

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

VOL 1.

# THE 'AFTER DARK' COLLECTION

*ADULT BABIES OUT ON THE EDGE*

*\*MY SECRET NEEDS AND DESIRES\**

*\*THE ENURESIS INSTITUTE\**

*\*TRAINING SCHOOL FOR SISSY BABIES\**

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The After Dark Collection Vol 1  
*ABDL out on the edge*

by  
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# My Secret Needs and Desires *ABDL out on the edge*

by  
Martin Coster

First Published 2021

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**Front-loading**





## *Samantha | 1.*



The day had come – the day I had waited upon for much of my life. I had imagined such things from my mid-teens and now... it was going to take place for real. Would it be as good as I hoped or would yet another deep desire end in gross disappointment?

I was nervous and with good reason. My deepest secrets were now about to become known outside of the rarefied experiences of my past and my very private existence. I was to spend a weekend in what looked like a very picturesque location, but it wasn't the location I was going for. It was for the toileting - the experience of being a toilet to some degree or other. How much of a toilet was unknown. What exactly do you ask for? What details are important given that I had never done it before?

My host sounded both affable and well-informed about my needs and I was a little bit off-put by just how 'normal' she made it sound. I had always felt like a freak being an adult baby in the first place, but also being someone who wanted to be toileted as well made me feel like a freak within a freak. It had been a devastating self-image I tried to maintain. Mostly I failed. My secret desires and needs constantly tripped me up.

Dear Martin/Sonya, Thanks for your three-day booking at my home and I look forward to providing for your special needs. Given what you have requested, I suggest that you arrive in an already dirty nappy. We might as well begin your time here in the most appropriate manner. While you obviously cannot wear your baby clothes on the trip here, I insist that you wear only your infant attire when you are in

residence. I feel it is inappropriate for any other apparel. A dummy is of course expected.

Please arrive promptly at 5 when I will be ready for your first toileting.

Samantha

I read that email at least thirty times after the very short and perfunctory phone call to make my booking. I tried to imagine what was likely to happen, keeping my hopes under control. Many times I considered cancelling. It was all too much and yet, I simply had to do it. I was being driven by a deep and powerful inner desire – a need.

As I drove my car toward the village that was nearest to Samantha's place, my fears and anxiety only increased until by the time I drove up the short driveway of the small but well-presented home, I was shaking and what bowel control I still retained was insufficient to the task.

I messed my nappy. Again.

Not that it mattered since I had kept my night-time terry-nappy on all day, only unpinning it to slather on a lot of skin protector in anticipation of the day ahead. As a chronic lifelong bedwetter, the nappy was already heavily soaked and I normally opened my bowels early in the morning and always in my nappy. Toilets were what other people used – not me. And so it was that I squatted next to my cot and pushed out a very large poo into my soaking nappy. It was much larger than normal because I had held off the previous day in anticipation of the long weekend with Samantha. I wanted to get started with a good load already in my nappy.

On the drive there, I had sat on a large pile of poo inside my soaked nappy and now I had pooped even more out of fear and anxiety.

*Did other people go through this? I thought. Did other people nearly pass out in fear as they experimented with being a toilet?*

I stepped out of the car wearing track pants that hid none of the bulky nappy I was wearing. Nor did my T-shirt hide my padded bra, a garment I wore most days and had done so since my early twenties.

There seemed no point to hide anything given everything else I was wearing.

I knocked on the door. It opened almost immediately, startling me.

“Hello, you must be Sonya Coster. Am I right?”

I was immediately put at ease by her using the name I preferred to use – Sonya – a name given to me in my twenties by an unexpectedly accommodating lady.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I replied.

“Please call me Aunty Samantha, honey! Come on in. Everything is ready for you!”

Samantha looked to be about forty years of age, with generous proportions but still quite attractive. I instantly liked her broad smile. My fears began to subside... a little.

“Well, Sonya,” she announced loudly as soon as she shut the door behind her. “I can certainly smell what’s inside your nappy!”

“Er... sorry,” I replied stupidly.

Samantha laughed. “Don’t be sorry, girl! Be proud! That’s what you came here for, isn’t it?”

I nodded, disarmed by her easy acceptance and the extraordinary way she found my ‘interests’ so simple and even normal. She patted my backside and grabbed a handful of the now-low-hanging nappy and squished what she knew was a large amount of poo inside it.

“Feels like you came all prepared! Let’s take you to your bedroom.”

I followed Samantha down the short hall and she opened a door into a medium-sized bedroom with a single bed in it. The odour told me everything I needed to know before my eyes adjusted to the unlit room.

The bed was wet – very wet.

As the light came on, I saw exactly what I expected. The sheets were quite wet and heavily stained with pee – not unlike my own adult-sized cot at home where I often slept without a nappy and stained my

cot sheets. Like others around the world, I had a bit of a thing for wet beds and wet nappies. And for poo...

“The last two guests were pee-only so there wasn’t a need to wash the sheets after them but I am sure you will be fine in this bed.”

“It’s beautiful!” I blurted out as I touched the still damp sheets and the overlapping stains that indicated at least twenty bedwettings, maybe more.

The pillowcase was also quite stained and the aroma of the wet bed was strong but to me, a real perfume. Since childhood, I had found the smell of a wet bed or a wet nappy an exciting and even arousing aroma. I learned as a young boy not to mention that to anyone (hint, don’t tell your mum!)

“I’m glad you are pleased. But since you are a double toiler, I expect the sheets will need washing after your time here, right? Now, how about you get into your baby clothes now and we can get you started.”

“Er... I wasn’t sure if I should wear a clean dress or one I slept in for a few nights this week.” I looked down at the floor, embarrassed at my question.

“Let me see it and I will decide.”

I opened my suitcase on the floor and extracted a knee-length white and yellow baby nightie with puff sleeves and lace around the hem. It was still a bit damp from two nights earlier when I had slept nappy-less and I had packed it in a plastic bag to keep my other clothes dry. It was also quite pee-stained.

“A few nights you say?” queried Samantha as she inspected the nightie. “How many really?”

I blushed. She had guessed.

“I think about twenty nights, maybe more.”

“It looks very pretty and even better the way you have made it now. Put that on and anything else you need to wear.”

Being told what to do was always easy for me. Being told to dress as a baby girl was a lot easier for me than working out what to do on my

own. I assumed she was going to stay and so I stripped my outer clothes off until I was only in my dirty nappy and bra. As I turned around she inspected the back of my nappy.

“Lots of brown back here,” she observed with the hint of a laugh. “You prepared yourself well. I think our time together will work out well.”

I slipped the damp baby nightie over my head and I was instantly transported back to the safety of my own nursery. I usually wore a stained nightie to bed and when in my nursery. While few could understand, being wet, in baby clothes and breathing in the heady aroma of pee and even poo always put me at ease. It always had.

I sat down on the cold wet bed and pulled on my knitted booties – pink of course – and then tied a lace bonnet around my head and inserted my beloved dummy into my mouth. I was safe once again. The memories of the safety of sucking a dummy flooded back. I always used a dummy inside my own home.

“That looks lovely, Sonya,” she said genuinely. “Now how about we brown up the front of that nappy for you? Are you ready?”

I nodded and gulped. I had wanted this for so long and here it was about to happen.

Samantha picked up the large and rather obvious potty chair sitting in one corner of the room and moved it to the middle. She lifted her skirt, pushed her panties down to her ankles and squatted over the potty. I could see her perfectly shaven and rather attractive vagina, but I was not here for her vagina. I was here for something even more sensual. I tried not to stare but I could not help myself and Samantha only smiled.

“Come closer, Sonya. This is all for you. You are allowed to look.”

I sat on the floor like a child up close to her and suddenly heard the sounds of pee hitting the bottom of the potty. There wasn't much, but she stayed in position and I watched transfixed as poo appeared below her body and almost silently curled into the bottom of the potty. It seemed to take forever but eventually, she clenched and stood up. She

quickly took a tissue and wiped herself before pulling her panties up and smoothing her skirt.

“Now, let’s get this where it belongs, shall we?”

I nodded, barely able to breathe.

“Lift your nightie, Sonya.”

As I held the nightie up, Samantha pulled the front of my clear plastic pants down a few inches and unpinned just one of the pins holding my sodden nappy together. She then picked up the potty and lifted it high to my nose so I could both see and smell what she had deposited.

“It’s lovely, Aunty,” I stammered honestly. The aroma was heady and delightful to me.

The curled up poo in a small amount of pee was deeply attractive to me and I knew I wanted it. I was surprised by the amount which was more than I had expected or indeed, hoped for. Then without a word, she pulled the wet nappy and pants out from my waist and tipped the pee and poo into the front of it, making sure it all sat around my now erect penis.

“There,” she announced with a satisfied voice as she expertly repinned the nappy and pulled the plastic pants up again. “That’s where it all belongs, doesn’t it!”

I nodded, hardly able to breathe with the excitement of a nappy that contained so much poo front and back – and not all my own. My penis was rock hard and she noticed.

“Sonya, don’t you think you need to hump my present to you?”

“You mean...?”

“I mean I want you to get in bed and hump that boner away. Now!”

She certainly knew what I wanted to do and so I hesitantly laid face down in the damp bed. Samantha stood next to me as I lay motionless.

“Hump! Now!” she exclaimed forcefully. “I want to see you enjoying my gift!”

With my hands underneath me, I felt the bulk of the poo in the front of my nappy and pushed my penis forward.

It was exhilarating! Electric. Thrilling.

I quickly found my rhythm, sliding my super-hard penis through the mass of poo and my body rapidly began to respond. It took less than a minute for a massive orgasm to rip through my entire body as I dumped cum into the potent combination of pee and poo already in my nappy.

I rolled over with an enormous grin on my face.

“Looks like your dress has some extra colour!” she exclaimed with a laugh and I looked down to see that a small amount of poo – Samantha’s poo – had escaped the nappy and was on the nightie. “It looks lovely on you, Sonya!”

Samantha bent over and kissed my cheek.

“There is no nappy change today, Sonya. I will change you in the morning so you will sleep in that.”

“But the bed...” I countered.

“Yes, the bed will get a bit dirty, but do you care? It won’t be your first dirty bed, I bet.”

She was right. I had had many dirty nappies that had leaked onto my cot sheets and I never really cared nor did I necessarily wash them right away. I often felt conflicted about it, but getting into a wet cot, nappied or nappy-less for a good night’s sleep, never fussed me. If I am honest, I was often proud of them just as I was deeply proud of my wet sheets. It was one of my secret needs and desires that I hid from... everyone.

“Now one rule I insist on is that you hump your nappy three times a day in my presence. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Aunty.”

“Good girl, now play here for a while and I will get dinner sorted.”

My erection had abated some but I was still very much aware of the bulk of the poo that was in the front of my nappy. If I sat down, my own poo in the back of the nappy squished beneath me. If I laid face

down on the bed, I was very aware of the sizable mass of her poo in the front of it.

It took all of ten minutes for my erection to reassert itself. I didn't need to cum, but I could not keep it down. Being so dirty was a dream come true and it was just the beginning.

My anxiety evaporated and I began to feel a deep sense of ease and comfort. I had long hated the conflicts inside me that had kept me separate from others. I was an adult baby for sure, more than enough reason to feel odd. But I was also a sissy baby to add to the confusion. But even deeper inside, where I told no one, I wanted to be very wet and very dirty and I wanted it to come from someone else. Sometimes I envied toilets that got what I wanted. I wanted to be a toilet.

And so I abandoned the toilet entirely and only used my nappies.

Now I was in a place where I could be at least in part, the toilet I so often envied.



## *Bedtime | 2.*



Thirty minutes later, I was called down for dinner and the nonchalant way she spoke confused me. I was obviously very, very dirty and I wasn't sure if she wanted me at her meal table. I saw the chair pad and smiled. I had a few of them myself. There were days when the idea of taking off my sodden dirty nappy repelled me. I needed to keep it on for comfort and security but was also unwilling to ruin my non-nursery furniture. My host was clearly well prepared for a dirty baby like me.

“Sonya please sit on the chair pad if you will. I don't mind you leaking but not on my good chairs if you will.”

I sat down at the table and there was a toddler's sippy cup on the table in front of me. It made perfect sense. The large chair pad was clean but had clearly seen many other wet and dirty bottoms before. My own pads also had those unremovable stains of a leaking dirty nappy.

“I am sure you're hungry after your long trip, Sonya,” she said as she laid a plate laden with roast beef and vegetables in front of me. She was right, I was hungry. “At bedtime, I will bottle feed you and for breakfast, you will have a full infant's meal.”

We hadn't really discussed any of this, but I was quite content. I had two or three bottles of formula most days anyhow.

The meal was delicious and the conversation even better. We chatted about many topics, carefully avoiding anything related to my babying or toileting. It was a true delight for me to engage in civil conversation with an intelligent partner and yet not have to hide my true identity as a baby.

She explained about some of the local tourist destinations and hinted that we might go to a few of them. "You will be dirty, of course," she added as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Part of me felt very much at home while another part felt very much at sea. While it was what I wanted and desperately so, I was not in control of any elements of my stay. Samantha didn't need to say so, but what I ate, what I did, what I wore and when I masturbated were all at her behest.

It both thrilled and terrified me.

I craved control and for someone to take intimate command over every aspect of my life – baby and adult. I was tired of making decisions when all I really wanted to do was play with my toys in the nursery and wait for my non-existent mummy to change me, feed me and yes... to do what Samantha had done.

It was a fool's wish.

"I think it is bedtime for babies now!" she exclaimed suddenly. The conversation time was clearly over. "Now let's get you all ready for bed. A couple of bottles for you and some more for your nappy I think! Now, go to your room and wait for me there."

Once again, my heart skipped a beat. The conversation had been calm and wonderful and for an hour or so, it was easy to forget why I was here and how my nappy was poo loaded, front and rear. It seemed all too perfect and I was waiting for the shoe to drop as it had done so catastrophically in the past.

I sat on the bed nervously waiting for over five minutes, getting more nervous by the second when finally the door swung open. Samantha strode in carrying two baby bottles, one filled with formula and a small white bucket.

"Lie back on the bed, Sonya and let's get some baby formula into you."

Obediently, I laid on the still damp bed with my head on the pillow and Samantha put the nipple of the bottle into my mouth and I instinctively began to suck. The wonderful flavour of baby formula began to flow into my tummy and I instantly relaxed. Bottle feeding

always relaxed me and on the rare times that someone else fed me, it was almost hypnotic. I felt sad when the bottle emptied and the familiar sucking sound of air could be heard.

“Now for a very special bottle for my baby girl!” Aunty Samantha announced.

I turned my head to the side and watched Aunty pull her panties down once again and display the gorgeous vagina I had thought about many times since I first saw it a few hours earlier. She took the empty baby bottle and held it between her legs.

*Surely not! I didn't agree to this! I can't...*

I watched enthralled as the pale golden pee filled the bottle almost to the top. She then attached the lid and feeding nipple and brought it to me. I didn't know what to do. I had never drunk pee before and yet, the idea of rejecting this woman seemed absurd.

I took the nipple.

I waited a few seconds and then sucked.

The taste was unexpected and I briefly halted as I swallowed. I felt a deep sense of shame and exhilaration combined together as I took another mouthful and swallowed again.

“Is that nice, baby Sonya?” she asked gently, suspecting that it might be my first time feeding on a pee bottle.

I nodded gently and smiled as the taste became more and more familiar. It might have been my first time, but it clearly was not Aunty's first time feeding her pee to someone else. I felt honoured and began to devour the bottle. By the time it was emptied I felt a sense of sadness that it was all over.

“I will bottle feed you three times a day, baby girl. One formula and one special drink from Aunty, okay?”

I nodded, my tummy full, my heart swelling with pride at my achievement and my penis throbbing in full erection.

It did not go unnoticed.

“Now, before I finish getting you ready for bed, roll over and hump for me please.”

I rolled over and once again felt the soft sticky mass of her poo inside the front of my nappy and slowly humped, feeling my cock slide sensuously through the delightful taboo human soil from my Aunty. It was a glorious, wondrous experience only heightened by Samantha's presence overseeing one of my most instinctive activities – masturbation.

Like before, it was only minutes before I erupted in glee and grunted my orgasm and shooting copious cum to mix with the dual toilet in my nappy.

“Sit up now while I prepare your nappy for bed.”

I hadn't been informed ahead of time, but I suspected what was about to happen.

Aunty Samantha picked up the white plastic bucket and I looked inside to see that it was half full of pee.

“I have been preparing this since last night, Sonya,” she said with a smile. “I don't waste anything when I have a special baby here like you! Lift up your dress for me, darling.”

I lifted my now quite wet nightie with an additional brown stain from overflow during my recent bed humping. Aunty pulled the waistband of my clear plastic pants away from my body and slowly poured the potty into my nappy.

As instructed, I had worn my very special plastic pants that had an inch and half tight elastic around the legs and waist. They had served me well in the past when I needed the most effective and leakproof protection I could get. When you have a deep need for sodden and soiled nappies you soon learn to source the very best in waterproof protection.

I looked in fascination as the level of pee rose in my nappy. It was already wet to the limit before bedtime and so it was now becoming a pee reservoir.

“Now, isn't that lovely, Sonya?” she asked.

“It's wonderful, Aunty!” I replied. “I've never been this wet before!”

“It will make for a wonderful sleep for you, so now I want you to go ni-ni and sleep like the baby girl you are. And remember, you are not to get out of bed unless Aunty tells you or you will get a big smack. Understand?”

“Yes, mummy... er Aunty, sorry,” I replied.

“That’s okay, darling,” she replied. “You are a very little baby girl and maybe you can call me mummy if you want.”

“Thank you, mummy,” I replied, my face spreading in a wide grin.

“Bedtime for you now, put your dummy in and go to sleep.”

I put my dummy in but was nervous about what would happen when I lay down. The reservoir of pee was already leaking slowly down the leg bands and I knew it would go everywhere when I laid down.

Gingerly, I lowered myself and as expected, the nappy instantly overflowed and pee began to flow over the entire bed, my nightie and my pillow. I felt a very familiar and remarkable sense of peace as the urine flowed along the length of the bed. I sighed deeply and began to wonder if I had been sedated as my eyelids inexorably closed slowly and before long...

## Early Years /3.



It would surprise many people that I can sleep the night through in a flooded bed and in a heavily soiled nappy. Few could do it, but I can and in large measure because it was far from my first.

I grew up in wet sheets.

I grew up in sheets that weren't washed for a week or more. Over time, I found that most mothers washed wet sheets at least every day or two. Not mine.

Most times, the bed I got into was already damp and sometimes actually flooded. My brother took perverse pleasure in peeing onto my stained sheets and so as I got older, my sheets were wetter than ever and my parents did not stop him from doing so. My bedwetting was so shameful that someone else urinating in my bed was quite acceptable to them as a punishment. It was never openly discussed but it was also clearly done with parental approval.

At first, I hated it. Then I tolerated it. Then I enjoyed it and finally, I relished in it and was disappointed in getting into a bed he had not already peed into.

I asked for nappies in my early teens, not to end my bedwetting, but because I desperately wanted to wear them again. After some years, I was finally granted my request and some remarkable terry nappies and plastic pants appeared in my room and I delighted in wearing them to bed and soaking them every night.

But the frequency of my brother peeing onto my sheets only increased. Since I was now no longer wetting the sheets, his apparent rationale was that he needed to do it more often.

It became a ritual. A daily ritual. And then it became twice a day. He would pee in my bed when he came home from school as had become the habit of the previous years but then one morning he came into my room early in the morning. I was not even out of bed yet.

“Get out of bed, shithead!” he exclaimed, not afraid of being heard by our parents who clearly supported his humiliation of me.

I stumbled out of what was already a stained bed, with my soaking nappy hanging low from the weight. I watched in fascination as his full bladder, a stronger than usual tinge of orange, sprayed all over the length of my bed, soaking it. When he left, I jumped back into the rapidly cooling urine and humped my nappy to orgasm, relishing in the experience.

My brother left home when he was 21 and I was 18. His last morning, he came into my room and peed in my bed. The difference was that this time, I didn't get out first. He sprayed me and my bed together and it was the first time anyone had ever peed on me. My initial anger and disgust made way for fascination and ultimately being peed on became just another one of my secret needs and desires.

I never stopped bedwetting. The nightly accidents continued unabated and while my brother was now gone, I still found large wet patches on my sheets several times a week. I never spoke about it with my parents and my bed continued to get peed on by \*someone\* and I continued to wet my night nappy. It was a family thing and we all got on well so the fact that my bed was being wet on was never discussed. The fact that the clothesline was half full of nappies and plastic pants was just what our lives were like.

And then I shit my nappy.

As a young thirteen-year-old, I had stolen a nappy and peed and pooped myself in it and loved every minute of the experience. But it was not something I could do at home and bedwetter or not, a dirty nappy was not going to go down well. I accepted that I was lucky enough to be able to wear and wet a nappy every night. The regular additional wettings of my sheets were something I didn't realise were forming strong needs in me and they were growing and spreading. The older I got, the more I wanted and more needs began to accumulate.

And I woke up one morning in a dirty nappy.

As I remember it, I was having the classic 'on the toilet' dream. For most people, it is when they accidentally wet themselves while asleep as they dream they are peeing on a toilet. For me, that was pointless since, dream or not, I was wet every night and often multiple times. But this time, I was on a toilet because I needed to poo and in my dream, I relaxed and let it flow and drop into the toilet.

Except I wasn't on a toilet.

I was in my bed, wearing a nappy.

And when I awoke a few minutes later, there was a steaming mass of poo inside my nappy. I had messed during the night while asleep and I was fifteen at the time. It was still very early morning and I couldn't get up and shower or do anything about it. All I could do was open my window and let in the fresh air in an attempt to hide what I had done. At that stage, no one came into my room in the morning because of the smell of my wet nappies as I had a nappy bucket in my room as well. My brother was still only peeing on my bed after school. My only plan was to get up and have a shower early and try and clean up as much of the nappy as I could and then hide it under the other wet nappies and hopefully put a load of washing on when I got home from school. I had recently been made responsible for my own wet washing and so I had an opportunity to make it good.

But as I lay there in my pee and poo, I grew aroused. I enjoyed the feelings of being dirty. I didn't mind the aromas or the experience of being so babyish that I would not only wet, but mess myself as I slept.

I humped my nappy to orgasm. It was delicious.

Two hours later, I humped the dirty nappy again and came in a blast that was so hard it almost hurt.

I was addicted.

My plan worked out alright and I managed to shower and rinse as best I could the mess from my nappy and orchestrate a longer than usual, hotter than usual wash of my nappies that night and hang them up to dry. I had gotten lucky and knew I couldn't do that again.



But I had to have dirty nappies again. And so, a few stolen or purchased disposable nappies came to live secretly in my bedroom and occasionally I would get up during the night, put on a disposable under my cloth pinned nappy and poo to my heart's content before masturbating one, two or three times in the fabulous nappy. My cloth nappies were hardly touched by the poo and the opened window gave me the fresh air my activities required.

By the time my brother had begun his occasional morning pees into my sheets, I was very confident I was being discreet. He wasn't smart enough – or awake enough – to recognise that the pee smell in my room was tinged with something else.

And so, by the time I too left home, I was still a bedwetter and a regular – if hidden – nappy wearer at times other than just night. And... I liked poo in my nappy as much as pee.

I had developed an addiction.

I went to bed every night hoping that I would poo while I slept. It was the ultimate baby experience to do more than simply wet my nappy, but to load it as well.

It was to be many years before I pooped again in my sleep.

## Princess Panties | 4.



I awoke the next morning quite early as was my habit, around 6 am. It was not because I was uncomfortable, because I wasn't. I am blessed with very deep and usually unbroken sleep. My parents and doctors attributed my bedwetting to my very deep sleep that was not awakened by almost anything other than morning. Waking up in a sloshing wet bed was quite comfortable for me and I had experienced it often in the past. But usually, that was because I was not also wearing a nappy. This time I was and yet the bed was exceedingly 'sloshy'.

I rolled over and was immediately aware of just how 'sloshy' my nappy was. I glanced down and saw that the entirety of the terry nappy was now solid brown, front and back and on the sides. And as the faint sunlight of early dawn penetrated the room, I could tell that the previously orange-stained wet bed was now also tinted in shades of brown.

My sheets were poopy.

Not in lumps as such, but the pee that had flowed from my nappy which was mostly *not* my own was brown coloured and now the sheets were the same.

I was unsure of how to react. Personally, I wasn't overly fussed by it, but I was in someone else's bed and given the amount of pee that had gone into my nappy the night before there were no longer *any* dry spots on the sheets or even the pillow. The top sheet was also quite wet and I suspect so was the quilt. Was I in trouble?

I laid there for an hour, the warm weather ensuring that I was not cold or uncomfortable lying in what was little different to an active

toilet. The moment the digital clock said 7:00 am, the door swung open and Samantha strode in wearing just a short nightie.

“Good morning, Sonya,” she exclaimed. “I trust you slept well!”

Even as I replied yes, she pulled the quilt back and noticed that the bed was literally awash in pee and smiled.

“Looks like some baby girl had quite the accident, didn’t she?” she commented with a wide smile. “I don’t think the sheets need changing just yet, right? I think on a lovely sunny day like this, it can dry out ready for bedtime tonight.”

It wasn’t a question. It was a statement of fact. The twenty-first wet night in the same sheets was not to be its last night and the mottled brown stains on the sheets were of no consequence to her. I was out of my depth and experiencing new things, but wasn’t that the point of my journey? For years I had imagined extreme toileting and open humiliation and here it was waiting for me to enjoy. And I intended to do just that.

“How about I take you to the bathroom for your morning discipline and a shower and a fresh nappy?”

Again, it was a rhetorical question. She was informing me of what I would be doing and no dissent or discussion was possible. I sighed in relief at not being asked to make any decisions. My bottom was tingling at the thought of what – and who - might be about to spank it.

I sat up in the bed, literally drenched from head to toe and put my feet on the floor. The only purpose my nappy still served was to keep the large mass of poo solids inside it. Pee dripped out of it and ran down my legs onto the linoleum floor of the bedroom. It was then that I saw that there was already a small puddle on the floor next to the bed. The bed had quite literally overflowed during the night!

I had wet massively in my own bed or baby cot hundreds of times in the past but I had never *literally* overflowed it before. Sure, the dampness had spread over the sides of the sheets, but never so much that it sat in a pool on the floor. Samantha noticed the puddle and pointed her fingers towards it. I was expecting a harsh rebuke and perhaps to be asked to leave.

“Well done, little girl!” she exclaimed. “You filled up your bed and beyond! You should be proud of yourself!”

I grinned idiotically as I took pride in overflowing a bed to such an extent. I chose to ignore that most of the pee and over half of the poo wasn't even mine and simply accepted the praise as any young child would from her mother. I was indeed very proud of myself and a broad and genuine smile filled my face. I was soaking wet. Dripping. A thoroughly brown nappy barely hanging onto my hips. A bed that even as I sat in it, had a half-inch deep pool of pee around my bottom that was suspiciously tinged with some brown.

“Now, off to the bathroom with you. Follow me.”

I stood up and walked across the linoleum floor, grateful that it was waterproof as rivulets of pee slowly ran down my leg. It was only a few steps across the wooden-floored hallway into the largeish bathroom. I stared briefly at the toilet, realising that for my stay here at least, it would not be used or even needed. I was the toilet and it made me smile to realise the role I had usurped.

Samantha untied my baby bonnet which was also wet. Then she lifted off my soaked and deeply stained baby nightie and put it on a clothes hanger. Obviously, it was not to be washed just yet as she hung it on a hook extending on one wall of the bathroom where it could dry out.

“That should be ready for you by tonight, Sonya!” she exclaimed with a wide grin.

Clearly, she was enjoying herself almost as much as I was and it was important to me that she also enjoyed it. Over the years, I had occasionally taken the risk to be ‘mummied’ by women and had found the experience ‘okay’ but not stellar as I was aware that they weren't really into it themselves and I desperately wanted to be mothered or toileted (or both) by someone who truly enjoyed it. Samantha seemed to be one woman who actually enjoyed this, at least enough for it not to be a task or burden to her. It made a huge difference to the experience.

She then reached into my plastic pants and removed the two under-duress nappy pins and the sodden nappy hit the floor with a resounding squelch and a pool of pee quickly formed around it. I was

astounded to see how the entire nappy was covered in poo and not a single thread was white.

It was entirely brown.

“Pity to waste it, isn’t it?” she observed wryly as she pointed me to the shower where my stinky body needed its attention. “Some people would happily take it and wear it even now.”

I nodded, knowing a few people online who would indeed take the nappy now sitting on the floor and pin it on themselves.

*She really does seem to understand this even more than I do? How? I barely understand it myself!*

I was one of those people that would happily have put on a nappy like the one now lying on the floor. But my immediate future was still to be decided and I knew that my nappy was not to be re-worn – something I had done countless times in the past immediately after a shower. Something else was in my immediate future.

The hot water cascaded over me as it worked its magic to remove the pee and poo from my body. It took a while to cleanse me even though I took wry pleasure in cleaning myself knowing that I was to be wet napped again soon after. And I was feeling my own need for a poo and so my clean state would indeed be temporary. I was slowly feeling very much at home and already frustrated that my time here would be short.

Through the near clear glass of the shower enclosure, I watched Samantha pick up my brown nappy and plastic pants and throw them into her large top-loading washing machine. Having done similar in the past, I knew that one wash cycle would not be enough to wash it thoroughly and that the plastic pants and terry nappy would never be pristine white again – and I was happy with that. It would be a source of pride to wear that discoloured nappy again and remember the wonderful way in which it had happened. Being stained and discoloured was to be a badge of honour. What others considered a badge of shame – a wet bed, a dirty nappy or unremovable stains – I considered wonderful and something to be proud of.

When multiple washes had eventually cleaned my body, I stepped out of the shower onto a bath mat and saw that the bathroom floor had been cleaned and Samantha was standing there holding a classic kitchen wooden spoon. It looked like discipline time had come around.

“Stand up straight, little girl,” she said and I instantly obeyed. It felt like obeying my mother once again who had at times said those exact words – *little girl*.

At that moment, I was instantly transported back in time to when I was twelve and caught wearing my cousin’s panties. It was a mixed memory.



My two girl cousins and their parents had visited us for two days and while I protested having a fold-out bed put in my room for my brother to sleep on, I was fascinated by having girls my age in the house. I had just discovered that girls were ‘nice’ and while they didn’t interest me particularly, their underwear certainly did.

The first hour after their arrival, one of them had hung upside down from a tree branch and I saw her panties. They were patterned in Disney Princesses and I instantly wanted them. Like any other boy my age I was intrigued by what may lay beneath, but the focus of my attention was... her panties. The time for a fascination with pussies was still to come and in my case, a lot longer than most. But her panties gripped my fervour and desire.

I made an excuse and went to my brother’s room where the two girls were mysteriously able to share his single bed and rummaged through their unpacked luggage and found what I was looking for – princess panties. I guess they came in packs of 5 or something because there were several other panties similarly themed.

I took one and rushed to my bedroom and put them on.

I was immediately aroused and fully erect and adored the experience, the feel and the sheer naughtiness of it all. But most of all, it felt... right. Not that I thought of it in such words at the time, but looking back, that's exactly what it was – a sense of rightness. As I spent the rest of the day playing with my cousins while wearing panties I was in a heightened sense of happiness. I didn't understand the purpose or reason for my erection nor did I understand the feelings inside of me. In the blessed innocence of pre-puberty, I only knew that I loved the feeling of panties and that I wanted to wear them all the time. And I wanted to wear nappies. And I suspected that I wanted to be a girl but chose not to think too much about it.

Being twelve years old, I didn't think much about the consequences and so I wore them to bed that night under my pyjamas. Because wetting the bed was a nightly experience over which I had no control and didn't even mind, I never considered the consequences of wearing her panties to bed.

I awoke wet as usual and as fate would have it, my mother came into my bedroom just as I was stripping off my wet things and she saw me with PJ bottoms around my ankles and panties still around my waist.

She shut the door behind her and walked up to me and pulled the wet panties down and told me to...

“Stand up straight... little girl.”

That was the first time she used those words. It was not to be the last.

There was no rancour or even anger, but as I stood straight and tall, she rained hand spankings on my wet bum until I began to cry.

“You... don't... steal... other girl's... panties,” she said as the spanks continued.

And then it was over.

When she left my room leaving me still blubbering and with a stinging butt, I realised she had not chided me for *wearing* panties, but for *stealing* them. This confused me for some months as, despite the

spanking, I desperately wanted to wear panties again and there was only one other source of them in the house – my mum’s.

Now a little older and a lot smarter, I began taking my mum’s worn panties and wearing them secretly under my regular clothes. I wore them a few times to school under my uniform and it made my concentration on school work so poor I decided that it wasn’t a good idea. I enjoyed school and getting good grades and panties took away too much of that. It was my first clue that my secret needs and desires had a life and power all of their own.

I did not wear my mum’s panties to bed because my bedwetting was continuing and I couldn’t even risk wearing them to bed and taking them off before I fell asleep. By this stage, my bedsheets were not being washed more than once a week and the aroma might stick to her panties. I didn’t want my pee smell to accidentally tip her off to what I was doing. And then, of course, my hormones got the better of me as they tend to do with all young teenage boys.

Despite my best intentions, I wore mum’s panties to bed with the intention of it being brief (sorry about the pun!) before taking them off again. But I was in such a state of arousal that I came into the panties and was at first terrified and then overwhelmed by the feelings of cumming in panties in a bed that was stained with pee. It was a combination of everything I loved.

I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning I forgot that I was still in her panties and that my cum was somewhere in there although probably washed away with all the pee. When I stepped out of bed after a typical very deep sleep I discovered them under my pyjamas and panicked. I don’t do my best thinking when panicked and half asleep.

I tore off my wet bottoms and took off the panties. I normally went to the bathroom in my wet things so I balled up the wet panties and rushed to my parents' bedroom and slipped the panties back into her laundry basket as both of them were in the kitchen having breakfast.

When nothing happened for a few days I figured I was safe and in the clear. I hadn’t taken any more of her panties as I was so



embarrassed at what I had done. But naturally, my hormones spoke loud and a week later I took some of her panties and wore them to school. When I got home I was barely in my bedroom when mum came in and shut the door behind her. Teen boys can be oblivious at the best of times, but even I could sense trouble.

“Pull your pants down,” she ordered.

I stood still, dumbstruck. It was obvious that... she knew.

“Don’t make me do it for you... little girl.”

And there it was again. *Little Girl*. She knew what I was wearing.

I nervously pulled my school trousers down revealing a pair of black panties that I still remember to this day.

“Get them off this instant!” she commanded and shaking slightly, I took off my shoes and trousers and reluctantly pulled down her panties.

I was anti-erect. The chilling effect of my mother’s presence not only took away my erection but caused me to virtually shrivel up, which was how I felt inside. I handed them to her and then she said those now familiar and evocative words.

“Stand up straight, little girl.”

I stood up straight as she once again smacked my backside.

“You... will... not... steal... my... underwear;” she said calmly as she beat me.

“You... will... not... wear... panties... to school,” she continued.

“You... will... not... do... *things*... in other peoples underwear,” she added.

*Shit! She knows I cum in her panties!*

I did not cry this time, but inside I felt like I was truly that little girl she had called me. And that was when the magic happened. The spanking had stopped and she began to speak.

“Martin,” she said softly, her voice wavering. “I know you want to wear girl’s undies and for all I know, a lot more. But you cannot steal them. So, I got you these.”

Mum put her hand inside the voluminous pocket on the front of the pinafore she often wore while in the kitchen and pulled out an 8-pack of...

Girl's panties.

I was in shock.

"Put one of them on and come and talk to me in my room."

And then she left and in a state of shock and with trembling hands, I put on the first pair of panties that were legitimately mine. My erection returned and so did my smile.

"Martin, sit down on the bed for a moment," she said, patting the bed next to her and I walked into her bedroom.

My mother was not really a particularly sympathetic soul most of the time, but at that instant, she was just that. Having a bedwetter for a teenage son didn't seem to upset her, but a pantie-wearing one clearly did.

"I know you've been taking my underwear for a while now, but this can't go on, especially when you still wet the bed."

*She knows about the wet panties!*

"No one knows about this except you and me. Not your father or your brother. Just me. You can wear them at home and even to bed if you want, but not out of the house and never to school, do you understand?"

I nodded and stammered out a "Thank you."

"But you are not to take my bras or my lingerie or any of my other intimates."

I hadn't even considered that but from the moment she said it, the seed was planted and over the years I did, in fact, look at and fondle and occasionally try on her bras and once, even a dress.

"Now is there anything else you need?" she asked.

"Nappies," I stammered out before I even had time to think about the stupidity of the request.

“You are a bit old for nappies, Martin. You will just have to put up with wet sheets for now.”

And as soon as it had started, our rare time of close communication ended. Over the years, my panties were replaced and were always packed at the back of the drawer where no one would ever see them but her and I. I wore them to bed every night, soaking and cumming in them with a furious passion and around home, I wore dry panties that often made me smile and feel normal. Feeling normal was not a common experience for me.

A couple of years later, cloth nappies, pins and plastic pants did mysteriously appear in my room. By then, my brother was already peeing on my sheets almost every day and so while I wore nappies, my sheets were rarely unstained and often still wet when I slid into them at night. Not that it mattered. Like the panties, the nappies felt normal, natural and comfortable. The wet sheets likewise ‘made sense’.

Life was an uneasy truce of competing rules. I was expected to behave like a proper young man, but my mother provided me with panties. I was expected to mature but I wore nappies to bed and on weekends remained in them until I was told to change. Decorum and politeness were household rules and yet my brother pissed on my bed in increasing frequency. My sheets were washed once a week and no one said a word about any of it.

It was complicated and yet... it all made sense.

I was working out that I was a baby. I was a baby girl. And I began to truly loathe the toilet. Only nappies made sense to me anymore.

## Carol | 5.



With the powerful words, *stand up straight, little girl*, ringing in my ears I tensed up ready for the blows to land. Despite the masses of Vaseline that had coated my nappy area, my backside was a little pink after marinating in pee and poo for the previous 24 hours. I was – and remain - blessed with good skin and had liberally prepared myself for these three days of toileting and it had gone well so far.

The first blow stung. But it was clearly the warm-up. As I stood straight – like a little girl – her blows increased in power until the dam broke and I began to cry. I started to bawl like a young child and as she continued to hit me, I felt as if I was really just a little girl being spanked by her mummy. And so I cried even more. I stood in the bathroom bawling and trying hard to stand straight like the little girl my mother had called me so many times before. It was painful and it was cathartic. I wanted it to stop and yet never wanted it to stop.

And then suddenly, it was, in fact, over.

Samantha grabbed the large bottle of Vaseline and scooped up a generous amount of the sticky substance and began to liberally coat my bottom, hips, groin and... my penis. Despite the spanking, I immediately erected to full length – an impressive 8 inches, if slightly curved. She continued to coat my body and the fullness of my erection.

“Close your eyes, baby,” she said and I immediately did so.

Her hand grasped my penis, not in a manner to coat me with protection but to stroke me. Her hand slid up and down my engorged and slippery cock as I kept my eyes closed. For a glorious two minutes, she stroked me slowly and then fast, changed hands, used both hands

and then... stroked me quickly until I spasmed and spewed my cum all over the floor.

“Thank you, mummy,” I whispered in my post-orgasmic high.

“Let’s get you dressed now, baby Sonya,” was all she said as she gently took me by the hand and led me back into the bedroom to be dressed for the day.

Lying on the floor was my next nappy. It was a double one. I was briefly surprised by the skill with which Samantha had kite-folded the terry nappy and then triple-folded the second nappy as a booster on top of it. It was folded with the kind of precision that only a nappy-wearer or ‘mother’ of one would know. It made me wonder what her backstory was. While she did care for adult babies and people like me, there was something there that indicated more than mere proficiency in her ‘job’. She seemed to understand it – and me.

“I think you will need extra protection today,” she explained needlessly.

I laid down on the double fluffy white terry nappy, new ones I had bought just for this journey. Just when I expected her to pin it on, she stood up and took her nightie off and revealed her nakedness.

I looked once more at her shaven vagina and imagined what it would be like to...

*Stay on track, Sonya!* I thought to myself, berating my foolish thoughts.

Samantha then squatted over my groin and lowered herself so that her glorious pussy was only an inch above my cock which was thickening slightly but at no risk of erection due to the ejaculation of a few minutes before.

Then she peed.

A flow of hot fresh urine flooded over my cock and balls and ran into the waiting nappy below me. Her full overnight pee soaked into my nappy as I dared not close my eyes in case the flow stopped. But finally, it did.

“Now you know why I needed to wank you before toileting you, Sonya!” she laughed. “I couldn’t have done this with your big girls’ clitty poking up in the way. It would have gotten in the way or even...”

Samantha erotically pulled the lips of her pussy apart revealing more of her wondrous vagina. In response, I tried to erect, but little happened and she finally stood up before bending down to pin my nappy together expertly and then pulling on my extra-large clear plastic pants with the special wide elastic bands to minimize leakage. I truly wanted to erect and then slide myself into her, pretending that I was some fabulous lover rather than a baby girl with a virginal cock.

As I stood up, the extra thickness kept my legs apart more than usual. Without being asked, Samantha grabbed one of my clean and dry bras and with the kind of expertise that only a woman can bring, clipped it on me and adjusted my straps so that they fit better and more ‘womanly’. I’d never had a woman help me to adjust my bra properly. It felt like she had granted me a special act.

Next came my dress – my baby dress. Because I was coming for three days I naturally brought six dresses because I couldn’t choose from the 35 outfits I had at home.

Samantha chose a solid pink short dress with white lace and teddy-bear applique. It was so short that it covered no more than half of my nappy and I was quite happy with that. Hiding the contents of my nappy was rather pointless at this time. It was then that my bowels made their presence known. The morning was its usual time of emptying.

“Mummy, may I poo please?” I asked, not sure of the protocol.

The way Samantha was embracing it all so easily made me unsure of what was the right thing to do. I was expecting the usual arms-length experience of professional mummies even though the toileting was different than others.

“You don’t have to ask mummy, little girl,” she replied. “You are a baby who poos whenever and wherever you need to. Just do it.”

My habit was to squat next to my cot and then dump into my nappy. Since I lived alone, if I wasn’t going out anywhere, I just poed

my nappy and then continued on as if it didn't matter. Because it didn't.

I squatted and pushed and as it always did, my soft poo slid out of me into my nappy. It was effortless and all very normal for me. One advantage of drinking a lot of baby formula is that pooing was always easy and the results were always soft and luxurious. Formula feeding had transformed my poo into the soft and wonderful substance it now was.

I shoved a dummy into my mouth and put on a new bonnet and some knitted booties. My expensive fine knitted pink booties that I often wore during my 'newborn' times in my cot were left at home. They were exquisite and very authentic - and expensive - but I doubted they would survive the pee and poo of the weekend. The booties I bought were synthetic and more robust.

Now wet and dirty only minutes into a fresh nappy, I followed my 'mummy' out of the room and down to the kitchen for breakfast.

I sat down in the chair at the table and Samantha brought a small bowl of warm cereal and milk and placed it before me. But rather than feed myself, she tied a baby bib around my neck, removed my dummy and proceeded to slowly feed me my breakfast, one small spoonful after the other. I was in baby heaven!

After the bowl was emptied, it was baby formula time. I was feeling a bit hungry still and since I drank formula every morning, I was more than ready.

"Lay down on the couch, Sonya," she instructed after she had sat at one end. "Put your head in my lap."

I did so and the moment I was settled, the hot bottle of formula appeared at my mouth and I began to drink, enjoying the experience and the nourishment. Bottle-feeding was one of the most wonderful parts of my day and being fed by someone else was almost as good as it got. Halfway through the bottle, the front doorbell rang and I was startled.

"Don't worry, baby," she said soothingly. "That's just Caroline, bringing something important over to me."

I remained rigid and in fear. It was not part of the plan for anyone else to see me this way.

“Come in Carol!” she shouted. “The door’s unlocked and I’m just feeding the baby!”

I heard the door open and footsteps on the wooden hall floor and before I knew what was happening, another woman was standing next to the couch where I was being fed.

“What a lovely baby you’ve got this morning! Lucky you!” Carol announced. “But I’m a bit desperate. Where’s the potty and the er... other thing?”

*The potty? What is going on? And what is the other thing?*

I started to sit up and Samantha quickly slapped my hand and pulled me back into position.

“Stay still, baby, and finish your feed,” she explained. “And Carol, the potty is in the baby’s room.”

Trusting Samantha with my safety and reputation, I nervously continued my feed until I was sucking air. When the bottle was removed I rolled over and saw once again Carol standing next to the couch. Then I saw what she was holding.

It was a baby feeding bottle. And it was filled with what was clearly urine.

“Baby, Aunty Carol is going to give you your second bottle so sit up for a second so she can feed you.”

My tummy was doing flip-flops at the thought of being fed this way a second time and as Carol sat down, I turned and looked up into her face and saw a wonderful smile that completely disarmed my fears and I opened my mouth in readiness for the special feed.

