's car as he turned in front of her. The accident was minor with a scrubbed knee and a split bike tyre. But when he went to help Carol up as she was sprawled all over the road and still a little stunned, he saw her Rearz adult nappy and his memory even recalled that she was quite wet. He found a way to put the bike in his boot using some straps and then took Carol back to her home. But he couldn't miss the opportunity to say something.

"I wear nappies too," he said nervously just as he arrived at her place.

Carol just looked at him, not knowing what to say... or believe.

"Don't tease," she replied softly.

"I wear Rearz and Tykables and ABU myself," Bobby replied. Listing adult baby nappy stores told Carol that he was genuine.

A date ensued where Bobby was all gentleman and nappies were not seen – although they were very definitely worn. Six months later, they were engaged and nappies had very much... been seen. And removed.

When their used nappies were firmly affixed, Carol rolled on top of her husband and continued her kissing. Before long, fingers pulled the wet crotch of her nappies to one side and slipped inside only to find...

“You’re so wet!” Bobby exclaimed grinning madly.

“I know! So... what you gonna do about it?”

Bobby pulled the front of his wet nappy down slightly and pulled out his average size but very erect cock and aimed it at Carol’s snatch. It slipped in easily and the two spent ten glorious minutes enjoying erotic sex and at no point did the nappies come off.

They rarely did.



Ted Sparks was nervous as he drove up to his small suburban home in his pickup truck with something special. His wife Alice, was the light of his life and the one who had saved him from depression and worse just before they met. Ted had grown up being abused often by his unpleasant parents because of something they had discovered when he was just ten years old.

Ted liked to wear nappies.

But it was more than that. He also liked to wet them, mess them and when he was 12, to masturbate into them. It was more than an a simple addiction; it was a desperate need that he could not overcome or control.

He stole nappies. Once he was caught and only the kind actions of a female cop stopped him from being arrested as a 15-year-old. He wanted nappies more than life itself and hated that he was no longer a bedwetter. It seemed so unfair that he had stopped wetting his bed long before he started school while his older sister was still wearing and wetting them until she was seven. Unknown to anyone at the time, Ted would wear his sister’s wet nappies many times and developed a liking for them. But his parents were harsh and cruel about his interest and told many of their friends and word had gone around school that he wore nappies at times. It was a nightmare and more than one schoolyard fight had erupted as a result.

But as a 16-year-old, hating school and wishing not only that it was over but perhaps that life itself was over, Alice Cummins entered his life. Alice was 17 years old and had just come to the neighbourhood and was to spend her last year at school at the same institution as Ted.

Alice was a true class act and when she overheard some boys teasing Ted for something related to nappies, she stepped in and without uttering a single cuss word or even raising her voice, she dispatched the tormentors on their way. The girl had *presence*.

Despite the age difference – a big issue at school – Alice and Ted hit it off immediately. She was strong, intelligent and attractive and all the boys and even some of the girls tried to hit on her, but she ignored them all and spent time with Ted – because he *wasn't* hitting on her. Not at all. At first, Alice suspected he was gay, but she quickly realised that he was simply sensitive and a little damaged. Her maternal, caring side took over.

“Why do they tease you about nappies?” she asked one lunchtime. It was the first time she had mentioned anything about the reason for the teasing. In fact, she had assiduously avoided the topic.

“Coz they’re dickheads,” he replied sullenly.

“True,” she replied. “But it’s an odd thing to pick on though, don’t you think?”

“Yeah...” and then Ted stood up to leave afraid he was being set up for some more mocking.

“Don’t leave,” she begged, holding his arm and pulling him back down.

“I wear nappies too.”

The sentence blocked out all sound in the universe as Ted heard just those four words – *I wear nappies too*.

“You’re not trying to...” he didn’t know how to finish, but he didn’t need to.

Alice looked carefully around the grassed area where they were sitting and lifted the bottom of her school uniform just enough to show the bottom of her panties, just like a million other teenage

girls had done before her. But it wasn't the panties that Ted saw. It was the disposable Pampers nappy underneath it.

His mouth opened and he was silent. Alice waited for his brain to reboot.

"I wear nappies too," Ted admitted quietly.

"I thought so!"

Dating was secretive as neither wanted their parents to know but after two years their dating became very serious and while both wanted to remain virgins until they were inevitably married, the stress was getting to them. Their mutual interest in nappies did not help. A mutual interest in music or drag racing or books would have been easier, but nappies covered... 'the sex bits'. Ted and Alice consummated their relationship the proper way and as both intended.

Wearing nappies.

Ted's were around his ankles and Alice had untaped her wet nappy and was lying on it as Ted slid into the first pussy he had ever seen other than a deplorable moment when he had seen his mother naked a few years before. But Alice had a secret that took time to explain to Ted. She was also an adult baby and still slept with a dummy despite her parent's objections and concerns.

When finally the secret was spilt, Ted embraced it as a wonderful thing and without knowing what a remarkable thing it was at the time, bought his girlfriend a teddy bear and a baby rattle, hoping it made sense.

It did.

That night Alice let it all out about how she wanted to live as a baby and have a daddy and... They were engaged that night and married just over a year later. Both wore nappies to the ceremony.

That early evening, Ted was both excited and nervous as he drove up with the special present in the back of his truck for his wife and wanted to get it set up for her as quickly as possible. But as luck would have it, Bobby and Carol came out the front of their home just as Ted was carrying one of the components.

It was one side of a cot. An adult cot.

No one else in the street would have guessed what it was. They would have only seen a cot and congratulated them on a baby and not noticed its size. But Bob and Carol knew exactly what it was. It was a cot for an adult baby and they recognised it even more so because they had an identical one. Only six months earlier Bobby had surprised his baby wife with the cot of her dreams and it was identical to the one being carried by Ted.

Carol was the one to break the ice.

“That’s a lovely cot, Ted,” she said in a knowing voice and Ted wanted to fall through the cracks in the pavement. He said nothing, knowing that his neighbours had recognised that it was a very large cot and obviously not for a child.

“I’ve got the same one myself!” she exclaimed, to which Ted flinched and nearly dropped the side panel.

“You do?” he said hoarsely.

“Sure do,” she replied confidently. “But can I suggest you get Alice some bumpers for it? The bars can be a bit uncomfortable sometimes.”

Ted stood still and didn’t know what to say or do.

“I have a spare set of bumpers if you want them?” Carol said pointedly.

“Er... okay...”

“Look, Ted,” interrupted Bob. “This is very awkward for all of us, but that’s done now. Would you like some help putting the cot together? I know how to do it and I can tell you now, that doing it yourself is a nightmare but with two... it’s easy.”

“Er... thanks... but...”

“I tell you what. You talk to Alice about it and if it works out okay, just let us know and we will come over with the extra bumpers and Bobby’s cot-building skills, okay?”

Ted went inside his home with the cot panel while Bob and Carol went back inside their front door, still incredulous that another adult baby lived literally next door.

“You can tell he is wearing a nappy too. I heard the crinkles,” Carol commented.

Thirty minutes later there was a knock on the door and two red-faced and slightly embarrassed neighbours were standing on the porch.

“Come on in,” Carol said.

“Well, this is awkward,” Alice offered.

“Doesn’t need to be, Alice. Come and take a look at my cot.”

The four adults, led by Carol walked into the master bedroom where along one wall stood an identical cot to the one Ted had been carrying.