The nipple was still warm and the moment it entered my mouth I latched on like any regular infant and began to draw down my nourishment. I was surprised by how it tasted.

I was enjoying it!

Rather than barely stomaching it and simply enduring the humiliation of being fed a bottle of hot fresh urine, I was relishing it.



Drinking from Samantha's pee bottle the night before was mostly shock followed by a feeling of relaxation but this time, the pee was tasty and I was literally enjoying it right from the beginning. I greedily drank the bottle down in record time, something that did not go unnoticed.

"Looks like baby loves her special bottles, doesn't she?" exclaimed Samantha with a grin.

"She certainly seems to," Carol concurred. "But I don't have any more for her to drink right now. Do you, Sam?"

"Nope, everything I have is in her nappy. It will be a few hours at least. But I think you have another special present for Baby Sonya, don't you?"

"Sure do!" Carol exclaimed as she lifted me off her lap.

As I sat up I caught sight of the 'present'. It was the potty chair. It wasn't hard to guess what was in it and I desperately hoped it was as good as the first potty experience I had enjoyed the night before.

"Stand up, baby and let's get you ready for your special present," Samantha said.

I stood up, not sure what to do, but confident that my new mummy and 'aunty' did. She lifted up the front of my baby dress and instructed me to hold it while she pulled down the front of my plastic pants and this time unpinned both pins and held the nappy open a lot wider than before using both hands to leave a wide aperture.

"Look what Aunty has for you, baby!" Samantha exclaimed with a half-suppressed giggle.

Carol brought the potty up under my face and looked in and was staggered by the sheer quantity of poo that was fully submerged in a sizable pee pool. My face must have said it all.

"Samantha asked me to save it up for you and that is four days' worth of precious poo in there for you, girl. I was nearly exploding by the time I got her this morning. So, are you ready for it?"

I nodded enthusiastically.

*Where did Samantha find a friend like this? None of my friends would ever do this for me.*

Now I knew why Mummy was holding my nappy so far out from my body. The poo load was at least twice that of the previous afternoon's deposit and with the large amount of pee, it flowed slowly and easily down the front over my now erect cock and balls and even touched the poo that I had dumped in the back only an hour earlier. The front of my nappy was literally full and mummy was holding the plastic pants and unable to let go.

"Baby, push the poo around to the back of your nappy, there's a good girl."

I knew what she meant having done the reverse many times in the past by pushing my 'back poo' around to the front so I could slide in it and cum. Using both of my hands and pulling my nappy down slightly, I used both hands to push some of the warm sticky poo down and around my groin and slightly up the back where it mixed with my own poo. About a third of the poo that was dumped in the front was now sitting in the bottom of the nappy.

"Good girl!" she exclaimed as she repinned my nappy and pulled the plastic pants back up around my waist. "We had to make more room for this afternoon when I need to poo!"

I was excited by the thought of the experience being repeated once again with even more poo.

"Can we trust her to play cards with us?" Carol asked.

"Oh, I don't think she will cheat, not after the way I spanked her this morning!"

"Did she cry?" Carol asked, a tinge of excitement in her voice.

"Absolutely bawled!"

I went bright red as my discipline was explained to Aunty Carol.

"I missed it! Damn!"

"Be here tomorrow early enough and I will let you see and hear it." Then she looked directly at me. "I might even let you use the spoon on her yourself."

"Yay!" she answered, clapping her hands together. "I'll be here ready for that."

“With a full bladder and bowel, I hope?”

“Of course!”

“Well, let’s play cards!”

The moment I sat on the chair pad I felt the huge mass of poo in my nappy shift under my weight. Some went forward, some up the rear of the nappy and some simply spread inside the protective plastic pants so that a large amount of the outside of the terry nappy was covered in poo. And of course, some pee leaked onto the well-used chair pad. It was to be expected.

Lunchtime came and I was unsure what to expect. This had all been a lot more than I was anticipating and was far better than I had even dared to hope. The meal was very standard adult fare being sandwiches and then followed by a standard infant formula bottle once again on the couch where I nearly fell asleep draining the bottle, such was my level of contentment.

“Sammy,” I heard Carol say while my eyes were closed during my feed. “I need a piss. Where do you want it?”

“Just use the potty, hun. I need to use it in a minute as well. It will go in her bed tonight. And I think it is nearly time for Sonya’s naptime anyhow.”

It was true. The excitement of the day plus the soporific effect of two formula bottles was causing my eyes to droop. I had long since discovered that if I spent the day at home as a baby, I needed – not wanted – a daytime nap. It just worked out that way. Regressing to infancy had physical reactions as well as emotional and the absolute need for baby naptimes was one of them.

A few minutes later in my bedroom – during which I heard the hiss and splatter of Carol pissing in the potty – I approached my bed with a degree of apprehension. The two windows in the bedroom allowed a strong and consistent cross breeze that was excellent at drying out such soaked beds as the one I had awoken in. However, while the pool of pee had evaporated from the centre of the bed, it was still soaking wet from end to end. But I was truly exhausted as I laid down in the bed feeling the cold pee soak into my dress and quickly warm up.

“Before you go to sleep, baby, you need to hump, remember? Three times a day and so far you’ve only done it once.”

I rolled over on my stomach and put my hands under my nappy as I usually did, very aware of the mass of poo in the front of my nappy and began to slide.

It was incredible.

As I slid, there was only poo in contact with my cock. I couldn’t even feel the slightly abrasive nappy. The poo was simply too thick and voluminous. And the texture was wondrous and I suddenly appreciated the quality of Auntie Carol’s poo. Despite my tiredness, my orgasm came quickly and I powerfully blasted yet another body product into the nappy.

I fell asleep very quickly, but not before I was aware that a sizable amount of poo had escaped the confine of the plastic pants and was now on my tummy and certainly would end up smeared on the sheets by the time I awoke.

I didn’t care. In fact, I relished in the thought that I was finally a baby making an uncontrolled mess in my bed.

And I was.

## *Back Filling | 6.*



I slept long and deep and the baby inside of me needed all that and more. It was 4 pm when I finally awoke and the bed was soaking wet and... sticky. There was poo on my tummy and there was poo on the sheets. Not a lot, but there was certainly more than I'd ever done before.

Yes, I had pooped on my cot sheets before and even fallen asleep for a nap on them. But I had always washed them afterwards out of a sense of cleanliness or adulthood or some other drive.

I lay there wondering what to do and then it dawned on me that the decision was not mine to make. It was mummy's decision, not mine. And then I relaxed because the weight of what to do was no longer an issue. I called out to mummy and my new aunty. I called out like a baby.

"Mummy!" I called and a minute later, my mummy and aunty appeared at the door.

"Wow!" exclaimed Aunty Sonya. "She smells pretty dirty!"

"Sure does!" Mummy replied. "Let's see what the damage is."

She pulled back the quilt and top sheet and I sat up, a small pool of pee forming around my bottom.

"Hmm. Look like we need to do a bit of damage control here," Mummy added. Her voice was not angry but something altogether different and I wasn't quite sure what it was. "Stand up, baby and let's clean you up."

I stood next to the bed, small rivulets of pee running down my body, but my heroic plastic pants were still holding back the tide and the mass of poo that was inside them.

Mummy lifted off my soiled dress and rolled it up adding pointlessly, "That needs to be washed."

She then took a large hand towel and wiped off the poo that was still sticking to me. I felt odd that she was taking such personal care of me even though it was so perverse and even contradictory.

"That looks better now. I think you are ready for my poo and your nappy should fit it all in. I think."

*More poo? Will it even fit?*

Mummy took the hand towel and wiped up the few small lumps of poo lying on the bed.

"Carol, do you think the bed looks okay for baby to sleep in tonight?"

Aunty Carol laughed. "It's perfect, Sammy! Although I might be tempted to take her plastic pants off if it were me!"

Mummy laughed and a curious smile filled her face. "Hmm... Maybe I will or maybe I won't! Who knows?"

The super-protective plastic pants were the only thing keeping the mass of poo mostly inside my nappy. Without it, the bed would be a poopy mess all over. And I should know. I'd pooped on my wet bed before and felt it smear all over. I'd had a lot of fun in that bed but had washed it immediately afterwards. Mummy didn't seem as intent on washing the sheets and only the plastic pants stood guard against a poopy disaster.

"Would you like to choose a clean dress for the baby?" she asked and Aunty Carol rummaged through my belongings and eventually selected a bright yellow baby dress with applique giraffes on it. It was little longer than my previous dress and the massively brown nappy that hung beneath it was quite the contrast.

"Now I need to use the potty," Mummy announced as she moved toward the potty that had become so familiar to me. She took one look inside and shook her head. "I don't think her nappy can contain all this pee. What shall we do? We can't waste it."

"Put it into her bed. Then she can sleep with it tonight."

Mummy smiled at the answer and I watched in fascination as the half-full potty was slowly tipped onto my already soaked bed. The pool spread almost the entire length of the bed and then stayed there. There was no absorbency left on the bed for the pee to go somewhere and so it just sat there, a shallow pool of pee waiting for me to sleep on it a few hours later.

“Now, I can do my poo!” Mummy announced and in full view of both of us, lifted her skirt, lowered her panties, squatted on the potty and noisily dumped her poo into the toddler device.

“Here it is, sweetheart,” she said gently as she took the potty and waved it under my nose as if asking me to assess its quality. The smell was strong, meaty and not unpleasant. “But this time, I think it needs to go in the back where there is a bit more room.”

Mummy unpinned one side of my nappy, and then pulled the back of it away from my body and the soft brown poo slid effortlessly into the rear of my nappy where there truly was... more room. The front was all but full-up. It was the third poo from a different body to go into my nappy and in total there was six days worth of soil for me to enjoy.

It was glorious. It was outrageous. It was a dream come true.

I began to wonder if I could fold the nappy differently and pin it 6 inches higher up my body and with higher-waisted plastic pants, I could probably double the nappy’s capacity for poo.

*Imagine what that would feel like! Twice as much poo as this?*

I was feeling extremely babyish and it was decided that it was best for me to remain in the bedroom and play with the baby and toddler toys that filled one corner. It was fine for me and for the next two hours, I played contentedly at my usual age of about twelve months old.

During that time, my bladder emptied itself often and without my awareness. As an adult, I was barely continent. As a regressed infant, I was fully untrained. I only wished that I could be that regressed infant for longer periods than normal, but regressed infants need a carer or mummy and so... the times were limited, sadly.

It was around 6 pm when Mummy finally came to get me for dinner and I was resolutely infantile and unwilling to change. The triple dirty nappy had transformed me into an infant and Mummy took only seconds to realise that there was no longer an adult in the room, only a twelve-month old baby girl. The rest of the evening I remember only as a spectator. It was as if I was watching everything that took place from a vantage point some distance away...

This is what happened.



## Video Replay | 7.



“Sonya, darling,” Samantha said gently to the twelve-month-old infant girl sitting on the floor playing with blocks.

The little girl’s nappy was not just wet and dirty. It was literally full front and back with poo and the child seemed content and happy. She gurgled at the sound of her mother’s voice.

“Baby Sonya, it is dinner time now. Do you think you could crawl down to the lounge room?”

Baby Sonya grinned in understanding and took off crawling out of the room and down the short hallway until she entered the lounge room.

“Change of plans, Carol. The baby is a *full* baby now so it will be bottle feeds only, I think. She doesn’t look old enough for much more. Could you get the couch protector on for me?”

Carol – baby Sonya’s Aunty – quickly unfolded the cloth-covered waterproof protector that went over the couch when the baby was messy.

“Could you also prepare two formula bottles and when they are gone, a wee bottle too?”

Carol nodded and went off to the kitchen to prepare the baby’s meal while Samantha, the little girl’s mother, sat at one end of the couch.

“Sonya, honey,” she called to the little baby. “Can you climb up on the couch for a feed?”

The tiny child smiled at her understanding of the word 'feed' and climbed up onto the couch, her head in her mother's lap looking up expectantly. The completely full nappy slowly leaked onto the protective couch mat as Samantha lifted her top and removed her breast from her bra.

The infant girl was instantly onto the nipple and sucking deeply and happily as she enjoyed this intimate contact with her mother. It was a typical mother/daughter bonding time as she sucked hard on the nipple, trying desperately to get the nourishment she wanted. After five minutes, Samantha changed sides and baby Sonya latched on once again. It had been a long time since the baby had been breastfed, but she did not forget how to do it. It was instinct.

A few minutes later, the nipple was replaced with a piping hot bottle of baby formula and the infant girl greedily suckled at the teat and began to drain the bottle.

"She is just..." whispered Carol to her friend. "I don't know what."

"She is just a baby girl. Nothing more, nothing less. She has reverted right back to infancy."

"Wow, have you seen this before?"

"Minor versions of it for sure, but nothing quite so deep. I doubt she is even aware of anything but the bottle. There is only one other person I've seen as infantile as Sonya."

"I know you have a lot of fun doing what you do and let's be honest, I do kinda like being involved a bit, even if it is only in filling the potty, but this is next-level stuff."

Samantha looked down at her infant daughter and smiled that maternal smile that only a feeding mother can give.

"She is adorable and I will miss her."

"How long will she stay like this? Do you know?"

"I've only had babies regress on me for ten minutes at a time, but by the look of Sonya, I doubt she will be an adult any time soon. Oops... the bottle is empty. Can you pass me the second one?"

Baby Sonya latched onto her second bottle with gusto and continued to drink solidly.

“She’s really hungry!” Carol observed.

“I can see that. Just as well we have her wee bottle next and if you feed it to her, I can prepare a second wee bottle for her. By the look of it, she will need at least four bottles.”

Five minutes later, the sound of sucking air through a teat could be heard as Sonya drained her second formula bottle. She was still hungry and began to fidget and even make some crying sounds.

“Quick! Change places with me!”

It took only a few seconds for the two women to change places and for the warm teat of Sonya’s first wee bottle to be placed in her mouth. Sonya began to drink eagerly, enjoying the taste of a different kind of bottle that she was now getting very used to. While she drank, her mother dropped her knickers and carefully put another open baby bottle between her legs and peed into it. Sonya’s fourth bottle was now ready.

“Look how she drinks this up!” exclaimed Carol as she observed the infant on her lap draining the bottle. “I thought this was just some fetish thing but she is really loving this.”

“I know,” replied Samatha. “This girl is nothing like anyone I’ve ever cared for. She loves being dirty, loves her pee bottles and seems far more content as a baby than as an adult.”

The fourth bottle was put in her mouth and it wasn’t until about halfway through that the child began to slow down and by the time the end of the bottle was nigh, the sucking has almost ceased.

“Perfect timing. I’m not sure what we would have done if she wanted a third wee bottle!” Samantha laughed.

The couch pad was quite damp and a little discoloured and it had protected the couch as intended. Unfortunately, there was only one of them. Samantha had her baby stand up while she placed the large pad on the floor and instructed her daughter to remain on the pad. She then raced to the bedroom/nursery and found a rattle and a chew toy and gave it to her. She suspected that as she had fed, the once twelve-

month-old girl was now perhaps no older than three months – a non-crawler.

Over the next two hours, baby Sonya remained on the pad playing contentedly with her rattle and chewable toys, her only movement being to roll over and then back again.

It was 9 pm and way past her daughter's proper bedtime when Samantha bent over her infant and spoke clearly.

"Sonya, honey. It's bedtime for you now but I can't carry you. Can you crawl to your bedroom?"

It took a few minutes for the question to be repeated several times before Sonya got on all fours and slowly crawled her way to her bedroom.

"Are you gonna put her in that bed, Sammy?" Carol asked as they entered the bedroom/nursery.

"It's what she wants, so yes."

"Is she safe in there? I mean shouldn't she be in a cot with bars and stuff?"

"Shit. I don't know! I've thought about getting an adult cot in the past but now I wish I had one more than ever. Would you like to stay the night instead of coming here in the morning?"

Samantha pulled Sonya to her feet next to the bed and carefully laid her in the sodden mess. The pee pool was still there and presumably cool, but Sonya simply curled up on the bed and seconds after the quilt was pulled up, fell asleep.

During the night, her bladder and bowels both opened and silently added to the toilet contents of her nappy. She slept on through without waking, sucking contentedly on her dummy.

Sometime during the night, the baby grew in age from three months to twelve and later on, became the adult/infant hybrid known as Sonya. Adult male Martin was still nowhere to be seen.

## *First Contact | 8.*



When I awoke that next morning, my second morning at Samantha's home, I felt very different. My first realization was that I was extremely dirty, extremely wet and oddly, extremely babyish. It was a confronting and yet delicious combination of experiences. The weather had been very warm and so the sodden bed – or better described as a horizontal toilet – was quite comfortable. I was surprised at that. Despite wanting something like what I was experiencing, the logical part of my mind still expected that it would be very uncomfortable after a while and yet... it was not.

As my mind grew less foggy, I was also aware of the massive erection in my nappy and the seeming inability to find my terry nappy inside the pile of poo inside my plastic pants. All I felt was poo and then I remember just how much was inside it – six days' worth. I desperately wanted to cum. But I needed to wait for mummy to give me permission.

I laid happily in the mess for an hour before mummy opened the door and walked in. I was surprised to see Aunty Carol come in behind her and was confused as to why she was still there. Then I remembered that at least half of the poo in my nappy and now, in my bed, came from her.

“Good morning, darling!” mummy exclaimed. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yeth, Mumma,” I replied, still struggling to find my adult language skills.

“Wow!” exclaimed Aunty Carol, holding her nose theatrically. “There sure is a stench in here.”

“Yep!” concurred Mummy. “My baby has had a wonderful sleep I think. Am I right?”

“Yes, Mumma,” I replied. It still seemed inappropriate, not to mention difficult, to use adult speech.

“Now baby, before I get you up and cleaned, you need to bounce for me, okay?” She looked at me, suspecting that I wasn’t really understanding what she was saying. “Bounce in your bed until you feel really good, okay?”

Mummy was telling me to hump my dirty nappy until I came and even in the slowly lifting infantile fog that was my brain, I knew what that meant.

I rolled over on my tummy, put my hands underneath me as I did every morning and began to slip and slide along the bed. The bed was so wet that a pool of pee surrounded me and there was almost a wave motion. But inside my nappy was nothing but poo and my erect penis thrust into it with vigour. As my thrusts became more energetic I was aware that I was actually splashing in the pool of pee and in a sudden and dramatic orgasm, I called out ‘mummy’ and spewed cum into the mess.

“Good girl!” exclaimed Mummy, clapping her hands in a seemingly genuine approval of my performance. “Now let’s get you to the bathroom and see if there is any way to get you clean!”

I dripped all over the floor on the short walk to the bathroom where my nappy was so heavy that a small tug caused it to fall to the floor and reveal the astonishing spectacle of a portable toilet for three people.

The shower took even longer to get me clean than the day before. I was dirty over a lot of my body and my nappy area was surprisingly healthy, with just a red tinge as evidence of another 24 hours marinating in pee and poo.

While I showered, Mummy and Aunty cleaned up the bed and the floor that I had soaked. All of the bedding from the waterproof protector up had to be washed as did the porta-potty/nappy lying on the bathroom tiles. From my own experience, I suspected that the

washing would take hours and multiple loads to get everything clean and even then, there would still be stains. I felt sorry for inflicting this kind of damage but knew it was part of the service she provided. I couldn't do anything about it.

While I let the hot water cascade over my body and my mummy and aunty saw to the clean up I pondered on how I had come to be where I was.



My day had begun as had many before. I was sitting in my kitchen eating a small bowl of cereal after my customary two bottles of baby formula. I was still in my night nappy which was soaking wet as it was every morning. An hour earlier I had squatted next to my baby cot in the nursery and pushed out an average-sized poo and left it there. I had no reason to leave the house until early afternoon and likewise, no reason to change my wet and dirty nappy either.

Then I saw it on my Twitter account.

It was a curiously worded tweet that suggested that the owner of the account was very accepting of people who wet the bed at her house. I was intrigued. I rarely travelled and stayed overnight, in part because I wet the bed and needed nappies, but also because I would be away from my cot, my nursery and my desire to dirty my nappy as well. Wet nappies could be managed but dirty ones could not. I was afraid of being away from my baby things.

I responded to her and she answered me in short, almost cryptic sentences. Yes, she allowed people to wet her beds and to '*be who they are*' in her house. For a fee, of course. I expected nothing less and so a few days later I messaged her saying I was interested and that I was a sissy baby. What surprised me was her complete lack of surprise or even interest in that fact. '*Being a sissy baby is very normal*' was her actual response. That was new and it kinda scared me off.

My strange desires, needs and personality were *never* normal. I knew that and enough people had told me so. Someone suggesting I was very normal either didn't understand this at all or was a fake. Not a great choice. And so I let the communication end. I had been burned and disappointed way too many times in the past to rush in yet again.

A couple of weeks later she contacted me directly and stunned me with the line *'I see you like dirty nappies. I can help you have more of them.'*

I was shocked and a little scared. I frequented scat sites on the web and the bedwetting places and occasionally on Twitter had commented favourably on someone's dirty nappy but had tried to be as unrevealing as I could. Apparently, I wasn't nearly as good as I thought. She has spotted one of my secret desires. How exactly, I was still very unsure about.

*'I see you like dirty nappies. I can help you have more of them.'*

I waited several minutes before replying, *'Yes I do. I dirty mine all the time.'*

She then explained very briefly that she 'helped' adult babies like me with the more unusual side of their needs and that including 'helping' them have bigger dirty nappies through 'donation'.

That was enough for me. Circumspect though the conversation was, this woman was offering me her poo and that was something I had wanted for a long time. Our communication was brief and limited to very basic facts and I wanted to gush out my life story and to hear hers and to know exactly what would happen but... she was very quiet and economical with words. Her story was not mine to know and my story was not of great interest, so it seemed.

I paid in advance for three days at her house in the expectation that I could be who I was, openly and with another person. My expectations were low and experience had informed me to expect little. Most of the time, the experiences were disappointing, occasionally rising sometimes to 'okay'. But this was the first time where dirty nappies would be involved and so I took the risk.



It was then that she told me via email to come to her place in a pre-soiled nappy and now... I was in a hot shower at her home attempting to wash away the most incredible baby/nappy/pee/poo experience of my life.

What was the coming day to bring me? I was excited and partly terrified. That was the nature of my entire life trying to pretend I was 'normal' while wanting a life that was anything but.

## The Park | 9.



Eventually, the shower time had to end and as I walked out I saw my new mummy and my new aunty standing there in the bathroom. The wet and dirty things were gone, the floor had been mopped and I was standing naked without so much as a mild erection. But I saw the wooden spoon waiting for me and it was being held by Aunty Carol.

“Time for your discipline, little girl,” Mummy announced. “And Aunty Carol is going to give it to you, so remember to stand up straight and be good for her, okay?”

I nodded and stood as still as I could waiting for the hit to arrive. When it did, I was surprised by how light it was.

*I don't think Aunty Carol has spanked many people before!*

The hits continued and I stood as rigid as I could and the intensity grew slowly until she had counted to forty.

“Is that enough, Sammy?” she asked.

“I think she needs more, hun,” Samantha replied. “Give me the spoon and I will show you how it is done.”

This time the first hit was very painful. She hit three times as hard as her friend and didn't spare my red bottom. I tried to step away and was rewarded with two extremely painful spanks to the tops of my legs and returned to my position for the remainder of my discipline.

Once again I began to cry.

“If they don't cry, you aren't hitting hard enough,” Samantha explained to her protégé. “And once they start to cry you keep spanking until the crying stops and they've had enough. That's how you know she has learned something.”

I lost count as the blows hit my bottom and my cries turn to sobs and eventually to mere grunts as my bottom went numb and the tears stopped flowing.

“Good girl. Good girl,” she whispered in my ear as she held me tight.

I gripped her tight like any well-disciplined young child seeking maternal affection and forgiveness.

“You did very well, but you understand why mummy has to spank you, don’t you?”

I nodded, but in truth, I didn’t know why at all.

“When Baby poos all over her bed, she has been naughty, hasn’t she?”

I nodded, accepting the truth of the statement despite the circumstances. And oddly, I felt genuinely remorseful as if I was that five-year-old boy who had just started school and who awoke one morning to more than pee in his bed.

My mum had smacked me that morning as well and I had deserved it. Dirtying the bed was unforgivable to her.

“I’m sorry, mummy,” I said to both Samantha and my absent real mother. “I’m sorry for pooing the bed.”

“Well let’s get you dressed for the day. We are going to a park for some walking and playtime and a picnic but first, we have to get you all ready!”

Mummy held my hand as I stumbled back into my room. The bed was stripped to the waterproof and on the floor laid another of my perfectly folded terry nappies.

“Lie down and let’s get you sorted out.”

Samantha once again expertly covered my bottom and genitals with thick Vaseline and a cloud of baby powder. My penis remained unmoved.

“Now Aunty Carol is going to wee on you now so stay still and don’t move.”

Carol removed her panties and squatted over me, her delectable pussy two inches above my penis which was now beginning to ever-so-slowly erect. Then she peed.

A noisy torrent of urine flowed over my penis and down to the waiting nappy beneath. It was hot and caused a little bit of smarting as it irritated the part of my bottom that had been so thoroughly spanked only minutes before. When the peeing was finished I expected her to stop but she remained there. A minute later, a poo emerged from her bottom and fell direct onto my penis where it stayed.

“Ah!” she exclaimed. “That feels better! I’m all empty now!”

“Well, I’m not!” Samantha added. “Move aside or I’m going to burst!”

Samantha positioned herself directly above the poo and her bladder erupted over me once more. I was surprised she was so close to the poo. I expected her to remain well away from it, but with a smile and a grin, she peed and lowered herself until she almost touched the poo.

She was teasing me and my penis responded. It began to rise. The head of my cock was clean and beginning to rise, but she did not lift herself up. Rather, she moved slightly forward until...

The head of my cock touched her pussy.

She did not move as more blood rushed to my cock causing it to rise even further. It was now within the folds of her shaven pussy and I began to shallow breathe.

*How far is she going to take this?*

It had been an hour since I had masturbated and so, my erection might have been slow to arrive, but it was here now.

She repositioned herself as my cock inflated fully and the head of my penis entered her vagina proper.

“Are you okay with this, baby,” she asked.

“Uh-huh,” was all I could say.

The head of my cock was just inside her cunt but there was a mass of poo still between us. I could not rise up and she could not fall down

without the poo spreading over us both.

Three times she lifted off and three times she lowered once more until my cock head was just inside her cunt. I knew my entire eight inches would fit in there and desperately want it to go in there. But the poo was a big barrier.

Carol stood to one side watching the slow-speed, pseudo sex act take place.

And then suddenly, it was over.

Samantha – my erstwhile mummy – stood up, pulled her panties back on and proceeded to competently pin my nappy into place and pull on my plastic pants.

“Carol, would you put Baby Sonya’s bra on please?”

Soon I was standing there in my wet and dirty nappy and plastic pants, my bra and nothing else. The almost-sex-act was over before it had begun and I was confused and my penis was disappointed. I had never been that close to actually entering a woman before.

“Sonya, can you put on your outside clothes because, after breakfast, we are going out for the day. Put your dummy in, because that is going with you! And quickly have your morning poo and we can get on with the day.”

My cock was still bursting and I was deflated with disappointment. I had gotten so close to entering Samantha and I had never fucked anyone before and the prospects weren’t any better. When you wear nappies 24/7 and have abandoned the toilet, there are no women lining up to screw you. Laugh, yes. Fuck? No.

With a wet nappy with poo now in both front and back, I headed out of the room.

Breakfast was baby cereal spoon-fed at the table followed by three formula bottles on the couch. There was no wee bottle and I admit, I missed it. It was a new thing for me but the experience of being wee-fed by these two amazing women was one I wanted to repeat – often.

I was nervous about going out of the house in an already wet nappy with poo in the front. My specialized plastic pants were probably up to the challenge of keeping it all inside them, but still, it was daunting to go out with these two completely uninhibited and amazing women. At 5 pm that afternoon, my time would be over and I would have to return to my comfortable and well-appointed home and nursery. But I would be alone once again and the pee and poo in my nappy would only be my own. I was already dreading it. Once you have tasted the very best, even 'good' feels inadequate.

The trip to the park took only thirty minutes and as I sat in the back seat of the car I was surprised by just how 'normal' it felt.

There was that bloody 'normal' sense again. Everything I was experiencing was extreme, taboo and to most people, disgusting and yet, it was feeling normal to me – like how my life was meant to be.

It was a truly glorious day, the kind of day you remember and talk about because of how perfect it was. Or maybe I was too smitten by my mummy and my aunty and the very special nappy they had given me to notice anything wrong. I was having one of the best days of my life.

We walked a windy trail and being midweek, the numbers of people present were few and far between. We came to a grassed area and decided that we would sit and prepare our picnic lunch. I had offered to carry the picnic basket as befits the taller, stronger and 'male' of the group. My offer was accepted but Carol had commented, "Look, the baby girl wants to help out! How cute is that?"

It set my body tingling to be referred to in a public place as a baby and as a girl. I wanted both to be literally true, not just in the part-time compromised way my life was.

As we sat on the small rug that was barely big enough for the three of us, Mummy brought out some sandwiches and under an almost cloudless sky and a light breeze, we each ate one. Even the birds were chirping in nearby trees.

"Time to feed the baby her bottle, I think," Mummy suddenly announced as she fished through the basket and extracted an empty baby bottle. "Is it safe, Carol?"

Carol stood up and looked carefully in every direction.

“You are good to go, Sammy,” she replied.

Mummy lowered her panties and squatting in a now-familiar position peed into the baby bottle, filling it to the brim.

“Over here, sweetheart,” she said lovingly. “Put your head in my lap and take your bottle.”

The pee flowed gently down my throat and I was even more enamoured by the woman I called mummy. When the bottle was emptied, Carol filled it again and mummy continued feeding me the second bottle. The taste was notably different but still wonderful. As I drank, I was aware that my own bladder was emptying itself into my nappy and I realized that in a bizarre way, some of that urine was not just my own, but also from my mummy and my aunty. Filtered for sure, but still from them.

We walked some more and explored the edge of a stream and enjoyed each other’s company in a way I never expected. We were friends. But it was more than just that. Without seeking it, I had subconsciously adopted Samantha as my mother and Carol as my Aunty and they were as real to me as any of my other blood relatives – and a lot more fun.

But all good things do come to an end and as we packed the car and I sat once again in the back with my heroic plastic pants barely containing the pee and poo, I felt both incredibly happy and deeply sad.

By the time we got back, I would be packing to go home.

I didn’t want to go home. I wanted to stay forever. But I knew that Mummy and Carol both had their own lives and there would be other men wearing nappies that would come to visit and I was deeply jealous of them already. Part of me was even angry that another adult baby would be close to the woman I now called mummy. In less than three days, I had gone from caring for no one to now thinking of Samantha as my almost literal mother and Carol as an Aunt. It all only made the leaving that much harder to bear.

## *Final Moments | 10.*



Aunty Carol had already gone home and it was just mummy and me in the bedroom as I went to pack my things ready for the trip home.

“Mummy,” I began. “I have had the best time ever. Thank you so much.”

“It’s been my delight, Sonya,” she replied. “You’ve been the very best baby I’ve ever had here. You’re only the second one that I’ve ever pooped on.”

“Really? Only the second one?”

“Yep,” she sighed. “And it was only once so I found it fun with you as well. And on that note... I have one more poo for you to take home with you. Lie down please.”

I took my trousers down, unsure of what to expect. Then I laid on the floor as Samantha pulled my plastic pants off and unpinned my nappy. Unsurprisingly, I was already very wet and very dirty.

Just like that morning, she squatted over me and released a sizable poo onto my groin. My penis was fully erect and pointing almost vertical as it had been hours since I had ejaculated. Samantha moved forward once again and my penis touched her vagina ever so slightly. I stopped breathing.

She lowered slightly and the head of my cock touched her pussy lips and they opened slightly, I took one small breath. I knew that there was a sizeable pile of poo from Carol and Samantha between us and I was regretting that it was as big a barrier to intercourse as anything could ever be.



She lowered slightly more and my cockhead entered her cunt ever so slightly. Our eyes locked on each other and she simply put her finger to her mouth and whispered, "Shh, baby. Mummy is in control."

And she was in control. And then she fell onto my cock.

My entire eight inches of hard cock slid into her silken cunt as the poo between us mashed and slid to either side, sticking to both of us. She rose and fell taking my entire cock into her with each fall and almost withdrawing as she rose. One of her hands found its place on her clitoris and she diddled herself.

"Mummy," I whimpered. It was all I could say.

Finally, it was all too much and I screamed, "Mummy!" and exploded my cum deep into her cunt. Seconds later, she came as well with a short shrill cry.

And then she sat there and wriggled about. My cock was still embedded in her cunt and her bum was sitting in the pile of poo that was the front of my nappy. And she was smiling.

"I guess I better clean up now," she finally said, as she stood up and I got a good look at her poo-caked bottom.

As she walked out of the room and into the bathroom I tried to remember what had just happened. I had just fucked a woman while I was in a very dirty nappy and she didn't have any problem with it. My damned virginity was finally gone.

*Have I gone to a parallel universe?*

I got myself dressed and packed and as I stood next to my car in that still very wet and dirty nappy I realized just how lucky I had been to have been allowed to explore and enjoy my secret needs and desires. I lent into her and hugged her and she hugged me back, even 'pinging' my bra strap for good measure. Then she whispered into my ear.

"I wore nappies until I was twenty-two." I could tell by the emotion in her voice that it had been a difficult time. "I dirtied them until I was twelve."

Just fourteen words and it explained a lot. She was having a cathartic time as much as I was.

It was the perfect end to a perfect time and as I drove away with her pee and poo frontloaded into my nappy, I felt a lot more settled, a bit saner and with a smile. I promised myself that I would be back again.

## *Epilogue | 11.*



Two weeks after my grand adventure I was sitting at home in the early afternoon. I had just changed out of my night-time wet and dirty nappy, showered and put on a brand new baby dress, nappy and frilly plastic pants – the whole ensemble. I was even still dry.

Then I heard a car drive up my gravel driveway and I quickly ran to the front window to see who it was since nobody but the postie and the occasional courier ever came over. I had no friends of note and certainly no one who would drop by unannounced.

The door of the car opened and out stepped... Samantha. It was Mummy.

Despite being dressed completely as a baby girl, I opened the door when she rang the bell.

“Sorry, Sonya!” she exclaimed with the broadest smile I’ve ever seen. “I desperately need to use a toilet. Do you have one I could use, please?”

I grinned like an idiot as I laid on the floor of my nursery, nappy unpinned as my new Mummy peed and poed into it and then repinned and re-dressed me.

“We have a lot to talk about, sweetheart,” she said as we walked to the lounge room to hear each other’s confessions. Mine were about my complicated growing up and my bed being wet on. Hers were about her very delayed toilet training and twenty years of wearing nappies, twelve of which were dirty ones. It explained her tolerance and acceptance of nappies and even poo.

We did not have sex during that nappy change but later that evening, in my cot, she lowered herself once again onto my cock and fucked me hard. I cried and cried like a little girl which of course, I was. It was not traditional male/female intercourse. It was still 'mummy' with her 'baby girl'. And it suited me just fine.

Samantha moved into my home and took up the single bed in the nursery while I remained in the cot where I belonged. She fed me formula and wee bottles, dressed me and allowed me the experience of remaining infant most of the time, confident that an adult was there to take charge of all the 'big people stuff'. She seemed content to be the mother and for me to be the baby girl. A few times Aunty Carol came to visit which only added to the fun.

And three months after moving in, she had still never used the toilet in the house. I fulfilled that role completely.

It was about six months into our new relationship which was very definitely mother and infant when she was preparing dinner for me and promised something special.

I was sitting strapped into my highchair as was now my custom and she brought a small Peter Rabbit china bowl over and put it on the table of my highchair. I looked inside and then back up at her smiling face. There was a small poo in the bowl.

"Sweetheart, " she said sweetly. "It's time now. You know it is. Let me help you have your special dinner."

And I did.

A new chapter had begun for us both – mother and baby daughter.

**THE END**

# Helping My Neighbour



## Discovery | 1.



Alison Cummings found a comfortable position in the chair next to her front window. The lights were off and the blinds were open so she could see out into the street, but no one could see her from the outside. To help pass the time, she had her mobile phone in her pocket with the brightness turned down very low. The sun had just set and it was about 7 pm.

Alison was on a mission. She was watching out for a thief. But not just any thief. One with an unusual target. It had all happened two weeks ago...

Needing to empty her kitchen rubbish, she had toddled off in her pyjamas early that morning to throw her rubbish into the bin she had already wheeled to the kerb. It was early enough to beat the rubbish collecting truck and she mentally kicked herself for forgetting something as basic as emptying her kitchen bin. But when she lifted the lid of her rubbish bin, she looked in shock at the contents or rather... the contents that were missing. Half of what she had disposed of the day before was gone.

*I can't believe someone would steal my rubbish and especially **that** rubbish!*

Alison took a few seconds before dumping her kitchen rubbish and then stood rubbing her cheek wondering just who would steal her... used diapers! She quickly calculated that between 20 and 25 used diapers, both wet and soiled were thrown away the night before but were now missing.

As she returned back inside in the very early dawn she was mystified as to what was happening. In years past, she had had garden

gnomes, solar garden lights and even a lawn sprinkler stolen from her front yard. But no one had ever stolen her diapers – at least not her used ones. Once when her previous home had been burgled, a packet of disposable diapers had been taken along with money and a bit of jewellery, but the bin full of bagged used diapers had not been taken – which didn't surprise her.

*Why would anyone take my diapers?* She mused as she sat inside her kitchen enjoying an earlier breakfast than planned. The explanation to the mystery eluded her.

A week later, she repeated her early morning trip to the exotic location of her kerbside rubbish bin and found that once again that her used diapers were missing. All of them.

At first, she felt angry at the violation and then more mystified than angry and finally, simply intrigued. She had worn diapers the entirety of her 48 years and they had never attracted anything resembling positive attention and usually, quite the reverse. Being double incontinent and in thick diapers night and day, it did not attract men and often put off friends as well. The idea that someone found her diapers – even used ones – attractive enough to steal intrigued her.

The majority of her friends were women she had met at various Incontinence Support Groups either in real life or online. They at least understood the challenges and the self-image problems and there was never any condemnation or criticism over diapers, bedwetting or the myriad of issues that confronted them that few truly understood.

But she had to know who it was. She was a very private person who kept to herself by design. She had only ever spoken to her two neighbours once and even that was by an accidental meeting. Coming from a difficult upbringing and the horrors of the teenage years in wet and dirty diapers, she was in no rush to put herself in the path of people she didn't trust to already be sympathetic or at least informed. It meant she was a loner and her friends were few but very dedicated to her as she was to them.

And so she sat and stared, hoping to see who it was that was stealing her diapers. She knew that it could be anytime from 8 pm to 5 am and she had no interest in staying there that long, but hoped that

she'd get lucky and catch them before bedtime or lack of interest prevailed.

*What do they do with them? Do they collect them or what? Do they wear them? I guess most of mine are only half wet and so if someone needed diapers desperately and couldn't afford them there is still a lot of absorbency left but... Nah, that's stupid. Or is it?*

For a few hours, she entertained various reasons or possibilities and her love of detective and spy novels led her mind down some particularly strange and odd rabbit holes. She tried to make the theft connected to a spy network but even her active imagination couldn't quite pull off that connection. But just after 11 pm, just when she was beginning to fade and considering going to bed, it happened.

As luck would have it, a streetlamp was almost directly over the top of her two rubbish bins, giving her a perfect view of anyone who might check out her bins. And someone did just that.

A young man walked up to the bins wearing a hoodie and as he came up to the bins, he looked around suspiciously before opening the lid. She watched spellbound as he bent over and leaned into the bin and that was when she spotted what others might not have seen.

He was wearing a diaper. A very thick one at that.

*I think he's wearing a really thick cloth diaper!* She thought with a smile, congratulating herself on her detective abilities.

She knew the shape of thick cloth diapers having endured them at school and the near impossibility of hiding them perfectly. And her thief was wearing tight track pants that outlined perfectly the bulge of an adult diaper.

Watching carefully, she saw him pick up one, two, three, four and finally five bags of her used diapers and place them in a large bin liner he had brought with him and then turn to walk away with his 'loot'.

And then he turned briefly toward the house and stared for a few seconds at the open window and she held her breath. She knew that he could see nothing, but she saw everything she needed. She recognised the face and particularly the longish hair that was not fully covered by the hoodie.



It was her neighbour, the young man she had spoken to just once in passing. He seemed nice, polite and didn't seem like he would cause any trouble and yet...

He was stealing her used diapers.

She had to find out why.

'Detective' Alison was on the case.

## Exploration | 2.



Alison took a few hours to fall asleep as she considered her plan of action. As is common in plans made in bed while nearly asleep, she tossed out most of them in the morning in the light of day and a bit more of a sense of reason.

But she had decided one thing that was important.

She was *not* angry about it. Rather she had moved to an odd place of somehow feeling pleased. It made no sense to her.

*How can I feel good about him stealing my used diapers? That's crazy talk! And I know he can afford his own coz I've seen that expensive car in his driveway and he wears diapers already and they look like cloth ones so he doesn't need mine. So what gives? Is he mulching them into some weird fertiliser or something? Or is he wearing them?*

Hours of wondering what was the purpose behind the bizarre theft had come up with only two possible outcomes. A) he was a hoarder who for some reason hoarded diapers which was a really disgusting thought and B) he was wearing her used diapers for some reason that was a little less disgusting than A) but still very confusing and inexplicable.

*I never wore anyone else used diapers! I never even thought about it.*

Alison stood in her bathroom and stripped off her pyjamas until she was wearing just her wet and now-sagging wet diaper. For much of her life, diaper changes and the mere acknowledgement that she wore and used them was something she gave little thought to as she tried to move on past her disability. But this time, she stood back from the near

full-length mirror on one wall and checked out her figure. She had stayed fit and ensured that she had not suffered the ignominy of a large bum and hips that many middle-aged women developed. It wasn't just for health reasons but also because of her diapers. Diapers added to her girth and for many decades she had worn cloth with pins and plastic pants which added to her shape. Disposables were much more discreet, but she still wished she had her old cloth diapers, the ones she grew up with and spent her early adult years wearing. But cost and the workload of washing had pushed her into the more wasteful, more expensive, but more discreet disposables.

*You still look good, girl!*

She pulled the soaking wet diaper up some, adjusted the side panels and smoothed the edges and then slowly rotated looking over her shoulder at the mirror. The yellow tinge on the back of the diaper was almost at the waistband and she looked on with interest.

*I did a good job last night!*

She turned and faced the mirror and put her hands on her hips.

*I look good in a diaper! Even a wet one!*

She smiled and slipped the wet garment down her legs and quickly looked inside it to inspect the rear. It wasn't dirty which meant that a dirty nappy was due sometime that morning. But the smile came from the bizarre idea that the diaper that lay on the floor might be taken from her bin next week and possibly be worn by the young man next door.

A sudden sense of sexual need arose within her and instead of turning the water on in her shower, she stepped out of the bathroom back into her bedroom and laid down, her legs apart as her fingers found her slit. She was completely shaved, not for fashion or erotic desire but for the sheer practicality of it. A poo covered vagina was easier to clean if it was shaven. Her mother had taught her that and she had suffered the ignominy of being shaven in her early teens by her mother before she was confident enough to continue the process herself.

She closed her eyes as her fingers explored her slit and clit. It took very little time for the dampness to change from pee to feminine wetness. As she dipped two fingers into her wet pussy, she sighed, remembering that only one penis had ever gone there and then only twice for a grand total of about four minutes. She tried to make it last, but for some reason, the idea that her next-door neighbour *might* be wearing her diapers made her swoon. It was intimacy by proxy.

And then she came. Hard and long and loud.

Alison was a chronic masturbator and knew it. But she didn't care. She masturbated every day as she had from the moment she discovered her 'button' as a young teenager. But her sexual release only came from her fingers and the penis that had stabbed her briefly on two occasions had squirted inside her and then left, leaving her frustrated and needing to masturbate. No one had ever made her cum. It was always the result of her own efforts.

As she walked back into the bathroom, she looked at the wet diaper on the floor and felt nothing but embarrassment. Her sexual fantasies often embarrassed her, but this time, she had imagined someone else wearing a wet diaper and wondering... what if?



For the entire week, every diaper she removed – either wet or soiled – was looked on with renewed interest.

*Will he be wearing this one?*

*Will he... cum in it? Is this a sexual thing?*

A few times she actually masturbated with her wet diaper still on, rubbing the outer shell until the soaked inner fluff of her nappy caused her to cum.

*I wonder if he will smell me in it?*

Rubbish pick-up day arrived again and Alison took up her now familiar position in the dark, hoping to catch the diaper thief again and as she waited, she felt a sense of excitement. At first, it was the thrill of detective work, of discovering a thief and his *heinous* acts, but then it grew more familiar and she felt her vagina become damp.