“It’s lovely!” Alice exclaimed. “Will mine look like that, Ted?”

“Uh-huh,” Ted stammered. “I think so.”

After a brief and slightly awkward silence, the ever-positive Carol spoke up.

“Well... rather than stand around here, May I suggest that Bobby brings over his tools and helps you set up your cot and I will bring some bumpers for it. How does that sound?”

All four adults rapidly agreed, just thankful that someone was making a decision and they didn’t have to stand around awkwardly having discovered each other’s lifelong secrets. Up until then the nearest contact they had had was the borrowing of a lawn mower and Alice asking Carol how to prune roses.

Ten minutes later Bobby and Carol knocked on the front door of their neighbours' house and as the door was opened, exclaimed in unison, “Baby shower!” and strode on in.

Bobby was carrying a few tools to help Ted with putting the cot together while Carol was carrying not just the bumpers, but an unopened bag of Princess nappies and a can of baby formula.

“Can’t let another baby go hungry!” Carol exclaimed.

For the next thirty minutes as the cot was constructed, Carol and Alice shared some of their respective stories admitting that they had always been babies. And the can of formula was most welcome as Alice explained how she was having more and more of it as time

went on, a situation that Carol understood, being a long-term bottle-fed baby herself.

As they were about to leave, Alice demanded that they give them something for their time and generosity. She looked through her drawers for a baby bib or a spare toy but Carol stopped her and looked instead at Bob, trying vainly to get him to read her mind. He didn't.

"Er... this might sound strange... but could you instead give us some of your nappies?"

"Of course," replied Alice, going toward their pile of Tykables nappies.

"No... er... no, I didn't mean those. I meant... them," Carol said pointing to the nappy pail in the corner of the room which was obviously bulging from a number of days' worth of wearing.

"Really?" Alice said with surprise.

Carol instantly regretted asking, thinking she had torpedoed a blossoming friendship with another baby like her all in pursuit of an embarrassing 'interest'.

"Of course," Alice added. "But would you be also interested in perhaps... a swap? Your nappies for ours?"

A hush fell over the room as yet another secret had come out in the open.

"Our nappies are your nappies!" Alice said laughing. "And vice versa!"

As Bobby carried the large bags of used disposables, he wondered just what the future might hold for the four of them and as Ted returned with an equally large bag of goodies, he wondered the same.

That evening, four nappy-wearing adults wore used nappies from their neighbours and unknown to them at the time, engaged in nappy sex at a similar time and none of them removed their nappies for it. The girls pulled their wet nappies to one side while the men simply lowered their wet nappies enough to enter their wives.

A month later four adults in nappies engaged in nappy sex with their partners in the same room and in clear view of their neighbours.

A month after that, Ted entered Carol as Bobby entered Alice and orgasmed inside the two babies.

Nothing was ever the same again. And they were *never* out of nappies.

An Unusual Couple

Chapter 1

Kathleen stumbled out of the tiny Reception room of Mistrel Nappy Service carrying and half dragging three bags of 'goodies'. She was a regular customer herself but this time, she was buying supplies for a party – an unusual party to say the least.

As she struggled to place the heavy bags into the back of her SUV, she looked around the parking places in front of the nondescript office/factory she had just left. She smiled as she saw one man in unnecessary dark sunglasses and a beanie trying to not look suspicious while looking exactly the opposite. He was standing near the edge of the building nervously waiting to enter.

He probably doesn't try to hide going into a brothel or an adult book shop but here... he hides!

She smirked to herself as she lifted the final bag into her car, silently cursing her decision not to buy a Range Rover with the ability to lower the suspension so that her unfortunately short body could lift the bags easier. But as she sighed, she let herself relax and her bladder erupted in a torrent as it released.

But Kathleen only grinned as the thick ABU nappy she was wearing happily absorbed the flow. Not that it was an unusual event. Kathleen simply *adored* nappies and had done so for a very, very long time. So long in fact, that the memory of a time when she did not want to wear nappies simply didn't exist. That meant that for about 38 of her 41 years, she had continued to want to wear nappies long after being put in them by her parents.

But while she adored nappies, she had a specific passion that had kept her separate from other nappy wearers for a long time. She especially adored a special kind of nappy – the *preworn* one. Nappies that had been taped around other people or pinned into their plastic pants. Nappies that were soaking wet or even better... filled with the kind of soil most found repugnant but she found... enticing.

I can't wait to get home and check out the supplies for the party tonight! But I think I need to try a few out first!



Lucas sat in his private office trying hard to concentrate on the contracts on his desk that he was supposed to check before sending them out to be signed. He was a lawyer and a good one and most days, enjoyed his professional labours. But today there was something far more pressing on his mind.

Nappies.

Lucas had first discovered nappies in his early teens and since his first rollicking and overpowering orgasm in the stolen under-size nappy from his eight-year-old bedwetting sister, he had wanted to wear them as often as he could. And he did, trying to wear whenever possible and eventually, every night. But at age 13, one stolen nappy might not get noticed but seven nappies a week *would* get noticed and so, Lucas had thought of the perfect solution, unaware of the trap he was falling into.

That first night after he had his idea, he simply went to his sister's nappy pail, extracted the pink coloured damp nappy and making sure he wasn't seen, took it to his bedroom. When bedtime finally arrived and the mandatory parental visits had concluded, he retrieved the damp nappy and fitted it around his skinny frame. It was a tight fit, but it worked.

Lucas' first thought was just how different and how much *better* wearing a wet nappy was from a dry one and he was staggered by the difference. He had faked going to the toilet before bed and so, once assured that the household was safe, he slowly peed into the already damp nappy.

Erin's bedwetting was beginning to slow down and so rather than soaking them every night, she now usually awoke to an only damp nappy and then went to use the toilet. This meant that there was unused capacity for him to use... and fill up.

He tried to go to sleep but his arousal would not stop and so he gripped the front of the nappy and quickly pulled himself off to a fabulous orgasm – in his sister’s wet nappy.

A pattern developed and for three years, Lucas had undiscovered access to his sister’s damp nappies until finally at almost 12, her bedwetting finally ceased. By now, 17-year-old Lucas had a part-time job and a small amount of money and so had begun buying his own nappies – teen sized or small adult and was wearing them every night. But there were two very big changes that had become apparent over the years.

One was that as soon as he had begun buying his own nappies and wearing them to bed, he was sometimes waking up with a significantly wetter one than he fell asleep with and no memory of wetting them. Bedwetting was returning and he had two very different feelings on the matter. One, he liked that he *needed* nappies again even if it was only once a week, but the other side of the coin was that he *needed* nappies again and that might cramp his style – such as it was. But the other aspect that was frustrating him was that he was now putting on dry and clean nappies and that was not where his interest had begun. For three years he had worn *nothing* but pre-wet nappies and he still wanted that.

But how?

Now many, many years later, he still loved nappies, but he couldn’t wear them to work given his tailored suits and multiple meetings a day. But one thing hadn’t changed. After over twenty years of wearing nappies to bed every night, the bedwetting he both feared and longed for had returned and with a vengeance. Long gone were the occasional accidents and now he lived with soaked nappies every night – no choice. Business trips required nappies whether he wanted to or not. But when he thought about the fact that he was now a bedwetter, it did not cause him concern, rather, it brought a wry smile to his face.

His first marriage was a childless disaster and after ten largely loveless years sleeping in separate beds they divorced and a few years later he met Kathleen and everything was indeed very, very different. Kathleen was an adult baby and he was a nappy lover

and there was an instant attraction there right from the start. It was a few months after their frenetic dating marked by frequent sex that they discovered their deepest darkest desires.

They both enjoyed wearing pre-worn and pre-used nappies. And their future was set on a new and exciting path.



Kathleen and Lucas owned a large and expensive home out in the suburbs behind a very private front hedge and high side fences. Their upper-class neighbourhood prided itself on privacy and it was exactly what they wanted. Kathleen had grown up in the suburbs but not with wealth. Her mother and father worked much of the day and she was often left alone being a single child. But it was in those early unmonitored hours that young Kathleen was able to express her life-long desire to be a nappied baby once more.

Often after school, she would stay at a neighbour's house for a couple of hours and as an eight-year-old, she would take the opportunity to grab one of the toddler's nappies and slip them up under her dress and grin with excitement as she imagined that she too was just a baby again. The toddler had several dummies and the fact that one went missing and ended up in Kathleen's possession went unnoticed. After all, babies lose dummies all the time. And then one day, something inside her prompted the young girl to sip on nappies that were already wet.

It was amazing!

Kathleen loved the experience and while she didn't understand it her stomach flip-flopped in ways it had never done before. And so taking a used nappy became a habit. In her tiny bedroom, Kathleen would re-wear the now soaking wet nappy and exalt in the feelings they gave her. Until she was caught.

It was perhaps inevitable that she would be caught with a wet nappy on one morning when her mother came in earlier than usual to arouse her for school.

“What are you wearing, Katie?” her mother exclaimed while Kathleen tried to pointlessly hide the nappy.

“Nothing, mummy,” she replied pointlessly.

“Nothing? It’s a nappy!” she retorted, now not quite as friendly.

“I... er...”

“You got it from Lulu, right?”

Kathleen nodded.

“You stole her nappy?”

Kathleen said nothing.

“Take it off and get dressed. You need to go to school a bit earlier this morning. Now hop to it!”

The young girl quietly readied herself for school, hoping that her exposure was now a thing of the past. But she was quite wrong.

After school, she went to her neighbour’s house as usual for the two-hour wait for her mother to return home. She smiled as usual at Adriana as Lulu ran to greet her but unlike the usual when Lulu’s mum would get her a glass of milk to drink, she motioned for her to sit down at their tiny kitchen table.

“Kath,” Adriana said softly. “Your mum called today to tell me you have been stealing Lulu’s nappies.”

Kathleen’s face went white as the blood drained from her face. She had hoped that the morning discovery was all forgotten.

“I’m s... sorry,” she began before Adriana put her finger to the young girl’s mouth to silence her.

“Kath, I would know if any of Lulu’s nappies were missing. They are too expensive to waste and there are none missing. Can you explain why?”

Unlike her mum, Adriana was wonderfully caring and softly spoken. She had never even heard her raise her voice at her young daughter despite the toddler’s boisterous and sometimes destructive play.

Kathleen looked down at the table and said nothing.

“But I have noticed that a number of Lulu’s wet nappies have disappeared. Would you know anything about that?”

Her gentle question without a hint of accusation broke Kathleen and she began to cry.

“You’ve been wearing her wet ones, haven’t you?”

Kathleen nodded and whispered ‘yes’.

“I’m not mad, Kath. You know I love you and I want to help you if I can.”

Help me? thought Kathleen.

The young girl looked up and a tiny bit of a smile appeared midst the tears.

“Your mum was pretty mad that you were stealing nappies, but I don’t think she’d understand if she found out you were only stealing wet ones, right?”

Unsure of where Adriana was going, Kathleen nodded.

“Do they make you feel happy?” she asked.

“Yeah!” Kathleen exclaimed. It was the first time she had ever talked about it with anyone.

“I see. And do you think you could stop doing it?”

The girl's face dropped. Her silly hopes had been dashed.

“Uh-huh,” she replied.

“You don’t sound very convincing, Kath.”

There was nothing she could say.

“How about we do this. What if I let you wear one of Lulu’s nappies when you are here after school?”

Kathleen’s mouth literally dropped open and Adriana smiled.

“I mean it. If you can keep it as our little secret, you can have one of her wet ones. You know I can’t afford to give you a dry one but if you can cope with wearing a wet one, I’m okay with it.”

The young girl jumped from her chair and hugged the mum who had given her what she so desperately wanted.

“Now, while I look after Lulu for a second, you go and put one on, okay?”

Not needing any more encouragement, Kathleen rushed to the tiny bedroom/nursery, lifted the lid on the nappy pail and quickly extracted one and taking down her panties, slipped them up under her dress and began to smile – a smile that was obvious the moment she returned.

“Now remember, it’s a secret between just you and me. And you can’t have the dirty ones, just the wet ones, understand.”

“I do!”

“When you are a bit older you might want the dirty ones but you need to talk to me about it first, okay?”

“When I’m older... like twelve?” Kathleen mused. “But then Lulu will be older and not in nappies!”

Adriana took Kathleen’s hand and placed it on her stomach.

“I’m having another baby, Kath. But don’t tell anyone okay? So there will be nappies around her for a long time still.”

And so, Kathleen’s long interest in wearing used nappies had begun and only grew stronger. There were occasional sleepovers with Lulu whom Kathleen adored and those nights were always spent in nappies and she was allowed *clean* ones for overnight – a real treat. But the pre-wet ones were always her favourites.

It didn’t take until the age of twelve. Only two years later when Lulu was still in nappies and failing potty training still and another raucous 18 month old was filling the house with cries, Kathleen solemnly asked Adriana if *now can I wear a dirty one?*

Adriana took both her hands and sat her down to talk about it.

“Kath, I understand that you want this, and I’m not surprised but I am pleased you are honest enough to ask first. If you promise that before you go home you clean yourself *perfectly* then you can wear a dirty one. I’ve been expecting this so I... er... kept this morning’s dirty one in case you want it.”

“Thanks, auntie!” she yelled.

With the door closed and her breath barely coming, Kathleen found one of Lulu's dirty nappies and unfolded it. The sight of the poo did not repel her and rather, it excited her in ways she did not really understand – not yet. She removed her panties and carefully sat on the poo and retaped the nappy on.

Kathleen was experiencing her first dirty nappy and ironically, it was not her own poo she was feeling. Her emotions were running ragged and she popped her thumb in her mouth and began to suck. And thus began the almost daily experience of wearing dirty nappies until a pivotal moment came a few months later when she was to spend the weekend there as her parents would be out of town.

After putting on a wet nappy the moment she arrived on Friday night, Adriana asked the question that had been hanging around unasked for weeks.

“Kath, do you want to use the bathroom this weekend or would you rather just use the nappies?”

“You mean for...?”

“I mean you can do everything in the nappy if you wish. If that makes you happy.”

Kathleen hugged Adriana tightly and after dinner that evening, the budding teenage girl dirtied an already wet nappy for the very first time. Adriana just smiled while her husband sat unaware that the smell was not from either of his children but from the almost thirteen-year-old girl in the same room.

48 hours in nappies transformed Kathleen's life and expectations. She wore Lulu's wet and dirties and messed into them herself and all the time, only Adriana was aware of what she was doing.

“I understand how you feel, Kath. I really do. Just be careful and tell no one.”