*Shit! I'm getting turned on by this!*

It was just after 11 pm when he arrived under the streetlight.

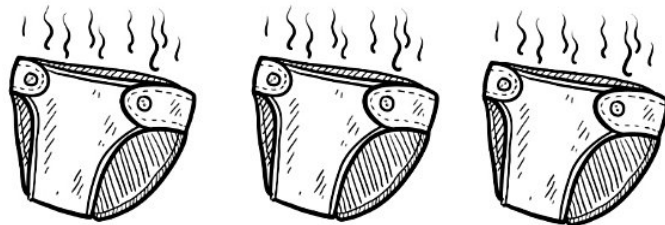
*Well, he certainly is consistent! Same time as last week!*

Alison watched what looked like a well-practised routine. He took out his large bin liner and picked out the five bags of used diapers in her rubbish bin and placed them inside and then once again, turned around and faced her house and stared. She held her breath, knowing he could not see her but still feeling exposed and at the same time, thrilled.

*I hope he enjoys my diapers!*

It was late but when Alison went to bed, she slipped her hand inside her diapers, ignoring the fact that she was already damp and diddled herself to a welcome orgasm, her second of the day.

*I wonder if he is doing the same thing?* was her last thought before sleep finally claimed her.



It was a week later when Alison decided to try something new. Her efforts to discover more about her mysterious neighbour had been fruitless and she desperately wanted to know more.

The tall fence between them made spying difficult and even when she stood on a chair to peer over, she saw nothing that answered her questions. The clothesline was on the other side of the property behind a shed and all she saw was the occasional glimpse of what appeared to

be a pair of track pants blowing in the wind. And the windows all had blinds drawn so that she couldn't see inside.

*He's hiding away and that makes me want to know what's going on even more!*

Alison liked to go for a morning walk and every morning at 8 am she stared at his house as she walked past, hoping to see something – anything – that would answer her questions. But there was nothing to be seen. In fact, the young man whose name she had forgotten, was himself, not seen. In the six months she had lived there, other than his weekly diaper thefts, she had seen him only twice. Once was when she walked past the house just as he got out of his car from a trip somewhere and he was holding the mysterious bin liner even then. In retrospect, she assumed he had been stealing used diapers from somewhere else. She had been in her house only a week herself and had not yet discovered what he was doing.

That memory prompted her to wonder. She knew what the bin liner collected from her rubbish bin contained.

*Does he get used diapers from somewhere else? Now that he has mine, does he go elsewhere?*

Alison's plan was a simple one. On top of her bags of used diapers, she planned to leave a fresh wet one, unbagged and soaking wet. Just as she prepared to wheel her bin out to the curbside, she slipped her soaked disposable diaper down her legs and reverently placed it on top of the other bags. Then she waited.

He was a bit earlier that night. It was just after ten pm when she saw him walk confidently up to her bin and lift the lid. And then he stopped as he spied the unbagged, obviously freshly-worn diaper. Alison held her breath as the unexpected gift was lifted up, still warm, and he brought it up to his face and held it there, breathing deeply.

*He's sniffing my wet diaper!*

She watched for what seemed like hours but was only a minute as he pushed his face deep into the sodden diaper in full view of anyone who dared to look out their window. His hand slipped down the front of his track pants revealing what he was wearing underneath.

*He's wearing pinned cloth diapers and plastic pants just like I did!  
Does he wear them all the time?*

In the light, she saw the top half of his diaper through his transparent plastic pants as he threw caution to the wind. He stared once more at the darkened window, wet diaper still on his face, unaware that his actions were being watched. After a minute or two, he retrieved the other bags of used diapers, put them in the liner and slowly walked off.

*Does he think I did that deliberately for him? Could he even know that I know what he is doing?*

## *Martin's Discovery | 3.*



Martin sat in his living room watching both his TV and his clock waiting until it was time. Time to go on a diaper hunt. While he waited, his mind returned to the time he discovered that his new neighbour wore diapers.



Martin liked to go for morning walks. Their purpose was two-fold. The first was to actually get out of the house as he tended to be more solitary than perhaps was healthy and so going for a good brisk walk at least had him see a few people and other houses. The second purpose was one that had been with him since he was a young teenager. He was on the constant lookout for diapers – preferably ones that had already been used.

Since the awakening of his secret desires and needs as an older child and young teen, Martin had managed to occasionally get used diapers to wear or slip into his underwear and later on, to line his own diapers. He understood that no one else would accept it or even think it was a good idea and so from a young age, he determined that diapers would come first and people second. And thus it had turned out. When he was eighteen he decided to return fully to diapers and had abandoned the toilet entirely a few years later. And as often as he could, he would wear used diapers inside his own. That made a good thing even better.



It was on an early morning stroll that Martin had walked past his new neighbour's house and as was his habit glanced at the rubbish bin whose lid was partly open because it was overfull. He knew instantly what he had seen.

There was a bag of used adult diapers in a semi-transparent plastic bag. He instinctively knew the look. Driven by instinct, he threw caution to the wind, grabbed the single bag on top, briefly noting there were even more bags of used diapers beneath but decided that one would have to do. It was early morning but still very light and he had no desire to be seen.

Almost running, Martin took the bag home and rushed through his front door to examine his stolen booty. Ripping the bag apart on the living room floor, he counted six very wet small-size adult diapers.

*Yes! And there's even more in the bin!*

In a flurry of excitement, Martin took off all his clothes until he was down to his own pinned cloth diaper and plastic pants. He slid the plastic pants down and unpinned his diaper and lowered it to the floor. Quickly he opened one of the wettest of the diapers and reverently lowered his bottom onto it.

*This is wonderful!*

He sighed as he felt the cold wetness of the used diaper and then attempted to retape the diaper onto himself. As an experienced used diaper wearer, he knew that the tapes would either not stick again at all or would be exceedingly weak. He laid down once again on his still dry cloth diaper and repinned it over the used disposable. The combination of used inner disposable on top of the securely pinned cloth diaper was exquisite.

*Finally! It's been too long!*

Martin exulted in the experience of the used diaper. It had been several weeks since he was last able to wear a used one. His usual haunts for his desired objects had come up consistently empty and he was missing the delightful experience of someone else's used diaper around his body.

His first experience in a used diaper was at a tender age of just three years, wearing his cousin's wet diaper, something he repeated many times until they too disappeared. Despite his protestations, Martin had been taken out of diapers as a two-year-old and despite continuing to wet his bed until ten, had not been given diapers back again.

As a young teen, he had taken the time to go to shopping malls and check out the disabled bathrooms and from time to time found toddler-size diapers that he could fit into. At first, he avoided the poopy ones and just wore the wet ones, but largely because of the problem of detection. When he was 15 he found a particularly dirty one and could not stop himself before he retaped the extra-large toddler diaper around his skinny teenage frame. He knew then that used diapers were what he wanted. But they were always hard to find.

*I can't believe I have someone in adult diapers that lives next to me! How good is that! I might be able to be back into full-time used diapers again!*

'Again' was a bit of an overstatement. Almost a decade earlier, he had been able to obtain a regular supply of used baby diapers from a rented home not far away and for three glorious weeks, he had lined his usual pinned cloth diaper with the wet and soiled ones and enjoyed the permanency of the situation - until the residents moved and he had none.

*I wonder if she dirties her diapers? It would be great if she did!*

Martin stood up in his living room with just his pinned diaper lined with someone else's wet diapers. He looked at his plain plastic pants.

*I think I deserve something better than that!*

Martin walked down the hall and through the door that had a nameplate on it. It read - Baby Sonya. It was Martin's other name, a name he had adopted and now considered to be his *real* name - including 'baby'.

As he opened the door to his fully equipped nursery, he saw the main attraction - his crib. The exquisite - and expensive - adult size

crib was made of turned wood, painted in white and pink with a drop side. The inside had crib bumpers, a princess sheet and quilt set and numerous toys, dolls and teddy bears inside. A battery-operated infant mobile hung above, designed to take the attention of the infant that slept there. And an infant *did* indeed sleep there.

Baby Sonya walked to the white chest of drawers and pulled out the second one and looked at the selection of plastic pants. They were her 'girly' plastic pants. Every single one was frilly and lacy and very infantile. She chose a pair of white frilly plastic pants with lace around the legs and multiple rows of frills on the bottom. As she slipped them on she sighed in pleasure.

*This is right now! These look much better!*

Sonya climbed into her crib and looked at the princess-themed sheets beneath her. The sheets were dry, but there were overlapping stains on them from leaking diapers. She smiled at them and how they validated her.

*I am a real bedwetter!*

And she certainly was. When Martin had stopped wetting his bed at the age of ten he felt a real loss and determined that when he left home, he would start again and he did. It was almost three years before Martin was to wake in the morning in an accidental wet diaper from legitimate bedwetting, but since that day, his wetting had grown into daytime wetting as well and he was now diaper-dependent and not at all concerned about it. It was what he wanted.

Sonya laid face down in her crib and began to hump. Her fully erect penis slid into the soaking wet and slightly abrasive, used diaper. It took very little time for her to ejaculate into the waiting absorbency. It was her morning ritual to masturbate and often repeated in the evening, but it was always better in a wet or even dirty diaper and even more so if it wasn't his own diaper that he was making love to.

Sonya was a virgin. She had never fucked a woman nor taken a penis into her own vagina. Her lovers were diapers – wet, dirty, cloth, disposable and preferably – used ones from someone else. She was unconcerned and knew there was no chance anyone would accept her the way she was.

*This find deserves a proper dress up!*

Baby Sonya got out from the crib and pulled out a different drawer that contained her underwear. None of it was male. There was a selection of panties, large enough to fit over diapers, a dozen different bras, breast inserts and the 'essentials' of sanitary pads and tampons. While still only twelve months old, Baby Sonya had a regular monthly cycle and adhered to a routine of wearing tampons five days in every month. It never for a moment made any difference that these tampons went into her 'alternate vagina'. From the age of 14, she had been wearing them whenever she could and for many years now had a full period every month.

Sonya pulled out a pretty white padded bra in C cup and chose the correct breast form to fit inside them and proficiently put it on, carefully adjusting it for fit as a professional bra-fitter had instructed her some years before.

Going to her cupboard she opened the door and selected a delicate full slip in silky white and put it on. In the doors next to her were her dresses and all but a few were for babies and toddlers but in adult size. Taking her time to select the right dress to match her outfit and her mood, Sonya chose a pretty white baby dress with light blue applique and lace and quickly put it on, smoothing it out to make sure it was fitting properly. It hung halfway down her plastic pants, showing off most of the frills and lace.

Next came the bonnet and booties.

Sonya went to yet another drawer that contained a multitude of baby's knitted booties and bonnets and even a few pairs of baby first walker shoes she had obtained at a high cost. She quickly put on a pair of matching white and blue booties that showed off her silky smooth and hairless legs. The bonnet, however, had to wait until she had done her hair.

Sonya quickly went to the ensuite bathroom and began to brush her light brown shoulder-length hair. In public, it simply went into a single ponytail, but at home, she wore two ponytails or let it hang naturally. She wanted to look as feminine as possible and so quickly

brushed her hair and let it hang naturally before tying on the Broderie Anglaise baby bonnet around her head.

*Now for makeup!*

Sonya wore a little makeup when she was home to try and hide any sign of her unwanted masculinity. Even if babies and makeup did not go together she was still determined. A little eyeliner and mascara, a subtle lipstick that complemented her pink nail polish and she was done.

Nail polish was a regular thing for her and only for important outside appointments did it come off. Many years earlier she had gone for a Thai Massage and worn her diaper but also her bra and the very accommodating woman had both accepted her and even asked questions. She noted her rather poor nail polish and after the massage, gave her detailed instruction on how to do her nails properly with multiple coats.

Baby Sonya was all set for the day and as she left the ensuite, now fully ready, she dropped to all fours and crawled on the thick carpet to the corner of the room where a playpen was set up with some of her toys and she began to play. The rest of her toys were in a fully-equipped playroom down the hall. At some time during playtime, the infant wet and poed her diaper, barely slowing down her play as it all flowed out of her as it did every day.

It was five years since Martin or Sonya had used a toilet at all. It didn't matter to her. That was what diapers were for.



Finally, the clock reached 11 pm, the time Martin had assessed as being safe. In his middle-class conservative neighbourhood, most houses were in darkness or semi-darkness by this time. There were very few loud parties or people roaming the streets at night. He was safe to go 'a hunting'.

It was only a short walk from his front door to the rubbish bin of his neighbour. He was wearing a cloth diaper and a bra of course but a regular T-shirt and track pants to hide his essential baby-ness.

*I wish there wasn't a light here!* he observed. The bin was right under a streetlight, clearly illuminating what he was doing.

He opened the lid and carefully and quickly put each of the five bags of used diapers into a bin liner he had brought for the task. He then turned and looked directly at the house of his diaper-wearing neighbour and sighed.

*So close and yet so far! If only you would give them to me fresh every time you used one! I would wear them in your honour.*

Martin didn't know his neighbour, having only met her once in passing and sharing a few words. But as he walked back to his home carrying his booty, he wondered what she was like.

Martin opened the top bag of diapers the moment he re-entered his nursery and was stunned to see that the first diaper he opened was dirty. And not just merely slightly so, but fully dirty and his penis quickly erected.

Stripping down completely, he quickly retaped the dirty diaper on himself, scarcely breathing as the arousing diaper thrilled him to his core. The tapes barely held as he pinned his already slightly wet cloth diaper over the top and then added some more frilly plastic pants over them. Taking his bra off he quickly put on his pink footed sleeper with white feet along with a plain matching pink bonnet and shoved his pacifier in his mouth.

Baby Sonya was back.

The twelve-month old child crawled into her crib, grabbed her favourite teddy bear – Cindy – and face down, humped the used diaper until she quickly ejaculated and then relaxed.

*That was beautiful! I can start wearing used diapers all the time again!*

Sleep claimed her quickly as the comfort of the used dirty nappy encompassed her while on the floor of the nursery lay eighteen other wet and dirty diapers for exploration the next morning.



## *The Special Diaper | 4.*



Alison was still stunned by the vision of her neighbour putting her fresh wet diaper over his face and looking directly at her, even if he didn't know she was there at the time. Part of her was a little disgusted, part of her was intrigued and a surprising part of her was excited that he wanted her 'smell'. He wanted *something* from her body and life in diapers had pretty much precluded *anyone* from wanting something from her body.

Now, she simply had to find out what he did with her diapers. She had assumed – but didn't really know – that he wore her used diapers, but what else did he do? She simply had to find out.

*But how do I find out? He is very secretive and almost always at home. I can't see anything interesting over the fence.*

As she thought about her dilemma, she realised that she did sometimes see him leave and be away for several hours. Over the next week, she took particular notice and discovered that he was away for about 3 hours on Tuesday and Thursday from about 9 am.

A plan began to form in her mind. But while she waited for a chance to explore, she tried out something else as a part of learning more about her rather odd but somewhat fascinating neighbour. Motivated by the open diaper experience and what he had done with it, she planned to repeat it but with a difference.

This time it was a dirty diaper.



Alison was deeply excited and impatient as she sat once more in her darkened room looking out at her rubbish bin.

*This is a bit sad, girl! This is the highlight of your week... watching some weirdo steal your diapers.*

But despite her mixed feelings about her somewhat shallow life, she sat growing increasingly impatient as 11 pm came and went.

“Where the hell is he?” she said loudly as she sat by the window. “I don’t have all night to wait!”

Just as she was about to give up and go to bed, he finally appeared. It was almost midnight. But something was very different this time.

He was in a dress.

“Woah!” she spat out, nearly dropping her phone as she took a look at the unconventionally-dressed man under the revealing streetlight.

*It’s not a woman’s dress though. It’s... it’s... like a toddler’s or even a baby’s dress!*

Alison looked in stunned amazement as below the hem of the short toddler dress was a very obvious thick cloth diaper in transparent plastic pants. In the streetlight, she could see the material of the diaper and from her own personal experience of years before recognised it immediately. She had worn such diapers for half of her life.

Then he opened the lid of the bin and lifted up the folded-over diaper. Alison held her breath as he opened it up. She was fearful that he might reject it and in some bizarre way, reject *her*. She suddenly realised that she was trying to offer him something special and had no idea why that was the case.

*Why am I doing this?*

He looked at the open diaper which she knew was extremely dirty. She felt a bit embarrassed at how messy it was but it was what it was. He lifted the diaper to his face and stopped a few inches away and she could tell – or at least imagined – that he was smelling it to judge its bouquet. And then he reverently folded it up, extracted the other bags of used diapers and once again spent a short time staring at the dark

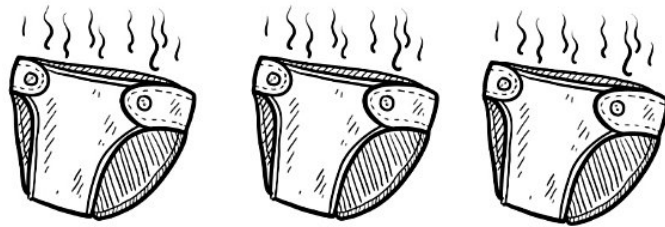
window in some kind of ritual. That's when she saw what was in his mouth.

*He has a pacifier in his mouth!*

Alison knew she had to investigate more of what was going on.

*Is he kind of a baby still?* she asked, not exactly sure what that even meant.

As she drifted off to sleep that night, she made some plans.



Baby Sonya was beyond excited as she quickly returned to her home with her booty of used diapers. It was a huge risk to go outside dressed as a baby girl, but she had grown weary of the solitary nature of her life and the excitement of the short, late-night trip had given her a massive erection. Sonya knew that she was well-endowed with eight inches of thick cock, but it had never entered a woman – or a man – and she expected it never would.

When Sonya saw the unbagged and clearly fresh diaper she had hopes that it would be as good as the previous weeks' but when she opened it and saw the massively dirty diaper, her cock throbbed and she held it up to her face to breathe in the heady aroma. After quickly retrieving the rest of the used diapers, she rushed home and as quickly as possible unpinned her already wet cloth diaper and reverently placed the wondrous dirty diaper in the middle of it. As she slowly lowered her bottom onto the dirty diaper, she was instantly aware that it was not cold, merely cool. It was very recently worn.

“This diaper is fucking amazing!” she exclaimed to no one as she carefully pinned her cloth diapers back together and pulled up her frilly plastic pants.

Baby Sonya was ready for sleep and so she prepped her crib the way she so often did. She took six of the rolled-up used diapers and placed them around her crib, two on each side and two at the foot of the

adult-size baby sleeping place. She then quickly chose the diaper she wanted for her pillow.

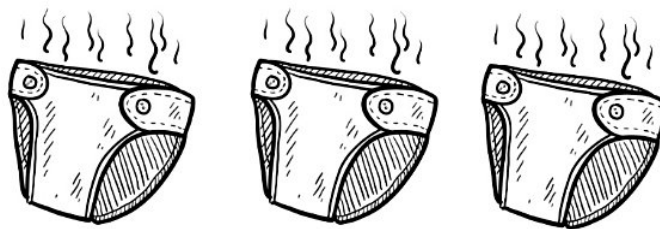
Sonya opened several of the diapers before finding one that was clearly very drenched and then laid it lengthways along her crib pillow. Then she climbed into the crib ready for sleep.

She laid on her tummy, stretched her legs out and reverently placed her face into the wet diaper and then...

She began to hump.

Baby Sonya enthusiastically began to masturbate in the manner she had done since she was a young teenage boy, wanting desperately to be a baby girl. She slid her cock through the wetness and the mess in her nighttime diaper and quickly orgasmed strongly before relaxing herself. Thoroughly sated, Baby Sonya lifted her bottom and brought her knees forward until she was in the classic young infant sleeping position, her face still smelling the aroma of a wet diaper. Before long, she was asleep and as she slept, her bladder emptied multiple times without her knowledge. When she awoke briefly at 4 am, she quickly masturbated again before falling asleep once more. Masturbating twice a day was normal, three times a day was common and four or five times not unheard of.

Baby Sonya was in her element, her safe place. She was wearing someone else's used diaper and surrounded by more of the same. It all made perfect sense to her. She had been wearing used diapers since before she started school and they all made more sense to her than clean ones. No one had ever understood that and so she had been forced to do her used diaper-wearing secretly.



When Alison awoke the next morning she felt groggy after staying awake later than usual but her internal clock still woke her at the

normal time of 7:00 am. As usual, she assessed the state of her diaper and the bed beneath her.

The diaper was soaking wet, the result of a few glasses of wine the previous evening while awaiting her neighbour's clandestine activities. It also gave her the courage to look and watch what he was doing. But it also meant a diaper that would be much wetter than usual. She quickly checked the sheets beneath her and was relieved to feel that the bed was dry even though the diaper was at full capacity. Alison normally emptied what remained of her bladder into her night diaper when she awoke, but judged that it might be a step too far for the under-siege garment around her hips.

As she stood in the shower trying to wake up, she let go of her pee and was not surprised to find that there was very little there. There rarely was. Her bladder was hopelessly small and too weak to hold much urine anyhow.

After changing into a fresh diaper and dressing for the day, she sat down and read a book until it was 9 am hoping to see her neighbour leave home for a few hours as he usually did. She wanted to investigate what he was doing with her diapers. It was at precisely 9:03 am that Martin – aka Baby Sonya – left the house wearing the usual pinned cloth diapers but with a used wet diaper underneath. He also wore a discreet, unpadded bra. It was his normal attire when out of the house. It never occurred to him to dress any differently.

## Investigation | 5.



Alison waited five minutes before taking action. She knew from her own experience that sometimes she had gone somewhere and come back a few minutes later to pick up something she had forgotten, the most crucial of which was a spare diaper in her handbag. She never went anywhere without a spare. More than once an accidental dirty diaper had happened and she had spent hours in a messy one because she had failed to prepare adequately. She didn't want that experience again. Because she knew what the life of a 247 diaper wearer was like, she waited in case he were to return unexpectedly. Then she put her plan into action.

She walked to her backyard and carrying a dining room chair she placed it next to the fence that stood between their two properties. She then retrieved a second chair and cautiously stood on the first one before leaning over the fence and carefully putting the second chair on the ground on the other side. The fence was only five feet high, but Alison was only a few inches taller than that. She then climbed over the fence in her uncharacteristic jeans and top and stood on the other side.

"I'm over!" she whispered to herself conspiratorially as she stepped off the chair.

*Now to see if I can find something to explain what is going on!*

Alison knew that she was breaking a law or at least breaching propriety, but her love of detective stories convinced her that simply having a look around would aid in her 'investigation'. She just *had* to know what was going on. Like any good investigator, her first look was into his two rubbish bins which were located not far from the fence line.

*He snoops in mine, so why can't I snoop in his?*

She opened the first bin which was for general rubbish and was surprised to find just... household rubbish. But when she opened the second bin she found it was almost full to the brim of used disposable diapers. Having brought kitchen gloves with her – as would any good investigator – she carefully lifted the top three bags of diapers and recognised her own specific brand. But then she found something.

*These aren't my diapers! They have to be someone else's!*

She carefully opened the bag and saw that they were way too small to be an adult's diaper and too big to be a baby's diaper.

*They must be an older child's diaper, maybe early teens or something?*

Trying to remember what the bin looked like before she opened it and silently cursing herself for not taking a photo of it with her phone, she carefully extracted the entire contents of the bin and found used diapers that were not just hers or the mysterious 'older child' but also wet pullups and diapers from all ages.

*Wow! He really likes used diapers! she thought. I don't really get it, but I suppose each to his own! But I don't get why he has so many.*

Alison carefully refilled the bin as best as she could remember and then moved around the edge of the house before she came to a large undercover area. Underneath it hung a clothesline of six long strands filling much of the area. As she stood there, she remembered her own childhood and teen years and into her early twenties when she wore pinned-on cloth diapers and plastic pants. The clothesline was always full of them and she was terribly embarrassed by the constant reminder that was visible not only to her family but anyone else that visited.

Somewhat surprised by the quantity of diapers, she moved up close and found that behind two rows of them were a complete row of plastic pants. Alison was genuinely astonished by the range and style of the plastic pants on view.

*Where were these when I had to wear them? she thought surprisingly angrily. Mine always sucked. These actually look pretty*

*good!*

The plastic pants were of different colours and styles including baby-style frilly-bottom ones and totally transparent pants. As a youngster, the only plastic pants Alison had worn were plain white ones that were *boring*. She often complained about the lack of variety but to no avail. Her parents were only interested in function, not fashion and diapers were functional only. As she stood there touching the various pants and admiring the frilly ones she was briefly tempted to steal one.

*Get a grip, girl! You don't need plastic pants at all even if they are pretty!*

Behind the plastic pants were two bedsheets which she noticed were both little girl style and patterned with princesses and unicorns. It did not surprise her. She had already worked out that her neighbour wore girls' clothes at home and occasionally out of the house to steal used diapers. But behind the sheet hung even more surprises.

The line had baby clothes hanging from it. Adult-sized baby clothes.

Open-mouthed, Alison carefully inspected the three baby girl dresses, the footed sleeper and what she assumed was a baby's romper suit. Next to them were five baby onesies in adult size and what looked like knitted baby booties in pink and yellow and several cotton baby bonnets.

*Shit! He dresses like a baby girl all the time!*

Her curiosity was now fully aroused and she wanted to know more and to find out more about her very unusual neighbour.

The three pairs of women's bras and three pairs of lacy panties came as no shock despite how out of place they seemed in the array of infantile items pegged to the large clothesline. Stunned by what she had seen and her own subliminal desire to take the frilly plastic pants, she reluctantly walked around the side of the house to the first window and looked in.

"Bloody hell!" she said out loud.

As she looked through the window and the see-through curtain she saw a nursery – a baby's nursery. But everything inside it was adult

size. Her mouth gaped open as she saw the incredible baby crib in the middle of the room which she assumed was based on an adult's single bed. She could make out a large change table and the stacks of neatly arranged cloth diapers. The large built-in cupboard was closed and she silently wished she could see inside. She assumed more baby clothes and other interesting items lay within.

The next window along had a solid curtain blocking any view and so having discovered more than expected, she decided to return lest she be discovered. She carefully climbed over the fence and retrieved the two chairs and returned inside. She immediately changed into a skirt as the freedom of movement appealed to her more and always had since she had been a little girl in thick diapers. Her newer disposables were more discreet than her childhood diapers, but she still preferred the freedom of a skirt. While many of her fellow incontinent friends wore jeans, she proudly wore skirts, wishing she could wear shorter ones. But as she had learned as a child, no one wants to see your diaper.

"What do I do now, Kelly?" she said out loud to the teddy bear that sat on the pillow of her bed and had done so since she was 13. "He is stealing my used diapers and seems to like them so where do I go from here?"

Then with a broad smile, she made her plan. What she lacked in *continence*, she more than made up for in *confidence*.



Thirty minutes later and almost an hour earlier than usual, Martin drove back into his driveway, feeling frustrated and dejected.

"Why did she have to say no?" he said to no one. "I even offered more money and she wouldn't take it!"

Martin grabbed the small plastic bag next to him and walked morosely to his front door. His bi-weekly trips out of the house were his 'pickup' mornings. For the past two years, Martin had gone to a house



on the other side of town to pick up a small number of used diapers from a young incontinent child via her mother. He had met her online and had offered her \$50 a week to take some of the used diapers. She had demurred at first, but her own financial situation had pushed her to accept his offer and so he had gone twice a week to pick up used diapers that were too small to wear but he would line his own diapers with them. But now the deal was off. The mother had obtained substantial financial assistance and now no longer needed the money for her daughter's used diapers.

"I don't want anyone fucking her diapers!" she had said spitefully when giving him the last ever bag and taking his money.

Martin wanted to object but realised it was pointless. He masturbated in most of the used diapers he collected so technically, he did 'fuck' them even if he was still a virgin – something that no longer frustrated him. His only sex was with used diapers and he was satisfied with that.

He stepped through his front door and walked to his nursery taking the small bag with him. As he emptied the contents onto the floor he sighed at the pitiful results from his 'diaper collecting' morning. He had gone to six disabled toilets in two shopping malls and checked the diaper receptacles for used ones. He had retrieved only one slightly wet pullup and a wet toddler diaper, well below his usual haul. And with the bag of his now-defunct supplier's diapers containing only three wet ones, Martin was in a depressed mood and even a little fearful.

"I can't be in clean diapers!" he said loudly to his baby doll as he picked her up from the top of his change table. "I can't! It's all wrong!"

A few tears slipped out of his eyes as he tried to console himself.

"At least I have the ones from next door, but what if she moves? What then? My sources are disappearing!"

Once she was calm, Baby Sonya took off her hated adult male clothes and stripped down to her cloth diaper and bra. As she unpinned the cloth diaper, she saw Alison's wet diaper inside it and he went to replace it with another. He found one of his neighbour's dirty diapers and carefully laid it in the front of his cloth diaper and laid the toddler

one at the rear and carefully repinned it. He sighed deeply as he felt the cold mess conform to his body and begin to warm up. Baby Sonya slipped her familiar breast forms into her bra, chose a pretty baby dress with matching bonnet and booties and sighed in relief. She was back home again and back as a six-month-old girl. And her diaper was delightfully dirty as it was supposed to be all the time.

Dropping to all fours, Sonya crawled on the thick carpet out the door of the nursery, down the hall and into the next room. It was her playroom, full of toys, books, pencils, crayons and all manner of entertainment for a crawling age child. But before she could play, she had to attend to one important need.

She put both her hands under her dress and beneath her diaper and began to hump. Minutes later she let out a grunt as cum spewed out her cock and into Alison's dirty diaper.

"Now I can play!" she shouted.

It was her ritual to masturbate frequently. Often and openly and whenever she wanted to.

*Maybe I do actually fuck diapers!* she thought ruefully before her attention was grabbed by a new toy she had bought herself and she crawled off to play.

She would stay there for over an hour before her tummy told her it was time to eat. Lunch would be a sandwich and two hot formula bottles. She was now on 6-8 formula bottles every day and was the mainstay of her diet. It kept her diapers wet and messy, just as she preferred them.

Another day for Baby Sonya was back on track and the infant was ready to enjoy more time as the baby girl she truly was and always had been.

## *First Contact | 6.*



Alison walked around her home nervously that morning. She looked at the shopping bags multiple times. One bag contained five wet diapers and the other, three dirty ones – two days’ worth of wearing. But they were not headed out to the rubbish bin as they normally would be. It was rubbish pickup day the next day and they would normally be out there already and she would be waiting in her darkened window to witness them being stolen. But this time, she had another plan.

She looked once again at the clock waiting for 9 am, the time she had set for herself and the plan that she had mulled over for several days. Finally, it was time.

Alison steeled herself, grabbed both bags and walked out the front door and nervously opened the front gate to her neighbour’s home and approached the door.

She rang the doorbell.

No one came to the door even though she knew he was home.

She rang again and waited impatiently.

“Why is she here?” whispered Baby Sonya. “Why won’t she go away? I don’t want to talk to anyone.”

Sonya had been standing in the front room when Alison had walked up and so she knew who it was right from the start.

Suddenly, Sonya’s blood ran cold.

“Fuck! She knows what I’ve been doing!” she thought to herself fearfully.

She had been caught once several years before stealing used diapers from a bin and the argument and screaming that had ensued had been dreadful. Sonya shuddered at the memory and the threat of calling the police on her. When the bell rang the second time, she realised that her neighbour was not going to go away. She was going to have to open the door.

“Can I help you?” she stammered through the screen door that she knew allowed her to see out but no one to see inside.

Baby Sonya was dressed as a baby girl just as she normally was. Her diaper was wet and dirty and still unchanged from nighttime and as always, was lined by two of Alison’s used ones. She knew instantly that he could not open the door for her to talk to him face-to-face.

“Hi!” Alison replied cheerfully, trying her best to make the situation less awkward. “I’m Alison from next door and I wondered if you might like these.”

She lifted up the two opaque shopping bags to show him.

“Er... what are they?” Sonya asked.

The silence seemed to be deafening as the two looked at each other, not speaking. Finally, Alison found her voice.

“They’re my diapers,” she explained. “I’ve seen you take them and thought you might prefer if I gave them to you this way. If you want to, that is.”

“Er... I don’t know what to say. I’m sorry about that. I didn’t mean to- ”

“No need to apologise...” she replied putting on her best smile.

“Martin. My name’s Martin,” he answered, filling in the silence and wishing that just once he had the courage to tell people that his name was really Sonya.

“Okay. No need to apologise, Martin. I’m fine with it. I don’t condemn anyone. So do you want to take them?”

Sonya realised the problem she was in. She couldn’t open the door because of what she was wearing, but she truly wanted to take the offered diapers.

“Can you leave them by the door and I will get them in a moment?”

It took a few seconds for Alison to understand.

*He's probably wearing baby clothes, you idiot!*

“Sure thing. I'll just drop them here,” she replied before adding. “The red bag has the wet ones and the blue one has the dirty ones.”

And then she walked away, forcing herself not to look back as she heard the door open slightly and the bags being taken inside.

Sonya took the bags with shaking hands and carefully looked inside. As Alison had told her, the red bag contained five wet diapers, each of which very neatly taped into a tight bundle. The blue bag, however, had three dirty diapers each in a separate plastic bag and not taped together. She reached inside and pulled one out and saw the medical-grade diaper heavily loaded with poo.

Tears began to run down her face as she realised that her neighbour – Miss Allison – was literally giving her a remarkable gift, the gift of her used diapers and wasn't hating on her for it.

Wanting to make the best of the experience, Sonya went to her ensuite, stripped off her overnight dirty diaper, showered and when she was all creamed up and powdered slowly sat down into a clean and dry cloth diaper lined with the wonderful gifted dirty one.

More tears flowed as she recalled the only time that someone had willingly given her used diapers to wear without requiring payment. It had been a short and wonderful time that had ended far too quickly. Fully erect and very aroused, Sonya took one of the fresh wet diapers, untaped and opened it and laid it on the pillow of her crib and then laid face down in it.

The aroma was strong and intoxicating and the baby girl quickly orgasmed once again in the dirty diaper, her second cum of the morning. After she recovered, she intended to sort out the used diapers and put them in the four plastic tubs she had been using for her collectables. That was when she found the note at the bottom of the bag.

Nervously, she opened it and began to read.

Hi there. I know this seems rather forward and I am not trying to embarrass you. I've watched you take my used diapers out of my bin a few times now and I know it must be a risk for you and so if you want to, I will just give them to you. Rather than wait a week for them, I can give them to you every day if you want. I don't want to be pushy, but if that is okay with you, just let me know.

Alison

Sonya sat in shock as she tried to comprehend what the letter conveyed. It seemed to her that she was more than willing for her to take her used diapers and even better, to supply them 'fresh'. Used diapers were important to her and the ability to always wear them was something she had craved since her early teenage years. The memory of her confused and frustrated childhood still remained.



"Martin!" yelled his mother. "Come here please!"

Fifteen-year-old Martin sighed as he heard his mother yell at him. She was loud and didn't seem to ever want to speak up close and instead yelled her instructions to him from a different room. An only child to a single mother, they were both close and yet, seemingly lived in different worlds. As soon as he walked into her room he knew he was in trouble. Lying on the bed were his diapers – used diapers. He only hoped she didn't realise it wasn't him who had used them.

"What the hell is this, Marty? I thought you were past this stupid diaper shit! And now I find you are wearing them again?"

"I'm sorry, mom," he replied, looking down at his feet.

"Why are you wearing them again?" she asked in a very unsympathetic voice. "You haven't wet the bed since you were twelve, so you don't need diapers still."

Martin had indeed wet his bed until he was twelve and then suddenly when puberty had hit, so had the sudden end to bedwetting. Thoroughly enamoured by the new functions of his penis, he hadn't thought through the impact of telling his mother that he had stopped wetting his night diapers. And then they were gone. For good. And there was no return.

Martin was devastated by their loss and no matter what he did to get them back, his mother simply refused. He deliberately wet his bed and still, she refused. He cried about it and she refused. He threw tantrums and she spanked him long and hard, but still, there were no more diapers.

From time to time, Martin would obtain diapers to wear but the only semi-reliable source he found was used ones and so, from early teens, he had begun wearing and enjoying the sensations of used diapers. But despite his best efforts, his mother had found them and each time she had given him a lecture and a spanking. The only good thing was that she had never worked out that they were *pre-used* diapers he was wearing. It simply never occurred to her that such a thing was possible.

"I just feel safer in them, mommy," he replied in a soft voice that reverted to a childish tone and the use of childish words.

"I don't care. Now drop the trousers and bend over the bed."

Martin sighed and did as he was told, lowering his trousers and lying over the bed. His mother already had a wooden spoon in her hand.

"Now listen carefully, Marty. If this continues, I will take away your panties and that bra you want will *never* happen. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mommy," he replied as the heavy spanking continued, only ending once the tears started to flow.

"Now go to your room and stay there until I say you can leave. And I mean it about your panties. If this continues, you can wear boys' underwear and you will never get a bra as long as you live here. Understand?"

He nodded as he slunk off to his bedroom.

A year earlier, he had been caught in his mother's underwear for the fifth time and after a spanking, it had been decided that he could wear panties at home as long as he behaved and to his absolute joy, his underwear drawer suddenly contained some girls' panties. With his sixteenth birthday coming up he had asked for a bra and while not committing to it, his mom had not rejected it either.

A year later, while showing off his bra and new panties, Martin had told his mom that his real name was Sonya. She had stoically kept a straight face, but when he left the room she had cried as she realised that her son, may, in fact, be her daughter.

"Is that why he never has any girlfriends?" she had asked herself. "Because he is a girl inside?"

The truth, however, was far, far more complex. 'Sonya' was not only a girl inside, but she felt very much like a *baby* girl. Diapers made more sense than even panties. And as for girlfriends, Sonya was very confused about whether she liked girls or boys. And the idea of sexual intercourse simply terrified her. She was unable to work out what was expected of her and even whether or not her penis was to go into a woman... or a man or vice versa It was all too hard for him to work out.

By the age of eighteen, Baby Sonya identified as a sub-12-month-old infant girl whose only sexual experiences were with the occasional stolen used diaper. It made perfect sense to her and she never expected that to change. Ten years later, wearing her neighbour's dirty diapers, it still made sense to her.



## *Explanations | 7.*



It was three days later when Alison was surprised by the ringing of her own front doorbell. It was Martin standing in the doorway holding a bunch of flowers.

“Hi Martin,” she exclaimed. “Do you want to come in?”

Martin stepped into the hallway and handed the flowers to Alison.

“These are for you to say thank you for your gift.”

“Nothing to say thank you for. It was no big deal.”

“No, I really do appreciate you not making a scene about what I’ve done or calling the cops or anything.”

“Oh, don’t be like that!” she retorted, hand waving away his fear. “I’d never do that. I was just surprised and a bit curious about it, that’s all.”

“I’m glad you aren’t freaked out.”

“Well, it is all quite strange to me, but then again, who am I to say if it’s weird to wear other people’s used diapers.”

The room suddenly went cold and quiet.

“You know I do that?” Martin whispered.

“I thought it was fairly obvious,” she replied, unsure if she had said something offensive. “And I don’t mind if you wear mine. It’s kinda cute in a way if you know what I mean.”

“Really?” he stammered.

“I’ve been in diapers my entire life and grew up in thick cloth ones, so it has always been obvious and I was teased a lot at school and you wear diapers all the time too, right? So, you know what it’s like?”

“I wet the bed until I was twelve and so I wore diapers but I didn’t start wearing them again until I left home at 20 and then I got a large inheritance and so I live like this.”

“So, you aren’t incontinent?” Alison inquired.

“I am now,” he replied. “Or at least my bladder is but for number two I... er... it’s hard to explain.”

Alison smiled. She understood.

“You just poo in your diaper because it’s more convenient?”

Martin nodded.

“Been there done that. I could make it to the bathroom most of the time if I tried, but it’s hard and a bit of a coin-toss and a long time ago I just gave up and now do it in my diaper instead. Now, since you are here, do you want to pick up some more of mine?”

Alison was surprised at how well they were getting on even though the conversation was as bizarre as she had ever experienced.

“Yes please,” he stammered.

Alison briefly left the room and came back with two quite heavy bags of used diapers.

“The big bag is wet ones and the smaller bag is my dirties and I assume you want both, right?”

Martin nodded, his face bright red.

“Well, now we have that out of the way, would you like to come over tonight for dinner?”

“Wow!” he whispered hoarsely. “You’re inviting me to dinner?” He looked shocked.

“Sounds like you don’t get many invites. But neither do I and I love cooking so be here by 6:30. And can I suggest something a bit unusual?”

“I guess,” Martin answered, both worried and terrified what ‘unusual’ might mean in the context of discussing wearing her used diapers.

“I saw you wearing what looked like a baby’s dress one night. Would you like to wear that over here and anything else that goes with

it?”

Martin looked at her in shock and his mute response said everything.

“You are more than happy to dress as you prefer over here,” she continued, trying to lessen his fear. “I am way past taking notice of what people think. I’m old enough to be your mother and I could use some young company.”

“Okay, thank you.”

“See you then!”

As Martin left her house Alison sighed and leaned back in her favourite armchair.

*What are you doing, girl?* She thought, half berating herself. *You’re inviting a baby girl wearing your dirty diapers for dinner? What do you think is gonna happen? Do you think he’s gonna fuck you or something? He’s probably never fucked anyone in his life and frankly, neither have you.*

Alison sighed again. It was true. Two penises had entered here in the distant past and had squirted, but it was not really sex and it was definitely *not* a fucking.

## *Dinner and Diapers | 8.*



It was precisely at 6:30 that evening when her front doorbell rang and Alison smiled, wondering if he had been counting off the minutes before walking the short distance to her door.

*I think there’s a baby girl at the door!* she observed wryly.

“Welcome, come on in,” she said as she opened her front door for Martin. “You look very pretty.”

She was not lying. While he was wearing outwardly male attire, Martin had clearly spent a lot of time doing her hair, putting it into two girlish pigtails. She had light makeup with mascara and a light shade of lipstick and small diamond earrings hung from her pierced ears. Likewise, her bra was filled with her largest breast forms, swelling her chest in a most un-masculine manner. Her trousers did little to hide what was clearly a very thick cloth diaper. The extra-large trousers were for just such times when Martin had to go out but couldn't face not being in a night-time thickness diaper.

“I brought my dress with me,” Martin explained. “Is it okay if I put it on?”

“Of course, sweetheart,” Alison replied. “You can get dressed in here if you want.”

Alison had no intention of leaving the room and stood watching as Martin stripped off his male clothes and shoes and carefully put on a white and blue baby dress with petticoat and white knitted booties and a lacy bonnet. He topped it off with a pink adult pacifier in his mouth.

“You look very sweet,” she said. “It suits you.”

“It's who I feel I am,” he replied while still sucking his pacifier

“Oh, I get that. People don't get me either but I am not a baby though!” she laughed. “Not that I am trying to tease, but tell me, what is your *real* name?”

“Sonya. Baby Sonya.”

“Okay, baby Sonya, that is what I will call you from now on. When did you first decide on a name?”

“When I was about five,” she replied. “I didn't tell anyone until a long time later. I wet my bed until I was ten so I wore diapers until then and then they got taken away. What about you?”

“Well, I've always been a girl,” Alison exclaimed with a smile. “But I've always needed diapers and my parents thought I was lazy but it was too hard and I eventually gave up completely. I never got married

and never had a baby and here I am just like you. I am on a pretty good pension so I don't work."

"I don't have any friends or even anyone I really have much contact with. My mom lives a long way away and we talk on the phone at times, but she knows I live as a baby now and it puts her off from visiting."

"I'm sorry about that, but how about you come up to the table so we can eat!"

Alison had prepared an exquisite meal and as they sat down and began to eat, she continued to pepper Baby Sonya with questions.

"So, I gotta ask," she began. "Why wearing *used* diapers? I get wearing regular diapers even if you don't need them. Sounds like a lot of people do that, but why wear ones that have already been used?"

"I know it sounds disgusting," Sonya replied, her mouth full of adult food – a relative rarity for her. "But part of me just finds a clean diaper not quite right."

"Really? I rather enjoy putting on a clean one and feeling normal again."

Sonya sighed loudly. "I know. It's like that for everyone but me. I started wearing my cousin's used diapers when I was like three or something. And it stayed with me."

"Can you tell me about that? I'm actually really interested."

Sonya slowly shook her head in disbelief.

"How can you be interested in that? How can you even tolerate me wearing your diapers! I don't get it!"

And then Sonya began to cry, tears running down her face.

"Oh sweetheart," said Alison as she left her chair and sat next to the distressed infant and held her tight. "You are fine. And I really don't mind."

"But why?" Sonya wailed. "Why don't you mind?"

*There are some serious issues going on here!* Alison thought. *She is very broken.*

Alison held the crying child in her arms for a moment trying to work out what to say.

“Sonya, sweetheart. My life hasn’t exactly been a dream either. I’ve never been out of diapers and I was teased at school and when I went to work I was often ostracised or made the butt of jokes. I tried to hide that I still wore them but I chose to wear cloth diapers and plastic pants like you do because they were more comfortable but they were also more noticeable.”