One sleepless night weeks later, Adriana recalled her own childhood and feeling an unexplainable attraction to the cloth nappies she grew up in. It was a struggle for her in a very tightly-held family that allowed nothing that varied even in the slightest from their

Catholic traditions and nappies did not figure into it at all. Even her late end to bedwetting was considered a sin even though she was just six years old before she got dry.

You go and enjoy everything I couldn't, girl!

Chapter 2

Kathleen arrived home and manhandled the bags of used nappies inside her home and into a large family room where they would stay until the early evening when her like-minded friends would arrive. Being an aficionado of used nappies she could not help but sort them out into smaller bags. There were two groups – disposable nappies which would be thrown away... eventually... and cloth nappies which she would return and get some of her deposit back. She marvelled at the fact there existed a company and system that would provide her with all the special nappies she so badly wanted. Getting them was nearly impossible normally.

And in each of the two groups, there were wet-only as well as wet-and-dirty bags. Three bags had become four sorted-out bags and Kathleen grew excited as she separated them, peeing her nappy often but reminding herself not to masturbate but to leave it for much later that day.

By the time Lucas arrived home, he was feeling desperate for a nappy himself and breaking one of the supposed rules of their group adventure – now in its third iteration – he found a wet adult baby Rearz nappy and taped it on himself. The moment he added extra clear tape to ensure the tabs would stay stuck he sighed deeply and theatrically and while his wife watched on... soaked the remaining capacity of the nappy.

“Fuck, I needed that!” he exclaimed as Kathleen shook her head at him.

“You’re supposed to wait!” she chided him softly. “But I get it. I don’t know how you go nappy-less during the day!”

Kathleen had gone 24/7 sometime before and her less-demanding employment made that not too difficult to do. Over the previous year, her bladder control had reduced and while she was still mostly capable of staying dry, it would not be easy and at night... not entirely guaranteed. At least once a week her night nappy was wetter than she intended while Lucas was wet every night regardless.

Sitting in the kitchen, they had a light dinner, not wanting to be feeling too full in anticipation of an energetic evening.

The family room had been set up ready for their 'nappy fun night' with four like-minded couples. It had taken years to find local couples who both wore nappies and were ready to 'extend' their wearing like they wanted. It had however surprised them to find four couples as quickly as they had and while only three were initially into wearing 'used nappies', converting the other couple had been surprisingly easy.

Kathleen and Lucas had approached their search on the presumption that pretty much every adult baby or nappy lover would find used nappies a thrill. Surprisingly, they were very accurate. Not one of their ABDL contacts had ever rejected them on the basis of wearing used nappies. A few had not worked out, but none had ever said no to wearing a used nappy. Even one couple who had never worn a used nappy – even from each other – once they had tried them, developed a quick addiction and were now regular wearers of each other's wet or dirty nappies.

As the 7 pm kick-off time approached, Kathleen put on her favourite baby dress, put on some childish socks and put a dummy in her mouth. Of the ten people that would be there that night, seven were babies and three were nappy lovers. It made for fun and frivolity.

And sex.

Kathleen quickly looked at the three single mattresses lying on the floor, each with a plastic waterproof for the inevitable nappy leaks. She grinned, hoping that she would be on each of them before the evening was out. Lucas simply put on a comfortable tshirt and awaited the friends he had made, all of whom wore nappies.



It was 7 pm when the front doorbell first rang and Scott and Ally arrived, a couple in their early 40s who lived only minutes away.

They were an AB couple and as soon as they came inside and were greeted, quickly put their baby clothes on. Both were 24/7 napped and so were already wearing them and eyed off the four bags of goodies. Both were regular wearers of used nappies. They routinely wore each other's wet and dirties and when possible, would wear someone else's anonymous nappy. With two teenage children, their nappy-wearing was inevitably known as were their AB identities but they kept it as far away as possible from their kids. This made AB parties a big part of their lives and while there were a few around the city being held irregularly, Kathleen and Lucas' parties were the only ones to employ used nappies, nappy swaps and... sex.

"Looks like a good haul, Kath!" observed Ally as she peered into each of the bags. "Can't wait to try some of them on!"

Amelia and Hugo arrived shortly after. A couple in their early twenties, they had embraced the nappy lifestyle completely having been married while wearing them and in the five years since had grown their experience to become daddy/daughter – albeit a daddy that was nappy-dependant.

Amelia had been a baby since her early childhood and as an act of protest had refused to stop wetting her bed and was 'rewarded' for it with nightly nappies that had never ended. Her parents had finally accepted her babyhood as best they could but had struggled to handle her wearing of baby clothes as she left school and began to earn money. They were thrilled when Hugo had arrived on the scene unaware that the connection between the two was nappy-wearing. Amelia's nappy fetish was so strong her parents expected her to be forever alone.

Hugo was a nappy-lover since his early teens when he discovered their hypnotic power. Their first meeting was at an underground baby club where the tall and attractive 20-year-old Hugo had been smitten by the diminutive and vulnerable 18-year-old girl in a nappy and baby dress. Recognising that she might be at risk in a group of older adults, he had left with her and gone to his tiny flat and they had enjoyed each other's company. That night, Amelia lost her virginity to Hugo. She didn't even remove her wet nappy and simply pulled it to one side for him to enter her. They had been

together ever since and while suit-wearing, strongly-built Hugo had appealed to her parents, it was nappy wearing and panty-wearing Hugo that had stolen Amelia's heart.

It had not taken long for them to start wearing each other's wet and dirty nappies and discovering the additive power of used nappies. When Amelia brought a small bag of her toddler niece's wet nappies to Hugo's flat and they wore them together, a new part of their life began to blossom.

At the party, Hugo stripped down to his nappy, panties and bra – his preferred style of 'at-home' wear, Amelia put on her typical at-home clothing as well – a baby dress, dummy and a cotton frilly bonnet.

Rowan and Ivy were the next to arrive and came carrying beer and a large suitcase containing their outfits. In their late 30s, Rowan and Ivy were lifestyle adult babies who lived some distance away out of the suburbs where their extensive private grounds enabled them to live as babies as much as anyone ever could. Rowan was an at-home accountant while Ivy was an independent writer on gardening and cooking as was evidenced by the spectacular gardens around their home. But they lived and dressed as babies much of the time. They would go days at a time not leaving home and dressing and living entirely as babies – baby girls. Their bed was a infant's cot, based on a queen-size frame. Their bedroom was, of course, a fully decorated nursery and they had a playroom as well as a spare room... with a spare cot.

When they met online 15 years before, both had long since gone 24/7 napped with Ivy particularly taken by cloth nappies while Rowan had embraced being a baby girl by the name of Rose. They had both worked hard at losing bladder control and had succeeded but were frustrated that neither of them had yet to wake up to a dirty nappy that had occurred as they slept.

Vehemently opposed to the concept of toilets, they had put 'crime scene' tape over the toilet in their ensuite preventing the seat from being lifted. They had done the same for the ensuite in the second nursery. The main bathroom however, was still available for the occasional non-nappy-wearing guest.

Being welcoming kind of people, Ivy and Roman had entertained many AB visitors who had enjoyed their quiet and relaxed locale as well as the spare nursery. But while they let people come and stay for free as long as they behaved, they did require that they leave their used nappies behind and the moment their guest left, would retrieve the used ones and put them on. Sex usually followed and the two babies would relish the experience of making love while wearing someone else's used nappy. They were naturally drawn to Kathleen and Lucas and they all shared a love of used nappies.