“I don’t have any friends!” Sonya blubbed.

“You do now. I’m your friend, don’t you see that? I don’t mind that you wear my used diapers and in fact, I am a little honoured by it.”

Baby Sonya wiped her eyes and looked directly at Alison’s face, surprise and confusion filling her visage.

Seeing the confusion, Alison continued. “Because I pee and poo my diapers, I didn’t get a lot of friends at school. A few, but not many and none that lasted. And as for relationships, they were even worse. Guys that thought they could handle diapers... couldn’t. They were only after sex anyhow and when I resisted sex without commitment, they ran away. I’m not exactly a virgin, but I may as well be. And you took interest in well, my diapers which is a big part of who I am as well.”

“So... you are okay with me wearing your diapers then?”

“Yes, sweetheart!” Alison exclaimed. “That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you. In a weird way, you are more intimately connected to me than anyone has been in a long time.”

There was a short silence as what Alison had said filtered through their understanding.

“I... er... enjoy your diapers,” Sonya whispered quietly trying to tell Alison her secret.

“I know, Sonya. I know what you do in them and... I guess that pleases me that you find at least this part of me exciting. Now wipe your eyes and let’s finish with some dessert.”

The two sat back down to their store-bought cheesecake dessert and talked a little about mundane things. As they sat down on the couch

after the meal, Alison returned to her previous unanswered question.

“Sonya, can you tell me about how you started wearing used diapers? You were going to tell me before but we got interrupted.”

Sonya took a deep breath and began to speak.

“When I was three my auntie and her baby daughter, Isobel came to live with us for a couple of years. I think she got divorced or something and needed a place to stay. I was still in night diapers for bedwetting and mom had me in disposables, but Isobel was in cloth ones which weren’t very common but they really attracted me for some reason. Isobel slept in my room in a crib since she was two but I was out of my crib but I wanted to still be in it.

“Anyhow, in the mornings I would take Isobel’s diaper and plastic pants off her and pin it on me and I just loved it. Issy knew what I was doing and she used to take her diaper off and give it to me and watch me put it on. My mom and my auntie didn’t know. They just found the two of us with our diapers off in the morning and assumed Issy had only just pulled hers off. Anyhow, one morning not long after I started doing that, Issy’s diaper was poopy and I remember just looking at it while Issy giggled and I just put it on!”

“How’d that make you feel?” asked Alison.

“Fucking fantastic!” she replied with a grin. “I just loved every part of it and even Issy thought it was good. I knew I had to be careful even then and I became very sneaky, something that came in handy for the rest of my life. Issy had about one dirty diaper a week and I loved wearing it. When I was five, I remember taking one of her dirty diapers again since she was really late at toilet training and putting it on under my shorts and playing outside. And then mom found out and it all went wrong for me. She gave me a spanking and told me never to do it again. That was the day I decided I was a girl and my name was Sonya. And I never wore Isobel’s diapers again, just my own. They left us not long after and it was just me and mom. So, that’s how it started.”

“And you kept on wearing used diapers after that?” Alison inquired, finding the story compelling.

“I wanted to for sure, but it was pretty hard to find any. Sometimes I went to friends’ homes who had a baby and a few times I got used ones to wear but I always threw them away before mom could find out. When I was in my teens, I sometimes got some diapers to wear but they were always clean and they felt good but not quite right. And I realised I was still a baby and everything got pretty hard to handle. But now I only want to wear used ones.”

“That’s quite a story, Sonya. Thanks for telling me. It really helps to understand you better and I hope you understand me too.”

“I do, and thanks for dinner, but I need to go home now, I think.”

“I understand. It must be hard for you to be a baby girl with me and open up like you have. I’m sorry you can't walk home in that outfit but someone might see.”

“It’s okay. It has been a great night just having a friend.”

“Even if I’m old enough to be your mother?” Alison joked.

After Martin/Sonya had left, Alison sat and thought deeply about all she had heard.

*She needs a friend, but perhaps she truly does need someone to be her mother.*



When Sonya returned home, she went straight to her nursery and took down her wet diaper, lined with Alison's wet ones. Going to the bag of fresh dirty diapers, he extracted two of them and placed the soiled ones right in front and at the rear. After re-pinning it back on, she took one of the fresh wet ones and opened it onto her pillow.

Happily ensconced in a footed sleeper, she laid face down in her crib and slowly masturbated into the soiled diaper.

*I really am fucking her diaper! And I want to fuck her too.*



Sometime during the night, Baby Sonya's bowels opened and silently emptied into her diaper. It was the first time this had happened as she slept.

The baby had taken another large step... backward.

## Revelation | 9.



Over the next three weeks, Alison made a daily morning pilgrimage to Sonya’s front door and delivered her bags of treasures. She never stepped into the house but at least the door was opened and Sonya usually wore a suspiciously new man’s dressing gown to cover what she knew were baby clothes underneath. And then came the morning that was different.

“Thanks for the diapees, Alison,” Sonya said with an unexpected nervous look. “Would you like to er... come inside?”

“I’d love to, girl!”

As she walked inside Alison could smell the unmistakable aroma of ‘baby’. It was the baby powder, the creams and of course, the smell of diapers. Used diapers. It was not overpowering, but it was there just the same. It was a smell she was very familiar with.

“This is the lounge room and the kitchen is over there.”

Alison walked through the kitchen and saw the adult-sized highchair.

“Wow, you have a highchair?”

“Yep,” she smiled. “I eat all my meals in there now.”

“So sitting in a chair at my place must have felt weird.”

“Nah, just a little. I feel safer in a highchair and with the straps and everything.”

Alison spied a row of baby bottles next to several cans of baby formula.

“Do you drink baby milk?” she asked.

“Three times a day now at every meal. And I take a juice one with me at night in case I wake up and need something.”

“If I’d known that when you came over I’d have fed you formula instead!” Alison joked before suddenly realising that bottle feeding was an essentially intimate act.

“The next room might shock you,” Sonya exclaimed. “It’s... er... my nursery.”

As Sonya opened the door to the nursery that Alison has spied through the window a couple of months early, she was struck by just how authentic everything was. Adult sized for sure, by infantile by every other measure.

“Your crib is gorgeous!” Alison exclaimed. “You must love sleeping in there.”

She took a look at the six rolled up used diapers on the three sides of the crib and pointed. Sonya blushed.

“I like to sleep with them close to me during the night.”

*Why does that make sense to me? This is all so weird and yet, it kinda makes sense.*

“Do you sleep in the bed too?”

Alison had walked around to the single bed made up with a feminine but adult quilt and sheets.

“No, that’s for mommy.”

“Mommy? I thought you said your mom didn’t visit you?”

Taking a deep breath, Sonya sought to explain the mysterious bed.

“I hope one day I will have a mommy who can care for me,” she said hesitantly and with emotion. “So I have a bed for her in case it happens.”

*She really does need a mommy, that’s for sure. She really seems broken.*

“Would you like to see my playroom?” Sonya said with enthusiasm. “It’s really fun to be in there.”

As Alison watched, she saw Sonya's face change and her voice and mannerisms alter. The baby inside of the girl was fighting to come out and 'big' Sonya was losing the battle.

"Of course, little girl!" Alison replied, sensing the change required her to change her language as well.

When Baby Sonya opened the door to the playroom, she literally giggled with glee at the sight before her. Her precious toys and crayons were waiting for her.

"This is lovely, sweetheart," she said truthfully. "Why don't you go and play for a bit."

The moment she suggested she play, Baby Sonya dropped to all fours and crawled over to a pile of blocks and began to make towers before knocking them down and giggling. Alison found the adult easy chair in the corner and sat down.

*She even has a chair for her 'mommy'!*

For an hour, Alison watched as the infant girl played happily until slowly, 'big' Sonya re-emerged.

"It was lovely to watch you play, Sonya. I feel very privileged."

"It wasn't too stupid?"

"No, not at all. I thought I was beautiful. And you are a beautiful baby too!"

Baby Sonya blushed and suddenly the infant was back again.

"Aunty Alison, can you come back and play with me every day?"

"Of course, sweetheart. I'd love to."



Over the course of the next two weeks, Alison brought new diapers for Baby Sonya to wear and also spent an hour or more with

her, mostly in the playroom, but also in other rooms. As time went on, 'big' Sonya was less present and Baby Sonya more so. And then came the morning that changed everything.

Alison rang the doorbell, as usual, holding her bag of used diapers, but there was no reply. She rang a second and a third time but still no answer. By now she was concerned as she saw the car was still there.

She went slowly down the side of the house, opened the narrow gate, and walked slowly until she came to the window to the nursery and peered inside. That was when she heard crying – a baby crying. Peering through the see-through curtain she saw that Baby Sonya was still in the crib and was crying.

*Shit! What do I do now? Someone needs to get inside and help her.*

She walked around the back of the house trying the windows to see if they could be opened, but to no avail. When she tried the back door, the handle turned and to her great surprise, it opened. She went quickly down the hall and opened the door to the nursery.

“Baby girl! What’s up with you? Why all the crying?”

Alison stepped up to the crib and could see that there was no adult inside it. It was all baby and nothing like what she had seen before. Sonya wasn’t talking, just crying and occasionally babbling. And her diaper was overflowing. Her sleeper was wet and the sheets were wet and looking quickly at the time, she calculated that the child had been in her crib for fourteen hours or more.

*She’s probably hungry! Shit! What do I do now?*

Alison dropped the side of the crib and motioned for the infant to get out. Baby Sonya half crawled, half fell out of the crib and sat looking at her with uncomprehending eyes. Then she said one word.

“Momma.”

*Woah! She thinks I’m her mother! Now what!*

“Let’s get you cleaned up and in a fresh diaper, huh?”

*I guess that’s what I should do.*

“Can you crawl to the ensuite, honey?” she asked hoping desperately that the infant could do as asked. Baby Sonya was a petite example of manhood but still far too big for her to carry.

As the infant reached the ensuite, Alison began to fill the bath hoping she was doing the right thing. As it filled, she took off her bonnet and pulled down the zip of her footed sleeper and as she laid on the floor, pulled it off, leaving just her bra and diaper.

*She wears a bra to bed? She certainly is serious about this!*

She pulled off the frilly plastic pants and noticed just how soaked and dirty the diaper was.

“How long have you been in this, little girl?” she asked rhetorically, not expecting a reply.

Alison had last seen Sonya over 24 hours before and she started to wonder if the infant girl had been in the same diaper all that time and maybe more. As she unpinned the diaper she saw her own dirty diaper lining it and was briefly shocked.

“I shouldn’t really be surprised, should I?” she said to the infant who had finally stopped crying. “You told me you wore mine and here it is.”

After wiping the worst of the mess off, she asked the baby to get in the bath and was relieved that she complied, half surprised that she was even capable of it. Alison drew in a deep breath and began her task.

“Well, little girl, I guess I will have to wash you. I don’t think you can do this yourself.”

“Momma!” the girl squealed as Alison began to wash the child as best she could. When she reached her genitals, she drew a deep breath before continuing.

*I hope I am not breaching a boundary here, but I don’t know what else I can do. I can’t leave her like this.*

The bath took fifteen minutes to complete and Alison was concerned with the redness of her diaper area. She knew what diaper rash was like and just like everyone who was 24/7 diapered, skin protection was her top priority.

“Now sweetheart, can you stand for... for Mommy? I need to dry you.”

Sonya stepped out of the bath and Alison towel-dried her.

*‘Mommy’ seems appropriate for now. What happens after this is something to worry about... later.*

“Now we need to get you changed and dressed. Can you crawl over to the change table?”

The infant dropped to all fours and with practised ease – and speed – crawled off to the change table. Alison quickly found a cloth diaper and remembering how she once folded them for herself, kite-folded the very babyish item.

“Up you get, Sonya! Can you get up here for mommy?”

The child stood up and looked at the diaper and then at Alison.

“Momma?” she said using her single word vocabulary.

“What’s wrong, honey?”

Sonya turned slightly and pointed to three plastic containers against the wall. Alison walked over to it and lifted the lid of one and suddenly it made sense. It had used diapers in them – her used diapers.

Alison quickly found a wet one and carefully laid it on top of the cloth diaper and the baby girl smiled and giggled.

*I should have known. How many times has she told me that she only wears used diapers inside her own!*

Now up on the change table and lying on the fresh/used diaper combo, Alison proceed to apply a generous helping of diaper rash cream in an effort to ward off what could otherwise be a bad diaper rash. When she reached her penis, she hesitated briefly before continuing. The moment she touched it, Sonya’s penis began to erect and by the time she had finished slathering cream on it. Her eight-inch rock-hard cock was pointing directly up.

*So near but yet so far!* Alison joked to herself.

She quickly pinned the diaper on found some pretty plastic pants on one of the shelves of the change table.

“Now, let's get your bra on and find you a pretty dress to wear.”

Feeling totally ridiculous and yet at the same time, totally normal, Alison put a padded bra onto what she now thought of as a six-month-old baby girl and found her a pretty baby dress from the twenty or so options to choose from and a pair of knitted booties. Once she was fully dressed, baby Sonya began to whimper and then cry.

“What now, baby?” she asked. “You’re all clean and comfy now, what's wrong? Oh of course... I bet you are hungry. Are you hungry? Can you tell me?”

Baby Sonya smiled and gabbled some random sounds.

“I guess that’s a yes. Let’s take you to the kitchen and feed you.”

The infant crawled to the kitchen and sat on the floor next to the highchair.

“I guess you need to sit in here, right? Well stand up and climb in.”

Alison retracted the tray table and the baby sat down. She found the over-shoulder restraints and clipped her securely into place and then put the tray table back into position.

“I’m glad you have restraints in your highchair, honey. I’m not sure you’d be safe in there without them. Now to find some breakfast for you.”

Alison opened the pantry cupboard looking for breakfast cereal but found only baby cereal.

*I guess it's baby cereal then!*

Reading the instructions on the box, Alison found a baby-patterned bowl and half-filled it with warm baby... mush.

*This looks disgusting!*

Alison sat by the highchair, tied a bib around her neck and took a spoonful of the cereal and moved it toward the restrained infant. Sonya opened her mouth and greedily swallowed the proffered food.

“Well, someone looks very hungry! I didn’t think you could feed yourself!”

Spoonful by spoonful, the bowl was quickly emptied.



“Ba ba mamma!” squealed the little child.

“You mean bottle?” she asked and the infant clapped her hands together. “Well let’s find you a bottle or two.”

Remembering that Sonya normally had two or three bottles of formula at every meal, Alison found the tins of formula, quickly read the instructions and made up three bottles of hot baby milk.

“Here we go, honey. Your ba ba!”

Sonya greedily latched onto the nipple of the bottle and drank furiously.

“What a hungry baby!” she said as the second bottle slipped into her mouth.

Once breakfast was finally over then the crying and emergency were over, Alison instructed the child to crawl to the playroom where she could quickly assess what to do. As she sat in the ‘adult’ chair watching the baby play she was stunned at just how young she was. She was playing with blocks and rattles and toys for the very youngest children and ignoring those for one and two-year-olds. Baby Sonya was very clearly nowhere near one year old.

*What am I going to do now? I can’t just leave her here. She isn’t able to care for herself at the moment.*

And then it happened. Alison’s bowels opened and before she could do anything about it, she messed her diaper.

“Oh, shit!” she exclaimed ironically. “Now what do I do? Sonya doesn’t have any disposables for me to wear... but she does have cloth diapers!”

*Well, I’ve wanted to wear them again so I might as well do it now since I have no choice.*

“Sonya honey, mommy needs to go and change her diaper. Stay here and play while I do it.”

The moment Alison stepped out of the room, Sonya wailed her disturbingly realistic baby cry.

“Oh, sweetheart!” she said as the infant crawled up to her feet. “Mommy just needs to change her diaper. Do you need to come with

me?”

She took one step out the door and the child followed crawling behind. Alison walked slowly to the nursery as the infant came behind her. She found a large cloth diaper and kite-folded it but didn't feel comfortable about using the change table.

“Well, there's no point in hiding anything now, is there?” she said as she removed her skirt and then untaped her soiled diaper.

Taking the baby wipes that seemed to be everywhere in the house, she carefully wiped herself clean while Baby Sonya looked on, just wanting to be with her mommy. As she laid down on the diaper on the floor, she noticed that the infant had an unobstructed view of her vagina.

*Probably the only one you've ever seen outside a porn site!*

Finishing the change and topping it with some pink plastic pants, she took the folded up dirty diaper and took it to the place where she knew it would be worn once more, probably the next day – the container of used diapers.

Then as she looked around she saw a very unbaby-like activity. Baby Sonya was humping on the floor of the nursery just as she did multiple times a day – but on her own. Alison looked transfixed at the sight and was amazed as the baby humped to orgasm and then lay on the floor breathing deeply. Her eyes began to close and Alison realised the child was tired.

“Okay little one, time for sleepy-byes!”

As she quickly stripped the wet sheets off the crib and replaced them with one of a wide array of children's sheets, she remembered that Sonya had told her before that she still had an after-lunch nap every day just as a young baby would and that she sometimes even still needed a morning nap as well.

Alison had to man-handle the half-asleep child into the crib and as she pulled the quilt up around her, she found a teddy bear and also turned on the rotating baby mobile that hung above her. She was asleep in seconds and Alison slowly retreated out of the room and turned the lights off. She noticed there were nightlights in the room and

understood that Sonya was still too young to sleep without being afraid of the dark.

It had been quite a day.

## Morning/ 10.



The remarkable morning morphed into a relaxing afternoon. After over two hours of sleep, Baby Sonya awoke, not to the words of an adult, but to the plaintive cries of a still very young child. A baby.

In a surprise, Alison found that a baby monitor had been installed and the parental unit was in the lounge room. Sonya had set her house up for the continued presence of a mother figure. Such was her hope.

Taking her cues from what she thought a mother would do, Alison fed the infant girl three more bottles of formula while lying on the couch with her head on her lap.

*This is wonderful! I never realised being a mother could be so rewarding!*

Late in the afternoon, Alison needed another diaper change and this time, Sonya was content to keep playing as she changed herself into yet another one of Sonya's diapers. This time she used the change table and found it odd, but comfortable. Not sure of what to do, she placed her wet diaper not in the diaper pail in the nursery, but rather in the container of used diapers ready to be re-worn.

*I guess this is the right thing to do. I don't want to make a mistake and upset her.*

By early evening, Sonya was still a baby even though Alison judged her to be slightly older with a few more words in her vocabulary. After a four-bottle feed and yet another diaper change – this time remembering to put a used one inside – she decided it was bedtime for the... nine-month-old?

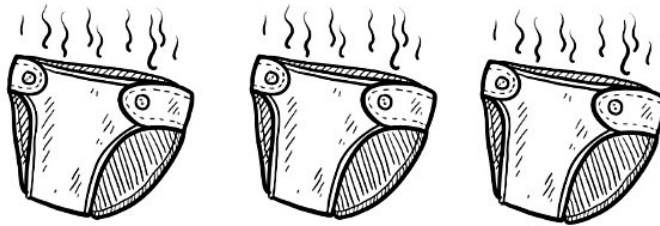
It was only 7 am but the infant was already yawning and ready for a long sleep and Alison herself was exhausted by the emotional

upheaval – and the work – of looking after an adult-sized baby. By 8:30 she too was ready for sleep but didn't dare leave the child alone.

“What kind of woman would I be to leave a baby on her own overnight?” she said to the kitchen sink. “I have to stay and look after her.”

As the baby slept on, Alison changed into her night diaper, pulled on some frilly plastic pants – the ones she had wanted to steal – and slipped into the single bed that she suspected had never been slept in before. It was mommy's bed.

*Perhaps I am mommy, after all!*



Alison was not an early riser, but babies are. All of them. At 6:30 am the next morning Alison was awoken by words. Adult words combined with baby sounds.

“Mommy?” Sonya exclaimed. “Mommy, is that you?”

“Er... yeah... I think,” Alison replied groggily as her brain began its morning reboot.

“Mumma, can I get up pwease?” Sonya asked in a mixture of adult and baby voices.

“Yes, darling, you can. Let me help you.”

Still in a fog of sleep, Alison walked to the side of the crib just in her cloth diaper and frilly plastic pants and her top.

“Mommy, you got my diapee on!” Sonya said with a big grin.

“Yes honey, mommy couldn't go back to her house to get fresh diapers so I had to wear yours.”

Sonya clapped her hands together with glee as Alison lowered the side of the crib and helped the baby – or adult – out. This time, Sonya stood upright and confident, her baby dress not covering the now-

sagging diaper that had once again been dirtied during the night. Slowly the fog of overwhelming infancy began to lift and more of the adult began to return.

“Thank you, mommy... er Alison for looking after me.”

“It’s fine, honey. Now let me get you changed and fed and dressed okay?” she yawned.

With not a single word between them, Sonya stood still as Alison removed her wet and slightly soiled diaper, wiped her clean and then prepared a clean diaper for her. After folding the regular cloth diaper, she went to the container of used ones and found the previous day’s wet cloth diaper and laid it on top of the dry one.

“I wore it yesterday,” was all she said as ‘big’ Sonya laid on the dry/wet combination and Alison competently pinned it on tight and put her in frilly plastic pants. “I like this one,” she commented as she chose a pretty yellow baby dress from the cupboard and helped her into it.

Both Sonya and Alison knew that the baby was able now to dress herself and even feed herself, but Alison was feeling her role deeply and so, in a repetition of the previous morning, fed Sonya cereal in her highchair followed by two more formula bottles on the couch. Then it was time to leave.

“I hope you are okay now, Sonya, but I should probably be getting back to my place now. I’ll bring this wet diaper back later on if you want.”

“Mommy... er... Alison,” Sonya stammered. “Would you like to wear my diapers all the time?”

“Oh, honey that’s a big ask of you. I don’t want to put you out.”

“But I’m only going to wear them after you anyhow so... will you?”

Alison smiled. She had wanted to wear cloth diapers for a long time but the workload of washing and drying them put her off but now, she could wear them and never have to wash them because her neighbour, her friend, her... baby (?) would wear them after her and then wash them for her.

“Sure thing. I’d be honoured to. But I’m concerned that you aren’t really able to look after yourself all the time and I want to come over every morning to change and feed you. Is that okay?”

The broad smile said it all.

As she walked home carrying a large pile of cloth diapers, plastic pants and pins, Alison realised that everything had changed. She was now effectively a mother for the very first time.

## Parenting| 11.



The morning ritual didn't vary much. At 8 am Alison would enter Sonya's home with her own key and walk to the nursery. Most mornings, Baby Sonya was still in there and some mornings she saw not the adult but only the infant.

She would then get the baby out, put her in a bath and clean her from the soil that she usually slept in and put her into a fresh diaper before laying one of her own used diapers on top. She usually asked if she wanted a wet or dirty one and usually 'dirty' won. If Sonya was too little to choose, she would put a wet one instead.

Then followed a typical breakfast of a variety of baby cereals and occasionally toast followed by two or three bottles of formula on the couch. What came after that was definitely *not* infantile. After nervously asking permission the first time, Baby Sonya would lie on the floor and hump herself to orgasm before crawling off to the playroom to play. By then, Alison felt happy to leave the infant alone for the rest of the day.

Wearing cloth diapers again and especially with access to adorable and expensive plastic pants, Alison loved the change in her life and especially being called 'mommy'. But a few things were still not completely right. Deep inside she felt she was not yet complete.

It was two months later that she came to a decision.

She had just finished bottle-feeding Sonya when she sat her up and talked to her. The girl was half-adult, half-infant and it was a good mix of ages for what she wanted to say.

"Sonya, I'm your mother now, right? Do you understand that?"

"Yes, mommy!" she grinned.



“I’ve decided that it is time for me now to be your live-in parent, okay?”

Sonya clapped her hands in babyish glee.

“I will move in permanently and be able to look after you all the time. I know you often struggle to be ‘big’ but if I live here, you won’t need to be big at all. You can be a baby as much as you want to be or even all the time.”

Sonya’s mouth opened in surprise. Being an adult was always hard. Being a hybrid adult/baby was confusing and difficult but the option of being a baby only and as much as she wanted was a dream come true.

The two hugged and cried a little as they spoke of the new state they were entering into. Alison was to be her full-time, permanent mother and Sonya was now free to be the infant girl she always had been but without restrictions.

“Mommy, may I bounce now?” asked Sonya. ‘Bouncing’ was the metaphor for masturbating by humping her diaper.

“No, sweetheart. You can’t. I don’t want you to hump anymore.”

“Mommy? But why...”

Alison put her finger over her baby’s mouth and simply said, ‘Follow me.’

They went to the nursery and Alison sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her baby towards her. Then, she pulled down Sonya’s diaper to her ankles.

“From now on, little girl, you are not to hump anymore. You are to masturbate *in me*.”

Alison carefully slid her own wet diaper down her legs still with the pins in place.

“Do you see this, Sonya?” she asked pointing to her open vagina. “This is where you are to masturbate into from now on, do you understand?”

“Yes, mommy” she replied excitedly, as her 8-inch cock rose to full length and hardness.

“Now just push it in and do your squirties for mommy, okay?”

Baby Sonya leaned forward and her mommy took hold of her erect penis and directed it towards her waiting vagina.

“Push, honey.”

Sonya’s cock sunk deep into Alison’s vagina and she quickly found her rhythm and a minute later screamed out her pleasure and unloaded into his new mommy.

“Good girl! Well done!” Alison commented as he slowly withdrew from her.

As Sonya stood up, Alison helped her pull her wet diaper back up over her hips and into place. She then pulled her own diaper back up and smoothed her skirt.

“Now baby girl, I need to explain something. You did not fuck me, okay? You masturbated into me – not fucking - which is what you will be doing every day from now on. I don’t want you humping your diapers as much as you do. But you can squirt into me at least once a day, okay?”

Baby Sonya nodded.

“I know you are still a virgin and probably will remain so but you can squirt into mommy’s vagina or even her bottom when you need to. Now go and play while Mommy cleans up all your mess, okay?”

The Baby crawled off to the playroom for fun time while Mommy began the task of cleaning and washing endless numbers of diapers. But while there were two people in full-time diapers, she only needed to wash enough for one as the baby was never ever again put into clean diapers – only ever her mother’s wet and dirty ones.



A year had passed and mother and baby were deepening their relationship. Baby Sonya was spending more and more time as a pure

infant including multiple days at a time without respite. Mommy was relishing her new role and enjoying the once or twice daily penis that her daughter pushed into her vagina or bottom to empty out her 'need'. Alison eventually began to lactate and was now breastfeeding the child twice a day. And she taught the happy infant the skill of lapping at her vagina and clit most evenings, developing a real talent for it. She wondered often if perhaps her baby daughter might one day like to drink from there.

A family was born, one that turned difficulty and confusion into wonder, excitement and satisfaction.

THE END

# The Institute For Enuresis Treatment

by

Forrest/Florence Grant

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# Bedwetter Camp | 1.



“Not again, Chris!” Miranda Collins shouted to her 17-year-old son as she ripped back the quilt on his bed. “Why must we do this every morning?”

The teenage boy tried to look away as the soaking wet bed became apparent to the assembled gathering. The pee-soaked sheets were sodden from edge to edge and had even lapped at his pillow.

Chris Collins was not just wet. He was awash. The bed was truly flooded.

“Look at the sissy bedwetter!” laughed his older brother, Blake, taking great delight in his humiliation.

“Mommy, he’s so wet!” shouted Matilda, his much younger sister who had abandoned wet beds many years before, a fact she repeatedly reminded him of. She also enjoyed taking shots at her older brother who still wet his bed like a baby.

Chris’ face blushed bright red as the shame of his nightly bedwetting was laid bare in front of both of his siblings, once again. A wet bed was not a new thing. In his entire life, he had wet every single night. The only thing that was different that morning was the coverage. Normally, the patch was average to large size in the middle of his bed but somehow this time, the pee had flowed more than usual and his bed was more than simply damp, or even soaked. When he sat up, a small pool of pee formed around his bum, showing just how bad it was. He was wet in record quantity

Mommy had noticed the pool. And she was angry. Very angry.

“Assume the position,” she shouted angrily.

“Make them go away!” Chris pleaded to his mother, pointing to his two siblings. “I don’t want them here.”

“No, they can stay since you want to act like a baby. Maybe it will help you learn not to piss your bed like a bloody baby!”

Slowly, Chris stepped out of his bed, his pajamas dripping onto the floor, showing just how wet he truly was. He knew the protocol and he bent over, placed his face in the center of the wet bed, and put his arms to the side. He felt, rather than saw, his soaked Spiderman pajamas being pulled down to his knees ready for his punishment.

“This is for wetting your bed like a bloody BABY!” Miranda shouted and then she swung her hand onto his wet backside.

It stung, but he knew better than to say anything.

Miranda spanked him a dozen times before calling to her youngest daughter to go and retrieve the wooden spoon.

“The biggest spoon, please,” she added.

A few moments of respite ensued as Chris laid face-down in his own urine, his bottom already on fire.

Then she struck.

Hard.

He couldn’t help but cry out.

“Are you going to keep wetting your bed, baby Chris?” she asked, trying hard to humiliate him by referring to him as a baby.

“No, mommy,” he blubbed.

He desperately wanted to scream YES, he did intend to keep wetting the bed until she gave him what he wanted. He wanted diapers, but he had been refused.

*Give me diapers and you won’t have to do this!* he thought.

She hit him five more times.

“I don’t believe you,” she exclaimed.

*Shit! She knows what I want. She thinks I wet the bed deliberately!*

Chris didn't wet the bed deliberately. However, he didn't try and stop it either.

She hit him five more times until Chris was finally sobbing, as much from the abject humiliation of being seen by his siblings being spanked harshly as from the pain itself.

Every wet bed meant a spanking, but it was normally just ten with the hand and delivered in private. But the morning's pee-pool meant it was one of the severe ones. And with an audience.

*I don't understand what the problem is?* Chris thought to himself as the shower washed away the pee from his body.

The hot water was a blessed relief even though it stung his still bright-red backside.

*No one cared at Bedwetter Camp! They accepted being a bedwetter without any worries!*

Just over a year earlier, Chris had attended the humiliatingly-named **Bedwetter Camp** along with 32 other kids and teens who all still wet the bed. About half of them were in diapers at night while Chris was one of those relegated to wetting his sheets. His own diapers had been taken away several years earlier and he had been devastated by their loss. He desperately wanted to wear diapers again and had hoped that his endless wet sheets would deliver them.

The idea of his parents, however, was that the abject humiliation of *Bedwetter Camp* would stop his embarrassing habit, but they clearly failed to understand what it would be like. Sleeping in four 8-bed dormitories, they awoke every morning to the sight and smell of wet sheets and wet diapers.

No one cared. At least, not the campers. And Chris secretly loved the sight of the diapers and even the wet beds. It felt okay to him.

*I wish I was back there again! This morning's bed would win the competition!*

Unknown to the camp leaders – or perhaps not – the campers that didn't wear diapers had a competition for whose bed was the wettest, based on the area every morning. After showers, but before breakfast, the wet beds were assessed, and a winner was announced. Jessica, a girl

Chris admired greatly and was infatuated with, was the winner on three occasions, her wet sheets exceeding everyone else. Even now, Chris was unsure why he was so excited by her wet bed.

The diaper-wearers were not left out, however. They too had an informal competition to see whose diapers were the heaviest. They all wore disposable diapers at camp even though many wore cloth diapers at home. Disposables were easiest to dispose of and...

Easier to steal.

On the third morning of the camp, Chris had woken to an average wet bed and his neighbor – Terry – had woken to a thoroughly drenched - and very heavy - diaper. He won the competition that morning and his now used diaper went into the diaper bin in the dorm. All through breakfast that morning, Chris' stomach churned with the thoughts running through his head.

*I want to wear that diaper! So bad!*

Answering the unquenchable desire in his head, he excused himself from breakfast early, rushed back to his dorm and retrieved the soaked diaper, and hid it in a plastic bag in his bedside cupboard. He desperately wanted to put it on there and then, but he knew that the ladies that made the beds would be around soon to change his wet sheet and the four others in the room.

That night, after lights out, he quietly retrieved the wet diaper and gently slid it up his body. It took a few minutes to warm up but he quickly relaxed and grinned as he enjoyed the diaper and the sensations it gave him. Every night after that one, he wore one of the other bedwetters' wet diaper to bed knowing he would not be discovered. He was so desperately envious of the other boys and girls who were allowed to wear diapers. Some of them were even older than he was and he had once spied one of the girls wearing her diaper and he was entranced... by the diaper.

What he didn't know was that in another dorm, another girl was also slipping into her neighbor's wet diaper from the night before. He was not alone in his thoughts and desires. There were others like him, but he didn't know that.



Chris sighed audibly as he turned the water off in his shower and gingerly dried himself off ready for school. He had enjoyed *Bedwetter Camp* for all the wrong reasons and because he wanted to go back, his parents had said no. It was supposed to be humiliation and yet, he enjoyed it, therefore he was not to go back. He constantly thought of what he would do if he did go back and he planned to steal one of the girl's wet diapers and even to start wearing them during the day but, it would never happen.

*Shit! That is so unfair!*

As he walked back into his bedroom, he saw that his humiliation was not yet complete.

The wet sheet was still on the bed.

Normally, his mother stripped his wet sheets at the first opportunity, but occasionally she left them on to dry, leaving pee stains on them as punishment and humiliation. Apparently, his flooded bed was being left to dry – assuming it actually did. The weather was cool and a few times before, he had gone to bed and the sheets were still slightly damp and smelling of pee. It was a deliberate punishment, designed to embarrass and humiliate him.

As he stood there, looking at the flooded bed, his mother appeared behind him.

“You want to wet the bed so much then I will leave it on!” she said in her scary controlled voice.

“I’m sorry,” Chris offered meekly.

It was not enough.

“Since you want to act like a baby then you can sleep like one.”

Chris briefly thought that he was about to be put back into diapers, but his hopes were quickly crushed.

“I wash twice a week for everyone else and the same is for you. Your bed gets stripped twice a week. No more. If it’s wet, then you sleep in it. And if it keeps up, it will be once a week or once a month. Get it?”

Chris was crushed.

There was to be no return to the diapers he wanted. But the threat of getting back into stained sheets held no horror to him. He didn't care. Weekly sheet changes also didn't scare him. He was used to the feel and smell of bed pee and it didn't worry him in the slightest. What his mother didn't know was that Chris was *proud* of his wet bed and the wetter it was, the prouder he was. His bum might be sore but his heart soared.

*Great wet bed this morning! A competition winner for sure!*

A week later and with just two sheet changes, everything went from bad to worse. Far worse.

## The Decision | 2.



Chris' face blanched as his parents revealed their next plan to him. The three of them were standing in his bedroom. The quilt was pulled back revealing the dried pee stain of his two previous night's bedwetting. The sheets accused him of his 'sins'.

"I'm not going there!" he shouted angrily.

"You bloody well are!" his father shouted back. "If you are going to keep pissing your bed, then you are going to go to a place that will get you dry - one way or the other."

"But I don't want to go!" Chris blubbered, now beginning to cry.

"It's just two weeks over summer, Chris," his mother added. Her voice was her 'scary controlled voice', the one that hid her emotions. She could be angry or consoling but he could never tell.

"Two weeks?" he cried. "Two weeks of some stupid doctors prodding me?"

"It won't be like that at all," she lied. "You will wear diapers to bed and they will monitor everything during the night and teach you to stay dry."

*Diapers? Did she say I'd be wearing diapers?*

"I can stop on my own!" Chris countered, not really believing that the hated program could include his beloved diapers.

*I would wear diapers? I dunno... Still don't like the idea of doctors, but diapers?*

"We've been down that road before, young man," his father responded in a welcome, much calmer voice. "It just doesn't work and

there is no point in promising something that doesn't work. The Institute is very successful at ending bedwetting."

"It's a lovely place and you will be with eleven other teenagers like yourself all with the same problem. Girls and boys from..." Miranda paused trying to remember the information the Director had told her. "Girls and boys from ages eighteen to twenty-five."

"That old?" Chris exclaimed, genuinely shocked.

"Yes, dear," Miranda replied. "Bedwetters as old as twenty-five. Do you want to still be a bedwetter at twenty-five?"

Chris shook his head. It was the right response but he didn't really feel it.

*If wetting my bed gets me diapers, I'll never stop!*

He knew better to say what he really thought.

"It's time for bed now, Chris," Miranda announced.

"Yes, mommy," he replied, feeling defeated. Calling her mommy was his now standard refrain when cornered and beaten. He had always felt the clarion call inside him to wear diapers but also to feel like a baby. He hadn't dared mention that he sometimes wanted to be a baby. He wanted a pacifier as well as diapers and the teddy bear he had played with as a child had long since been thrown out and he really wanted another one. Most of the kids at Bedwetter Camp had a teddy bear or other bed companion, but not Chris. One night he cuddled a stolen wet diaper and it had actually comforted him.

As he slid into his pee-stained bed, the smell triggered all the memories of Bedwetter Camp. The memories were all good. He had worn wet diapers most nights. He had played games with other teens and spent time with people like himself. And he had found three boys and one girl *exactly* like him. They either wore diapers or wanted diapers and bedwetting was the way to have them.

He still wanted diapers, but the Institute scared him just the same.

*I hope it is like Bedwetter Camp and the adults are nice.*



“Do you think he suspects anything?” Miranda said to her husband Brian as they slipped under the sheets that night.

“Not a chance,” he replied. “He thinks it is just like that bloody Bedwetter Camp we wasted money on. And he thinks he is going back into diapers.”

“He hasn’t asked for diapers in months now. Maybe he is over it.”

“Maybe. Maybe not. But he is in for one hell of a shock when he gets there!”

Miranda giggled at the word ‘shock’.

“Quite a ‘shock,’” she added. “It will be very ‘shocking!’”

“Stop it, you sexy beast!” he replied, rolling over on top of Miranda. “You know how ‘shocking’ it will be.”

Brian slipped down his pajama bottoms as Miranda kept repeating, ‘shocking, shocking, shocking’.

“Someone’s very excited,” Brian whispered as his fingers found Miranda’s pussy. She was indeed, excited. And very wet.

“Did you enjoy the video?” she asked.

They both knew what video she was referring to. The video the Institute Director had shown them.

“Fuck, yes,” Brian said as he slid full-length into his wife.

“I wish there had been sound,” Miranda said, between thrusts.

“There will be...”

They both knew what *that* meant as well and it only increased their ardor.

“The Institute is going to be *wonderful!*” Miranda shouted as the first of her orgasms wracked her body.

# The Institute For Enuresis Treatment | 3.



Chris stood gloomily in front of the foreboding building that housed The Institute For Enuresis Treatment.

*It looks more like a haunted house than a medical center!*

The large multi-story building was indeed very old and the façade was dark stained brickwork with a large old-fashioned double-door entrance. Apparently, all patients had to be 18 years of age and older which terrified him even more. And he was only weeks past his birthday.

*What could they do to us that requires us to be adults?*

“Well, here we are, Chris,” announced his mother as they stepped out of the car. “Grab your bag and let’s go in and get you sorted out.”

Chris grumbled back something unintelligible to demonstrate his unhappiness. His backside was very, very sore, the result of one of the hardest spankings of his life. In his anger at what he was being forced to do, he had not gone to the toilet before bed and as a result had awoken to a thoroughly drenched bed, the likes of which he had never before produced. It had not only reached his pillow but soaked it. The wet patch had flowed to the end of the bed and lapped at the edges. When he had woken, he immediately emptied his bladder onto the sheets and then smiled.

*This will teach you to make me go to this shitty center!*

It was a stupid ploy because Miranda immediately recognized it for what it was – rebellion. And the hand smacks were replaced with

the wooden spoon and the light hits were replaced with hard ones. Before the fifty strokes were completed, he was crying face down in his pee-soaked sheets but she completed the spanking regardless of the crying. His bum was still hot and the rubbing of his jeans caused a little pain on his very red backside. Chris was still defiant. It was diapers or he was never stopping. And a pacifier... maybe.

Miranda and Chris opened the imposing door and quickly found the reception area. He was surprised to find it had several other teens and their parent sitting down and waiting. One boy who looked like he was only twelve, but had to be 18, had tear stains on his face and another girl who was about his age was also pale-faced.

*They are all bedwetters like me!*

As they were waiting, the door opened, and in came another mother with her teenage daughter. Chris immediately recognized her as Jessica, the girl from Bedwetter Camp with the impressive record of three wins of the 'wettest bed' competition.

He smiled at her in an effort to connect with her, but she remained glum-faced and looked directly ahead, looking at no one. For Chris, it was the first bit of good news he had had all day. Someone he knew and liked was in the program with him. He briefly thought about chatting her up, but then quickly realized that a bedwetting treatment center was the worst place on earth for such an attempt.

Chris' reverie was short-lived, however.

A tall middle-aged woman walked into the room, holding a clipboard. Her hair was pinned back and she was imposing, but not attractive. The thick glasses and her demeanor suggested intelligence but not compassion.

"Good morning everyone," she announced crisply. "Parents will already know who I am but to the children here..."

*Children?* Chris groaned inwardly. *She called us children?*

"... I am Doctor Elizabeth Grant, the Director of this center. You may call me Doctor Grant. Now, parents, please say goodbye to your children and I will take them to find their rooms. Please don't delay. It is no good to anyone to put this off."

The young-looking boy immediately burst into tears and his mother attempted to console him while the rest of the teenagers groaned and after perfunctory hugs, followed the doctor carrying their single bag of belongings.

“Do you remember me from Bedwetter Camp?” Chris whispered to Jessica as they walked briskly along the double-wide corridor.

“Yeah,” she replied, barely looking at him. Jessica was almost a year old than Chris and she absolutely intimidated him. “Mom and Dad have sent me to this shithole for two weeks.”

“Me too,” Chris replied, shrugging his shoulders and trying to act cool – as if going into a bedwetting treatment program as teenagers had anything even remotely ‘cool’ about it.

“Now, children,” Doctor Grant announced. “This is the starting room for our program. Seven children came in earlier and have settled themselves in. The five of you will make up the twelve in this intake. Find one of the beds and put your belongings in the cupboards and I will be in with Nurse Linda to explain what happens next.”

She swung open the wide door and the five teenagers walked in.

*You’ve got to be kidding! We are all sleeping in one room?*

Mouths dropped open as they saw the very large room with twelve single beds against the walls.

Chris quickly found a spare bed, hoping the one next to him would be taken by Jessica. She, however, located one in the far corner, well away from him. As he sat on the bed, the crackly sound of the plastic protector rattled around the room. But he was far from alone. As each of the twelve teenagers sat on the bed to arrange their possessions, the crackles were very obvious. But no one cared. Each of them had a plastic protector on their own bed, even the ones still wearing diapers. But none were as loud as these were. They had seen hundreds of wet nights and the cheap plastic had quickly become brittle and noisy. And it was all part of the deliberate infusion of humiliation into the program.

Chris introduced himself to the no-longer-weeping boy who was bunked next to him. Paul was in fact slightly older than him while



Sonya, the girl in the bed on the other side was about nineteen although she declined to talk to him other than to give her name.

The mood was grim as a few of the teens spoke to each other nervously, wondering what their parents had signed them up for. None expected to be sleeping in a single room together. As he would find out later, each of the bedwetters slept in a room on their own to insulate family members from the sights – and smells – of their nightly bedwetting – just as he did. They had grown up deliberately separated from their families because of their bedwetting.

Suddenly, the door swung open and Doctor Grant walked in followed by a shortish, large woman wearing a nurse's uniform.

“Children, this is Nurse Linda Smart. You may call her Nurse Smart. She will be managing most of your treatment. Do as she tells you and there will be no problems.”

If the Director was imposing, Nurse Smart was intimidating in a way that reminded them more of a prison guard than a supposedly loving nurse.

“Boys and girls, I will be responsible for you for the next two weeks and even longer if that proves necessary.”

“Longer?” whimpered one girl who was standing closest to her.

“Yes, child!” she explained, clipping her words. “Two weeks is set aside to get you bedwetters finally dry but if that is not successful, you may...”

Her face softened and a smile that felt more malevolent than genuine appeared on her face.

“If you fail, you may stay here for the *advanced* treatment program. So, you best work real hard now while you still can.”

The atmosphere in the room was one of fear, fear of the unknown.

“Now, this room you are staying in is the Assessment Room. Tonight you will all sleep here undiapered and unprotected and in the morning, I will assess each of your beds. If you are dry, then you get to go home tomorrow. If not, you will move into the treatment rooms and we can start the program. Do you all understand?”

“But we will be wet and everyone will...” asked a tiny voice from across the room

“Yes, girl?” Nurse Smart replied. “Yes, in the morning all of you will be wet and yes, everyone will see how wet you are. Is there a problem with that?”

The girl sensed that it was pointless to complain and shook her head.

“Good. Now, for the rest of the day, you can explore the grounds of the property and Nurse Melissa and Nurse Susan here will show you the dining room, the games room, and the library. Today is a free day, but tomorrow, we start the treatment.”

Nurse Melissa called out each of their names and handed out a name tag to be worn on their clothes. It was a humiliating exercise as each tag had their full name, age, and underneath, the words ‘Bedwetter Treatment Center’. Underneath that were either the words ‘Diapered’ or ‘Undiapered’ reflecting how they were treated at home.

The twelve teenagers were then free to explore the grounds, the embarrassingly childish playground, and the games room. Lunch and dinner were surprisingly good and after dinner, everyone was told to get into their pajamas early and gather in one of the large rooms to watch a movie.

Chris felt ridiculous in his Batman pajamas in front of others his age and older and the others all felt equally ridiculous and humiliated. The movie was a Disney animated one better suited to twelve years olds and the entire evening felt deeply mortifying. The early bedtime of 9 pm came as a kind of blessed relief.

As they all marched into their joint bedroom, everyone felt ill at ease. The room crackled loudly as they all slipped under the covers of beds that had supported countless bedwetters before them. Every toss and turn produced crackling sounds until the beds warmed up and the noise was less pronounced.

“In the morning please stay in bed until I come in,” Nurse Smart commanded. Your wet bed will then be inspected and you will be

allowed to shower and we will then move to the treatment phase. Do not get out of bed during the night.”

“Not even to the toilet, Miss?” asked one.

“No, the toilet is out of bounds. Children your age should not need to go to the toilet during the night. And since you are all bedwetters, if you do wake up, just do it in your bed.”

Chris was shocked as were many of the others.

*We're supposed to piss in our beds if we wake up? What kind of place is this?*

Seconds before the light went out, he peered across the room at Jessica. She was smiling. Chris knew ‘that smile’ intimately. She was already wetting her bed. Nothing was going to break her spirit or... her bedwetting.

It was the first thing in that awful day that made him smile and he wet his own bed slightly as an act of heroic defiance.

## The Treatment Center | 4.



Chris awoke the next morning as he did every morning. He was wet. Very wet.

He sat up in his bed remembering the instruction to stay there and he noticed the smell. The smell of a wet bed. No... the smell of wet BEDS. While he couldn't see exactly, he suspected that there were twelve very wet beds all around him.

There was subdued chatter among the teens, a few of whom were still asleep. Jessica was one of them. Clearly well used to sleeping wet, she was happily sleeping away – the champion bedwetter of Bedwetter Camp.

7:30 am came around and the door swung open and Nurse Smart strolled in, her uniform impeccably pressed and her short squat body clearly in charge.

“Good morning, children,” she announced. “Time for bed inspection. Would you please pull back your blankets and show me the entire bed and stand next to it. And would someone please wake up the Princess in the far corner?”

Carly carefully shook Jessica who slowly rose from her slumber.

Feeling deeply embarrassed, twelve teenagers – eight girls and four boys – stood to the side of their beds and pulled the blankets back, revealing their shame. With the tall windows opened to the sun and the bright lights on, there was no hiding from the ignominy of their drenched beds.

Every bed was wet. Every bed was very wet. Chris' bed was average for him, but still a patch four feet long. He spied over at Jessica

who, unlike most, was smiling and confident. Her bed was almost covered in pee. The wetness reached over one side and nearly reached the end of the bed.

*She's still playing for the prize of best wet bed!* Chris observed, eliciting a grin from him as well. *And I think she won!*

Nurse Smart walked slowly around the room taking a photo of each wet bed and making notes. When she came to Jessica's extraordinary bed, she stared at the bed and then at the teenage girl and scowled. She knew a deliberate wet bed when she saw one – as did they all. Chris wondered how many others deliberately wet or at least added to their beds.

“Well it looks like no one is going home today,” she announced to no one's surprise. None had expected to be dry that night. None of them had *ever* been dry a single night.

“Take yourselves to the showers and put on clean pajamas and then wait upstairs just past the top of the stairs and wait for me.”

An hour later, twelve teenagers in blessedly clean pajamas stood nervously chatting among themselves. The wet bed inspection had ironically broken the ice and they started to get to know each other. There was nothing left to hide now, not after the humiliation of the open wet beds. Once someone has seen you at your most shameful, little else mattered. Picking up a few whispered conversations, most of the group had been exposed as bedwetters to family and friends and had a few up-close observations of their nightly accidents.

*Maybe, I'm not as alone as I thought?* He mused.



“Chris, it's your turn now,” announced one of the nurses.

The original group of twelve was down to just four. The others had been called individually and been taken by the nurse into the mysterious ‘Treatment Center’.

Chris walked nervously in his pajamas into the first room.

*Diapers? Am I about to wear diapers?*

“Chris, in the treatment program, all participants wear diapers,” the kindly nurse explained. So far, she was the only nurse that could be described as pleasant and ‘nice’.

“But, it’s not just for bedtime,” he queried.

“That’s right and according to your records, you are a sheet wetter rather than a diaper wetter, but here, all patients wear diapers at all times.”

“All the time?” he asked, trying to mask his enthusiasm.

“Yes, for the two weeks of your time here, you will wear diapers all the time.” She then went into her clearly rehearsed and repeated spiel.

“All patients here will wear and use diapers the entire time. Urination is only to be in diapers while soiling is permitted in the toilet – if you ask. If you don’t ask, you will be expected to soil into your diapers. Diapers are for babies and the mantra here is that *only babies wet the bed* and only babies wear diapers, so you will wear diapers. Only staff will be permitted to change your diapers. You will not change yourself under any circumstance.”

Chris gulped. It all seemed too good to be true. He was finally to wear diapers again! But the circumstances were far from ideal.

“We exclusively use cloth diapers with pins and plastic pants because they are classic baby diapers. And you are to be treated like babies.”

Chris watched as the nurse expertly folded a very thick diaper and laid it on an elevated table – one he now understood to be a diaper change table.

“I can’t put them on myself?” he asked hopefully. Exposing his nudity and *\*more\** was not part of his plan. He was eighteen and erections were part of his life and he knew he would have one during changes.

*Damn, I’m getting a boner now!*

“No, only the nurses can change diapers. Now up you go and put your butt in the middle of the diaper.”

Chris was used to being seen naked as part of his morning spankings, but that was in front of his parents and occasionally his siblings. He was nervous. He carefully pulled off his pajama bottom and sat down on the table, carefully placing his bottom in the middle of the diaper. His penis stood boldly erect.

The nurse took no notice and expertly pulled the center section up tightly and pinned the side panels together with two blue diaper pins. His erection was still visible and bulging out the front of his diaper. Chris knew only one way to reduce that problem but it didn't look like there was to be any chance to do so especially if toilets were to be out of bounds except for number two and maybe not even then.

"Blue for boys, pink for girls," she said cheerfully. "Unless of course, you want the pink pins? Do you?"

It was a genuine question and he shook his head. "Blue please."

He then stood up and she helped him into his first pair of plastic pants ever. As she pulled them up and checked that the diaper was fully contained inside the pants, he noticed that they were completely transparent.

"They are see-through for a reason," she explained to a question he hadn't asked but clearly many had. "When they are see-through, it is easier to tell when a baby is wet or..." and she smiled cryptically. "Dirty!"

Chris gulped. His first ever cloth diaper was exhilarating but the circumstances were overwhelming.

"Okay, you're all done. Don't put your PJ bottoms back on. You won't need them."

She opened another door and Chris walked out into the stunning sight of a room with now eight teenagers, all of them in thick cloth diapers and plastic pants, holding their PJ bottoms and looking stunned.

To Chris' surprise, Jessica walked up to him, grinning.

"Well, you finally got to wear diapers without stealing them, huh?" she said out loud.

“Whatcha talking about?” he answered, suspecting she knew about his Camp activity.

“Everyone knew you were stealing wet diapers!” she replied with a laugh. “Don’t worry about it. I did the same thing a few times and now look at me!” She patted her thick diaper. “I’ve got diapers too!”

“So, all of this isn’t a problem to you?” he asked, surprised at the direction of the conversation or that it was even happening at all.

“Nah... It’s a bit of a bitch to have to do all this crap, but if I get diapers, it’s worth it. My parent won’t let me wear them.”

“Same for me,” he stammered.

*She likes diapers?*

“They think they will stop me wetting the bed? Not a chance! Maybe the rest of these pissants might stop, but not me!”

*She wants to keep wetting the bed like me?*

“Everyone knew?” he asked.

“Everyone. Anyhow, gotta run. Violet’s out and look at her diaper! And by the way, your boner is dead obvious!”

He turned to see another girl who he judged to be the oldest among them at around twenty in her own bulky cloth diaper. She was crying.

Before long all twelve were diapered and standing around the smallish room – too small to hide from each other in their very obvious diapers. Chris, erection had subsided some, but he still desperately needed to ejaculate and release the tension inside him.

“Now that you are all ready to begin, let me explain something.”

Nurse Smart had taken up a position at the front of the room.

“You are all way too old to be wetting the bed and you all disgraced yourself last night in the Preparation Room with disgusting wet beds. Only babies wet the bed and babies wear diapers and so you *babies* will be wearing diapers the entire time you are here, day and night.



“You no longer have access to the toilets to pee and may only use your diapers. If you need to empty your bowels you may ask one of the staff if they have the time to take you and then rediaper you. If they don't or you can't make it, you have your diapers.”

Chris' eye's widened. He had contemplated what it would be like to poop in a diaper but had never had the opportunity to try it out. Even at Bedwetter Camp, there were rarely any dirty diapers.

“Your names are now Baby so and so, because you are babies. We are here to make you stop your pathetic bedwetting and shame you into being dry. That is what your parents are paying us to do. Yes, they all know you will be diapered and babied.”

Surprised mutterings passed through the group. Their parents knew they would be diapered and babied?

“Now, tonight will be your final test before the treatment fully begins. You will all be changed into dry diapers before bed and if you are dry in the morning, you can go home. If not, you will stay here. And if there are any wet sheets in the morning as well as wet diapers, there will be hell to pay, understand? And if there are dirty diapers...! Now let's take you all through to your new bedrooms or should I say...”

Stopping in mid-sentence she strode out of the room commanding everyone to follow behind her. Not far down the corridor she stopped, swung open the door into a very large room.

“Your nursery!”

The teenagers flooded into the room in shock. There were no beds. There were however twelve baby cribs, all big enough to take teenagers and adults.

“Shit,” exclaimed a boy at the front of the group.

“Baby Nigel!” Nurse Smart exclaimed. “We do not use bad language in the nursery. Do it once more and you will lose all diaper change privileges today, understand?”

He understood. They *all* understood. No changes meant very, very wet diapers and the possibility of a dirty diaper.

“While you are here, you will sleep in cribs and those pajamas you are wearing will be changed as well. You will wear baby-style clothes during the day and baby sleepers at night. Baby girls will wear baby dresses and baby boys will wear boy babygros unless any of you boys would rather wear a baby *dress*?”

She looked around the room intently and the crybaby from the first meeting immediately went red.

“Ah, there is always at least one!” she smirked. “Baby Paul, you will be wearing baby girl’s clothes instead of boys and I see you already chose the pink pins.”

Paul’s transparent plastic pants easily revealed that he had pink diaper pins. Chris was instantly glad he chose the blue diaper pins even if they did look pretty and the idea of baby dresses was appealing.

*Stop thinking like that now, you idiot! Don’t let anyone know how you feel. Let that other kid wear the baby dress and not you!*

“Now, the nurses here are going to take you in groups of four into the dressing room and get you babies dressed properly. And remember, if you don’t want to be treated as babies then STOP WETTING YOUR BEDS!”

An hour later, everyone was wearing baby clothes and while most were shocked, three of them were unable to stop their smiles. Baby Paul was grinning from ear to ear in his baby dress. Chris was very comfy in his babygro while Jessica was very clearly enjoying being dressed as a baby.

“Don’t you wish we could have dressed like this at Bedwetter Camp?” Jessica whispered in his ear.

Chris nodded, still shocked by how he was enjoying everything that was happening while most around him were unhappy and a couple were in tears.

*Who am I?*

“I’ve got a baby dress hidden at home when no one is around!” she admitted. “Do you have any baby things?”

“No...” he stammered.

“I’ve got a pacifier hidden away and I’ve seen some great baby clothes online. Hey, you sure you didn’t want to wear a baby dress? You’re allowed to here.”

Chris didn’t know how to answer and instead, his face went red that said everything he couldn’t.

*Yes, I want to wear a baby dress too!*

It was going to be a very complicated two weeks.

## Nursery Night | 5.



Bedtime came early.

“Babies,” Nurse Linda announced. “Bedtime will be at 8 pm which is still quite late for infants like you. The nurses will put each of you in a dry diaper and in your night sleepers and then put you to bed. You will do *exactly* as you are told, do you understand?”

One by one, each of the group was taken to the change room which was next door to the enormous nursery. Chris had already had his wet diaper changed once that day as had everyone else. The first time, he was terrified, but he found the experience quite pleasant, something which surprised him. Nurse Kelly, a no-nonsense and efficient woman took off his babygro and with practiced efficiency, unpinned his wet diaper and slid it down his legs. She took no notice of his erection or that of any other boy in the group. They always had them.

“Up onto the changing table, baby,” she commanded. “The first week we change you privately, but in the second week, you get changed and dressed in the open just like any other baby.”

By now, Chris was not only used to being called a baby but was finding it oddly satisfying. He sat down on the already folded cloth diaper and after a heavy sprinkling of baby powder, she pinned it on with a speed that stunned him. The plastic pants were put on at an equally epic pace.

“Now for your sleeper,” she said as she pulled out a fleece-lined footed baby sleeper in his side. The blue baby animals on it made him wince in embarrassment, but at the same time, pleased him.

“Now for your pacifier.”

*My what? A pacifier?*

The nurse quickly clipped a short plastic chain to his sleeper and on the end of it was a blue pacifier that was a lot bigger than the baby ones he had seen.

*They have teenage pacifiers here?*

As he walked back to the nursery, the other teens looked on in shock. He had been the first to get prepped for bed and the dangling pacifier took them all by surprise. He watched wordlessly for the next hour as each of the teens left to be changed and returned in clean diapers, a sleeper, and... a hanging pacifier.

The last to be changed was Jessica who returned in her own pink sleeper and her pink pacifier... firmly in her mouth.

She was grinning.

"I thought you'd want one of these," she said to Chris. "After bedwetter camp, I thought you'd be loving all of this!"

Chris responded by putting his pacifier in his mouth and immediately began to suck. It calmed him down.

One of the girls was sobbing and Jessica went up to her and gently put the pacifier in her mouth and the sobs instantly ceased. It was a watershed moment. The other teens were on the edge of tears themselves and seeing the instant effect of the pacifier, put it in their own mouths as well.

*Pacifiers are well named!* Chris thought to himself.

"Okay, babies," came the unpleasant and grating voice of Nurse Linda. "It's bedtime now and the rules are the same. You stay in your cribs and no one gets out for any reason. You have diapers on so whatever you need to do, goes into your diaper. If you are dry in the morning, you get to go home. If you are dirty, you will be changed in front of everyone."

She grinned an evil grin that sent shudders down their spines. No one would be dry the next morning. No one ever was. The center was for the very worst bedwetters. The nursery would be full of wet diapers

and wet babies the next morning. No one expected anything different. But would anyone be dirty?

Chris pulled down the drop-side of his crib as they had been shown and gingerly stepped inside and pulled it back up.

*I'm back in a baby crib again!*

He looked around at the ridiculous surroundings and then at the others. All but one were sitting up, scared to lie down as if doing so would cement their statuses as babies. By good luck, Chris' crib was right next to Jessica's.

Jessica was lying down, the baby-patterned quilt pulled up around her and she was happily sucking her pacifier with her eyes closed and a look of contentment on her face.

*How does she look so happy?*

Chris copied her and he immediately felt at home, calm and relaxed. He expected to stay awake a long time in such a difficult and awkward circumstance, but to his surprise, he drifted off to sleep very, very quickly.



“Good morning, sleepyheads!”

It was the first sound Chris heard. He usually woke early, usually to assess the extent of his wet bed, and then laid there for an hour or more waiting to get up. He was surprised to sleep so well. Fortunately, it wasn't the 'prison guard cum nurse' this time but a gentle and very attractive young nurse instead.

*Diapers! I'm wearing diapers! I forgot!*

The zip on the front of his was pulled right up to his neck and as he went to pull it down he noticed something surprising.

*Shit! I'm still using my pacifier!*

He spat the pacifier out in surprise and unzipped his sleeper far enough to check the state of his diaper.

He was wet and indeed, very wet. All throughout the previous day, the staff had plied them with drinks – a lot of drinks – and encouraged them to take as much as they could. His night diaper was twice as thick as the day diaper and now he understood why.

“So, is anyone dry this morning?” asked the nurse rhetorically.

No one said a word. No one was dry.

The nurse walked to every crib and looked, sniffing the air as she went.

“Ah! Here’s the culprit! Baby Paul, did you dirty your diaper?”

Paul instantly cried as the rest of the room understood that he had messed his diaper during the night. No one laughed at him. Somehow it was understood that it would not be the last dirty diaper and the next one could be anyone’s.

“I couldn’t help it!” he exclaimed, dressed in his pink baby girl sleeper.

“Then let’s get you clean up first!” she announced cheerfully, pulling down the side of his crib and taking him by the hand to the changing table at the end of the room. “The rest of you stay in your cribs until someone comes to change and dress you. You can watch as I clean up the baby girl here.”

It was like watching a car accident. You couldn’t take your eyes away from the sight of a teenage boy in a baby girl's outfit having his dirty diaper changed. Everyone was glad it wasn’t them, but secretly, many of them knew it *could* be them quite easily

Chris turned to Jessica who looked remarkably relaxed and happy.

“I’m glad I didn’t shit myself!” he exclaimed.

“Really? I bet you thought about it.”

“No, I didn’t!” he lied.

Something inside Chris was making him want to dirty his diaper but his commonsense was controlling him. There was a time and a place to experiment with a dirty diaper and this was neither.

“I shit in a diaper at Bedwetter Camp you know,” Jessica commented in a nonchalant manner.

“But you didn’t wear diapers there?”

Jessica laughed. “You think you were the only one that stole wet diapers? I did too, only I had the guts to use them properly.” She smirked at him.

It was slowly dawning on Chris that he and the girl in the crib next to him were very similar. They both wanted diapers. They both wet the bed because they refused to even consider stopping and now, he was discovering that he was enjoying being babied – just as she was.

But a sense of foreboding still hung over him. So far, there had been no attempt to stop their bedwetting – only to belittle and humiliate them. That wasn’t going to work. In chats with the other teens, Chris discovered that they were all constantly humiliated for their bedwetting at home and he was far from the only one to be spanked for it. He was also surprised to discover that the ‘less often than every night’ sheet washing rule was not his alone. One girl had been through two changes a month since she was twelve and was now threatened with just *once* a month.

The day offered exploration, reading, video games, and what would otherwise pass for fun. Except he would be in diapers, baby clothes, and not allowed to change himself.

But there would be a pacifier as well, pinned to his babygro. And still, he felt a little regretful not wearing one of the very pretty baby dresses.

*Do I use it during the day? Jessica is, but I don’t want to look like I am enjoying it too much.*

But as he looked around, most of the teens were using their pacifiers at times and a few like Jessica, rarely had it out of their mouths. It wasn’t their first time using a baby pacifier.



## Electric Diapers | 6.



“My dear little babies,” announced Nurse Linda to the group of diapered teens. “Now we begin the treatment phase of your stay here. None of you has stopped wetting your bed or diapers and we’ve had three dirty diapers to deal with as well, haven’t we, Baby Paul, Baby Lyn, and Baby Jessica? You really are all just babies, aren’t you? But we will get you dry just the same. So, let me explain what is going to happen, starting tonight.”

*Three dirty diapers? And no one cares? Why did I have to go and ask and get the third-degree to use a toilet when I could just do it in my diaper?*

Linda opened a box and extracted an old-looking machine with some wires attached to it.

“Some of you will have used bedwetting alarms before and since you are all still here, I guess they were a total failure, right? This is not just an alarm. This is a device designed by the Director and myself to treat bedwetting and to end it for good. It’s designed for the very worst bedwetters – just like all of you. This machine will use electricity to stop you wetting while you sleep.”

A gasp came from several of the diapered teens. They clearly had experienced something like this before.

“Yes, children, some of you will have tried these systems before and they failed. The idea is that a very small electric shock will stop you wetting the moment you start before you have time to wake up and stop it yourself.”

She paused to let the information sink in.

“But you are not regular bedwetters. You are the worst of the worst. Bedwetters that no *one* and no *thing* has ever been able to stop. Some of you don’t even care if you wet the bed. And a few of you shit your night diapers as well.”

Linda theatrically looked directly at Jessica and then her eyes bored into Chris.

*She knows! She knows I don't want to stop!*

“But this will change everything. In a moment, each of you will be taken into a room and prepped for your electric diapers.”

*Electric diapers? What the...?*

The room went quiet and even the unflappable Jessica blanched at the news.

“Baby Chris, we will get you ready first of all.”

He gulped and then stood up and followed the thoroughly unpleasant Nurse Harriet, a 50yo single woman who had changed his wet diaper the day before and had terrified him during every second. She had killed his erection faster than a quick tug.

“Diapers off. Baby clothes off. Lie down on the table,” she ordered without any preamble.

Nurse Harriet said little and was as warm as a block of ice. He did as he was told and laid naked on top of a paper sheet on the table.

“Now keep still and this won't hurt.”

Chris jerked involuntarily as he saw the hair clippers come toward him.

“Put your legs up and hold still. I need to get rid of all this disgusting hair.”

Chris lifted both his legs up in the air as the mortifying action took place. With practiced ease, Harriet shaved off all of his hard-won pubic hair and was finally as bare as he had been years before.

“We don’t want hair affecting the electric diaper, do we,” she asked rhetorically.

“Now for the connector!”

The nurse took a small white pad, pulled off the adhesive backing, and stuck it just below his scrotum. She then took a long lead and attached it to the pad.

“Up you get now while I get your electric diaper ready for you.”

He stood by the table, naked and shivering from fear as he watched her expertly fold a cloth diaper and then placed a small pad around three inches square in the middle of the front section to which was attached another long lead. A small baby cloth diaper was then laid over the pad.

“Time for your diaper, baby!” she announced gleefully. “Up onto the table again!”

Chris laid on the now electric diaper and held his breath as she quickly repinned the diaper and pulled up his transparent plastic pants. The two electrical leads came out of the back of his diaper.

“Now for your sleeper.”

She helped Chris put both his feet into his sleeper and she passed the two leads through a small slit in the back of the sleeper that no one had taken any notice of the night before.

“All done, now. Hold your leads and go to the nursery and someone will plug you in.”

Dazed, Chris opened the door and walked through the assembled group of baby teens, holding his electric leads, and headed to the Nursery.

“Get in your crib, please, baby Chris,” exclaimed Nurse Melissa. “And I will plug you in.”

He laid down in the crib and Melissa pushed the leads through the wooden bars of his crib and plugged them into the front of the machine that he had seen earlier. Every crib now had one of the machines sitting on a table next to it.

One by one, Chris watched the diapered and electrified teens come into the nursery, get into their cribs, and be plugged in. No one spoke. Finally, Nurse Linda arrived looking very pleased with herself. The smile was as malevolent as always.

“Now let me explain what will happen during the night. When you wet your diapers, the sensor will detect it and send a short electric shock to your body which should immediately shut down your urine stream. The unpleasant shock will then wake you up. The night nurse will then change your diaper and put you back into your crib. Every time you wet, you will be shocked.”

Two of the girls began to cry. She took no notice.

“The machine has ten settings starting at one where the shock is quite mild. Every morning, your performance will be evaluated and the setting will be increased if necessary. Based on the wet beds and wet diapers so far and the interview with your parents, the following babies will be set on level TWO. Baby Lyn, Baby Colin, Baby Wendy. Baby Paul will be put on level Three while Baby Jessica and Baby Chris will start on level four. The rest will start on level one.”

“But why so high?” Chris asked, feeling picked on.

“Because your parents want you to stop. They sent me photos of those disgusting flooded beds of yours and I agree that you should be on Level four... or higher. And baby Jessica is lucky the Director is a softie....”

Linda sneered at Jessica and came up close to her crib and whispered. “I wanted to start *you* on level six!”

She then went to the door ready to leave before turning and adding, “I’d put those pacifiers in your mouth, babies. You’re gonna need them real soon!”

As the door shut and the gloom settled into the nursery, Chriss heard the sounds of sobbing from a few, particularly Baby Paul. He turned to Jessica, hoping for the smile and moral support she had given him before, but she was silent, sucking on her pacifier.

The sedatives they had been given in a glass of milk not long before bedtime quickly took effect and everyone was soon asleep. In a small adjacent room, a nurse looked at the monitor waiting to see which of the babies would be shocked first. It would not be a long wait.



“Mommy! Mommy!” shouted Sally in her sleep. It was just 11 pm and she had been in her crib a little over two hours. “Mommy! Mommy!” cried the nineteen-year-old teen.

She shook and jerked in her crib for thirty seconds before finally being awake. The electric shocks had ended and she was now awake.

“It’s okay, baby Sally,” whispered Nurse Sonya. “Let’s get you changed.”

Without waking any of the other sleeping babies. Sonya took baby Sally to the changing table, changed her diaper, and put her back into the crib. She then turned the knob to setting two. Clearly level one was not going to work on a girl that had already wet her bed before midnight.

It was an hour later that Baby Wendy’s electric diaper shocked her. She yelled out in a muffled scream. The electric shock was not the short duration she had expected but instead, for a full thirty seconds, she had shaken and tried to cry out while biting down hard on her pacifier. It was only after it ceased that she was able to yell out, by which time, Nurse Sonya was already there to take her to the changing table.

Still, the sedative kept the rest asleep and dreaming.

It was 1:15 am by the records when Baby Chris awoke to the feeling of a thousand needles being pushed into his body. He tried to scream, but no sounds came. He thrashed about trying to sit and to pull the wires from his electric diaper, but he couldn’t control himself. He bit down on his pacifier as the shocks finally stopped. It felt like hours but was only 60 seconds. He began to yell but his voice was cut off by the presence of the nurse.

*Fuck! What was that?*

Chris began to sit up but instead of being taken to be changed, he was instructed to lie down.

“Put your pacifier back in, Chris. It isn’t over yet!”

The moment she finished talking, the electric diaper shocked him again, this time in varying intensity, like waves. For the next 60 seconds, he writhed and thrashed about on the crib as the shocks struck him repeatedly. When it was finally finished, he laid there exhausted, still biting down on his pacifier.

His diaper was not fully wet when he was changed and it was only when he was returned to his crib did he begin to fear what would happen if – or when – he pissed his diaper yet again as he slept.

“But why did it do it to me again?” he had asked her during the diaper change.

“From level three and higher the first shock is to stop you wetting, but the second shock is the punishment phase,” was her answer, delivered without any emotion.

Sleep quickly claimed him again courtesy of his deep drug-induced drowsiness while teen after teen awoke, shocked into stopping their wetting, some crying, a few yelling out.

The fog of sleep was broken not long after 3 am by the scream of the girl in the crib next to him – Jessica. Chris rolled over and looked at her. She uttered another short scream before her body suddenly convulsed, her scream cut short by the second burst of electricity into her body. The punishment shock was being delivered.

He watched her thrash about in fascinated horror, having been on the receiving end earlier that night. When the shocks subsided, the nurse quickly took her to be changed and by the time she was returned, sleep had captured him once again.

It was 5:30 when once again, Chris experienced the thousand needles poking him all over his body. This time he screamed, waking some of the other teens for whom the sedative had now worn off. When the first sixty seconds of pain had passed, he knew what was coming and steeled himself for the punishment phase. He could feel the difference – the pulsating waves of stinging needles and pain. It was clearly designed to hurt. And it did just that.

This time, however, there was no nurse. He had to stay in his crib, fearful of what might happen next.

It was 6 am when Nurse Linda threw open the nursery door and strode in to announce the success or failure of night one of 'treatment'.

"I trust you all slept well," she said in her mocking voice. "Every one of you had to be changed by the night nurse and three of you were shocked twice. Two of you dirtied themselves during the night... again! The machines have all been turned off so you may piss your diapers now before your morning changes."

Chris relaxed, ready to pee, but there was little left. But around the room, there were the sighs of relaxation as twelve bladders emptied themselves into their diapers. He turned to look to Jessica, expecting her smiles of rebellion but instead she was sitting in the corner of her crib looking like a defeated little girl. Then he realized what had happened.

Jessica had dirtied her diaper. Sometime after her punishment shocks, she had emptied her bowels into her diaper and was still soiled. He suddenly understood what had happened. Just like him, she had wet her diaper a second time and during her double shock, she had messed herself and had been forced to sit in it until morning.

*Will that happen to me? I've not messed my diaper before and I kinda want to.*

## Assessment | 7.



“Baby Chris, sit down please.” The Director of the Institute – Doctor Grant – motioned for him to sit on the chair in front of her desk.

“Every day, we assess your progress with your bedwetting to see what we can do to get you to the dryness your parents want for you.”

He nodded, not sure if there was anything he should even say.

“According to the records you were set at level four last night and still you wet your diaper twice. Is that right?”

“Aha.”

“That’s not very good, is it, Baby Chris?”

“No, ma’am,” he replied. No other answer was possible.

“I think it is best we take you to level six and skip level five. I’ve also instructed the staff to increase your fluid level to help you stretch your bladder.”

Chris blanched. *Level Six?*

“What is level six?” he asked.

Doctor Grant looked at him dispassionately. “The duration of the original shock remains at 60 seconds and doubled in intensity, but there are two punishment cycles three minutes apart, each of 75 seconds.”

*Shit!*

“There is one other change to your sleeping arrangements. Babies on level five and higher tend to thrash around a lot during treatment and so you will be strapped into your crib so as not to hurt yourself and your pacifier will also be strapped into your mouth.”



Chris looked at the floor and his heart fell. He instantly wet his diaper without thinking about the thought of being strapped into his crib.

“You may go now. Please send in Baby Lyn.”

Over the next two hours, each of the diapered teens had a session with the Director. Everyone had their level increased by one step except for Chris and Jessica who were both on level six.

When bedtime came around again that night, everyone was put into electric diapers, but Jessica and Chris were summoned alone to Nurse Linda’s office.

“Drink this down now,” she commanded, pointing to two tall and large glasses of ice water.

Fearing the nurse’s wrath, they each took the glass and struggled to drink the entire thing.

“Do you want another glass, babies?” she mocked.

They each shook their heads. They had been given a lot of water to drink all day and just before they were put into their night diapers, they had all emptied their bladders into the day diapers ready for bed.

“I still want to wet the bed,” Jessica whispered to him as they walked back to the nursery.

But her confident smile was gone. Only her determination remained.

“Me too,” Chris replied, mostly to seem brave and ‘manly’ to the girl he had a crush on. Somehow he ignored the fact that he was in diapers, a baby sleeper, and had briefly considered the pink diaper pins and all that went with them. He envied her baby dress.

Chris had never been dry at night. Not once. And as he contemplated the idea of a dry night, it terrified him. Truly terrified him. He wanted diapers desperately, but he also found his wet beds comforting and normal. The idea of dry sheets or even dry diapers seemed scary and... wrong.



The cribs were clearly set up for restraints.

When Jessica was put into her crib, the nurse attached leg straps that tied her ankles to the side while a wide strap went across her chest holding her firmly in place. A belt went around her waist and her wrists were firmly attached to it. The pacifier they were now all used to was replaced with one that was part of another strap that went around her head and held it in place in her mouth.

“You don’t want to lose your pacifier during the night, do you?” the nurse explained. “When the shocks come, you will really need your pacifier in your mouth.”

Chris agreed. Over the past couple of days, he had grown increasingly fond of his pacifier but he remembered how important it was during the shocks so he didn’t bite down on his lip and also afterward - just for the intense comfort it gave him.

Chris was then strapped into his crib as the rest watched on.

No one was on level one anymore. Two were on level four and the rest were on levels two and three.

The sedatives were only barely effective in keeping everyone asleep during the shocks. The crying, the shouts, and the occasional scream woke many of the teen babies. Some watched in fascination as the two, level four bedwetters were shocked and then shocked once again as punishment.

It was around 2 am when Chris woke with a painful start. Ten thousand shocks had attacked his body and as he tried to thrash around, he found himself held in place by the wide straps. The shock was *much* stronger than the night before and when the 60 seconds had passed and the pain stopped, he began breathing again, happy it was over. He had forgotten the punishment phase.

A minute later, the pulsing electricity coursed through his electric diaper and into the rest of his body. The pain was worse. The pulsing action was designed to hurt more. The first shock was supposed to

teach the bladder not to wet during the night. The punishment phase was simply that – to punish the bedwetter. And three minutes later, the punishment was delivered once again.

In the years before, the Institute had spanked the bedwetters during the night, but it was labor-intensive and the electric diapers were much easier and more effective.

But spankings weren't completely gone.

Chris was barely able to walk to the changing table for a fresh diaper and as he was there he heard a familiar scream and knew that Jessica was also being shocked. With his numb emotions, he didn't care. It wasn't him being shocked and that was all that mattered.

But it got worse.

Only two hours later, he was shocked into painful wakefulness as he once again wet his diaper. The ten thousand needles stabbed him deep and hard and the punishment shocks were felt keenly and he couldn't contain himself.

He screamed.

His pacifier muffled the sound, but not entirely.

But no nurse came and he laid there half-awake in a damp diaper, trying hard not to wet himself again, not sure if there was even any pee left in him. He heard several electric diapers do their thing as he lay there. He didn't really care. And then something happened.

He dirtied his diaper.

Chris had never dirtied a diaper before or done so in his bed but in his weakened state, the need to empty himself came and he just let go as the steaming mass flowed out and settled into his diaper.

He didn't care.



“Well, Baby Chris,” said the Director. “I see we have not made any progress yet.”

It was Assessment time again.

“You still wet your diaper again, twice in the same night, even after the treatment. And a dirty diaper as well!”

Chris hung his head in genuine shame.

“I will need to change your treatment regime I think. You don’t seem to be getting the message!”

“But I *am* trying, miss,” he exclaimed, surprised by the edge of tears in his voice.

“I don’t think you are,” she countered. “I’m putting you on level seven and I am taking away overnight diaper changes. They are clearly encouraging you to wet again and again. Maybe if you are uncomfortable, you will learn. And since you have dirtied your diaper, you are only permitted the toilet at 8 am in the morning. If you are not ready to go, then you will need to dump in your diaper.”

“Do the others have to do that too?” he asked in a pleading voice.

“Not everyone, but I think it will be good for you and if you complain again, I will take away all of your toilet privileges and you know what that means, right?”

“It means I will have to poo in my diaper,” he replied sullenly.

“And you won’t be able to tug your penis either when you are there,” she replied with a smirk. “I know you do. All the boys do. And if you are banned from the toilet you will have to find a private corner and hump it away during the day.”

Chris was horrified at the open discussion of his daily masturbation and the thought of not being able to use the toilet to relieve himself.

“What’s level seven?” he asked, fearing the answer.

The Director shuffled her papers, one of them the report on his bedwetting.

“Level seven is a bit different from levels one to six. When the diaper detects you start to wet, it gives you a short shock of ten seconds and waits for a minute or two. If you wet again, it shocks you for a minute and then waits. If you wet again it shocks you for three minutes to fully stop you from wetting. And then it punishes you.”

“How?”

“You will find out tonight I expect. The punishment is based on how often you wet initially and how much.”

Chris left the room feeling discouraged. It had been a bad day already. He had sworn at a nurse and so was being denied any diaper changes the entire day and it was already sagging under the weight of the pee coming out from him almost constantly as the staff plied him constantly with glasses of water or coke. He had never drunk so much in his life. And then there were the threats about another dirty diaper and for the first time ever, he was not completely confident that he wouldn't shit himself during the night. And he wasn't alone. A number of other teens had already shit their night diapers.

*How is this supposed to help us?*

After the assessments were completed, everyone swapped stories. No one had been successful and everyone had been shocked. The minimum level now was three for most with a few on level 4 and one on level 5. Jessica and Chris however were on level 7.

“I don't think I can do this,” Jessica said to him as they were outside sitting on the ridiculously juvenile play area. “I might have to stop.”

Chris's quizzical look prompted her to continue.

“I might need to stop wetting the bed and wearing diapers.”

“You can stop?” he replied, not sure of what he was saying.

“I guess so,” she added. “I've never tried and I think you deliberately wet your bed too, don't you?”

*Why does everyone know this about me? Is it that bloody obvious*

“Yeah, I guess. It never bothered me.”

“Me either. I don't mind wetting my bed and I'm good at it and I never really wanted to stop.”

“Do you think you *can* stop?”

“Dunno. I guess so. My brothers didn't wet the bed so I should have the good genes!”

The confident and smiling Jessica was back.

“They pick on us more than the others, I think.”

Jessica sighed deeply. “Yeah, I think so too. That’s why we are on level seven and no one else is. Can you imagine what level ten is like?”

She shuddered theatrically.

“That’s nothing,” Chris replied. “I had a look on the back of the machine. There is a knob that changes the ranges. It goes up to thirty!”

“Fuck!” shouted Jessica.

“Don’t let them catch you swearing! I’m not allowed a diaper change today for doing that. And I’m trying not to shit myself again.”

“You might as well join the crowd,” she replied. “Seven of us have shit our diapers since we started and a few during the day.”

Chris just looked blankly away from her. During his time of fascination with diapers he had wondered what it would be like to mess into one frequently and now that he was faced with that imminent possibility, he was unsure if he really wanted to do that at all.



It had just gone midnight when the half-drugged Chris’s penis erupted in pee, quickly wetting the sensor in his diaper. Instantly, a short charge of electricity hit him, aiming to stop the flow – which it did. But he did not wake up. 90 seconds later, his bladder opened again, and quickly, the machine shocked him longer and harder. He began to stir and while he was slowly waking, he wet yet again.

The Machine responded. It hit him hard and long.

The longest three minutes of his life came as the machine hit him again and again with shocks. Rather than stopping him from peeing, every short break in the shocks caused him to flood even more. At the end of the three minutes, he was empty of pee, lying in a soaked diaper, breathing hard and trying not to yell out.

No one came to change him.

And then came the punishment.

The pulses came in waves of pain. A flood of needles stabbed him from head to toe and it went on for a few minutes. Ten minutes of blessed respite came before the electric diaper punished him again.

Finally, he fell asleep again, so exhausted that he didn't hear the sounds of other electric diapers punishing their wearers.

He awoke at 5 am and as was his common habit at home, he immediately emptied his bladder. He preferred not to use the toilet during the night at home and just wet his already wet sheets, so without thinking, he did it again. He wet his diaper.

The machine retaliated for the second time that night.

When Nurse Linda finally threw open the nursery doors promptly at 6 am, Chris was in the final throws of his fourth punishment shock from the machine. His pointless thrashing attempts secured not sympathy nor mercy and she merely watched as the punishment finally ended.

## Progress and Not | 8.



“I only wet once last night,” said Jessica proudly to the Director during her assessment.

“I see that. It’s the first progress I’ve seen from you. There may be hope for you yet.”

The Director was not one to hand out praise easily. That was as good as it got.

It was the tenth day of their stay at the Institute. She had been taken to level eight and her nights were incomplete without thirty minutes at the mercy of the Machine. But it had broken her back to one wetting a night.

Chris was not so lucky.

“So still wetting twice a night, Baby Chris?” she commented. “You are not doing well and at this rate, you will be back here for the advanced course.”

Chris cringed at the thought of what an ‘advanced’ course might mean.

“Level nine might get you back to at least only one wetting a night.”

Chris wandered out in a daze. She had explained level nine to him but he hadn’t taken it in. He was in turmoil. He desperately wanted to wear diapers and he never wanted to stop wetting his bed, but level nine? He had already experienced the worst thing possible three nights previously when during a punishment phase, he had dirtied his diaper uncontrollably yet again. Then the day before, he had missed his toilet break and had been forced to dump in his diaper late that afternoon



and sit in it for hours. His poor progress had denied him frequent changes and he feared the total denial of toilet use. He has already had to hide behind a large tree and hump himself to orgasm due to the toilet ban.

Dirty diapers had happened to everyone else and he had been worse than most, but he realized that 'they' were winning. They were even beating Jessica – his bedwetting hero.

Level nine did in fact, finally accomplish the task it was set. He wet only once that night and like a little boy, he felt proud and excited to tell the Director of his accomplishment. Her praise was moderate while Nurse Linda seemed disappointed.

"I thought you'd never get back to one wetting," she explained. "But who knows what the future holds, hey?" Her voice was cynical and still scary.

Night twelve was the worst night for Chris, but not for the level nine punishment which had extended in periods over two hours. The worst part was Jessica.

She woke dry.

There was a painted star clipped to every crib when its owner had a dry night. By day ten there was only one star. By day eleven there were four. By day twelve there were ten cribs with a star. Only Jessica and Chris were still to get this childish reward. But on the morning of the eleventh day, Jessica was dry.

When the nurse came in and gave everyone permission to wet their diapers, she put a star on her crib while everyone relieved themselves. Seven were still restrained in their cribs while the rest sat and looked on, waiting for permission to get up and for clean diapers and baby clothes. Even baby Paul was dry for the third time and hadn't messed his diaper in a week.

There was progress for everyone but Chris.

"I'm sorry," said Jessica as they sat once again on the juvenile play equipment.

Chris understood what she was talking about. She didn't want to stop wetting the bed. She wanted an excuse for diapers and now, all that

was gone. She was dry. It might be only one night, but they both knew that she had now decided to be dry and that was most of the battle.

On night thirteen, with the threat of level ten hanging over him, Chris awoke early at 4:30 am and found for the first time in his life that he was dry.

They had won and he had lost.

While he lay there with his fraught emotions, he fought the battle between his desire for diapers and bedwetting and the desire to end the thousands of needles that stabbed him every night.

And that was when he realized something unexpected.

He missed the needles. He missed the shocks and the interruption to sleep. He even missed the punishment. Some mornings over the past few years, his mother had not spanked him for his wet beds and rather than feel grateful, he felt disappointed.

He needed the spankings.

And now, he felt that he needed the shocks. But that was no longer possible.



It was graduation day, the day their parents came to pick them up from The Institute For Enuresis Treatment. Twelve hopeless teenage bedwetters had come there two weeks earlier and now, twelve non-bedwetters were leaving. Most had only a handful of dry nights to their name and Chris had only two.

But he was finally dry and yet he felt like he had failed.

“I guess I won’t see you again,” said Jessica as she leaned over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “No more Bedwetter Camps for us!”

She smiled but it was forced. She didn’t want to stop wetting her bed either, but they had taken that from her. Chris felt exactly the same.

Their time was over. He was no longer a bedwetter.

*He already hated it.*





“You know they said he wasn’t completely cured, right?” said Miranda to her husband as they sat in the kitchen.

It had been three months since the two weeks at the Institute and Chris’ bedwetting had returned. It was light at first, the occasional small patch once a week, but Miranda had just seen the first of the fully drenched beds from before.

“You think he needs to go back for the Advanced treatment?” her husband suggested.

“I do. I enquired about it and they can take him fairly soon. They have some options though we need to consider. In the advanced course, the shocking pad goes around the penis or over the clitoris. They spank daily and they have some options about complete babying as a form of punishment.”

“More babying? He’s still sleeping with a pacifier even now!” he commented.

A side-effect of the treatment was to make the teens reliant on their pacifiers and it was suggested to their parents that they keep up their use for at least a year.

“There is one other suggestion that we can try in the meantime before the advanced treatment is available.”

“What’s that?”

Miranda grinned.

“The shock bed!”

“Huh?”

Miranda showed him a photo of a bed pad that went under the sheet with three sensors.

“If he pisses himself, the bed shocks him and if he wets enough to reach the second sensor it shocks him even more and if he reaches the third, it gives him a real hard punishment shock. He has a wire taped just below his balls!”

“What do you think?” he asked breathlessly.

“We will hear him yell when he gets shocked!”

“Yeah...”

The two adults looked at each other as their desires rose.

“Let’s go back to bed and afterwards... I’ll order the shock bed!”

As the two parents fucked each other enthusiastically, they recalled the video they had watched and the possibility of shocking their bedwetter in their own home.

It made the sex even wilder.

## The Interview | 10.



Miranda Collins and her husband laid in bed early in the morning waiting for the sounds of their family to wake up and create the chaos they always did. But there was something else they were waiting for of far great importance.

They were hoping against hope that now nineteen-year-old Chris would have wet his bed substantially.

In the years that had preceded that morning, the parents would have been angry at their son for his embarrassing behavior of still wetting his bed at his age. But everything had changed. Twelve months before, they had heard of the *Institute For Enuresis Treatment*. It was not your average medical clinic for young children with bedwetting issues. This facility treated the very worst there was. Teenagers and young adults who flooded their sheets or their diapers every night found their way to the Institute for the harsh but effective treatment that was usually successful in ending the pitiful bedwetting of its patients.