“Sorry, we're late!” explained Roman. “Accident on the freeway and we were held up for thirty minutes. Glad we had nappies on!”

Everyone laughed at the lame joke. All of them had at one time or other been unexpectedly caught and glad they had nappies on while those around them suffered in silence.

“Get dressed coz it looks like the Rattlers are finally here!” exclaimed Lucas.

Out the front of the house, an old car in a rather shabby condition pulled up, blowing smoke and sounding like a diesel truck with serious problems. The very popular young couple were known as ‘The Rattlers’ despite their married surname actually being ‘Smith’. The name came about from the sound of their car. While Ivy and Roman were wealthy and successful, the Rattlers were the other end of the spectrum, struggling with minimum wage jobs and a rented apartment with little privacy. But they were fun! Rowan and Ivy often sent them extra nappies to help out. The mere suggestion that they would have to go undiapered was a ‘horror’! A few onesies were also donated.

Both being adult babies since their teens, they knew how to liven up any party with irreverent humour and infectious laughter. Freya ‘Rattler’ was a waitress who tended to end up largely at adult parties. Being 24/7 nappied gave her the freedom to go anywhere she wanted despite being functionally incontinent since her mid-teens. One of the few who had worn nappies to high school she had always hidden the secret that she was still a baby and at home, slept

with a dummy and two teddy bears – a concession from her parents to compensate for her incontinence.

Tony 'Rattler' was an energetic but unsuccessful writer whose self-published books had sold 'in the hundreds' and was still awaiting his big break into writing. Growing up as a bedwetter who never quite graduated into 'big boy underwear' at night, he had always felt the call of 'the baby'. Wisely keeping it a secret from family and friends, he had longed to be a day-napped baby boy with a dummy, boy-style baby clothes and most of all... a cot. His ironic meeting with Freya had occurred in a doctor's waiting room where the two then 19-year-olds had talked about anything and everything. It was many months later that they admitted to each other that they had been at the doctor's to discuss bedwetting and for Freya, day wetting.

Tony and Freya dated – on the cheap – and it took little time for Freya to reveal she wore day nappies and even less for Tony to admit to being a napped bedwetter. Once that ice was broken, it was only weeks before they admitted that they were still babies and wanted all that being a baby meant.

By the time the 'Rattlers' had come in contact with Kathleen and Lucas, they had only ever worn their own nappies but after a single meal with the older couple, swapped their wet nappies and discovered the thrill of such a taboo experience. Converting them to fans of wearing used nappies had taken only a few minutes.

And so it was that ten napped people – seven adult babies and three nappy lovers came to be standing around in a family room dressed the way they preferred to be.

Except for one thing...

Chapter 3

Used nappies.

“Well, everyone,” began Lucas. “I’m so glad you’re all here. Kath has gotten the supplies for tonight and they are on the table. There’s food and drink in the kitchen but let’s get started!”

The start of every AB party was the same: slow. Everyone took their own time to shed their public personas and embrace their private nappy-loving and baby identities.

“Let’s see what you’ve got, Kath!” announced Ivy.

Ivy went to the bag of used cloth nappies and found something that appealed to her – a rolled-up wet and dirty terry nappy.

Being the first to do so, most of the group watched as Ivy pulled off her Velcro tabbed, cloth nappy and plastic pants and expertly folded the dirty one on the change mat in the middle of the floor. The rule was that dirty nappies had to be changed on the mat while wet ones could be done on the mattresses. The beds were expected to cope with all manner of ‘bodily fluids’ over the evening.

“Fuck yeah!” Ivy exclaimed as she sat on the cold nappy and pinned it on with pins from the ‘supplies table’.

The supplies table had pins, some plastic pants in a variety of sizes, nappy cream, sex lubricant and even... a spanking paddle. There were even some Viagra tablets for those who wanted extra hardness and staying power. What was not present were condoms. By mutual decision after the last party, condoms were neither needed nor wanted. It was bareback or nothing.

Kathleen chose a soaked disposable that was so wet it was already leaking while Lucas chose a girl’s disposable that was moderately dirty.

One by one, each of the participants chose a used nappy and put it on while leaving their old ones scattered around the floor to add to the ‘ambience’ and also for anyone else to wear if they so decided. As food was eaten and alcohol was consumed, the party got louder and the behaviour less inhibited.

Rowan/Rose put his hand down the front of every single person and either played with a pussy or fondled an erect cock. Not to be outdone, Ivy grabbed the very impressive (and popular) cock of Tony 'Rattler' through the outside of his nappy and led him to one of the mattresses.

It was time for the first ice-breaking sexual act.

"Fuck me, Baby Tony!" she said hoarsely. Two people on either side of Tony grabbed his nappy and pulled it down just far enough to expose his long and thick very erect cock.

Ivy gripped her plastic pants and wet nappy and pulled them to one side, exposing her fully shaven pussy. That was all Tony needed as he knelt down and guided his cock toward her cunt and then pushed it in.

Ivy was in a dirty nappy and some of the mess could be seen as he plunged in and out of her. As the group clapped in a vain attempt to match the timing of his thrusts, hands began to grope other nappied bodies and by the time Tony grunted as he spewed his cum into Ivy, Amelia was already down on another mattress as Lucas began to go down on her, rubbing his face in her wet nappy, ready to untape it and continue eating her out.

As the evening went on, nappies were exchanged, most getting wetter and even dirtier than they were before and the sex continued virtually unabated. It was around midnight that the party began to slow down and most were sitting around the room, sexually drained and enjoying the alcohol-fuelled buzz of openly being babies with friends. Most of the used nappies in the original bags had been tried out and there were many abandoned nappies spread around the room, thankfully rolled up. That was when Hugo asked everyone to gather around for something special.

"I've always felt a lot like a girl inside, as you all know," he said nervously. "And wearing nappies makes me feel like a young girl but I've always felt that something was missing. Tonight, in front of all my friends I want to become a young girl properly."

At that, Hugo laid back on one of the mattresses, untaped his pink Princess nappy revealing two toddler nappies inside it and

spread his legs.

Rowan/Rose approached him, dressed in a now sweaty and pee-wet baby dress, slid his nappy down and stepped out of it. Kneeling down in front of Hugo, he applied a large dollop of lubricant and pointed his recently Viagra-inflated cock at his sissy vagina and pushed it to the entrance and held it there.

Amelia squatted next to Hugo and held his hand and simply said, "It's time, Sally. It's time to become a girl!"

Rowan slowly pushed in and was soon embedded into Hugo/Sally's baby vagina. As the group watched quietly, aware of the significance of the event, Rowan/Rose carefully and lovingly fucked away Sally's virginity and maleness and when he finally grunted his orgasm and flooded her hole, the group applauded genuinely.

As Sally lay there exalting in her first intercourse as a girl, Tony 'Rattler' silently came and knelt in front of 'her' and with no words said, slid his own impressive organ into the creamy hole. As he fucked more gently than was his style, his wife sat next to him and urged him on.

Once he was finished, Lucas also pushed his not fully erect cock into the slippery vagina and finally added his contribution.

Knowing how important this was for Sally, Ally convinced Scott to mount Hugo and as he lined up on Sally's freshly deflowered pussy, she pushed him into the girl and encouraged his thrusts and awkward action. When he finally came, she praised him effusively for taking care of a friend's needs.