While the couple laid in bed awaiting the potential consequences of Chris' expected drenched sheets, Miranda recalled their first meeting almost fifteen months previously with the enigmatic Director of the Institute – Doctor Elizabeth Grant.



“Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Collins,” the austere woman said as she opened the door to her office and ushered them in. “Please sit

down.”

The office was like the rest of the building – old-fashioned with classic furniture along with the clash of a high-tech computer on the desk.

“We read the information you sent us and we wanted to discuss our son Chris and his endless bedwetting.”

“Yes, I got your request and the information on your form. I have a few questions first to fill in details that are a bit too personal for a form.”

Miranda and Brian looked at her, wondering what was coming.

“Chris has never been dry his entire life, I see. That is typical for our patients. In fact, we reject applicants who have a history of partial dryness. Now I need to hear about his discipline. I assume you discipline him for his disgraceful behavior?”

“Yes, I do,” replied Miranda with a sense of pride.

“Just you?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“We strongly recommend that both parents discipline the bedwetter and if there is an older adult sibling in the household, we suggest they perform discipline as well. Now can you tell me how you discipline and how often?”

“I spank him in the mornings,” Miranda replied, suddenly feeling intimidated.

“What implements do you use?”

“My hand and sometimes the wooden spoon.”

“I see. Looking at your application you showed four photos of a typical wet bed. It is certainly very substantial. You should employ a paddle and even perhaps a cane. A belt is also appropriate for this level of wetting.”

Both parents shifted uncomfortably in their seats. They hadn’t expected to be told to increase their discipline. They had in fact, held

back a great deal on the discipline because... they enjoyed it, perhaps a little too much.

“I assume you place his face in the wet sheet during discipline?”

“Yes.”

“Good. That is essential for good training. Have you made him wear the wet sheet over his head when at home?”

They shook their heads. They hadn’t even considered it.

“Do you change the sheets every morning?”

“Yes,” Miranda replied, suddenly aware that there was more to bedwetting discipline than she had previously thought.

“It is really best that the boy does not have fresh sheets every night. He clearly doesn’t deserve them. Some parents change them weekly or even less often.”

Miranda decided there and then that Chris would not be having fresh sheets every morning.

“Just a few other questions. Does Chris wear girl’s panties?”

“Er... no,” Miranda replied while Brian tried not to blush. He was wearing panties himself.

“Does he wear diapers at all?”

“No. We took him out of diapers when he was five.”

“Do you know that he still wants to wear diapers?”

“Excuse me? He wants to wear diapers?”

“I wasn’t aware that you didn’t know that. I saw that Chris went to Bedwetter Camp and I took the liberty of speaking to the Director there who is a colleague of mine. She said that Chris had been stealing wet diapers most nights and wearing them to bed. He also stole a pair of girl’s wet panties and wore them.”

The two parents looked at each other in surprise.

“We didn’t know!”

“Don’t worry. It’s quite common among bedwetters and about half of the sheet wetters at the Camp steal wet diapers to wear. The staff



even make the diapers easily accessible to them even though they don't openly acknowledge it. It is important for you to know this because at the Institute we do employ diapers as part of our basic level training. We aim to employ harsh methods here because, by the time they come to us, every other attempt has failed."

"Can you get Chris dry?" asked Brian whose own memory of being a bedwetter until 12 still haunted him. He had passed the bedwetting gene down to his son and was acutely embarrassed about it.

"We have a very high success rate for the initial treatment phase. If there is any return to bedwetting later on, the Advanced Treatment Program is available as follow up and we have an active Research and Development Program designed to manage the worst of the babies."

Miranda had a quizzical look on her face.

"Babies?"

"Dr. Grant smiled for the first time."

"Yes, babies. Would you say that anyone that still wets their bed as a teenager or adult must be at least a bit of a baby, hmm?"

"I guess so," she replied. "It sounds about right."

"I'm glad you understand because we call our patients 'babies' when they are here for the standard program and since it is a live-in program, we put them in appropriate clothing."

Elizabeth waited for the idea to sink in.

"So, what do they wear exactly?"

The doctor swiveled her monitor around and showed a picture of a girl around eighteen, wearing thick cloth diapers and a baby dress and sucking a pacifier. This was a test for parents.

"Wow!" they both said in unison.

"So, if you accepted Chris, he would be dressed like that?"

The doctor laughed. "Almost like that. He would be in thick diapers night and day, but he would be wearing a boy's baby outfit unless of course, he wants to wear the girl's one. A few do, you know!"

Brian began to sweat. He had worn dresses many times, mostly in the confines of the bedroom with Miranda and the baby dress appealed to him very much.

“And the pacifier?”

“Pacifiers are mandatory at night, but they have one with them at all times. Now, would you like to hear about the treatment?”

They both nodded. That was the purpose of their visit.

“We use what we call ‘electric diapers’. When the patient wets their diaper, an electric shock is given to stop the flow and then give them time to wake up and stop peeing.”

Miranda sighed and her shoulders slumped in disappointment.

“We’ve tried that before,” she said. “When he was twelve, we hooked him up and it was a total failure. He didn’t even wake up!”

The doctor smiled and waited for her to finish.

“Oh, our electric diapers are *nothing* like that. Ours are much, much more powerful and effective. Would you like to see a video of it in action?”

Without waiting for them to agree, Dr. Grant opened up a video and showed it to them. A girl of around nineteen was laying in what appeared to be a large crib, wearing a footed sleeper that apparently covered a bulky diaper. She was breathing calmly and occasionally sucking on her pacifier. Suddenly she went rigid, arching her back as an electric shock hit her. Then she spat out the pacifier and began to yell although there was no sound to the video. She thrashed about on the crib trying to escape the continuing shocks. After thirty extraordinary seconds, the thrashing stopped and the girl opened her eyes in shock and began to cry. Just before the video ended, a nurse appeared next to the crib.

Miranda and Brian were careful not to look at each other. They knew instantly what the other was thinking and feeling.

“So, that is what will happen to Chris?” Miranda finally stammered excitedly.

“That was a level two setting on our machine,” she replied smugly.

“How high does it go?” Brian asked, his mouth dry with excitement.

“In the basic course, it goes to ten. In the advanced course, we have settings that go to thirty, plus we have other treatments and instruments we use.”

“We would like to enroll Chris, please,” said Miranda instantly, trying ineffectively to hide her excitement. The Director had seen that look of excitement several times before.

“That should be fine. From what I see, he qualifies and his parents support our approach. Would you like a copy of the video to take home?”

They both nodded, afraid to speak.

“Great and here is something I think you should start using.”

Doctor Grant pulled open a drawer in her desk and extracted a spanking paddle.

“Use this every morning and don’t be afraid to use it hard. Get a good swing for best effect.”



Miranda and Brian rushed into their bedroom the moment they got home. Brian opened up his phone and watched the video of the diapered girl being shocked and put it on loop. His panties were barely containing his erection.

Seconds later, he slid into his wife and as they made love, they watched the looping video, wishing they could hear the sounds, knowing that before long, Chris would be in that crib, thrashing about in a wet diaper.

*I wonder what he would look like in a baby dress?*

## The Electric Bed | 11.



Miranda and Brian were not disappointed even though they were careful not to show their elation.

Chris' bed was indeed wet. Not as wet as some days, but still quite substantial. The exceptional progress he had made at the Institute had worn off to some degree. There was the occasional dry night, which was a remarkable achievement in itself, but the bed was usually a bit wet and sometimes, very wet.

"I'll go to the Institute and pick up the shock bed this morning," Miranda whispered quietly to her husband so that her other two children would not hear her.

"Why are you whispering?" Brian mocked with a broad smile. "When it shocks him, they will all hear him eventually!"



"Please come in, Miranda," said Nurse Linda as she knocked on her door. Reception had told her that the shock bed could be purchased directly from the nursing staff.

"I'm glad you want to put Chris into a shock bed. He was our worst bedwetter during his time here. We put him up to level nine and it still took almost until the end of the program to get him dry for a couple of nights. He really wasn't ready yet to end his treatment."

The nurse appeared sympathetic, but they both knew she enjoyed shocking bedwetters. Miranda and Brian were about to start doing the

same.

Linda directed them to the single bed that was mysteriously in the room and pulled back the sheet revealing a large pad with a thin cotton covering.

“This is our standard home bedwetting detector pad. Unlike those amateurish efforts you tried before, this one is designed to work with full bedwetters like your son. It has multiple sensors that detect how far the flow of urine goes so that the shocking machine can deliver different shocks dependent on just how big the wet patch is.

“As you can see, the pad goes on top of his waterproof protector and it has a cotton layer but absorbs almost nothing so that the real extent of the flow can be detected. You need to place it so that his bum is right in the middle. That way the detector can work out the flow. He should also be naked at night so as not to limit or reduce the spread. Now, this cable here connects to our custom machine.”

Linda showed them the cable and by way of demonstration plugged it into the machine.

“And here is the wire for shocking Chris. It comes with two types of applicators. The first is the type we used during the Basic Treatment program which is an adhesive pad that is applied beneath the scrotum and the wire simply clicks into it. These pads are single-use and we give you fifty of them to begin with. The other alternative is the penis connector which is highly recommended for intransigent bedwetters like your son. This adjustable cotton ring is wrapped around the base of the penis and is full of fine wires that will easily transmit the shock. It is easy to put on and we also suggest the use of the single tape that holds the penis in place, pointed vertically.”

Linda handed them a small brochure with photos that showed how to attach the electrodes.

“And for girls, you put a pad on the clitoris?” Miranda asked, having seen a photo of how a girl was attached to the device.

“Of course,” Linda replied. “We get the maximum effect that way. Now let me describe the machine itself. There are six settings that are described in the manual, but level one is very simple and replicates

existing systems and so isn't really recommended except as a test. From level two and up, the machine will detect the spread of the wet bed and deliver increasing shocks as the bed gets wetter.

"Remember, the main purpose of the shock bed is not to stop the flow, even though it will initially, but to deliver *punishment* for wetting the bed. The bigger the wet bed, the heavier the punishment. The punishment is what teaches the bedwetter not to do it again – eventually."

"What do you suggest for Chris since you know his history?" Miranda asked.

"I'd start at level three which will shock him lightly for 30 minutes after it detects a wet bed. It will then deliver five heavy punishment shocks of ten minutes each. He will need to have his pacifier in his mouth, of course."

"What does level six do then?" asked Brian breathlessly.

"Glad you asked. But from level four onwards, you need to use the restraint set so that he cannot leave the bed or move around to avoid the shock."

She quickly showed him the restraints that were very similar to the crib-based restraints Chris was already used to.

"At the first wetting, a level 6 setting will give a very hard jolt to wake him up, and then after a minute will begin the punishment cycle over an hour. If the wet patch reaches the edge of the pad, the punishment cycle will engage for up to six hours of varying intensity from mild up to very intense."

"Wow," said both parents, breathlessly.

"Obviously, there will be a lot of noise and yelling and possibly quite loud. You need to be used to that. In the Advanced Course that you have him booked into, night times can get very, very loud! There is a lot of yelling and crying!"

"Is there anything else you would suggest?" Miranda asked with a glint in her eye.

Linda saw the look and understood she was in good company with kindred spirits. She briefly wondered if Miranda might like to consider working for her - something to follow up on.

“I would go with restraints from night one. I would make sure he drinks a lot of fluids before bed and if you want to get into the higher levels of punishment, then deny him toilet access for a couple of hours before bed to ensure the wet bed reaches the edges.”

“Other parents buy this shock system?”

Linda nodded with a smile. “We have a few parents that need follow-up assistance for their bedwetter. You are the third parents from Chris’ class that have bought one. A girl Chris had his eye on, a girl called Jessica, has been on a shock pad for a week now. The basic course usually has a couple of bedwetter babies that revert somewhat. That’s what the shock bed and the advanced course is for.”

“Thank you so much. We will start him on it right away and in a couple of months we can enroll him in the advanced class!”



Chris stood open-mouthed as he stepped into his bedroom when he came home. On his bedside cupboard sat a small machine with the logo of The Institute For Enuresis Treatment on it. He knew what it was immediately. It was different from the one he was plugged into at night in the cribs, but he knew it would hurt.

“We can’t let you go backwards, Chris,” his mother explained, feigning sympathy. “You were so good after the last treatment and you’ve started to wet again and this pad will help you.”

“What does it do?” Chris asked fearfully.

“Best you read this,” she said handing her the ‘patient version’ of the brochure which painted it in a good light and explained the fitting of the electrodes around the base of the penis. It left out the ‘parental information’ on settings and punishment phases.

“And you will need to sleep naked from now on, so it doesn’t interfere with the device.”

Chris looked at his parents and at the machine and then at the brochure and then repeated the order again.

*What the hell am I going to do now? Do they know I’ve stopped trying again?*

A month after leaving the Institute, Chris was indeed dry but he missed the diapers even more than he did before. The thick pinned cloth that kept his legs apart in the crib and made him and the rest of the patients waddle as they walked was something he craved even more.

He had bought a pack of large toddler diapers that even now were stuffed in the back of his wardrobe, away from prying eyes. He had worn them on occasions and even three times to bed. He had woken up in a wet diaper and immediately grinned only to find they had leaked bad and the bed was still wet. It was a small patch for him and he didn’t really care.

*I want to wear diapers! And now I have to sleep naked?*

“Oh, one last thing, Chris,” Miranda said just before shutting the bedroom door behind her. “You can’t use the toilet after seven o’clock.”

Miranda quickly left the room lest her wide grin be seen.

*Seven o’clock? By the time I go to bed, I will need a piss already! It will make sure I wet the bed!*



Chris looked at the electrode attachment as he stood naked next to the bed. It was 9 pm and his bedtime. His parents had offered to assist in its fitting, but he said he was okay.

*It can’t be that complex, surely?*

He took the cotton strip and wrapped it around the base of his penis as per the description and photos. The Velcro end held it firmly in



place. He then laid his penis vertically up his body and used the medical tape to hold it in place. From what he saw, he had done it properly. He then used another piece of medical tape to tape the long thin white wire to his leg so that he wouldn't dislodge it during sleep.

"Make sure you plug it in!" his mother exclaimed from behind his closed door.

He had already plugged the cable in and laid down with an already filling bladder waiting for whatever the machine had planned for him.

He sucked hard on his now ubiquitous night pacifier. No one even commented on how he was still using a night pacifier.

*I wish I was in diapers!*



"I haven't heard anything yet," Miranda whispered to her husband as they lay in bed after retiring for the night. "He's been asleep for an hour already!"

"We'll hear something soon," Brian replied. "Give it time."

## A Shocking Night | 12.



The time was just 11:47 pm, not that Chris was taking any notice. He had just wet the bed.

In his dreams, Chris felt himself shaking and jumping around. He was on a hot section of concrete footpath and everywhere he stood was too hot to stand. So he jumped. But the relief was brief and as soon as he landed again, the heat assaulted him.

Chris was a very, very deep sleeper and his bedwetting was attributed in part to his inability to wake up easily. Suddenly, however, he was awake and could feel the shock coursing through his body. It was different than the Institute. The pain was sharper and more centered on...

*My dick! My dick is hurting!*

Mostly awake now, Chris put his hand down to his penis and felt the wetness and his hand tingled with the electricity that was coursing through his genitals and lower body down to the wet pad beneath him.

Biting down on his pacifier, he jerked and thrashed about trying to be as silent as possible. He didn't want his family to hear his sounds or to be aware of the embarrassment of his bedwetting.

Finally, the shocks ended and he relaxed and put his hand underneath himself to assess how wet he was. It was a small-sized patch for him, but about average for a full-night teenage bedwetter.

*Now, what do I do? Do I just stay here or get up and put new sheets on?*

His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden jolt of electricity that made his body rigid. The electricity eased slightly and he relaxed before

another even heavier jolt hit him. For the next ten minutes, he was hit by repeated pulses of differing strength and without any perceivable pattern. Every time there was a break for a few seconds, he breathed and relaxed, believing it was the end. But the jolts kept coming.

He bit down hard on his pacifier, knowing he was not to get out of bed and for a while forgetting that he was not restrained like he was in the cribs.

“Mommy!” he yelled out loud. “Mommy!”

The jolt was especially painful and he called out in pain, crying for his mommy.

Seconds later, Miranda – an ironically very light sleeper – burst into his room just as a momentary halt to the electric punishment occurred.

“Mommy, I need to get out of bed,” he cried in the voice of a child.

“No, you have to stay there,” she said, excitement buzzing through her mind.

The punishment charge came again and Chris thrashed about trying to handle the unpredictable shocks. For ten minutes, Miranda and finally, Brian, watched their son undergo the punishment cycle. Suddenly, Chris jumped out of the bed to escape the shocks.

“What do you think you are doing, young man?” exclaimed Miranda.

“It is hurting too much, mommy!” Chris cried, his voice back to that of a little boy, still using the childish word – mommy.

“I don’t care. You have to do this properly or it won’t work.”

Miranda went to her son, put his lost pacifier back into his mouth, and lightly pushed him back into his wet bed and the shocks immediately continued.

Chris cried for four minutes and twenty-three seconds as the end of the punishment cycle finally came.

“Mommy,” he said. “I need to go to the bathroom and pee.”

Miranda shook her head. The same rules applied to the shock bed as did to the night diapers at the Institute. Nurse Linda had explained that the patient was not to use a toilet during the night but to either hold it or do it in the bed and suffer the consequences.

“No, you just have to hold it until morning.”

Chris was once again alone in the dark. His wet bed was not uncomfortable to him as he had been through thousands of them before. Exhausted by the shocks, he quickly fell asleep into his usual dead-to-the-world style.

The machine was programmed to give him two hours of peace, no matter how wet he was. But when the two hours were up, it would assess if he was wetter than he was before. If he was, it would punish him severely, otherwise, it would wait another two hours to see if Chris had wet his bed a second time in one night.

4:23 am woke Chris with a start and a yell. He was being shocked again. It was harder and longer and the pulses felt different. His body spasmed and he thrashed on the bed. He began to yell incoherently and his mother was there only minutes later.

“Good boy,” she exclaimed which only confused Chris.

*What’s good about...*

*Shit!*

*I can’t take it...*

There came some brief respite and in those few seconds, Chris was aware that his bed was soaked, not just wet.

*It’s like the wet beds I used to have!* he thought with an ironic sense of pride before a particularly heavy jolt stopped his thinking at all.

Miranda stood by the side of the bed, forcing him to remain in his sodden mess. She stayed the full thirty-minute punishment cycle, hearing his sounds and yells. The two other children came to see what the yelling was about, but she quickly sent them back to bed.

Finally, the second punishment cycle of the night was done. Chris relaxed, exhausted yet again and in an act of both defiance and fatigue,

he emptied the remaining urine in his bladder into his bed. He was asleep seconds later, comforted by the two-hour respite he had earned.

But he would be up and awake before it would shock him again.



“Nice screams, piss-pants!” exclaimed Chris’ younger sister at the breakfast table.

“Now Matilda,” her father interjected. “Don’t tease your brother for his bedwetting. He is trying to become a big boy.”

Chris’ face reddened at the term ‘big boy’. It was another reference to his babyish behavior in wetting his bed so thoroughly at his age.

“But he called out for *mommy* during the night like he was a baby,” she complained.

“That’s none of your business what he does in his bed, young lady.”

“He should be in diapers all the time!” she retorted.

“Yes, possibly true, but none of your business, just the same.”

When Matilda was finally ejected from the room, Chris sidled up to his father.

“Can I wear diapers again?” he asked. “They would stop all the wet sheets and the other stuff.”

“No diapers for you, young man,” Miranda added. “You are going to stop this bedwetting nonsense one way or the other and the only diapers you will ever have are *electric diapers!*”

Chris’s heart sank. Despite everything, he was desperate to wear diapers again. He’d even wear electric diapers to bed if they would let him. And he wanted to wear diapers to school. He knew that other teens wore them so why not him?



When Chris returned home that afternoon, his room was different, but it did not surprise him.

The restraints had been fitted to the bed.

The pee-stained sheet was still there and dry while the restraints were connected to the bed frame and laid out similar to how they were in the crib he had slept in earlier. As he sat on the bed and held them, they brought a sense of calm that he didn't expect.

*At least I won't fall out of bed tonight. I kinda wish I had a crib back again.*

He sighed and thought about all the changes the last year had brought him. He had worn thick diapers and relished them and at night, the shocks had hurt him at the time, but when they were over, he quickly forgot and relished the wet diapers again. Now, he only had his wet bed and the too-small diapers he had hidden away. He had even dirtied his diaper like most of the others.

Bedtime came only too quickly and as had happened the night before, he was blocked from using the bathroom after 7 pm. His bladder was about half full, he estimated. But the worst thing was the restraints. He couldn't put them on himself.

"Are you ready now, Chris?" came his mother's voice from outside his bedroom door.

Chris blanched at what was to follow. He was completely naked, the electrode was connected to his penis and his pacifier was in his mouth.

"Yes, mom," he conceded with an obvious sigh.

Miranda entered the room and instructed him to lie on the bed with his legs spread wide. She quickly attached the ankle straps to each foot and then took the wide chest strap and dragged it across his body to hold him firm to the bed. Unlike the cribs, his arms were not

restrained, but it offered him no chance of removing the restricting straps. But it would allow him to put his pacifier back in his mouth if it fell out during the night.

“Good night, Chris,” Miranda said, kissing him on the forehead.

Before leaving, she went to the machine and turned it up to level 4. The two-hour respite gaps were now just one hour.

It was 1 am when the first jolt came in response to Chris’ wet bed. Miranda heard the cries in bed as she lay next to her husband, growing in excitement and arousal. Around 4 am, she heard the punishment cycle begin again and for forty minutes, Chris thrashed as best he could, calling out, yelling, but refusing to scream.

Next door, Miranda and Brian had passionate and furious sex, hearing the sounds of the electric bed doing its job.

For six weeks, Chris was restrained in the electric shock bed, being woken and punished at least twice a night and occasionally three times. If there was any chance of him being dry at night, it was extinguished by being denied access to the toilet after 7 pm, and by the tiredness that the broken periods of sleep were giving him.

*One more night!* Chris said to himself as he laid in the pee-stained bed while his mother restrained him. *Just one more night before I’m back in diapers!*

Chris was booked to go to the Advanced Class at The Institute of Enuresis Treatment. He had no idea what he would be doing or what would be different from his first trip. He assumed it was just more of the same and while it was harsh at times, he would be back in diapers and it was worth it just for that.

*I can do this one more night for diapers!*

But Miranda had other ideas. Without him knowing, she set the machine to level six. When 2 am came around and Chris wet his bed, the shocks began but the punishment cycle did not finish. It ebbed occasionally, the light shocks feeling like a mere tingle, but then it came back with force causing him to thrash against the restraints and call out.

He yelled and he called out for his mommy. But mommy didn't come in. She laid in bed listening to the sounds. The shocks didn't end and despite his best attempts, at 4:37 exactly, he screamed.

He screamed several times while Miranda listened and grinned.

At 5 am, the three-hour punishment cycle finally ended and he fell asleep, only to be awakened three hours later by his mother.

"It's Institute day, Chris!" she said with great enthusiasm. "They're finally going to stop your bedwetting!"

"Yeah great," he spat out. He was exhausted and the three hours of electric punishment were worse than the heaviest spankings he'd ever had.

Even the allure of wearing diapers again was not enough to lift his spirits. After six weeks on the machine, he wanted desperately to have stopped wetting the bed but it had not happened. If anything, the electric shock bed had made him *wetter*.

He was having occasional dry nights before the shock bed had arrived, but not one since. And worse, his underpants were often damp during the day, worse than they had been for years.

*I don't want to do this anymore!*

That was not a choice he was to be given.



# The Advanced Course in Bedwetter Management and Treatment | 13.



“Welcome everyone to the Advanced Course in Bedwetter Management and Treatment!”

Director Elizabeth Grant smiled broadly as she addressed the group of teens and twenties.

“Unlike the Basic Course which you have all completed, there are only six of you here to allow for more personalized treatment. We plan that all of you will leave this course finally dry and no longer deemed bedwetters. Now, I will leave you with Nurse Linda to fill you all in on the program.”

The moment the door to the large treatment room closed, Nurse Linda spoke with her snide, humiliating voice in full measure.

“You are all failures,” she announced loudly. “Every single one of you is wetting your bed again after getting dry in the Basic Course. Wetting your bed at your age is bad enough but getting dry and then falling back into wet sheets and diapers again is truly pathetic and you should feel ashamed!”

The six patients shuffled around, feeling the acute shame being thrown at them. She was right of course. They were not only bedwetters but two-time losers in the battle over wet sheets.

“This program will work you hard. It will embarrass you and humiliate you.”

*As if that doesn't happen to us anyhow. I bet everyone in this room has had their families laugh at them!*

Chris looked at a familiar face – Sonya – from his own basic course. He remembered how she told him her own story from home. Her mother would make her wear her wet sheet over her head during breakfast and encouraged the rest of the family to laugh at her. Not that Chris’s family had been that much better. His older brother and younger sister mercifully teased him about his wet bed and now with the shock bed, they laughed even more, recalling some of the yells and sounds that came from his room several times a night.

*So, I don't think you could humiliate us any more than we have already been!*

“You will notice that you are all back in cribs again which since you are still bedwetting babies, is quite appropriate. You will all be back in diapers at all times as you were before. This is to train you not to piss yourselves without control. And the changing station is in the middle of the room now. What privacy you had before is gone so you best get used to that.”

Chris just wanted to speak to Jessica who had arrived late to the room and he hadn’t yet had time to catch up with her. She was his only friend in the group and they had been secretly emailing each other occasionally since they met at the basic course. He had found that she too had reverted back to wet bedsheets around the same time he had. In what was an increasingly bizarre relationship, they compared the sizes of their wet beds and concurred that Chris was the wettest. This confused him because at Bedwetter Camp, she was very competitive and now, she seemed to be actually trying to get dry. But it was failing and failing badly.

Chris had emailed her about his shock bed and how he had to attach the electrodes genitally. She didn’t even respond to this information for two weeks, saying nothing at all and deliberately avoiding the topic. Then it all came out. She was in a shock bed herself. A week before Chris started his own shock bed, Jessica had started her own, and even on level two, the shocks and punishment cycles, directed at her genitals had driven her to try hard to be dry, all to no avail.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you I was sleeping in one,” she admitted finally in a short email. “I was embarrassed to be such a failure. I want

diapers, not the electric bed.”

“Me too,” he admitted to her. “We both want diapers and our parents don’t understand.”

Their last email to each other had confirmed that they were both diaper lovers and now were going to experience ten days of diapers and babying.

But they were electric diapers. And the Babying was going up a notch.



“Now, it’s time to prep each of you for your full-time diapers,” Nurse Linda announced, breaking Chris’ daydreaming. “At this course, each of you will have a customized training program which means we will calibrate a machine and a specific diaper to your needs. We will start with Carly first and get her set up. The rest of you are free to roam around until you are called. Once you are all calibrated and diapered, you will do what I say and nothing else.”

Her last words sent a collective chill through the group. They had all experienced Nurse Linda’s cold and heartless approach and several had also been forced to drink more water in an effort to punish them with heavier and more constant shocks at night with heavier bedwetting. She was not a woman to be trifled with.

Carly went to stand by the large diaper change table in the center of the room and everyone else left. Chris immediately went to find Jessica.

“I just want to wear diapers,” Jessica spat out immediately. There was no preamble. They both knew what the other was thinking before they even opened their mouths.

“Don’t say that too loud!” Chris exclaimed. “You don’t want anyone here to know that. They might not let us wear them if they find we like them.”

“Mom is freaking out on me at home. My bed is still pretty wet and no matter what I do, it is always wet.” She shrugged and sighed. “Not even the shock bed is stopping me.”

“It’s slowed mine down a bit,” Chris admitted. “The last few nights it was only a small patch.” He also sighed.

“I wish this was like bedwetter camp,” Jessica said as a smile returned to her face. “Then we could both steal some diapers and this time wear them during the day!”

“You’d wear a wet diaper during the day?” Chris asked, his mind churning over the thought.

“In a heartbeat! I’d steal the driest ones I could and wear them all the time. I’ve had some at home I wear but mom found them a few times and now my room gets searched.”

“My parents haven’t found mine, but I hardly get to wear them and they are a bit small anyhow.”

“This place isn’t like Bedwetter Camp,” Jessica whispered in his ear. “More like Bedwetters *Concentration* Camp!”

“Hey, Jess,” he asked quietly. “Do you know if there are other bedwetters here who want diapers like us?”

“There were three I knew in the last group,” she replied. “I like to ask around, you know!”

She smiled as she spoke, a smile that implied she knew a whole lot more than she was saying.

“Do you think we could ever get to go back to Bedwetter Camp again?” he asked.

“I wish,” Jessica replied. “I know my way around there now so it would be wet diapers all the time!”

“You wouldn’t win the competition then!” Chris laughed.

“Oh, I dunno,” she replied. “Even with a wet diaper on, I’d overflow a fair bit!”

“I wonder what they are doing with this ‘calibration’ thing?” asked Chris changing the topic.

The moment he spoke, the door to the treatment room – ominously named Nursery Room #3 – swung open, and out toddled Sonya. The twenty-year-old bedwetting girl literally waddled as the extremely thick, pinned cloth diaper hung firmly around her hips, covered in the familiar transparent plastic pants which let everyone – including other patients – know how wet they were and in a few instances, showed the brown stain of shame from a dirty diaper.

Sonya was wearing an exceedingly short pink top with a childish print that barely covered her ample breasts. She was no longer wearing a bra and her feminine shape was on clear display. The usual pink pacifier was also in her mouth. Her face was pale and the look was one that was familiar to all of them. They had all seen each other's face after time on 'the machine'.

"Sonya's been shocked!" Chris exclaimed.

"And that's not all," Jessica added. "Look at the side of her diaper!"

Clipped to the side of her diaper and plastic pants was a small black box a little larger and thicker than a smartphone. Two thin black wires extended from it and entered the waistband of her plastic pants and underneath the front of her diaper.

"Shit!" exclaimed Chris. "She's wired!"

"Christopher Collins!" shouted Nurse Linda. "You're next!"

## Calibration | 14.



Chris opened the door nervously and walked in, shutting the door behind him.

“Take off all your clothes, please,” ordered Nurse Jasmine, Linda’s assistant. “You won’t be needing them at the moment.”

Chris had been diapered many times before by both nurses, but he felt very nervous this time as he took off his clothes and finally slipped down his underwear.

“Up on the table, please,” she added.

He saw that the change table had an already folded thick cloth diaper and so as he had done before, he sat in the middle of it and carefully laid down waiting for the diaper to be put on.

“Now, Baby Chris,” Linda retorted using the ‘baby’ moniker she loved to tease him with. “We are going to fit you with a penis electrode and I understand you’ve been wearing one for a few weeks now, right?”

He nodded.

“This one is similar and designed for someone of your size and length.”

He suddenly realized they were referring to the dimensions of his penis and he immediately went red.

Without any preamble, Nurse Linda lifted his flaccid penis and wrapped a cotton strap with fine copper wires embedded in it around the base, similar to the one he wore at home. In addition, she wrapped a second strap just below the head of his penis and then used medical tape to hold his penis in place. The two thin wires were then taken and connected to a shocking machine on the table next to them.

“Now, let me explain this to you, bedwetter. There are two electrodes on your genitals so that you can be shocked when you are still dry.”

Chris’ eyes widened at what she said.

“Yes, we can shock you *before* you are wet! Now let me demonstrate.”

Linda pressed a button and a strong shock went direct to his penis and he yelled out.

“Ow!” he shouted. “That hurts!”

She pressed it again and he felt the pain in his groin once more.

“Pacifier, nurse!” she shouted, and immediately, a pink adult pacifier was shoved into his mouth, stopping his shouts.

“That was just the trial to see if everything was connected properly,” she grinned evilly. “Now we need to really test it out but for that, we need the restraints on.”

Nurse Jasmine carefully tied his ankles to the tie-down points and pulled a wide leather chest restraint as well as a set for his wrists.

He was immobile.

“Your parents are disgusted with your bedwetting and your pants wetting, you pathetic worm. They want you fixed but they also want you...” She moved her face mere inches from his. “Punished.”

*They know I have wet my pants?*

For a few years, Chris had occasional damp trousers and underwear during the day and simply hid the fact from his parents by more frequent clothing changes. He was never soaked but he was often damp.

Nurse Linda moved to the machine and selected a dial setting specifically labeled ‘Punishment’. She then pressed the button below labeled ‘Punish’.

Immediately, a heavy shock hit him and he began to thrash about spastically as the electricity hit his penis hard. Five long minutes later, the pain stopped.

“Well, it seems the basic penis setup works well,” she announced clinically. “Now let’s try the ankle attachment. Now, this little attachment is what you will be wearing in your crib at night. It means the shock will travel down your legs as well making for a much more effective treatment.”

As she spoke, Nurse Jasmine attached two more leads to the ankle straps which had a metal inner layer and Linda pressed the ‘Punish’ button once again.

Chris went rigid as pain coursed through his genitals and his legs began the throb. It was only on for ten seconds.

“Now, bedwetter, did that hurt more?”

Chris nodded, unable to speak.

“Good, your calibration is going well. Now we are going to try five different settings for just 5 minutes each and observe your reaction.”

The first setting was similar to the test and every setting after that was more intense and more painful. At setting 4 Chris began to scream in pain and at setting 5 he was crying and trying to get away from the electricity.

“Well done, bedwetter,” she said. “Every night once you wet your diaper – and we both know you will, don’t we? – you will get shocks like this depending on how wet you are, only they will go for much longer. If you wet your diaper three times in the night, it goes to full power until 6 am. You really don’t want to feel that one. Now, let’s introduce you to your new underwear – your electric punishment diaper.”

A third electrode was already placed inside the folds of the cloth diaper and with measured efficiency, the diaper was pinned into place and the transparent plastic pants pulled up his legs into place.

“Stand up, please,” ordered Nurse Jasmine.

Chris stood uneasily next to the table, still recovering from the shocks.

“You’re going wireless this time!” Linda announced gleefully as she clipped the strange black device to the side of his plastic pants. “Now, whenever you wet your diaper during the day, you are going to



get a shock. You were asked to drink a lot before coming in this morning and so you should be ready to piss yourself. So, go ahead, piss yourself now!”

Chris shook his head. He didn't want to get shocked again.

“Piss your fucking diaper, bedwetter, or I will get someone else to piss in it for you!”

*You would do that, wouldn't you?*

Chris stood still and with a little sigh, released his bladder, and a torrent of urine cascaded down the inside of his diaper. It took only fifteen seconds for the flow to hit the sensor at the bottom of his cloth diaper.

Chris sank to the floor as the charge coursed through his genitals. It was a lot less than the power of the main machine, but it was still very intense. He tried to stand as the shock continued but couldn't do so.

“It continues to shock you until the pee spreads out in your diaper. But when you wet yourself again, it will shock you once more.”

For five minutes, Chris sat on the floor suffering the shocks, tempted to put his hands inside his diaper and soothe the pain. Finally, the shocks stopped and he unsteadily got to his feet.

“Every time you wet your diaper you will be shocked. There is only one brief toilet break for everyone in the morning for number twos. If you miss that then you will have to dump in your diaper. And every time you have a piss, you will get shocked again. And there is one more surprise.”

Linda looked at him with a wide surprise holding an iPad. She pressed one button on the screen and suddenly Chris fell to the floor again as the electricity shocked him for a full minute.

“I can do this any time to any of you, so none of your shit or you will be shocked a lot. Now stand up and leave.”

“Can I have my t-shirt?” he asked.

“No,” she replied curtly. “It's diapers only and nothing else for bedwetters like you. The girls get a skimpy top for now, but that won't

last long either. They will soon be topless.”

Still on unsteady feet and with a pale face, Chris opened the door of the Nursery Treatment Room and stepped out.

He had been calibrated. He didn't even notice he now had a pink pacifier and the pins were also pink.



Each bedwetter was calibrated over the day and it was mid-afternoon when all of the thickly diapered patients were standing in a room waiting for the Director to speak to them. Everyone was in an already wet diaper, but none had wet themselves in the hours since they were fitted. Each of them feared the shocks of the portable machine clipped to their diapers.

The girls wore a skimpy top that barely covered their breasts while the boys were in diapers only. Everyone had a pacifier on a neck strap and most had it in their mouths. The comfort the pacifier gave was much appreciated in these trying times of punishment.

“Good afternoon, everyone,” Director Elizabeth Grant announced. “I am glad to see you have all been fitted with your diapers and calibrated correctly. The advanced course you are all part of is very intensive and designed to break you all of your disgusting nighttime habits. But it isn’t just nighttime, is it?”

The Director’s eyes slowly moved about the room, staring directly at each of them in turn.

“Brianna,” she said pointing directly at the twenty-year-old diminutive and embarrassingly flat-chested girl. “You still wet your panties, don’t you?”

Brianna blushed and nodded.

“Your mother told me that your panties are wet every day and sometimes, soaked through. That is a terrible thing to do and you will be punished for it.”

The Director tapped on her iPad and Brianna fell to the floor and shook as the electricity hit her genitals. She bit down hard on her pacifier, but still, her moans escaped.

“Look at her diaper, children,” she ordered, once again referring to them in her embarrassing tone as ‘children’.

The five diapered patients watched open-mouthed as they saw the spreading pee soak Brianna’s diaper. The manual electric shock had also triggered her to pee. After a few minutes, the shocks appeared to slow down. She stood up but was still shaking some as the device continued to shock her clitoris with regular bursts.

“Brianna, remove your top. You are clearly not old enough to need such covering.”

Brianna slowly removed her top, revealing her minuscule breasts. Everyone stared.

“And Carly, you are no better, are you?”

Carly tried to look away as her shame was revealed to the group.

“You aren’t just a bedwetter, are you? You wet your panties so much that you have to change every few hours.”

“No one is supposed to know!” cried Carly. “I can’t help it!”

“Well, everyone knows now and according to our records, you’ve been shocked twice since you were fitted, right?”

“Yes,” she replied quietly.

“But you went and hid so no one would see you being shocked, right?”

“Yes.”

“You are not to hide from us, girl. And you need to be punished for your wetting and for hiding.”

Carly immediately moaned and fell to the floor, shaking and crying as the jolts from the device hit her. Without waiting for the punishment to cease, the Director continued.

“Carly, take off your top. You are not old enough to be covered.”

When the shocking finally ended, Carly removed her top revealing her C-cup pert breasts. Every male in the room erected and some of them obviously so.

“Nathaniel, you are a pantie-wetter too, aren’t you?” she said in her very best mocking voice.

“I wet my underwear sometimes,” he corrected her.

“No, you wet your *panties*, don’t you? Your mother told us all about how you wear panties instead of boy’s underwear.”

The young nineteen-year-old boy slumped as the secret of his pantie wearing was publicly announced.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied sullenly.

“So, children, Nathan wears panties and that’s embarrassing enough except that he also wets them most days and sometimes, wets so bad that his trousers are wet through. And you like to wear dresses too and perhaps you noticed that your pacifier and pins are pink. Your parents want you punished, little girl.”

The group watched as the third of their number hit the ground suddenly from the deliberate shock, shaking, and uncontrollably wetting themselves, which only triggered more shocks from the sensor in the diaper itself.

“Ah Chris,” exclaimed the Director. “You were the biggest failure of the last group. You went back to wetting your bed quicker than any of your peers.” She looked around the group and continued to speak. “You are *all* failures and we are here to correct you. And Chris, you wet your underwear frequently too, but you also wear panties, don’t you? But your mother is sick of wet sheets and wet undies, so...”

Chris felt the shock in his penis hit him hard and tried desperately to keep standing, but he too eventually dropped to the ground as the pain increased. He couldn’t help but wet himself and at the prompting of the Director, everyone stood around and watched the yellow stain spread in his diaper.

“Baby Chris is a pantie wearer too when he can steal them and I hear you have been wearing your sister’s bras.”

Chris blanched and shook his head.

*They can't possibly know that!*

"Nurse, would you put a bra on Baby Christine, please?"

Chris was still as the assistant nurse put his arms through the gaps and clipped the bra behind him.

"You want to dress like a girl then we will treat you and baby Nathaniel as girls here."

Chris stood eyes front, fearing to see anyone, especially Jessica.

"Now, let's talk about Sonya. Like all of you, Sonya wets her panties during the day but she has an additional embarrassing issue to deal with. Would you like to tell us all about it, Sonya?"

She shook her head. The director tapped her iPad and Sonya felt a brief shock to her genitals.

"Tell them, please," she repeated.

"I mess my undies," she whispered.

"Say it again, girl, so everyone can hear."

"I poop in my panties."

"Yes, children. Sonya poops in her panties a bit every day and her mother is sick of cleaning up after her and Nurse Linda reports that every diaper you wore last time, was a little bit, shall we say, brown?"

Sonya fell to the ground shaking hard as the punishment shock hit her hard. They watched the spreading yellow stain as they had before, but before the shocks had ended, their noses told them an additional story.

*She's shit herself!* Chris thought to himself.

No one said a word. They had all had to deal with the revelations of their own lives. Everyone except Jessica. Her turn had not come around... yet.

"Now, the very last and the most pathetic bedwetter among you – Jessica. Yes, your panties are wet often as well, but that's not your biggest shame, is it? Would you like to tell us all about the jars you keep under your bed?"

Jessica blanched and began to back out of the group, trying to get away.

“No, well let me tell the group about what you do with those jars.”

Jessica lowered her face to the ground, not wanting to hear the story she had told no one, not even Chris.

“Jessica *likes* wet beds. Did you all know that? In fact, Jessica *loves* wet beds so much she has made herself a champion bedwetter. Did you know that she was voted best bedwetter at Bedwetter Camp a few years back? And how did a girl her size produce such amazing wet beds? The jars of course.”

Tears were beginning to stream down Jessica’s face as her deepest secrets were being revealed to a group of strangers.

“During the day, Jessica would pee into these jars and fill them up and during the night, she would empty them into her bed to make it wetter.”

The revelation drew a few shocked expressions from the group, but one girl simply tried to look away. Brianna had clearly tried the jar system herself.

“But that’s not all of Jessica’s secrets. You see, Jessica likes to wear diapers.”

The statement hung in the room like an accusation, but not just to her. Unknown to anyone else, four of the six diapered bedwetters, also liked to wear diapers and had done so since they were young children.

“She likes diapers so much, that she is happy to steal them. She is happy to wear other people’s wet ones!”

“No, please don’t,” she pleaded pointlessly.

“Jessica has been taking wet diapers from her neighbor’s kid and wearing them. At Bedwetter Camp, she took wet diapers and wore them there too.”

“I’ve done the same thing!” shouted Chris, trying to deflect blame from his friend.

“Then you will *both* be punished for it!”

Chris and Jessica both felt the strong, pulsating shocks to their genitals and fell to the ground trying to cope with the pain. It went on for longer than anyone else.

“Now, children, you will learn to be dry day and night. You will learn not to poop your panties and not to steal wet diapers. You *will* learn. Jessica, remove your top. You are clearly far too childish to need a top. And who knows, maybe there will still be jars under your crib.”

Jessica slowly took off her top and that was when Chris – now called Baby Christine – turned around and caught a glimpse of her breasts.

He ejaculated immediately and Nurse Linda saw it happen.

“So, baby Christine, it looks like you have more than one control problem. This course is going to be very hard for you.”



## First Night | 16.



It was only 8 pm when the order was given to get ready for bed. They all grumbled at the toddler time for bed.

“You will need the extra hours in your cribs, babies,” explained Nurse Linda. “You won’t get all that much sleep, so take the time while you still can.”

Preparation for bedtime was done out in the open. Unlike in the basic course where diaper changes were private, they were done in the middle of the room on the changing table where anyone could see what was happening.

Each bedwetter was stripped naked, electrodes removed, and using baby wipes, was cleaned up. As promised, diapers were only changed morning and evening and Sonya’s diaper was very soiled. She had been forced to wear it for several hours after the humiliation of messing herself in front of the group. Despite wanting to spare her the embarrassment, several looked on in fascination at her dirty backside and diaper. Four of the group – the ones who secretly liked diapers – had all messed their diapers before but had never seen it on another person and especially not done by accident.

Chris had never seen a naked girl before other than online porn and struggled to take his eyes away from the sight. He desperately wanted to be not erect when his time came to be changed and was only saved by Nurse Linda’s scowl that would kill any erection in double time.

He had seen Jessica’s pussy open and spread and only just avoided another very public ejaculation. They were all then strapped into their cribs, plugged into the machines, and told to settle down for a

long and broken sleep. They had been re-diapered into very, very thick cloth diapers and that was all they wore – not even tops.

“Now babies, every sleep-time will begin with thirty minutes of punishment for your bedwetting. Sleep tight.”

She shut the door and the room descended into gloom. No one said anything as they sucked on their pacifiers which were strapped in place so that they could not fall out during the night.

Then the punishment began.

The residents of the six cribs yelled and thrashed about as wave after wave of finely calibrated electricity surged through their bodies starting with their genitals. Some cried, a couple screamed and for thirty minutes, the punishment continued.