It was a wonderful end to a superb evening and as the nappied friends slowly dragged themselves home, Kathleen ensured that all the used disposable nappies went with them, confident that some of them would be worn again the next day.



“Shit!” exclaimed Amelia to Hugo as she rushed from the bathroom one morning six weeks later.

“What’s up?” mumbled the barely awake Hugo/Sally as he laid in bed wearing a soaked nappy as usual.

“I’m pregnant!” Amelia screamed with excitement. “I’m pregnant, Hugo!”

“That’s fantastic!” Hugo replied, now fully awake and sitting up.

“Who do you think it is?”

Amelia smiled. “Could be any of them!”

Hugo hugged his pregnant wife, glad that his own sterility had not stopped him from having a child and even better, the father was a nappy-wearer and possibly an adult baby. It was someone from the party and they would never know who.

“Couldn’t ask for a better choice!”

THE END

The House of Poo

In Martin's first book – My Secret Needs and Desires – we encountered Sonya Coster's interactions with Samantha and how she had her nappy filled with poo over a glorious 3-day adventure. Now we continue the story as Samantha has moved in with Sonya and treating her as a baby... and more.

The story moves on...

Samantha and Carol

Samantha sat in the chair of the lounge room relaxing and watching her infant – Baby Sonya – play happily in her playpen. Sonya's nappy was, as always, filled with poo, but unlike most babies – adult or infant - it was in the front of her nappy, having been put there only an hour earlier from Samantha's bottom as part of their normal daily routine.

It had been a year since Sonya's fateful meeting with Samantha for several days of being not just a baby again but having her nappy filled with pee and poo and able to live her secret desires out to the fullest. Since then, Sonya had taken further steps towards infancy and now spent most of her time as a baby girl of around 12 months of age. Her life was now complete, if a little lonely at times by the enforced separation from others. But her deepest needs at least were being looked after.

Samantha also was mostly happy as well but some of *her* inner needs were not quite being met and she had decided that it was time to deal with both of their extra needs.

As she was mulling over her thoughts and ideas, she heard the sound of a car driving up the driveway and crunching the gravel under its wheels. Knowing exactly who it was, she walked to the front door and opened it for her guest.

"Carol," she exclaimed, "Come on in before it starts raining again!"

As soon as the ash-blond statuesque women entered the house, Samantha embraced her and the two began to kiss. The kiss of two lovers. Part of her missing need was for a sexual and romantic connection to an... adult. Sex with Sonya was more a case of enjoying a thick and hard rod and allowing her baby girl to squirt inside her. But she wanted the romance part as well.

"I've missed you, babe," Carol whispered into Samantha's ear. "I've wanted this for so long."

It had only been a week since the two last shared a bed, but their feelings were growing and it was hard to be apart from each other.

"Ready for bed?" Samantha said huskily, her horniness rising rapidly.

"Almost," Carol replied. "But I have a load for the baby first!"

"Of course, you do!" Samantha laughed. "And Sonya loves your loads too! Let me get her ready for you."

Samantha opened the door to the playpen and took hold of Sonya's hand and encouraged her to stand and waddle off to the nursery where most of the toilet times took place. And the sex.

"Sonya, honey," she said in her sing-song baby voice most suitable for an adult-sized baby girl. "Auntie Carol is here and has some nice poo poo for you."

Sonya's eyes widened and behind the pink dummy that was almost always in her mouth, she babbled out, "Yay! Cawol poo-poops!"

The past year had been a powerful learning and growing experience for both mother and baby and also for new lover Carol as they sought to make their lives into a household and hopefully... a family.

The single toilet in the house remained almost completely unused. Samantha only ever pooped in Sonya's nappy and her pee either went into the baby's feeding bottles or also into her nappy. After a lifetime of struggle and frustration, Sonya had finally become the baby – and toilet – she had always wanted to be. Samantha's life had also been fulfilled as she was now a mother, even if an unusual

one and her own complicated experiences with nappies and pee and poo had found fulfilment in emptying herself into her baby's nappy.

Life was wonderful, if extraordinarily complicated.

As they reached the nursery, Samantha laid out the special large waterproof 'toilet mat'. It was used at least once a day and now would be its second use of the morning.

Each morning as Samantha awoke in the single bed in Baby Sonya's nursery she would see the child happily playing in her big cot, the bars keeping her from leaving. Sonya was now so completely regressed that leaving the cot was almost impossible without mummy's assistance... and permission.

"She is looking even younger than usual," Carol observed. "She doesn't seem to be walking much, is that right?"

"I've been wondering the same thing. She does seem to be a little younger. Maybe ten months or so?"

"I'm busting, girl!" Carol urged. "I haven't had a shit for three days and been trying to save it for the baby!"

Samantha laughed. Over the years, she had known Carol to be quite kinky and one of her fetishes was to retain her poo and then enjoy a massive dump but since the appearance of baby Sonya, those dumps had been often saved for the little girl.

"The front of her nappy is fully loaded so I think we will need to empty it in the back. Have you noticed something about the nappy she is wearing?"

"It does seem to be rather high-waisted. Is that deliberate?"

Samantha smiled. "It certainly is. I've been experimenting with Sonya's nappy capacity. It is all too easy to fill the front and with you around then it needs to have more room, so I have worked on refolding her cloth nappy differently to be around four inches higher and the plastic pants I have now cover it fine and I think it almost doubles the poo capacity!"

"Wanna test it?" Carol exclaimed with a giggle.

"Use the potty so we can then empty that into the back." Then she looked at Sonya and spoke in her best maternal voice,

“Sonya, come up close and watch your auntie get some poo for you.”

Sonya shuffled forward as Carol squatted over the potty. Being an experienced mother of an adult baby, Samantha held a baby bottle under her as the pee began to flow. Once the bottle was full, she let the remaining pee splash into the potty and then waited for the main attraction. Carol relaxed and slowly a large and unbroken poo flowed out of her bottom. It was long and once it broke, another large poo appeared and quickly the potty was half full of a very, very large mass of poo.

“Now clean up Auntie, please,” said Samantha.

Knowing what to do, Sonya shuffled over to Carol’s bottom and began to lick her clean. The small amount of poo on her hole made no difference and she happily cleaned her up the same way she cleaned her mummy’s bottom – and her front bottom.

“That never gets old!” exclaimed Carol.

“She is pretty well trained and she does an even better job cleaning my cunt if I let her,” Samantha grinned.

At every poo toilet dump, Sonya knew her job was to clean her mummy’s bottom but also knew that most mornings, she was also expected to lick her mummy’s slit until she came. It was a set of tasks she thoroughly enjoyed.

“How often has she cum inside you this week?” Carol as she stood and began to remove the rest of her clothes.

“Three times I think,” she mused. “But most of the time she just fucks her nappy. Now let’s load her up!”

While Carol pulled the back of the extra-high cloth nappy out from Sonya’s back. Samantha slowly tipped the potty and allowed the huge poo mass to slide into her nappy. About halfway through the process, she stopped and pushed the mass around deeper into the nappy so that it filled the base and then continued emptying.

“Looks pretty good!” Carol commented.

“And with my design, it is more likely to stay in there.”

“How much do you think her nappy could take?”

“As it is at the moment, I think about 7 loads but I have a new design coming together.”

“Really? A new design? Oh goodie! Tell me all about it!”