They knew why they were being punished. They were teen and adult bedwetters and now they knew that they were all-day wetters as well. Many times that day, they had been told that they were bad and that bedwetters and pants-wetters needed to be punished. And now they were indeed being punished.

The thirty minutes seemed like hours but exhausted by their punishments, they each fell asleep soon after the shocks ended. Their silent sleep ended just after midnight when Brianna began crying out in pain. She had wet her diaper in her sleep.

Her cries woke Nathaniel who wet himself at the shock of the sound and almost instantly began to wail as the severe shocks hit his penis and traveled down his legs.

Everyone was awake at this point and listened to their cries, glad that it wasn't them. But eventually, it was.

As the hours progressed, one after the other wet their diaper and awoke to a shocking program that had been designed to inflict the best pain to their genitals. Chris first wet his diaper around 1 am. He then wet again at 4 am and was subjected to a much higher shock level and for forty-five minutes he shamelessly cried as those around him listened in. When he was finally free from the shocks, he tried to stay awake so as not to be hit with the dreaded 'three-time loser' shock program.

6 am came and everyone was soaking wet and had enjoyed far fewer hours of sleep than they wanted. Three diapers were also dirty. It was the first night of ten.

## Treatment | 17.



It was day four and Chris was tired. His bedwetting hadn't improved and his night diapers were always sopping wet. Like all of them, he was forced to drink double his usual intake and all that had produced was soaking overnight diapers and three or four day-time shock episodes during the day.

It was now a common sight for one of the group to find a comfortable chair, sit down and empty their bladder into their day diapers and then suffer the severe shocks that came from it. They would still watch in fascination until their own turn inevitably came.

Most were beginning to get drier at night and at the morning opportunity to pee and poo – the only time they were given toilet privileges – most still had a lot of pee left. But not Chris. There was rarely anything there. It was all in his diaper. He wasn't improving at all. Nor was Jessica. Her morning urinations were minimal and her night diaper so drenched that it threatened to fall off under its own weight.

Their failures had not gone unnoticed.

“Good morning, children,” announced the always-demeaning Director. “I've read the report of your progress and while there were no dry diapers last night, there is some solid improvement in three of you. Two of you continue to be pathetic babies and we will deal with that. Three of you will be given a reward of a toilet break at 2 pm. Sonya, you are still having dirty diapers so you will be going to punishment with me this morning, and Chris and Jessica, you will both be going to punishment with Nurse Linda.”



Jessica waddled into the special ‘treatment room’ as ordered and followed by Nurse Linda.

“Still wetting the bed as bad as before, I see,” she said pointlessly. They both knew why she was there. “And you are already wet and it’s only eleven o’clock!”

Jessica had hidden in a corridor and wet her diaper an hour earlier. She could have held it long but part of her needed a wet diaper around her hips and the shocks from the portable devices were not that severe, she thought.

*I don’t mind them actually. And a wet diaper makes it worthwhile.*

“You need some further personal treatment to make you realize how much of a baby you are.”

*I already know I am a baby, bitch. I’ve known that since I was a kid!*

The deepest secret of all that Jessica held tight to herself was that she often felt like she was a baby. She delighted in wearing diapers, wet or dry, and even... dirty. Her mother had an inkling of that, but no one knew she sometimes wanted to be a baby.

Jessica was only wearing a diaper that morning. The skimpy tops that the girls wore had been dispensed with and after brief embarrassment, no one cared. Brianna was the most embarrassed as her almost complete lack of breasts was now openly revealed.

“Take your diaper off, girl, but leave it pinned,” Linda ordered as she disconnected the portable device.

Jessica tugged the wet diaper down and it quickly fell to the floor with a revealing thud.

Linda then retrieved the diaper, extracted the wetness sensor, and held it in front of Jessica’s face.

“So, you like diapers, do you? Then try this!”

Linda held the still-pinned diaper and slid it over Jessica's face. The freshly wet diaper was loose and stayed firmly in place.

"For the next hour, you will wear your wet diaper over your head."

*This isn't too bad. It's not like I haven't done this before!*

The bedwetting girl had often rubbed her face in her own wet sheets and wet diapers when she could have them. It was comforting and although the circumstances were unpleasant, the wet diaper around her face was not.

"Now, get up on the table and lie still."

Barely able to see through one of the leg holes of the wet diaper, Jessica managed to get onto the treatment table.

"Legs apart!" Linda ordered as she removed the clitoral electrode.

Linda adjusted Jessica's wet face diaper so that she could not see anything and retrieved.... The Prod.

The Prod was a white plastic cylindrical tool about a foot long with two half-inch rounded metal tips pointing out. A thin white wire came out of the base and was plugged into another device. Without warning, Linda took the prod and placed the two tips on either side of her clitoris.

Jessica screamed as the electricity rushed through her pee-wet genitals.

"No, please," she yelled through the wet diaper.

But Linda continued to prod her clitoris and around her vagina and surrounding areas. Each touch produced a high shock that caused her to scream and thrash about.

"No one can hear you, girl. This room is soundproofed so you can make all the noise you want."

Touch after touch of the electric prod came and each time, she screamed. Her self-control was lost and finally, she pissed herself.

Linda smiled as she watched her fail.

"Pissing yourself, baby? Then try this!"

The prod found its place and the power came on one level higher. Too tired to move, Jessica simply cried as her pee-soaked genitals magnified the effect.

Finally, her hour in 'treatment' was done. Another nurse came in, wiped her dry, put the clitoral electrode back in place, and rediapered her in a dry clean diaper.

"Leave the wet one here, nurse," Linda smiled. "I have a use for it first."



Chris entered the treatment room with great trepidation. He hadn't spoken to Jessica, but he still felt as if he was in big trouble. His failure to improve hadn't gone unnoticed.

"Diaper off. Now."

Chris was very familiar with Nurse Linda's bark and he quickly unpinned and let his still dry diaper fall to the ground. He was feeling the need for a pee but was in no mood to get shocked after a nighttime with two very long sessions with the machine.

"I see you like diapers, Christine," she said in a disarmingly polite manner, even using his actual name instead of 'baby' or 'bedwetter'. "We get some like you through here, but we deal with you properly. And I've got a present for you. Since you like diapers so much, here's one for..."

She quickly grabbed Jessica's now cold wet diaper and slipped it over his head.

"... your head. You didn't know diapers can be worn there, did you? And since you and Jessica are such good friends, I thought you'd like to wear her wet diaper!"

*It's Jessica's diaper?*

Chris instinctively took a deep breath of the scent of her wet diaper.

*She smells great!*

Just as with Jessica earlier, putting his face in a wet diaper was not a punishment at all. Chris had his face put in her own wet bed every morning during his spankings. In one of his more embarrassing memories, he had put his face in several of the wet beds at Bedwetter Camp and more than a few of the diapers.

“Up on the table and keep your legs apart.”

Chris carefully laid down on the table on top of his still dry, unfolded diaper, and waited for what was coming. He instinctively knew when punishment was coming and remembered the many times he had waited face down in his wet bed for the stings of the wooden spoon that he knew were inevitable.

He felt the intimate touching as his dual penis electrodes were removed and the baby wipes cleaning the area. Once again, the fear of Linda kept his erection from erupting.

Without warning, the prod hit the base of his scrotum and he yelled out loud.

“Shit!” he exclaimed. “What’s that?”

“This is my little friend and your little enemy, bedwetter!”

She held the prod to his balls and he began to jump around. The single leather strap across his chest prevented him from falling off or escaping.

“This is how we treat bedwetters that won’t learn,” she exclaimed as she moved the prod to his penis and began shocking repeatedly up and down its length.

For thirty minutes, the prod shocked his penis and balls and around his genital area until finally, Linda was rewarded with a flow of piss as Chris lost control. The urine flowed up his belly and then into the waiting once-dry diaper beneath him. It was soaked.

As quickly as it had begun, the time with the prod was over. Linda removed his head diaper and then refitted his penis electrodes while Chris lay there exhausted and not caring what she did. She then pinned on the now-wet diapers and pulled on his plastic pants and sent him out.



Dazed and unsteady, Chris made his way out towards the common room. Just as he entered, Brianna wet her diaper and was sitting on the floor being electrically punished. Sonya was sitting in the corner quietly, not talking to anyone. He instinctively knew she had just had The Prod. It was in her eyes.

He found Jessica standing by a window looking outside.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” she said as he approached. “Go away.”

“I just wanted to see if you were okay,” he said before his nose told him the rest of the story. Jessica had dirtied her diaper.

“Sorry,” he added as he stepped away.

The Prod had hurt like nothing before and he had lost his bladder control. Somehow, dirtying her diaper seemed like a probable outcome for her. After all, she had revealed to him in a moment of weakness that she had been kept in night diapers until she was ten, not just because she wet them, but because she frequently dirtied them as well. It was only after she finally stopped messing them that diapers were taken away. But by that time, she was truly infatuated with the cloth or disposable diapers that were suddenly taken away from her. She was now officially a diaper lover and bedwetter although it was to be many years until she learned those terms.

And she still had powerful yearnings to be a baby and the pacifier she had at night was a wonderful thing that she had no plans of *ever* giving up.

## Dry For Some | 18.

It was day eight and Jessica awoke just before the normal rising time of 6 am.

*My diaper's dry!*

Jessica was shocked to find that she had slept throughout the night without wetting. Of course, she was woken a couple of times by the sounds of others being shocked. She had heard the familiar sound of Chris being shocked, but only once. That alone was a first. He was always shocked twice. And of course, the desperately wet Sonya had also endured a shock.

The pacifier prevented her from talking to the others to see how they had gone, but she was not a deep sleeper. Every time someone was shocked they inevitably called out and made a lot of noise. That night, she recalled only Chris and Sonya.

And so, it was. When the six bedwetters were released from their restraints and cribs, four of them were found to be dry while two were wet.

While the four dry patients were allowed a toilet break and the rare experience of still wearing their night diaper which was dry, Chris and Sonya were told to finish wetting their diapers and then to go direct to the treatment room after breakfast.

Chris was sullen as he ate, aware that, unlike every other morning, he had not had his wet diaper changed but was kept in it. He was still wearing a bra and the teasing he had expected had never eventuated. Nathaniel admitted that he even had his own bra. They had all been warned that by the eighth morning, if they weren't dry, there would be 'significant punishment'.

At 8:30 the two bedwetters, still in their night diapers were ordered to go to yet another 'treatment room' on the third floor. Neither of them had been connected to the wireless shocker and so taking the advantage of the situation, peed their diapers as much as they could. By

the time they opened the door, they were sagging under the weight of 12 hours of wetting and only the diaper pins kept them up.

It was a larger room and there were three tables like the other change tables in the Institute.

“Both of you slip your diapers down and leave them pinned,” ordered Nurse Linda.

It was a common experience to have their wet diapers slipped over their heads during the time with The Prod. They stood there stark naked and humiliated.

“Sonya, put your diaper over Christine’s head, please.”

She looked at Linda in shock.

“Now, girl!”

Sonya carefully took her drenched diaper and pulled it over Chris’ head.

“Now, Chris, put yours over Sonya’s head.”

Looking through the leg holes in the wet diaper, Chris managed to pull his own wet diaper over her head.

“On the tables please, legs apart.”

They knew the drill and got up ready for another session, but this one was different. Not only would they get to see and hear another patient dealing with The Prod, but there was also something else going on.

There were witnesses.



In two small rooms not far from the treatment room sat two couples – the parents of Chris and Sonya.

“Wow,” exclaimed Brian to his wife, Miranda. “Look at them!”

“You’re supposed to be watching the punishment, not staring at her pussy!”

Two TV screens were on the wall in front of them. One was a side view of the two tables and the other showed the image between each of their spread legs.

In the other room, two other breathless parents were watching the proceedings in similar excitement.



The Prod found its place on Chris’s balls quickly and he screamed out loud as the pain went through him. He couldn’t see anything except a small part of the ceiling through the leg holes of his diaper – a diaper that was dripping on his face.

For ten minutes, Chris endured the ministrations of The Prod on his balls and especially his penis and around his genital region. Then there was a brief break that was punctuated by the yells and screams of Sonya as her genitals were electrified.

For an hour, the two bedwetters with prodded and electrified while their parents watched the live experience.

When it was all over, they lay there exhausted while in one of the rooms, Miranda and Brian had quick and powerful intercourse, the result of the arousal of all they had seen... and heard.

“Now Chris, take that diaper off your head and pull it back up your legs.”

He was too exhausted to complain about putting on Sonya’s wet diaper as was Sonya when instructed to wear Chris’ wet diaper out of the room.

They weren’t plugged back into the wireless system and were surprised but not upset. As they returned to their peers, it was very obvious that they were in extremely wet diapers. The transparent

plastic pants hid nothing. But no one knew they were wearing each other's nighttime diapers.

After Lunch, Chris and Sonya were finally put back into dry diapers and fitted with the wireless system.

While everyone still had to endure daytime shocks when they wet their diapers deliberately, there were only two who had yet to achieve a dry night.

## The Ninth Morning | 19.



It felt like it had been forever but 6 am finally came and the machines were all turned off. For five of the six, they were dry. The only remaining wet diaper was Chris. He had been shocked at various levels from low to extreme for over 3 hours.

He was deeply embarrassed.

“It looks like we have success with five of you,” announced Director Grant. “Just Baby Christine remains a sissy bedwetter. The rest of you will be going home as a success. Christine, you have just ONE night left to prove you aren’t the baby your parents think you are. And we are going to help you by treating you twice today and putting you on the top level from the machine.”

*Shit!* thought everyone in the group.

They had all experienced The Prod at least once and most, several times. They had experienced the humiliation of their own wet diapers over their head and had been told about the ‘top level’ on the machine. It gave the most powerful shocks and once triggered, continued until 6 am with only a few minutes of respite. No one wanted that, no matter what.

“You are to go to treatment right after this meeting, but before you go, we have something for you to wear over your head.”

A nurse came from behind here carrying a still-pinned wet overnight diaper. She came up to Chris and pulled it over his head.

“You will wear this diaper on your head all day until bedtime.”



Chris endured two treatments with The Prod that day and was only allowed to remove his head diaper for meals. It was then put back on him. He didn't know whose it was, only that it had pink pins and was, therefore, one of the girls or Nathaniel.

Bedtime came as a blessed relief and he pushed as hard as he could to empty his bladder before being put into his dry night electric diaper and watched as the nurse set his machine to maximum. He tried to stay awake but exhaustion claimed him quickly and he was left to the mercies of his weak bladder.

## Final Morning | 20.



Exhaustion carried Chris through to the 6 am wake-up.

“I’m dry!” he said through the pacifier gag. No one could understand him, but he didn’t care. It was the last night and he was finally dry.

The morning was different from the others. They each showered and changed into regular clothes. There were no diapers, no plastic pants, no bra for Chris, and no wireless shock attachments. They kept their pacifiers as a reminder of their time and most would use them at night for a long time afterward. The pacifier was the best part of their trip and had provided unexpected comfort and help during their times of punishment.

They sat around the common room together feeling both uncomfortable and yet not. They had shared with each other a great deal, but had always been diapered and usually, wearing not much else. The absence of the diapers was a curious experience and for a few, brought about a sense of loss.

Jessica walked up to Chris and kissed him on the cheek.

“Check out your inbox tonight,” she said cryptically and then walked away.



It was 10 pm when Chris checked his email for the hundredth time on his phone This time, there was an email from Jessica.



*No one is gonna stop me from wearing diapers!* It read.

Then he clicked the 'show attachment' button and seconds later, he saw a picture of Jessica in her pajamas with the waist pulled down slightly. He smiled as he saw the image of the disposable diaper she was wearing.

*No one is gonna stop me either!*

He went to the back of his wardrobe and extracted the second-last of his supplies of too-small disposable diapers and put it on. He then bravely walked out to say goodnight to his parents with a diaper on and as he laid down in bed, he slowly wet his diaper a little, confident that many miles away, Jessica was also wetting her diaper.

They both smiled and went to sleep sucking a pacifier.

But trouble lay not far around the corner. A week later, Chris and Jessica both awoke to yet another wet bed. The Advanced Course had bought them only a week of dryness. They had reverted to bedwetting once again.

"The Extreme Course is what your baby girl needs," explained the Director, referring to Chris in the feminine. "You need to enroll her in the extreme course and the outcome will be er... different."

"How will it be different?" asked Miranda breathlessly as she enjoyed her son being referred to in the feminine.

"Christine will become a baby girl. Her bedwetting is a symptom of her being still a baby and so she needs to become a baby fully and to see where her future lies."

"Will she be shocked?"

"Of course, but she will also be totally babied and exposed to adult themes and forced to choose between infancy and adulthood. She is conflicted between adulthood and infancy and this is the source of her bedwetting as it is for a small number of our other clients."

"Adult themes?" Miranda whispered hoarsely. "What does that mean?"

"Babying and perhaps... sex."

## The Extreme Course | 21.



From the moment that his parents had decided to enroll him in the Extreme Course, both Miranda and Brian began referring to Chris as Christine and not merely that but also *baby* Christine. Director Grant had explained to them that in the Extreme Course, the patients were reduced to infants and given the opportunity to properly get dry or to accept that they were no longer adults. But interestingly, boys were also treated as girls - baby girls. The power of the extreme course also came in denying the boys their masculinity.

Any doubts they held about the validity or worth of the course were held at bay as they considered what it would be like to witness some of the babying that he – or she - would be receiving.

“Christine will be very humiliated by all of this,” said Miranda breathlessly as she laid out Christine’s new home attire.

On his bed, she had laid out a set of girl’s panties, a bra, a short skirt and top, and a pink pacifier. On instructions from the Institute, she had not put out diapers for him to wear to bed but rather he would be wetting his sheets until the Extreme course began in two weeks' time. Without washing the sheets, he would be deeply ashamed of the look of his bed by then. It was part of the humiliation aspect of preparing him for the Extreme Course.

Next to the panties and bras, Miranda laid out a simple skirt and girls' top.

Brian looked at the clothes and sighed. He wore panties all the time and loved them, but now his son was going to be wearing them too – and openly.



Not far away, in another home of a lifelong bedwetter, Jessica was being told of her enrollment in the Extreme Course as well and had not taken the news well.

“I simply won’t go!” she shouted at her mother. “You can’t make me!”

“I can and I will, Jessica and if you fight me, I will spank your ass until it is red!”

“Don’t you get it, mom?” she spat back. “I *want* to wet the bed. I *want* to wear diapers!”

“I don’t care what you want, young lady. In this course, they are going to make you a baby again. That will stop you wetting your bed for good.”

Jessica was suddenly silent.

*They are going to make us babies again? What does that mean?*

Jessica had always wanted to be a baby again and it had powered her bedwetting for as long as she could recall. The idea that the hated Institute could lead to her being babied fully and completely was alluring. They had slept in cribs and worn diapers and sucked on pacifiers before, but while that was amazing, there was a lot more to babying that she desperately wanted.

*Will we be fed and changed like babies?* she wondered hopefully.

But she also feared what else there might be. The electric diapers were painful and the prod was horrid.

*What else are they going to do to us?*



“Chris,” Miranda exclaimed breathlessly as her son arrived home from his small part-time job packing shelves in a local supermarket. “Could you come here before you go to your room?”

Chris was not doing any studying and his only employment was part-time gigs like this, jobs he often couldn’t hold because of his repeated trips to the live-in Enuresis Institute. It also meant he could never go anywhere with his mates and consequently, he had few friends and no close ones. His bedwetting ruled over everything.

“Chris,” Miranda continued. “Your bedwetting is back again.”

“I know, mom,” he answered with a deep sigh. “I just can’t help it!”

“I understand and so we have enrolled you in the Extreme Course to see if we can solve this problem.”

“The what?” he spat out. “You are sending me back?”

“Just listen to me before you say anything else. The Director thinks that part of your bedwetting may be because inside, you are still a baby to some degree.”

Chris’ face went pale.

*Fuck me. How do they know this? I’ve never told anyone!*

“The Director explained that for a small number of her patients, the bedwetting remains because they are not yet fully adult and are still babies inside. She thinks that might be part of your problem. So, in this course, they are going to baby you and see if that is the case.”

“Baby me?” he replied, trying desperately not to show that he knew what his mother was talking about.

“Yes. For two weeks they will baby you and see if they can fix your bedwetting. If this doesn’t work, there are no more avenues to take.”

“I see,” he said while exhaling deeply. “So, when do I go?”

“Two weeks’ time, but there is something else I need to tell you that you might not like.”

“Like what?” he replied suspiciously.

“You remember a few years ago when you were wearing girl's panties?”

“Mom!” he exclaimed. “Why did you have to bring that up?”

Chris had always liked wearing girl's panties and a few times had tried on bras and dresses but was secretive enough to not be caught until... he was caught in panties. That had led to many tearful conversations with his mother about it and for a while, he had worn panties off and on with his mother's tacit approval. But her continual involvement in it caused him to stop – even though he still craved them. Being in a bra and girl's things at the Institute had triggered those feelings all over again and even as he spoke, he was wearing panties he had bought for himself.

“There is a big part of the Extreme Course is that you will be treated as a baby... er... a baby girl.”

“A baby girl? What do you mean?”

Chris was both terrified and excited by the conflicting feelings coursing through his body.

“It means that you will be in girl's things and it was suggested by the Director that you should wear girl's things at home until you go there to get you prepared for it.

“I have to dress like a girl at home?” he stammered, his mouth going dry both in fear... and in hope.

“Yes, Chris. You do. Now. on your bed, I've put an outfit out for you and I expect you to put it on now. Your brother and sister have been warned not to tease you but you *will* dress like a girl at home until you go to the Institute. What happens afterward depends entirely on you.”

Chris walked to his room and in silence looked at the girl's clothes laid out on his opened bed. It did not go unnoticed that the clothes were lying on the dry part of the bed while his wet sheet from the night before was still there.

He stripped off and immediately erected to full length as he slipped on his new panties and clipped on his bra – a skill he was now quite confident in. He found the bra to be oddly comforting and as he

slipped on his new skirt and top, he felt refreshed and at ease although terrified of his parents' and siblings' reaction.

"You look lovely, Christine," his mother commented as she walked into his room unbidden. "The clothes fit you well."

"Thanks, mom", he said feeling oddly pleased with the positive response from his mother.

"Now, Christine," she continued, emphasizing his new name. "The new rule is also that there will be no more sheet changes until you go to the course. That also means you are only allowed to pee at night in your bed. You will be tied down again with the straps, but no shocks. However, there is no toilet for you after 4 pm and so you know your bed will be very wet."

Chris nodded. The no toilet rule didn't bother him. He was going to soak the bed anyhow. The restriction from toilet access only meant that the wet patch would spread further.

As he left his bedroom, no one else commented and tried to ignore his new attire even though obviously his sister and brother were desperate to do so. His father was secretly excited and pleased, wishing he too could dress like a girl openly.



The two weeks went by in a blur and on the morning he was due to go to the new course, he received a curious text from Jessica.

Did I beat you again?

Accompanying the text was a picture of her wet bed, now 15 days in the making. The stains covered the entire bed, pillow and included much of her top sheet. Chris was in fact, deeply impressed as he viewed his own bed, took a photo of it and sent it to Jessica.

I guess you win again! How did you get it so wet?

Coz I am a champion! I saved up my pee during the day to make sure! I knew I could beat you... again. Cya at babyland!

Jessica's reputation as a champion bedwetter was certainly still intact. Chris was never worried by wet beds but he had never seen a bed as stained from corner to corner like hers and was quite jealous of her skills at bedwetting.

He had awoken fully erect and a text from Jessica had him throbbing. As was normal, he quickly stroked himself before ejaculating onto his sheets. The white semen was clearly visible and would be for some time, including after his mother came in to check on how he was dressed. He didn't care if she knew what he had done. Nothing much was private anymore.

But he was nervous about the Extreme Course. The idea of babying appealed to him and to Jessica but he also knew that the institute would doubtless be inflicting pain and humiliation along the way and that was *not* what he wanted.



The trip to The Institute began badly. Chris was required to wear his girl's clothes in the car and out of the house for the first time ever.

"It's part of the rules," his mom explained.

Chris sullenly accepted the rule but only after the abject humiliation of a major spanking from his mother. When he first objected, Miranda took him and pushed his face into his wet – and spermy – bed and brought out the spanking paddle. 80 spansks later, he was howling like a baby and his bottom was bright red.

The pain kept him still and quiet until they arrived. Miranda then took Chris by the hand and took him inside to Reception. When they arrived there were five others already there – three girls, including Jessica, and two boys, both in girls' clothes.

"Baby Christine!" called Nurse Wanda from the doorway. "Glad you are here. Now would all the babies please follow me?"

Chris looked weakly at his mother hoping for a reprieve but none was coming. Baby Christine now walked softly behind the rest of the group and whispered to Jessica.

"I don't think I want to be here," he admitted. "Mom spanked the shit outta me this morning."

"Shhh!" exclaimed Nurse Wanda. "Babies will be quiet until you get to your nursery."

Three minutes later the silent group came to a set of double doors which were swung open. As they stepped in, they saw their immediate future.

It was a baby girl's nursery.

It was decorated in pinks and whites, with six exquisitely designed very feminine baby cribs. There was a large change table in the middle of the room and shelves filled with cloth and disposable diapers and cupboards full of baby clothes. One was open – deliberately – to show that they were entirely girls' clothes.



“Now babies, let me explain some things to you. When you are here you are just one thing. You are all babies. You are all baby girls and those pesky penises mean nothing. You are girls here and will be treated like a girl. You will also be treated as if you were twelve months old.”

So far, the information was not really news, even if being told it again in such a room made it all feel a lot more real.

“You are all hopeless bedwetters and your files suggest that the reason for this might be that you are in fact, just babies and so we will treat you like them – totally. Toilets are off-limits for everything. Number one, number two, and... number three!”

The three boys' eyes went wide at the last number.

“Yes, you girls with a penis!” she explained with a wry smile. “We all know you squirt off your number three into your panties or a toilet. Now you will only have diapers to do it in and you *will* do it there. Do you understand?”

The three boys nodded nervously as the girls looked on with a degree of sympathy.

“There is only one other place you may squirt and we will get to that later. You will be dressed in diapers all the time except during treatment times. You will be wearing baby clothes exclusively. You will have naps and you will have formula bottles and baby food only. In your nursery and in the playroom you will only crawl as you are too young to walk. You will have a pacifier at all times and your talking must be babyish or else we will *make* you do it that way.

“There is no privacy here. None at all. You will see each other naked and being changed and bathed.”

“How do we get out of here?” whispered Baby Melissa a genuine girl of around 19.

“When we think you are not really babies and you are able to then perhaps stop bedwetting, you can leave. You have to prove to us that you are not a baby. But if you remain babyish, after a few weeks here you will be returned to your parents as infants and you will remain so for as long as they decide.

“But for now, it is time to put you in those super-thick diapers you will be wearing while here and for some of you... when you leave.”

The group of now-babies was quiet as Nurse Wanda pointed to Baby Steph – a girl with a penis as he was unceremoniously stripped and laid on the change table on a disposable underpad.

“Now babies do *not* have hair here!” she exclaimed as she held up a shaving kit.

Five pairs of wide eyes stared as Baby Steph had the hair around her penis, balls, and all pubic hair carefully removed until she was totally hairless.

“Now... that’s what babies should look like!”

Then a very thick cloth nappy was pinned on with two pink princess diaper pins and was followed by a pair of pretty pink frilly plastic pants like what the very young babies sometimes wear.

“Now for a pretty shirt...”

A pink tight baby shirt was quickly pulled over Steph’s head and was quickly followed up with a truly adorable white and pink short baby dress with puff sleeves and hemmed in lace. Then came the knitted booties – pink of course – and the matching pink knitted bonnet.

Baby Steph stood around feeling conspicuous but the other five soon-to-be-babies had noticed her growing erection during the diapering and knew what it meant. She was a baby indeed and liked the treatment despite the humiliation.

Caroline was next and they all knew here having been through the previous courses together. But this time they saw a lot more of her. With her legs spread wide, Nurse Wanda removed all of her pubic hair with such skill that after it was done, it was like the genital area of a small child – or baby. Which of course was the intent.

Having seen that up close, Chris was fully erect in his panties and dreading his turn on the change table. He knew there was only one way to be rid of that erection and he was not going to get the chance.

Baby Christine was next on the table and as he laid there, his impressive 8-inch organ stood proudly erect and throbbing. Even as his admittedly thin public hair was removed, it never failed to stand tall and proud.

“Looks like someone had quite the spanking this morning, Christine,” observed Nurse Wanda. “Take a look, babies, at the color on her backside. You will all be getting similar spankings when you are here.”

That was when trouble struck.

The nurse had folded and prepared Christine’s cloth diaper underneath her and when she pulled the middle portion between her legs, the tall erection got in the way. It would not sit down and it prevented the diaper from being pinned on properly.

“Hmm,” the nurse commented. “I think we will have to deal with this first of all.”

Wanda squirted a small amount of baby oil into her hands and firmly gripped his penis. Before she even moved, it began to throb.

No one moved. No one spoke. Wanda moved her hand up and down his erect penis and in only fifteen seconds, he squirted his cum high into the air and they all watched in shock as it rained down on his stomach. The embarrassing truth was that all six babies were virgins and while the girls knew about ejaculation, none had actually seen it. And for the boys, being this close to an open and spread vagina was equally new to them.

Christine was silent as Wanda wiped up his cum and expertly put her into her diapers, frilly pink plastic pants, and a short baby dress with bonnet and booties and pacifier.

“Once we have you dressed, you are to go onto the floor and if you need to move, you have to crawl.”

One by one, the babies were shaved, diapered, dressed as babies, and put on the ground to watch what was happening. Christine stared at Jessica’s pussy during her turn, wishing that one day he could see it up close without an audience and perhaps...

*We are just babies here now. So near and yet so far.*

Justin was the last on the table and like Chris before him, he was fully erect and unable to reduce it. The sight of three wide-spread pussies was enough to erect him as it would any male, but the baby clothes, the pink nursery, and the thought of living as a baby were what pushed him over the edge. He had wanted to be a baby girl since... forever and now it was finally happening.

Baby Justine experienced only two hand strokes from Nurse Wanda before she too exploded all over herself.

“Now baby girls, let me tell you about your life here for the next little while. You are here because your parents think you *might* still be babies and that is why you refuse to stop wetting your beds. We are here to find out if that is true. If you can stop being babies and wetting your beds then you can go home early. If not, you will be babied *hardcore* until you either want to stop being babies or... you will remain as such.

“For the next hour, the six of you are to play with the toys in the car corner. You are to crawl and those pacifiers best stay in your mouths. We will not hesitate to discipline and to spank.

“At night you will sleep in electric diapers as you are used to and there is one thing you may not have considered yet. You will *all* be messing your diapers every day. If you miss, you will get an enema and also, dirty diapers are not changed immediately. They are changed when and if we are ready to do so. Now go and play.”

The six babies crawled over to the corner of the nurser where a small collection of baby toys sat. Five of the babies were suspiciously at ease with the playtime. Baby Melissa, however, stood to one side and picked up a rattle and simply held it while the others found toys and actively played.

Meanwhile, in a separate room, Nurse Linda looked at the video feed of the nursery and saw the very obvious and authentic way in which five of the girls played with the toys. She knew babies when she saw them. Baby Melissa however was still a question mark. Was she a baby or just a very, very bad bedwetter who was refusing to get dry?

As Baby Christine played with the blocks, his memory of playing with children's toys returned. It wasn't all that long ago. Less than a

year before he had been in a toddler's room and with no one else around, he had played silently and happily for nearly an hour before nearly being discovered. It was a wonderful memory and now... he was revisiting it with other baby friends.

*Maybe this won't be too bad after all!*

## The Spanking Bench | 23.



“Time to be fed, little babies!”

It was the smiling and welcome voice of a young assistant who called herself ‘Aunty Louise’. She was perhaps only a few years older than the diapered babies on the floor and yet she seemed decades older than the infants.

One by one, the babies got up on the couch and put their heads in the lap of Aunty Louise, and latched onto the nipple of the baby bottle that was offered. Each of them drank the contents greedily. It was warm baby formula and even though only two of them had drunk formula as teenagers, each of them took it easily and happily. Two bottles each filled their tummies and with little prodding, they returned to playtime.

Only Baby Melissa refused – at first.

“Baby, you must have your feed!” exclaimed Louise.

“I won’t!” Melissa shouted, spitting out her pacifier.

“You will and if you don’t come here now, you will get spanked.”

“I’m not a baby!” she shouted. “I won’t drink from a bottle!”

As she finished her shouting, the doors to the nursery swung open and Nurse Linda strode in, her face dark. The other babies knew trouble was afoot.

Linda walked over to Baby Melissa, grabbed her by the arm, and dragged her over to a curious bit of furniture on the far wall. It looked like a table but with a ridiculously thin tabletop and narrow uncomfortable bench seats. The five babies quickly learned its function, however.



Linda dragged the crying baby to the bench and laid her over it, taking the time to fasten her wrists into leather cuffs and her ankles into similar restraints.

“Now babies,” Linda explained. “This is what happens to infants that don’t behave.”

Nurse Linda pulled Baby Melissa’s plastic pants and diaper down.

“You naughty girl!” she shouted. “Your diaper is dry! Babies do *not* have dry diapers and you will get ten extra just for that!”

Lina held up a long thick wooden paddle, holding it high for effect, and then swung it down onto the exposed white bottom.

Baby Melissa shrieked out in pain.

“This is for refusing to feed properly!” she explained as she swung again and again.

Twenty strikes later Melissa was screaming and crying real tears.

“And now, ten more for not having a wet diaper!”

Ten more strokes followed and by the end, Baby Melissa was sobbing. Now aware that there was a ‘crime’ called having a dry diaper, each of the other babies immediately wet theirs. It made little difference since they had all wet their diapers beforehand, sometimes with only a little awareness, but they wanted to make sure.

Now fully compliant, Baby Melissa took her two bottles of formula with a grimace and wet her diaper, fearful of a return to the spanking table. She was put into her crib and tied down and told she had earned an early nap time for disobedience.

Ten minutes later, the only sound in the room was the deep breathing of a sleeping baby in her crib and five other babies playing quietly with their toys.

“Have you ever been spanked that hard?” asked Baby Justine quietly.

One by one, each of them admitted to not only being spanked hard as teenagers but also having endured it recently. Baby Steph revealed that her mother spanked her three times a week to beat out the ‘girl’ in him and his father had used the belt on him multiple times for wetting his bed. The spanking bench did not scare her greatly.

Baby Jessica talked about how her mother pushed her face into her wet bed and smacked her legs with her hands often. Baby Justine however, had not been spanked for many years and was afraid of what might happen.

“My mom spansks me for diddling,” Baby Caroline whispered.

“She sees you?” asked Jessica. “Don’t you do that in private?”

“Mom says I am such a baby that she moved my bed into my parents’ bedroom so I won’t misbehave and sometimes I get caught doing it in the morning after I wet my bed.”

“Wow. That’s gotta suck to be stuck in there.”

“She said if I stop wetting the bed at this course, I can go back to my old room otherwise I stay there and go into a crib.”

“Do you think you can do that?” Baby Christine asked.

“I can stop wetting the bed if I want to. I just don’t want to because... er... you know.”

“Because you get to wear diapers and be a baby if you wet the bed?” offered Baby Justine.

No one else said a word. Although they scarcely knew each other, they all knew what Caroline was feeling.



*She wants to be a baby like I do but she has to balance staying in her parent's room in a crib to being free in her own room where she can diddle as much as she wants.*

“Can any of you stop bedwetting if you want to?” asked Baby Justine.

It was a huge question and perhaps *THE* question for all of them and yet, the answer remained shrouded in mystery.

“I know I can if I try and I only had a few dry nights to get out of the last course,” she admitted. “What about the rest of you?”

“I could if they let me wear diapers and have a crib and my room back,” stammered Caroline. “But I’d wet the diapers at night so, maybe not!”

One by one they each expressed their inner feelings about bedwetting until only Jessica was left.

“Jess?” asked Christine. “What about you?”

Baby Jessica was still for a moment before she spoke.

“I don’t know if I could stop bedwetting even if I wanted to. It just is who I am and I’ve only had a few dry nights my entire life and that was only to get away from the fucking electric machine. I just want to be a baby again.”

And she had finally said what really mattered.

“I just want to be a baby again,” she repeated.

Four other heads nodded silently as they admitted, perhaps for the first time, that they too wanted to be babies again. They were finally among their ‘peers’. They knew other people their age that just wanted to be babies again as well.

## The First Dirty Diaper | 24.



It was only 11 am when nap time came around.

“Time for a sleepy-byes,” announced Nurse Wanda cheerfully. “Let’s get each of you into your cribs for a nice one-hour nap.”

The now-sleepy babies each climbed into their cribs while Nurse Wanda went to each of them and tucked them in.

“Good night babies! Sleep well!”

As the window blinds were drawn and the lights turned off, each baby girl relaxed in their crib. While they had been in cribs before at previous courses, these were finely detailed and obviously feminine, and very comfortable. They had each already chosen a teddy bear to take with them to bed and it was the one they would sleep with for the remainder of the course. The irony was of course that each of them had a teddy bear they slept with at home, often to the disgust of their parents and siblings.

Ten minutes later, all but two were asleep. Baby Melissa had awoken after her spanking and early nap and laid there quietly, unwilling to incur the further wrath of Nurse Linda again. Baby Caroline however laid there awake, her eyes wide open and not the slightest bit tired.



Nurse Linda turned to her colleague and explained what she was seeing.

“Real babies actually need their naps and will go to sleep very quickly. Those who aren’t entirely babies will stay awake because they don’t need a nap.”

“This is how you work out who can be made dry?” asked the new assistant.

“It’s part of it. If they are really babies on the inside, then they are untrainable and we have to make them into better-behaving babies but their bedwetting will never end. But it looks like we have at least two who we can get dry.”

“And the other four? What about them?”

“We just have to see how deep their babying goes.”

“And how do we do that?” the assistant asked.

“That’s the fun part!”



An hour later, most of the babies were awake although both Christine and Jessica needed to be gently prodded to open their eyes.

“Time to come and see the playroom now! Remember you have to crawl, so hand and knees please.”

Six crawling baby girls followed Nurse Wanda out of the Nursery, down the short hall, and into a large room called The Playroom. Jessica showed her crawling expertise by leading the pack while Justine and Christine followed closely behind. It was apparent to anyone who watched that those three were very familiar with crawling, while the other three were obviously newbies at it.

The playroom was a very large room with a large array of toys and play equipment. Jessica immediately headed towards the bouncer that hung from the ceiling and quickly had herself in it and was happily bouncing up and down in it, grinning from ear to ear.



Christine found a set of small swings with rigid bars and a seat with a safety belt and began to swing happily. The other babies found multiple boxes of baby toys and found things to take their attention.

Time passed and while they rotated to different pieces of equipment and toy boxes, Nurse Wanda realized that Jessica's diaper was now very dirty and not long afterward, so was Christine's. She took a mental note that neither of them seemed worried by it and she hadn't even seen them do it. By contrast, she had seen Steph and Justine stop their play, crouch down, and with a red face, fill their diaper. Caroline and Melissa were still only wet by the time the afternoon feed arrived.

This time they laid on the thickly carpeted floor in the middle of the room and fed themselves, holding their warm formula bottles. Three of them grinned the entire time.

By 3 pm it was time to change the wet and stinky babies and as the playroom had a change table, it was done there. In full view of everyone, four dirty diapers were changed and two wet ones. Christine was erect the entire time as was Justine but not so hard that with some effort, the clean diaper could not be put into place. But when Jessica was changed and Christine watched the wipes cleaning up her bottom and wiping poo from around her vagina and making sure she was clean

*inside*, it was more than Christine could take. Trying to be as discreet as possible, she gripped the bulk outside of her diaper around her penis and with a few quick rubs, exploded into her diaper.

But he had been seen and so had Justine as she too tried to discreetly masturbate after she had watched Baby Steph being changed, her smallish penis half-covered in poo and requiring a lot of wiping up. It was too much for Justine and she had exploded after a single rub.

They were unaware that their every action was being monitored. Nurse Linda needed to know everything that happened in order to find which babies could be changed into non-bedwetting teenagers.

6 pm was dinner time for the babies and they were each told to crawl back to the nursery where they found six wooden highchairs that had been stored against the wall and were now pulled away from the wall and six assistants were standing next to them waiting for their charges.

Each infant was placed in the highchair, carefully strapped in, and a bowl of hot soft baby food was placed in front of them. From a strategic distance, Nurse Linda watched as each baby had a bib tied around their necks and were spoon-fed the genuine baby food.

Baby Melissa grimaced at every mouthful.

Baby Steph tried to smile but struggled.

Baby Justine kept looking sideways at Steph while feeding.

Baby Caroline seemed resigned to her fate and swallowed the baby food without any reaction.

Baby Christine's first mouthful showed a face of surprise and afterward, each mouthful was swallowed happily.

Baby Jessica enthusiastically ate her baby food quicker than any of them and was clearly after more. It was obvious to all that Jessica had had more than a few baby food meals beforehand, even if they were in private.

Justine, Christine, and Jessica each had a second bowl of baby food unaware that it was also laced with a laxative designed to move even the most stubborn bowel.

“Now it is almost bedtime for all of you babies but first, you need to have a bath. We will bathe you each in pairs and get you ready for your nighttime sleep in electric diapers.”

Six sets of shoulders sank as they heard of the electric diapers. No matter what they thought of the babying, they universally hated the painful electric diapers.

“Now, let's start with Justine and Caroline. We will take you two first.”

The two babies followed one of the assistants on all fours to the large bathroom down the hall. There was just one bath in the room.

“Let's get the two of you undressed and in the bath!” the assistant said, her smile trying to erase their embarrassment.

The baby clothes and wet diapers were quickly removed and the two babies sat stark naked in front of each other in the waist-deep water. Caroline was red and blushing and had her hands in front of her vagina trying to shield prying eyes, but the assistant was having none of it. She took a flannel and with soapy water washed every single part – *every part* – of both babies thoroughly until they were squeaky clean. Until this course, Caroline had never even seen a penis in real life and now, she was inches away from one. Likewise for Justine. Her interest in both penises and pussies was largely through pictures but now, she was as close to a vagina as she had ever been.

Melissa was matched with Jessica in the bath. It was not an accident that the two girls were put in the bath together. Melissa was having the hardest time of all and being in a bath with another girl was Linda's way of not overwhelming her too much at the start.

“But we will have her bathing with penises later on,” explained Linda to her colleagues. “She has to get used to them sooner or later!”

Christine found bathing with Steph to be odd but not too difficult. Both of the girls had curiously and surprisingly moderate erections and could not help but stare at each other and silently compare sizes, lengths and shapes.

On return to the nursery, each baby was fitted with a familiar device – an electric diaper with shock pads attached directly to the

genitals. As they were each placed in their cribs, tightly restrained and plugged into the shocking machines, they each remembered their multiple nights of pain and shocks and quickly went to sleep to try and get as much sleep as they could, knowing that electric shocks were inevitable. None of the babies were reliably dry at night and only two had had a single dry night in the previous three months.

## Diaper Swaps | 25.



The night was a long one. Each baby was awoken twice to the stabbing pain of the electric shock of the machine directly onto their genitals. They each had a big pacifier strapped into their mouths and tied around their heads thus making the screams and cries much quieter. As previously planned, the machines automatically turned off around 3 am allowing the continued wetting to continue unpunished. But one thing did happen to everyone.

Everyone had a dirty diaper and a couple were dirty all up the back of their diaper and out into their sleeper. The laxatives had done their work brilliantly. Dirty diapers were an important part of the process.

The morning feed was a combination of a bowl of baby food and a formula bottle. But diapers were not changed until well after the feeding and the babies were left to crawl around the floor in soaked and soiled diapers. Cameras silently observed their early morning play.

Melissa sat silently and glumly refusing to play. The other five played with the toys with some enthusiasm while waiting for the inevitable diaper changes.

“Feel this,” grinned Baby Jessica as she took Baby Christine’s hand and placed it on her back above the bulge of her diaper.

Christine could instantly feel the slippery mess underneath Jessica’s baby sleeper. It was poo.

“You messed that much?” Christine replied quietly. “I am impressed!”

“Do you see how far it goes up?” she continued.

Christine moved her hand further up and was able to tell that the escaping poo had reached over a foot above her diaper.



“Wow,” she whispered.

“Can’t do *that* at Bedwetters Camp!” Jessica said with a wide grin.

“Okay babies,” exclaimed Nurse Wanda in her most enthusiastic voice. “It is bouncing time!”

The six babies looked at her in surprise. They had no idea what she was referring to.

“Just roll over on your tummies and put your hands underneath you and bounce up and down until you cum. Got it?”

Jessica, Christine, and Justine quickly rolled on their tummies and began to masturbate in a manner they were exceedingly familiar with. The other three had to be encouraged to roll over and join in the activity.

“We don’t want any babies to be distracted from their play so hop to it! All of you! Let’s hear you cum!”