As Samantha began to strip naked, she watched her baby girl sit down and feel the brown mass inside her nappy move around and squelch. The new (and expensive) very wide rubber bands around the leg and waist holes meant that the contents remained trapped inside once the air had been removed.

“I’ve found a manufacturer willing to make plastic pants to my design and I have experimented with a double terry nappy folded so that it goes up to just below her bra line! And because of the weight, it will hold, the pants will have support braces that go over her shoulders so it won’t fall off.”

“Fuck, you are a nasty girlfriend!” she laughed. “But I love it.”

Samantha looked at her lover and whispered, “Twenty loads!”

Carol’s eyes widened. “Twenty?” she exclaimed softly so the baby wouldn’t hear. “Where are you going to get that many?”

“I don’t need twenty exactly but it does mean she can have a dozen loads safely without a lot of risk of leakage during playtime or a nap.”

Samantha simply smiled and run her hands between her lover’s legs. That was all the hint she needed and the two women laid down on the single bed and began to embrace.

“Sonya, come over here and watch mummy and hump your nappy.”

The heavily loaded baby girl crawled over and laid on the protective mat next to the bed as her mummy and Auntie began to make love, and started to stroke in and out of the mass of poo in the front of her nappy. As she often did, she tried to push more from the back into the front and then began to enthusiastically fuck the waste from the two most important people in her life.

And so it was that as her mummy had her first orgasm, Sonya squirted a load of semen into the brown mess of her nappy and then rolled over to watch the lovemaking taking place while

drinking from her pee bottle. Sonya was allowed to put her penis into her mummy sometimes and Auntie had promised her that she would let the girl push into her one day. The baby girl was excited by both prospects but knew that fucking nappies was her most common experience. And that was okay.

With her tummy filled with Auntie's pee, Sonya watched the two women continue to have sex and she was excited. Excited that mummy had a friend and excited that Carol was so good to her. She loved her pee bottles but was always happy to have her poo inside her nappies.

Life was good and not long after began to feel tired and as was now common, was put back into her cot for a morning nap still in the five-load dirty nappy.

She slept soundly.

Twenty Loads

“Sammy!” shouted Carol down the phone line to Samantha.
“I’ve got the last one!”

Samantha was excited at the news.

“Girl, you have a lot of kinky friends! How do you do it?”

“Spreading your legs helps!” she laughed. “But I only spread them for you, now, my love!”

“And I only spread mine for you too!” Samantha replied.

“And for Sonya of course, but that is different.”

It certainly was different. Sonya understood that putting her penis into his mummy’s pussy was not sex or intercourse or fucking. Over time, Samantha had explained to the little girl that she was simply allowing her to masturbate inside her and to have some fun. Sonya had never ever tried for a romantic or sexual relationship. It was clear right from the start that Samantha was her mother and carer and a few times a week helped her to orgasm with her pussy. But Sonya remained just a baby girl, not a grown-up.

“So, Saturday morning is still okay for you?”

“Absolutely! I will have the baby all ready!”



Sonya knew something was going to be different that Saturday morning. She had awoken in a typically drenched overnight nappy after her typical babyish ten-hour sleep. Mummy had gotten her out of her cot and given her the usual two formula bottles and cereal breakfast and then given her a bath to wash away the previous day’s smells. So far it was nothing new, but it was when she was being dressed for the day that everything changed.

“I’m not going to poo on you yet, Sonya,” mummy explained.
“Just like yesterday, I am saving it up for later.”

“Why, mummy?”

“Shh, little girl. I will explain later. But I have a new nappy for you, and I know you will love it!”

Sonya clapped her hands in glee. She loved anything new, and a new nappy was always a good thing. She sat on the changing pad on the floor while watching her mummy fold not one but two brand new terry nappies on top of each other. But they looked very different from normal. After folding they looked...

“Enormous, aren’t they?” Samantha exclaimed.

“Uh-huh. But why.”

“We’re having a special party today and you need a special nappy for it. And I want you to hold off pooing for the moment if you can. Can you be a big girl for mummy?”

Sonya nodded. Staying dry was zero chance. Her bladder control had long since disappeared, but her bowel control was ‘adequate’ if not stellar. She could hold off for a while but the biggest risk was that as her mind inhabited the ‘baby zone’ most of the time, not pooing was harder because... babies pooped.

“Now up on the change table for me!”

Sonya climbed up onto the large baby change table and sat her bum down in the middle of the enormous nappy while mummy put on her bra. She then laid her down and prepared to nappy her. The top of the nappy came to just below her bra. Mummy then used two new plastic clips to hold the top of the nappy together before using six regular nappy pins – three on each side - to fasten the front and back together. The monster nappy was now held together by eight connectors.

“Now let’s get you down, okay? I have some special plastic pants for you.”

Sonya’s eyes widened when she saw the very tall plastic pants and when she slipped her feet into them recognised the special leg bands of an inch and a half of rubber. They were the same waistbands she had worn on her plastic pants the first time she had met her mummy. The pants were designed to be both more durable and far less likely to leak and together, they had pushed them to the limits and beyond as her now-mummy had filled her

nappies to the brim and beyond. It had been an earth-shattering and life-changing time.

The plastic pants were pulled up and up and up until they covered the bra-height nappy. The top of the plastic pants was quite unusual compared to what she normally wore. It had a wide elastic band to hold the pants to her chest but as Samantha tested them, Sonya saw that there was a lot of extra width, and the top could be pulled out a very large amount. And then there were the two mysterious buttonholes she could see in the chest band.

“Now, Sonya,” Samantha explained. “This is a very special nappy. Do you know why?”

Sonya shook her head.

“You know when mummy and Auntie Carol do really big poos into your nappy that sometimes there isn’t much room left?”

“Uh-huh.”

“This nappy means you can have lots and lots and lots of poo in there and it will stay in there!”

Sonya smiled.

She doesn’t need to know the details, Samantha thought. She’s just a baby and I am sure she will love it.

With a pretty dress, bonnet and booties on, Sonya crawled to the front room to wait for Auntie Carol. It was Saturday and Carol usually came for the day and often brought a two- or three-day full bowel to empty into the baby’s nappy. Sonya always adored that time. She was glad her mummy and Auntie Sonya were in her life.

Around 10 am, Sonya was already quite wet but had managed to hold off pooing into her nappy as instructed, but as she played on the floor with her dollies there was the sound of approaching vehicles crunching up the gravel driveway.

As she crawled to the window, she saw not one but two cars roll up and as they stopped, she saw five women step out laughing and giggling.

“Welcome everyone!” exclaimed mummy as she opened the door first to Carol who kissed her passionately and deeply.

“Okay, you two!” shouted a woman at the back. “Get a room or at least let us inside first!”

Sonya sat on the floor staring at the group and the four women he had never met.

“Oh, look at the baby!” exclaimed one of them.

“Rose, this is baby Sonya she is a year old,” replied Samantha with a real sense of maternal pride. She was genuinely proud of the little girl she had accepted as her own very real infant. There was so little adulthood left and virtually no masculinity.

The four unknown women all squatted around Sonya and touched her – on her nappy, on the bonnet covering her long brown wavy hair and commenting on how pretty she looked.

“Is she wet?” asked one who Carol identified as Martina.

“She’s always wet,” answered Samantha.

“But the real question is...” said Carol with a grin. “Are *you* wet?”

“Let me check,” said another of the women as she slipped her hand inside Martina’s panties. “Yep, wet! Just as you thought!”

“Sammy, do you want to take baby’s nappy off?” asked Carol, clearly playing a part that had been pre-planned.

Samantha laid Sonya on her back and lifted up her dress and pulled off her plastic pants to reveal a nappy that was as expected... damp. She then unclipped the two top connectors and the six pins and pulled the nappy apart revealing her baby’s very erect penis.

“Shit, girl!” spat out one of the women. “You get to ride that often?”

“A few times a week,” Samantha replied with a wide grin. “Fits very well. She is 8 inches!”

“Girls, we might all be lesbians but who wants to try this on for size?”

Carol’s question brought laughs from all the women, but Martina pulled down her panties and squatted over Sonya and slowly lowered herself onto the girl’s erect cock with her back to Sonya’s

face. She then sank to full depth while the baby girl sucked on her dummy intently.

“Fits pretty well I think,” she said as she raised herself up and down a few times before lifting off.

“Me next!” said Rose as the shorter woman squatted over Sonya’s now glistening cock and dropped down in a flurry onto her, the penis burying itself deep into her. “I know I am gay, girls. But *this* could convert me!”

“Well Sonya *is* a girl so technically,” commented Carol, “this isn’t hetero anything!”

Pauline, a very tall woman with blue hair was next only she faced Sonya as she fell onto her cock and then moved up and down it causing Sonya to pulsate.

“Hmm... I remember that feeling!” she said. “It’s been a few years since last I fucked a real cock, but I can tell when they are getting really excited. Are you getting excited, baby?”

The fourth woman mounted Sonya’s cock and giggled all the time. “This is thinner than my dildo but a lot warmer!”

As part of the plan, Samantha was the next to sit on Sonya’s penis and moved gently up and down it eliciting a smile from the baby girl beneath her. But instead of allowing her to cum, Samantha lifted off and invited her lover and girlfriend, Carol to sit down.

“Sonya,” she began to explain. “Today is a very important day and you’ve never cum in Auntie Carol, have you?”

“No mummy, I’ve never been allowed to go inside her.”

“Well, today you are and I want you to cum inside her like you do inside of me.”

The five women stood around as Carol gently lowered her dripping pussy onto the erect and quivering cock below her and faced the baby directly.

“Sonya,” she said emotionally. “Your mummy and I are going to get married and I am going to be your other mummy for real now.”

The four women clapped and hugged Samantha and even Carol as she rode the cock and then stood back to give her room as

she lifted and dropped onto the baby just as she had seen Samantha do many times. And then... she went fast and in seconds was rewarded with a grunt and the feeling of a large amount of semen flowing up and into her vagina.

“Good girl!” exclaimed Samantha. “Well done!”

Sonya grinned.

“It’s not over yet, baby girl,” said Sonya’s mummy-to-be. “Auntie needs to do a poo. A big one!”

As semen dripped out of her pussy, a large poo emerged from her bottom and curled up on top of Sonya’s penis. Then a second, a third and finally a fourth sizable poo covered her groin.

“Three days’ worth!” she exclaimed.

“And now it’s mummy’s turn, sweetheart!”

Samantha squatted over the pile of poo and pushed out her own steaming turds.

“Just two days’ worth, but still pretty good!” she declared. “Now let’s pin up your nappy and let the fun begin!”

Once the nappy was repined and the large plastic pants put back on, the group moved to the nursery where the women spent some time exploring and commenting on how lovely it was.

“I’ll never have babies,” Rose lamented. “I couldn’t stand to be fucked by a man but a girl like this...”

“Rose, do you want to get pregnant? Is that it?”

She nodded her head at Samantha.

“Maybe one day... if you want... you could come here and let Sonya cum in you, perhaps?”

“You’d let me?”

“I think so, she is still a baby but as you’ve seen, she is very unbabylike down there. How about you use the potty first?”

“Now girls, we’ve all gone three days without a shit and Sammy here went two days and when baby here shits her nappy, that will make... eighteen days’ worth of poo in her nappy! That’s a new record!”

Rose sat on the potty and pissed and shit heavily nearly filling the potty. Samantha unclipped the top two clips of the nappy and pulled the cloth away from Sonya's body and then Rose poured the potty contents down the front. The poo slid down her stomach and over her groin and sat mostly in the bottom of the nappy.

"Martina, you're next!"

Once again, the potty was nearly full and the contents dumped down the front, piling up over her genitals.

"Pauline, you now!"

The tall slender woman sat down gently and taking her time, emptied herself out into the potty and this time, Samantha directed her offering to the back of the nappy and poured it down. Callie also used the potty and the more rotund woman won a round of applause as she literally filled the potty to the brim with the biggest poo load of them all. She then very carefully emptied the contents into the back of the nappy and 15 poos and 6 bladders swirled around the nappy as Sonya emptied herself, ironically without any control.

Samantha re-clipped the top of the nappy and then pulled the plastic pants up.

"Now, for the braces!" Samantha announced as she took some very short custom braces that had buttons that went into the front and back buttonholes and straps that crossed at the back. "And now she can keep it up. It won't fall down!"

"Is it heavy, Sonya?" asked Auntie Carol.

"Kinda yeah," she replied with a giggle. "It is really pretty."

"Well, let's get your dress back on. The rest of us have some serious sex to enjoy!"

For the rest of the day, Sonya remained in the one super nappy and a number of times asked for – and received – permission to masturbate. Thoroughly excited by the mass of poo in her nappy she would hump the floor until she squirted into it. Also, while the women made love with each other in a seemingly endless orgy, she was occasionally called into service to go between the legs of a woman (or four) and eat them to orgasm, a skill Samantha had taught her particularly well.

It was 6 pm and the baby girl was thoroughly exhausted, having cum five times and barely able to keep her eyes open.

“Bedtime, my darling,” Samantha said as she helped the girl into her cot, still wearing the 18-load nappy which has scarcely leaked.

With a tummy full of formula and pee, Sonya fell deeply asleep.

Epilogue

“That was a beautiful ceremony, girls!” exclaimed Rose, not long after Samantha and Carol had exchanged vows. “I wish the very best for you and your baby girl!”

“And it sounds like congratulations are in order for you too!” smirked Carol as she patted Rose’s small but obvious baby bulge.

“Thanks. And it only took two times to get pregnant!”

The newly married women both recalled the imagery of their now ten-month-old baby girl lying atop Rose and thrusting her long penis in and out of her pussy trying to make out she knew about intercourse. But it had worked just the same.

“Took me three times!” interjected Pauline as she hugged the two newly-married women.

“You’re pregnant too?” spat Samantha.

“Four weeks,” she said.

“Congrats!”

As baby Sonya sat on the floor in her flower girl outfit and playing with her teddy bear, Martina approached.

“You know... I was dubious about this getting pregnant-by-Sonya thing, but if you two are both pregnant then maybe I should give it a try!”

“I didn’t think you ever wanted kids?” said Carol.

“I’ve been watching and seeing how you two are with a baby and when I heard Rose and Pauline were pregnant, I think maybe I want to as well.”

Carol smirked to her new wife and after whispering in her ear said to Martina, “Baby’s nappy is just wet. If you want to take her into a side room and start practising for your own baby, we’re okay with it!”

Martina smiled nervously and took the hand of the unaware baby girl and walked her to a side room and lowered her nappy. Yes, she was only wet, but she was also very erect.

“Do you want to try something, baby?” she grinned.

THE END