Despite feeling ridiculous, the six babies did indeed ‘bounce’, and unknown to them, their parents had already informed the staff that their offspring masturbated every morning, usually by bouncing up and down in wet diapers or wet clothing or wet sheets. They were nowhere near as discreet as they thought. The cries from their orgasms were loud enough to be heard outside of their rooms.

Six small cries of orgasm eventually were heard, with Melissa being the last and rather obviously, faked.

After nearly two hours in their wet and dirty overnight diapers, each baby was finally changed and wiped clean. For her effort of messing so far up her sleeper, Jessica received ten hand swats on her bottom. She neither cried nor showed any remorse. She had taken a particularly heavy spanking days before the course and the ten swats after her change were like a ‘love pat’ to her.

The rest of the day followed much of the pattern of the first with a morning nap that seemed to be essential to most of them, a lengthy playtime in the playroom, multiple diaper changes all of which were done openly. Bathtime was still done in pairs and this time, Christine was in the bath with Melissa and openly ogled her vagina in a way that

embarrassed them both. She couldn't help it and her fully erect cock betrayed her feelings.

For the evening they were allowed to watch baby shows on TV for an hour before an early bedtime plugged into electric diapers.

*This isn't too bad, really, thought Baby Christine as the lights were turned off. I get to be a baby and I can handle the electric shocks by now. And I get to see all the pussy I want to!*

Those thoughts were her last before being awoken a few hours later to the first of three shock sessions as she wet her diapers. Even as she tried to stay dry to avoid the next one she finally realized something important.

*I have no control left anymore. I really can't stay dry at night. It doesn't matter how hard I try, I can't! I kinda wish daytimes could be like that.*



Morning came again and the babies had each received two or three shock sessions until the machines turned off at 3 am. Despite realizing this time frame, none were able to stay dry long enough to take benefit of it. They were all wet well before midnight and suffered the electric punishment as a result

“Good morning babies!” announced Nurse Linda as she walked into the nursery at 8 am the next morning. The babies had been up for two hours by then and were still in their night diapers. Three were wet and three were wet and dirty.

“Now this morning we are going to play a game called ‘the diaper swap’. You are each going to wear the diaper of one of your baby friends for the rest of the morning.”

Three pacifiers fell out as their collective jaws dropped.

“It's like they knew everything about us!” Jessica whispered to Christine.

Both Jessica and Christine had worn other people's wet diapers when at bedwetter camp and as they looked around their small group,

they could see that it wasn't a new idea to any of them.

Caroline had made occasional use of a toddler's wet diapers when she was allowed to babysit. Steph wore her sister's wet diaper regularly and Justine had sourced wet and even dirty diapers to wear many times before, hoping to never be found out. Even Baby Melissa had worn her younger sister's wet diapers when she was younger and was frustrated that she no longer could do so.

But this time, some of them were dirty.

Linda and Wanda first selected Steph and Caroline for the swap. They took off their sleepers and then without unpinning their diapers, tugged them down their legs. Steph was moderately dirty while Caroline was wet only.

Caroline looked at the wet and slightly brown diaper with an inscrutable face. Inside, she was wondering what was about to happen. She was always scared to wear dirty diapers when she babysat but had often thought about it and now... it was about to happen for real. But she didn't want to do it in case she found she liked it.

Caroline stepped into the leg holes of the still-pinned dirty diaper and held her breath as the garment was pulled up her legs and with a few firm tugs was in place and settled around her hips. She tried not to smile, but she did. It was a long-sought-for experience and her smile betrayed her feelings. It did not go unnoticed.

Steph also grinned ridiculously as Caroline's wet diaper was pulled up around his hips. Justine and Melissa were next and while Melissa grimaced as Justine's wet diaper was pulled up, Justine smiled thinly as the wet-only diaper hit her bottom. That left only Christine and Jessica.

Both diapers were very dirty.

As Christine's dirty diaper found its new place around her hips, Jessica defiantly said aloud, "Thank you, Christine!"

Christine's feelings were the same as the heavily soiled diaper of her friend warmed her diaper area and one part in particular.

They were supposed to be quiet, and the experience was supposed to put them off of babying but instead, only one of them hated

it while four others were enjoying it. Caroline was still not sure. It was a fantasy of hers, but the reality was quickly proving to be less than she wanted. Nurse Wanda was deeply disappointed. At her last Extreme Course, only one of the six participants had enjoyed wearing someone else's dirty diaper.

The swapped diapers stayed on until it was time for the morning nap by which time, a couple of the babies were so tired they were almost falling asleep in the playroom. They were all quickly changed into clean and dry diapers and put in their cribs and four of them slept soundly. Melissa refused to sleep and Steph merely dozed.

When they finally awoke, however, each of them were wet again – even Melissa and Steph.

It was in the playroom that a new indignity was to be put onto them.

## Diapers For Other Places | 26.



It was mid-afternoon in the playroom. The babies had been in their diapers for four hours and were now very wet.

“Now babies,” announced Nurse Wanda. “We have a new activity for you to participate in. Who remembers ‘head diapers’?”

Everyone certainly remembered them. It was a common punishment in the advanced course to have to wear someone’s wet diapers on their head and to have to smell and even taste the wetness of another participant.

“Every day while you are here you will spend two hours each afternoon in head diapers. Now, I want you each to push your diapers down without unpinning them and step out of them. Then I will put them on someone else’s head.”

“But what if they’re dirty?” asked a clearly panicked Melissa.

“You better hope they aren’t!” replied Wanda, remembering when in a previous extreme course that situation had arisen.

One by one, wet pinned diapers were pulled over the heads of each of the babies and while vision was very restricted, they were commanded to continue playing – which they did.

Christine considered herself to be very lucky as she smelled the wetness and intimate scent of Jessica. Meanwhile, Justine was entranced by the slippery feel and taste of the front of Steph’s wet diaper as it hung over his head. Steph whispered ‘sorry’ to Justine, not realizing twenty minutes earlier when he ejaculated into his diaper that someone else would have to wear it intimately.

Melissa was deeply miserable as she smelt Caroline all over her face as the clammy diaper hung over her.



“Now watch carefully,” said Nurse Linda to her trainee assistant as she watched the monitor in another room. “All these babies are day-toilet-trained but now we get to see who has forgotten it when they are being babied.”

“They’ll wet themselves?” the assistant asked.

“At least one will, I am betting. But I think it might be more.”



An hour later as Jessica sat on the floor playing with blocks as best she could with a rapidly cooling wet diaper around her head, she began to wet herself on the linoleum outer section of the floor. She was twenty seconds into her wetting before she realized what was happening. She quickly jumped up, breaking the rule about standing and walking with permission, and rushed over to Wanda.

“Aunty Wanda,” she stammered. “I had an accident!”

Wanda looked over to where she had been playing and saw the rapidly spreading pool of pee.

“Naughty girl! You are getting a spanking for that!”

Wanda pulled the head-diapered girl over her knee and began to spank her as hard as she could with her hand. Jessica began to cry, not out of pain but out of the humiliation of wetting herself without control. Even as the hand spans hit her bottom, she began to wonder what had happened. She rarely wet herself in the daytime and never as fully as this. Only if she was...

In diapers.

Or in a wet bed where a little bit more didn’t matter. But now, she was wetting uncontrollably.

Despite the warning not to wet themselves, Caroline failed not that many minutes later. When asked to get out of the bouncer, she

refused and when forcibly removed by Wanda, she saw the pool of pee in the bottom of it. Caroline had wet herself much as Jessica had.

Her spanking was as swift and as powerful as Jessica's had been.

But still, no diapers were offered for anywhere other than their heads.

Christine had no wish to get spanked again. She was still recovering from her recent beating from her mother but despite her best efforts, what she feared still happened.

She wet herself while seating at the paper and crayons table.

*Shit! Not again!*

It wasn't Christine's first wet pants by any means. As a young teenager she had discovered that if she wore diapers or imagined being a baby, her bladder control usually evaporated. Outside of bedtime, she tried desperately not to think about being a baby because it always led to wet pants. But here, she was in a baby dress with Jessica's wet diaper and frilly plastic pants over her head. She couldn't help but feel like a baby.

And so, she wet herself.

Christine didn't go over Wanda's lap. Instead, Linda took her back to the nursery along with all the other babies to give her a thorough spanking on the spanking horse.

Linda had taken a perverse interest in Christine from their first meeting. She had seen the infant and the feminine in her early on and had sought to bring it out and to punish it. She had made him wear head diapers before any others in previous courses. She had used the prod on him many times and made him drink more so that his diapers were wetter than most. And now she had him over the spanking horse.

"Baby Christine has been a very, very naughty girl and you might wonder why. Does anyone know why she is getting a big spanking?"

No one said a word, but they all knew why. During the crawl back from the playroom they had whispered to each other about what they had seen. Christine hadn't just wet herself. She had messed a little on the small chairs next to the paper and crayons table. Christine herself

was horrified by her accidental messing even if it was just a tiny amount. She had thought that when it happened a few months ago it was just something weird and unusual but now, it had happened again.

The spanking was a long one.

Once restrained, Linda spanked her with the paddle thirty times. After this, she brought out a leather strap and strapped her another twenty times. By then, Christine's bottom was glowing red and she was crying profusely. And it did not go unnoticed that she was crying like a baby, not like a punished teenager.

The head diapers were removed and clean and dry diapers were put on each of the babies and Christine's bottom had gone a very deep red and when diaper cream was put on, she winced.

Christine was happy to crawl after that because any sitting hurt a great deal and her meal in the highchair brought several tears from the pain of her assaulted rear end. Jessica tried to sympathize as she had taken a strapping before and knew how it felt. The two babies hugged like two toddlers would and played quietly together until it was nighttime and their electric diapers were fitted and the nursery went silent early in the evening as 6 babies tried to sleep.

It had been a trying day and as Linda filled in her assessment forms for the day before going home she noted that Christine was truly a baby and was also, truly a girl. And she was determined to test her even further. The others however she was not yet sure about.



## Two In A Crib | 27.



The days passed in similar fashion for another five days. Swapping of night diapers was now a morning ritual and most were dirty. Head diapers in the afternoon were now also part of the program and despite the punishment, accidental wettings still occurred. Jessica wet herself every day despite trying not to. Christine also wet herself and was resigned to the fact that she had lost her control when she was in baby clothes. Justine had a couple of accidents as did Steph. Only Melissa managed the first week without wetting on the floor. Her night diapers, however, were always wet and with the addition of laxatives, often dirty as well. The difference however was that Melissa always knew when she dirtied. Caroline and Steph were sometimes awake when they dirtied, forced to do so because they were trapped in. But for Justine, Christine and Jessica, they dirtied their diapers as they slept, blissfully unaware of the mess they had deposited.

It did not go unnoticed. A small sensor in the back of their diapers indicated when they soiled as well as when they were awake. By day five, Linda had noticed a pattern.

*These three are definitely still babies. And Jessica soils usually twice a night! Caroline and Steph are trying and there's some hope there. We will see what happens next!*

Linda was excited about what day seven was to bring around nap time. It was a new innovation that had been tried only once before with a degree of success.



“Okay, babies,” announced Nurse Linda with a curious smile – an almost evil smile. “Today we are going to do something fun!”

No one believed that what she was saying would be 'fun'. By now, everyone had been on the business end of The Prod from here and most had been over the spanking horse for something.

"For your nap this morning, you are going to share a crib and sleep together!"

The babies looked at each other in shock and a few smiles appeared. The idea of being in the crib with another person sounded like fun, especially if it was someone they liked.

"Oh, and did I mention that you won't just be sharing the same crib..." Then she laughed. "You will also be sharing the same diaper!"

They looked at each other in confusion. How could they share a diaper?

"Christine and Caroline. Come here please."

The two babies crawled up to her and stood as she took off their diapers and baby dresses. They were already in swapped dirty diapers and Linda took a clean diaper and quickly cleaned up the mess from their bodies before presenting a very odd-looking garment.

"And this, baby girls, is the two-baby diaper!"

She held up the one-piece thick cloth pull-up diaper with... two pairs of leg holes.

"Now let's get you into this."

Caroline first stepped into the two leg holes on her side and then Linda motioned Christine to step into the other leg holes.

Christine stepped forward and realized the only way to get in was to get very close to Caroline. They were of similar height and Christine's erect cock pressed between them as they stood close. The two-person diaper was then pulled up forcing them very, very close together until they were pressed tightly together, Christine's rock-hard penis refusing to settle down as it stabbed into Caroline's tummy and pubic area. Caroline's breasts were also pushed tightly into her partner's chest.

Caroline looked at Christine with shock as she felt her partner's cock and knowing how close it was to... her vagina. Her thoughts were

interrupted however by the four-leg plastic pants as they were pulled up.

“And for the *piece de resistance*, here comes the special sleeper for you both!”

Their eyes saw the incredible garment, a sleeper similar to what they wore in their cribs but with four legs and four arms.

It took two helpers to get them into it, but finally, four legs and four arms were inside the sleeper and the zip closed pushing Christine and Caroline tightly together.

“And now when you wet during your sleep, you will share it with your partner!”

Walking like an odd-looking crab, the duo were taken to a crib and carefully laid in it side-by-side. The precum leaking from Christine’s cock made it quite slippery between them and she knew that she would cum before the nap was over.

Next was Jessica and Melissa put into the same diaper and knowing Melissa’s sullen attitude, Jessica hoped against hope that she would not mess as they napped. When Steph and Justine stepped into their shared diaper, both cocks were fully erect and leaking. They felt each other’s penis slip and slide against each other and grinned rather obviously. When the blinds were drawn and the lights turned off and naptime commenced, different feelings were being experienced.

“You can do it if you need to,” whispered Caroline in Christine’s ear.

*What does she mean by ‘it’? exactly. If I slide down a bit, I might be able to get it inside...*

“You can cum on me if you need to,” she continued, explaining what she meant.

Christine moved slowly up and down in the confines of the shared diaper and quickly ejaculated on her tummy before sighing and rapidly falling asleep.

Jessica tried to concentrate on anything other than her intimate proximity to another naked girl and finally fell asleep while Melissa

refused to succumb.

Meanwhile in the shared diaper of Steph and Justine, the two dueling cocks were thrusting at each other in urgent abandon. The two girls locked lips and were soon exploring the inside of each others' mouths as their cocks explored lower down.

"I wish we had our diapers off, Stephy," whispered Justine even though everyone else heard it.

"Me too!"

Seconds later both cocks erupted almost simultaneously and squirted over each other. With smiles on their faces and knowing what was needed, they both also emptied their bladders over each other and the diaper absorbed both their pee and their sexual needs.



"Does that surprise you?" Linda asked her trainee.

"A bit. I expected them to really resist and make a scene and fight it but instead..."

"Instead, you saw two gay baby girls kiss and cum on each other while a baby girl looked like she wanted to get her cock into another baby girl. Get used to it. It gets even more complicated from now on."

## Getting Together | 28.



After they awoke from their naps, the babies did not know quite what to do. Christine awoke after nearly 90 minutes to Caroline just staring at him warmly. Their joint diaper was indeed very wet and the semen had washed away. Steph and Justine had awoken before the others and had quietly humped each other to yet another joint orgasm while their diaper filled with pee.

Jessica had the worst of it awakening to a still awake Melissa who quickly complained that she had wet all over her. Melissa had refused to empty her aching bladder and only Jessica had wet the shared garment. But despite her best efforts, Melissa's bladder finally failed and flooded over Jessica as they laid side-by-side in the crib.

After nap time, the six babies were rediapered in clean and dry diapers and they all knew that everything had changed. They had seen each other naked. They had bathed together. They had watched each other hump their morning diapers. They had seen each other on the spanking horse but now... now they had been in very close proximity and at least three of them had cum as a result.

Everything had indeed changed massively.

For four days the routine remained constant. Every nap time they shared a diaper with a different partner and every time it was a new experience.

When Christine napped with Melissa her cock had drooped and the sullen girl had refused to talk to her. When Christine slept and wet, Melissa kept moving and complaining.

When Christine napped with Justine, she was concerned at first but when their naked and slippery cocks collided, Christine happily humped her friend and blew his load on her stomach and Justine returned the favor. Christine was surprised by how easy it was to enjoy

being in a diaper with her. The same was true about being with Steph. Their penises were different sizes but they enjoyed touching each other in their shared diaper and their orgasms were wonderful. But they did not kiss.

Christine was terrified of being in the same diaper as Jessica. He realized that he was in love with her and had been for some time and as his fully erect cock pushed into her tight stomach and he realized he would be in very close contact with her for over an hour. He hoped he would not disgrace himself. But as the tight sleeper came around them he knew that 'disgracing' himself was indeed going to happen.

"Did you fuck Caroline?" Jessica asked bluntly as soon as the lights went out for nap time.

"No. Of course not!" Christine protested despite wishing at the time he could and had even contemplated trying to. It was Caroline who had urged him to cum on her tummy instead.

"I'm surprised. I can feel that thing poking me now and I bet you wanted to."

"Well, I didn't!"

Without another word, Jessica took hold of Christine's face and looked at her intently.

"I want you to fuck me."

"I don't think I can."

"Can you try?"

Christine tried her best to shuffle down in the confines of the shared diaper and sleeper but he could not get his cock anywhere near her pussy. In frustration, she simply asked if she could cum on her instead. Jessica responded with a deep kiss and pulled Christine on top of her as her cock slid effortlessly on her tummy and pubic area, mere inches away from her vagina before depositing its load all over both of them.

As always, cameras recorded their every move and word.

When nap time was finally over after nearly two hours, Christine and Jessica had slept only a little but they had wet and messed their

shared diaper and grinned at each other as they did.

The rest of the day they spent much of their playtime together and when head-diaper time came around they were happy to wear each other's wet diapers.

The surprise came to them after bath time.

Steph and Christine had bathed together and were now used to each other and had even washed each other including penises. Justine and Jessica had also bathed together and washed in a similar fashion. But while washing Jessica's vagina, Justine was clearly very hesitant to touch, which made Jessica giggle. In her previous bath with Christine, she had washed her very intimately and had caressed her there even as the assistant watched on.

But after the bath time for Melissa and Caroline, they failed to return. After dinner in the highchairs where they were still not back, Jessica could wait no longer.

"Where are Caroline and Melissa?"

But rather than answer her, the assistants were silent and a few minutes later Nurse Linda walked in with a triumphant smile.

"You want to know where they have gone, right? Well, they have gone home. They are no longer in this program. And why you ask? They decided that they *don't* want to be babies anymore. They want to toilet train and stop wetting their beds. And you four..."

She looked at them with an odd mixture of anger and triumph. "You are our failures. You are complete babies. You wet and mess your diapers like you are a year old or less. Nothing can stop you from bedwetting and it seems that you mess as badly as any infant."

It was true. The four remaining babies soiled as they slept and at times soiled as they played. They had been effectively untoilet-trained during their stay and no one had seen it coming.

"Now there is only one remaining activity for you to perform since you are actually babies and nothing else. Do you know what it is?"

They shook their heads. They had just been fed and were still in their wet diapers expecting to watch some baby TV before being

readied for their sleeps in their cribs.

“It is time for you babies to have full sexual intercourse with each other.”

The room went silent as her words echoed around the room.

“You want us to... er...” began Christine.

“I want you to fuck each other. You are babies. You have no control and you have no say. Now I suggest you take off those diapers and get into those cribs and do as you are told.”

Jessica was the first to get her senses straight. She stood up, pushed her wet diaper to the floor and grabbed the hand of Christine, and stood her up alongside her. Christine also slid her wet diaper to the floor and the two of them slipped into one of the cribs.

“Good girls!” exclaimed Wanda. “Now you know what to do, so do it.”

Wearing only baby dresses and bonnet and booties, Christine lined up with Jessica and quickly and easily slid into her. Jessica’s hymen broke easily and Christine filled her up to full depth. In the other crib, Justine lined up on Steph’s special vagina and slowly but surely slid into her while Nurse Wanda stood by and applauded.

“Good girls!” she repeated. “Now do it properly.”

For ten minutes the two couples openly mated and occasionally looked over at each other as they slid into their partners. Grunts and squeals were finally heard as the girls ejaculated into the other girls.

It was all video recorded.

An hour later, while Jessica and Christine cuddled, Steph overcame her shyness and slid confidently into Justine and quickly deposited her semen into her as well.

And then they fell asleep, diaperless and unconcerned.



It was 6 am before any of the exhausted and sated babies awoke from their night’s sleep. The proof of their reverse toilet training



however lay in the cribs. They were extremely wet as expected. All of them were bedwetters and had been their entire lives but during the Extreme Course, they had also been subtly un-toilet-trained. They had messed their night diapers every night for over a week and now, they awoke to not only pee in their cribs but also poo.

They were now fully babies and the journey was almost at its completion.

The giggling girls were excited at what had happened to them and when Linda came in and explained that they were supposed to mate with *all* of the babies it took a little explanation. Nurse Wanda took the now cleaned Justine and led her to the also clean Jessica in one of the remaining dry cribs. Wordlessly, Justine laid on top and slid into the other baby girl and to the encouragement of Wanda, 'mated' with her.

Christine was deeply unsure of what to do but she had enjoyed bathing Steph and holding her penis and so when she laid on her back and lifted her legs right up, it made sense to feel Steph's baby girl penis enter her to the hilt with surprising ease. When she bellowed her orgasm, Christine felt honored to have part of her inside herself. Shortly after, the positions were swapped and the bedwetting girl who had been spanked with her head pushed into pee-wet sheets, smiled as she pushed firmly and entered her playmate.

They were playmates now, no longer teenagers. They were babies and as Christine looked sideways, he saw Jessica smile and encourage him to go deeper.



The last two days of the Extreme course were very different than at the first. They were babied entirely with no allowance for anything adult or teen or even preteen. They were diapered, bottle-fed, and even surprised by a breastfeeding for each of them from lactating mothers they had never seen before. They rarely stood, preferring to crawl. No one had to tell them to do it. They just did it as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

And they mated. Often and with each other and it seemed natural and normal.

Their toilet training had been extinguished as had much of their adult behaviors. They slept in cribs as couples but with diapers on to prevent bed messing but as babies tend to do, they often pushed the diapers down and engaged in fondling or sex. And their speech got younger and younger and began to include baby talk and some babbling. And yet, they understood each other.

For the first time, Nurse Linda smiled genuinely. Watching the new babies made her smile and for a brief moment wish that she could adopt one of them to be her own child. Linda was childless and desperately wanted a baby but not the tiny, noisy smelly ones. She wanted a baby like was before her now.



It was 14 days now and time for parents to pick up the four remaining babies. They had all been told what to expect and so when they came to Reception, they found four baby girls in exquisite baby girl's outfits and sitting in large baby strollers.

"You look so pretty, Christine," gushed Miranda as she wheeled her 12-month-old baby girl out to the car and put her in a new 5point harness which was the nearest she could get to a baby seat for someone her size. "I'm glad you are my new baby."

When they arrived back home, Christine was not surprised to find her bedroom was now a nursery. The paint was barely dry and the smell lingered slightly but the large girl's crib stood in the center of the room, making the point that a girl slept there, not a boy and not an adult teenager or even a toddler. A baby lived there.

For the first time in her life, Christine felt at ease with who she was and as the days progressed, she loved the attention of her mother and father who changed her wet and dirty diapers, fed her bottles, and spent time with her as she played. Even her sister occasionally fed her and changed her wet diapers. She refused to do the dirty ones, however.

It was the same at Jessica's home where her parents had somewhat reluctantly understood that their daughter was actually an infant and it explained everything about her behavior. Her crib and her toys stood in stark contrast to other girls her age.

"But she's only twelve months old," her father commented as he changed her diaper. "You can't expect anything more from her."

The babies had been home only a week when Miranda organized a playdate for Christine and Jessica. She was excited to see how they would play together since Christine was only acting as a baby now. Not only her toilet training had been extinguished. So had her adulthood.

And she had never been happier. She had seen her new baby hump her diaper in the mornings and knew what was happening and it was okay by her. It was natural and normal and utterly infantile.

Miranda and Jessica's mother watched intently and somewhat nervously as their two babies played together happily for an hour. Then Jessica pushed her diaper down and looked directly at Christine and babbled in baby talk something neither adult understood. But Christine did.

"I think we should go in the other room and leave them alone for a while, don't you think?" said Miranda.

As they left the room, Baby Christine slid easily into Baby Jessica and minutes later squirted into her and then promptly fell asleep on top of her, still embedded inside her.

When Miranda returned she smiled at the sight of the two post-coital babies deeply asleep on the floor and along with Jessica's mother, she disengaged them and diapered them for safety, and put their pacifiers back in their mouths.

They did not awake.

THE END

# Training School For Sissy Babies

By  
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with  
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## New School



Penelope was struggling in her life. She felt she was a girl and yet, she had a penis and balls. She didn't just want to be female, she wanted to be pretty and delicate and desirable -everything that a sissy was. All of the struggles brought her to the Training School that had been recommended to her. And now, she was here. Or 'he'. That pronoun was still open to question.

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As the door to the reformatory opened, he stepped into pleasant surroundings. It was far less austere than he had expected, a large open hallway, relatively sparsely furnished with the highlight being a stunning warm deep red carpet.

There was no need for introductions as the Lady of the house, Miss Taylor, had been expecting him. He was immediately shown to his bedroom, ordered to put on his school clothes and report to the classroom in 10 minutes. There was no surprise for him in his school uniform.

Exactly as he had anticipated, laid out on the bed were a skirt, plain white schoolgirl full-cut cotton panties, bra, knee socks, blouse, tie, and blazer. It was a long story as to how he ended up in this exclusive reformatory school for the opposite sex but now that he was here, he decided to make the most of it. Three years of hard work and he would graduate as an almost perfectly balanced, poised, polite and

well-educated Lady. He would be the pride of the school, except he better stop calling himself 'he' as from now on 'he' would be 'she'.

Penelope was the name that had been chosen for him. It was not what he would have wished for, certainly it was a feminine name, but perhaps too feminine. He had preferred 'Tasmin' or 'Sorcha' but he had long since given away his right to choose and so Penelope it was.

Hastily, he removed his manly clothes, folded them neatly, left them at the end of the bed to be disposed of and for the first time ever took the pair of female panties in his hand and placed his feet into them before pulling them, up over his thighs, into place. While they felt somewhat strange, they were not too different to his normal boy underpants but Penelope was somewhat disappointed by the nature of the plain, white and full-cut cotton panties, she was hoping for something more colourful, perhaps more feminine, sexy and girly but she had no doubt but that would come. Oh, how she would treat herself to lovely luscious lingerie when she was qualified, beautiful silk and satin panties, bras and camisoles in soft pastel colours, decorated in gorgeous delicate lace and trims all complemented by fine denier tights and stockings with perhaps a suspender and maybe even a garter. That, however, was for another day, another time. For now, she would have to make do with these dull, plain, boring cotton briefs.

Likewise, the bra was a plain white cotton, training bra with no cup, purely for young girls who had a desire to be grown-up but as yet had no requirement for such adult clothing. Again he found himself dreaming of beautiful cupped fancy matching bra and panty sets, he thought back to the days he loved to wander around the lingerie section of large department stores wishing he could pluck up the courage to visit the more intimate, smaller specialist lingerie shops. He pondered his preferred cup size, deciding that he would ask to be a 'C' cup, notwithstanding that deep down inside himself he knew the choice would not be his, it would be made for him by another, more powerful, far more beautiful person; a woman, some woman he had more than likely never had met as yet but one he will come to love, serve and obey in his soon to be female form.

Clumsily, he managed to get the plain bra on and yet despite the fact that he felt silly in the dull cotton girl's underwear, his little

member below was excited, unbecomingly it poked out of the panties. It was not a huge bulge, most definitely he was not big, decidedly small in fact, but the excitement was there, that lovely, thrilling, most pleasant feeling of arousal. He looked forward to many more such feelings throughout his new life. Conscious, however, of time passing by, Penelope quickly buttoned up her blouse once again being disappointed as her bra did not show through the blouse. How she loved gazing at Ladies' bras through their blouses and fantasised about the cups that often overflowed with delicate treasure. She pulled up her skirt, put on the knee socks, shoes and blazer before finally placing a blonde, shoulder-length wig over her short brown hair, quickly brushed her new hair and hurried to the classroom.

Penelope arrived at the classroom three minutes after the appointed time, 13 minutes past noon to be precise. Miss Taylor was impatiently waiting. While somewhat small in stature, she had a presence about her, an air of authority, of being in control, of knowing what she wanted. Her long dark black hair was tied back, she wore a long brown, ankle-length, flowing skirt, with small pleating, a practical beige blouse, unfortunately not see through.

She was an attractive woman, perhaps in the later stage of youth, a striking face, beautiful red lips and a scent of perfume - White Linen, Penelope surmised as she remembered countless visits to perfumeries, under the pretext of buying perfume for a non-existent girlfriend. At present, however, she was far from happy. Lateness and tardiness were not to be tolerated at this school. Young Ladies must always be on time.

“Miss Penelope, if you are to be a young lady you must act and behave like one at all times. I will not tolerate lateness. Indeed, as time goes by you will discover that there are many things I will not tolerate in a young lady, things that earn punishment, that earn pain, for it is only by such methods of corporal punishment that many lessons are learnt. Traditionally, I always believe that the first punishment should be the most severe, it should serve as a lesson for the young lady, a lesson she will never forget. Other teachers have the opposing view and believe leniency should be first. Unfortunately for you, I do not believe in such poppycock, it is nonsense. As this is in fact your very first moment in this school and this is your very first infraction, I propose to



deal with you according to my methods, in a very severe manner that you will remember for a long, long time.

“You will firstly hold out your hand to receive the strap, three on the right hand, three on the left, three more on the right and three more to the left. Now sit down and write out one hundred times in your best, neatest writing:

*“I, Miss Penelope, deserve to be strapped for being late”*

“As you write you can contemplate the normal punishment for lateness, six strokes of the strap on your bottom the moment you are finished your lines but furthermore, you may think about another three sets of six on top of that as an introductory punishment. That is right, Miss Penelope, you heard me. An extra three sets of six, on your pantied bottom, a total of 24 strokes of the strap for being late, to compliment your by now warm sore hands. Now, start writing.”

Penelope peered at the blank pages of the copybook, counted out one hundred lines and started to write her lines in her best writing. Alas for Penelope, her scripted hand was poor, very poor, six long years at college scribbling down notes as fast as she could, had destroyed her writing. She wrote in small, barely legible, print with a heavy hand, childish writing, very childish writing in fact. Miss Taylor despaired at the appalling writing. Her work would be cut out with this candidate.

Already Miss Taylor was considering an alternative education path for Penelope, Penelope’s looks and features might lend themselves to another use, an altogether different path than Penelope envisaged.

Penelope finished the lines as best she could. They were certainly neat in her eyes but were most definitely not neat in the eyes of Miss Taylor, no more than infantile scribbles in fact and she let Penelope know it.

Once asked, Penelope meekly and obediently rose from the desk, fetched a brown leather strap from the teacher's desk before handing it to Miss Taylor. Again on command, while standing close to her desk, she unbuttoned her skirt, stepped out of it and stood in front of Miss Taylor.

“My, my Miss Penelope, we are not very ladylike in our cotton panties, are we? Does young Miss Penelope really think it is ladylike to

have a bulge in her plain, white cotton panties? Is it normal to get excited at wearing panties or perhaps it is the strap that excites you? Do you seek arousal from the strap, Penelope? Is that it? Cotton school girl panties and a strap mean pleasure for Penelope? My, my, what a surprise! You had better put that away, young Lady. This is a school for Ladies, to teach you beautiful things, like poetry, literature and history. This is absolutely not a school for sluts and sex. If that is what you want you are in the wrong place. Your panty will be flat against your body at all times, you will keep what's within your panty flaccid, small and meaningless, just as it should be until we have time to permanently attend to that abomination that is between your legs. As a reminder, I shall add a further three sets of six, but this time on the bare bum, to your punishment. A total of seven sets of six with the strap, truly a good way to start life at this school, a punishment that shall, I suspect, live long in your memory. Bend over the desk please and prepare yourself, a punishment for being late and for being immodest."

Penelope took her beating poorly. This was not supposed to happen. By now, she imagined, she should be in lovely silken lingerie under a beautiful outfit learning the art of delicately sipping tea, not bent over a desk receiving a thrashing from a beautiful but cruel authoritarian teacher. Her bottom was on fire and she cried out in pain, begging Miss Taylor to stop, but on it went, four sets over the cotton panties until even that feeble protection was pulled down around her knees for the strap to stroke her bottom a further eighteen times. Tears flowed freely by the time it stopped, she breathed heavily in an effort to regain her composure and her dignity but something deep within her told her that her dignity had already left her and may never return.

Whilst very pleased with her work and secretly perhaps a bit damp between her own legs, Miss Taylor was compassionate. She helped Penelope pull up her panties, noting that, whatever about her own secret intimate feelings below, all signs of Penelope's arousal were gone. She handed Penelope her skirt, helped her into it, sat her down in the chair and commenced class.

In Miss Taylor's eyes the curriculum, while demanding, was of great interest to intelligent young ladies. She had put a huge amount of

care and attention into the course and would show no sympathy to those who did not learn. She pointed to a desk full of books.

First up was English literature, Mansfield Park, Emma and Sense and Sensibility by Jane Austen, Jane Eyre by Charlotte Bronte, Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte, Agnes Grey by Anne Bronte, Mrs Dalloway by Virginia Wolfe and Possession by AS Byatt.

Penelope audibly groaned at the syllabus only to earn a cross rebuke from the teacher. Classical English writers must be learnt and studied in detail. Penelope was ordered to turn to page 33 of “Mrs Dalloway” and read the next four pages out loud, in perfect diction, mind you, paying great attention to the grammar, style and tone.

Poor Penelope struggled even with such a simple task, having to be constantly corrected and repeat a sentence or paragraph, her concentration being even further eroded when she saw an increasingly frustrated Miss Taylor fetch the strap and indeed Miss Taylor did deem the strap to be necessary, six more stokes on a pantied bottom were delivered before Penelope finished the reading to a level that Miss Taylor considered only to be a modicum of correctness.

“Now Penelope, from the extract you have read, how does the reader get a clue as to the way the novel deals with such issues as the repression of women?”

An aghast Penelope stared blankly at the pages. She had been concentrating so hard on the reading she had taken in the content at a very superficial level but nothing to enable her to answer a question like that. She stuttered and stammered before dully saying she did not know.

“Well, let us try something simpler. Perhaps you can give me some detail on the style of writing and why the book is considered to be a classic?”

By now, Penelope was in a tizzy. While she regarded herself as reasonably literate and well-educated, Miss Taylor clearly demanded a standard way beyond her ability. The, by now, totally exasperated teacher had had enough; she grabbed Penelope up from the chair, pushed her over the desk, pulled up her skirt, down her panties and started leathering a petrified Penelope’s bottom with far more gusto

than Penelope felt was justified. Penelope lost count, but by the time it was over she guessed somewhere of the order of 15 angry strokes had landed on her by now fiercely sore beetroot red bottom.

“Step out of your panties and skirt and get over to the corner! Face in, hands on head and wait until I prepare for the next lesson.”

An outwardly angry Miss Taylor was inwardly in heaven. Here was an ideal candidate for a plan that she had been forming for years, a more or less hairless body, a pert bottom, a soft complexion, a tiny, almost non-existent manhood. The perfect candidate! This realisation together with the strapping she had just given Penelope had her already moist sex longing for relief. She toyed with the idea of giving Penelope a thousand lines while could excuse herself to her bedroom. Yet she was strong, a woman of fortitude and now was not the time for that, Penelope could have no clue as to what was happening. She would keep her own internal joy and excitement at the gradual humiliation and beatings of Penelope hidden for a good while more. She would enjoy the conquest.

Refocusing her attention on Penelope’s lessons she prepared for a poetry class, knowing that Penelope would but fail again. She had devised a lovely curriculum ‘Parting’ by Emily Dickinson, ‘The Child’ by Sara Coleridge, “Remembrance” by Emily Bronte, “Bride Song” by Christina Rossetti but she would start with Elizabeth Browning’s “Sonnets from the Portuguese”.

Yes, a good choice, ideal for a true young lady but far too technical and difficult for Penelope whom she knew would fail at the first hurdle.

Ten minutes later, a fully redressed Penelope sat down on her sore pantied bottom in front of a totally composed teacher. Poetry, she thought to herself in dismay, a genre of literature she struggled with even more than classical novels. Miss Taylor presented the curriculum to Penelope, saying that she presumed Penelope would have a very high standard of poetry to compensate for her very poor understanding of classical literature.

Picking the hand strap up, Miss Taylor instructed Penelope to start with a recital of Elizabeth Browning’s “Sonnet from the Portuguese number 33”.

Penelope took up the book, briefly read ahead and in her best dulcet tones started to recite out loud in a clear confident voice.

“Yes, call, me by my pet name! Let me hear the name I used to run at when a child...”

It would be unfair to say the reader did badly as she did modestly well. After all, Penelope was reasonably well educated, but needless to say, errors there were, errors that required the strict Miss Taylor to tend to the poor reader’s hands with the strap.

It took several starts and stops before Penelope eventually finished the fourteen lines to her Mistress’s satisfaction. Three times she had to extend each hand out, graciously admit the errors of her ways before bracing herself for initially one stroke of the strap on each hand, followed by two on each tender palm for the next offence and finally three on the upturned hands for her further grievous insults to the memory of Ms Browning’s Sonnet.

Miss Taylor was truly enjoying the torment of Penelope with increasingly devious and wicked plans for the young lady forming in her mind. She wondered how far she could push Penelope before rebellion set in. Surely at some stage, Penelope would protest? If not, this was truly a case of the strong leading the meek. It was up to her to bring Penelope to her rightful place in this earth, a place at the temple of woman’s desire, beck and calling, a place where Penelope truly belonged.

As the student read, she caught a glance at the questions Miss Taylor was busily writing on the blackboard.

How many lines are in a sonnet?

How many syllables are in each line?

What is an iambic pentameter?

Compare and contrast the Elizabeth Browning sonnet to a Shakespeare sonnet.

As Miss Taylor wrote, she, in turn, cast an eye on the larger brown strap. She felt an ever-growing need to once again tend to that pert tight bottom of Penelope. She felt a desire to pull down the plain cotton panties, see the tender naked orbs of flesh bent over the desk for another lesson in literature and hear the delightful squeals of pain as she applied the strap to the bottom. She would not have to wait long she felt, perhaps only as far as question two, more than likely question three but most definitely, question four.

Her intuition was correct, to her mild disappointment. Penelope correctly answered ten to the second question but was absolutely totally unable to answer the third, a perfect excuse to add a further shade of red to the bottom.

As there were forty-four sonnets in the Portuguese collection she toyed with the idea of forty-four strokes but settled on twelve as she was anxious not to force a protest just yet. She must set the lair with bait and be a patient, draw the unsuspecting, into the honey trap to catch it and hold on to it forevermore.

With her appetite for leathering Penelope's bottom partially sated, Miss Taylor generously decided to give Penelope a break from the delights of English literature for which the wanton young Lady clearly had no interest and opted for the light relief of the Great Women of Persia for Persia has a heritage rich in strong powerful women and was of particular interest to her. In fact, few others come close to great Persian women such as Chista, Mandana, Amitis, Atusa, Artemis and most peculiarly and of special interest to her, Sissy Cambis for in 331 BC Sissy Cambis was Queen of all Persia, a remarkable Achaemenid woman who fought, resisted and did not surrender to Alexander the Macedonian Tyrant who it is believed also had a crush on her.

Of even more interest was that the name 'Sissy' means 'Fortunate' and indeed it would be very fortunate, extremely fortunate indeed, for her that Penelope had come to school this very day. It became apparent however after only twenty minutes of class that Penelope did not share her teacher's interest in the great Persian women of yore.

# Demotion



Penelope, sitting down, looked up at Miss Taylor who once more was standing over her wielding the strap in her hand. Her bottom could not tolerate another beating, she was lost, had no idea what to do. Tenderly, however, Miss Taylor spoke.

“Penelope it is clear you have enrolled in a class of too high a standard for your, as yet, undeveloped intellect. You have disappointed me so much. I had high hopes for you but it is obvious to all that we should place you in a class of lower standard, more in keeping with your abilities. Stand up and follow me.”

Penelope, totally relieved, followed this alluring powerful woman into another room, uncertain as to why she obeyed the commands without question.

“Penelope, you will restart your education here at the reformatory in junior school, as a young girl just starting out on reading and writing, tasks even you should find simple enough. Remove your senior girl clothes please and fold them neatly. Yes, Penelope, even the bra and panties. Little six-year-olds wear printed panties and most certainly do not wear bras.”

As Penelope undressed, the elegant, alluring teacher searched about in a drawer looking for Penelope’s new wardrobe. She quickly found what she was looking for, a pair of pink little girl knickers, with a floral printed pattern, a matching little girl vest as well as a pair of red woollen tights. A meek, and by now naked, Penelope still transfixed by the beauty of her teacher, made no attempt at protest when Miss Taylor

dressed the former young lady into her new 'little girl' under clothing. First, the panties making sure that all the tiny, teeny, little bits were well tucked inside the pink cotton printed fabric, then the cotton, practical vest, followed by red tights which felt strange but comfortable and warm against her legs. Next up was a bright yellow dress with a high neckline, long sleeves and pleated skirt, finished off with a great big red ribbon tied in a bow at the back of the waist.

Penelope felt truly childish and silly as Miss Taylor zipped up the back of the dress and admired the new child. Even then there was more to come as Penelope was politely asked to sit on the bed such that her blonde hair could be put up into two lovely pig-tails adorned with more red ribbon. In the eyes of Miss Taylor, Penelope looked absolutely delightful and far more appropriately dressed than in the dull grey school uniform. This was far more suitable.

"Penelope, you are now a little girl all set for your first days at school. You will excitedly skip ahead of me, like the child that you are, back to the classroom so you can commence an education more appropriate to your abilities."

Once sitting down in the classroom, Miss Taylor presented her nervous student with a nursery rhyme book.

"In this class, you will learn the basics of reading, writing and arithmetic. As you are now a young child I will punish you, not with the long strap used for older students but with this paddle. If you are naughty, misbehave or fail at your lessons you will quite simply go over my knee for a paddling, which ought to be quite humiliating for you, a reminder of your status. Now go to page six of the nursery rhyme book, place your tongue to the back of your upper teeth, leave it there and read out the first line of the rhyme concentrating on the words and the lisp."

Hesitantly Penelope obeyed and was herself astonished at the lisping sound she made.

"Marysth hadst a littlesth lambsht,"

"Repeat it again, Penelope. I want much more emphasis on the lisp almost as if spittle is coming out and I also want you to move your voice up several octaves, a beautiful high pitch."



“Maryssthss hadsstss a littlessthss lambssstss.”

The teacher made Penelope repeat the line over and over again until satisfied before moving to the second line. Painstakingly, the Teacher and child student went through the entire rhyme line by line with continuous practice and praise from Miss Taylor before eventually after about one hour of hard work and aching tonsils Penelope could recite the whole nursery rhyme to her teacher’s satisfaction. Strangely, Penelope was pleased with herself, and took great delight in the praise from Miss Taylor and was genuinely chuffed when the teacher gave her a sweetie for being such a good girl at her nursery rhymes.

Miss Taylor then gave Penelope a copybook with pink and blue lines which Penelope immediately recognised as a copy used to help children to write plus, of course, a pencil.

In beautifully scripted print Miss Taylor wrote the word ‘Penelope’ upon the blackboard before asking the child to copy it directly into the copybook. Alas for Penelope, as Miss Taylor knew from the earlier punishment lines, her writing was nowhere near as elegant so much so that the ‘Penelope’ she wrote in the copybook absolutely bore no resemblance to the beautiful handwritten scripted letters on the blackboard. Miss Taylor, lightly scolded the child before making her write her name down three more times, each one an equal failure.

Exasperated, the teacher moved to the simple letter ‘P’. In the same lovely manuscript, she wrote ‘P’ on the blackboard and in Penelope’s copy.

“Copy that letter ‘P’ exactly as it is on the board and as I have written it in your copybook ten times please”

Penelope slowly tried her absolute best but to no avail and the Teacher was not pleased. Raising her voice, she demanded that Penelope try ten more times again or it would be over her knee for a paddling. Secretly, Miss Taylor was delighted at this genuine excuse to punish and belittle Penelope. Penelope’s writing was truly awful and she would use it to bring further shame and humiliation on her unsuspecting charge. She loved punishment time and felt the need to bring the errant student over her knee as it had been quite a bit earlier in the day since she had last seen that pert bottom bared for a

strapping. She adored what it did to her, the sense of empowerment. That special sensitive feeling deep down and she was looking forward to more.

Penelope carefully and considerately wrote out the letter ten more times but had already resigned herself to the fact that, despite her best efforts, none were of the standard required.

“Penelope, place my chair in the middle of the room, fetch the paddle, give it to me and brace yourself for six of the best over my knee. As this is your first offence in this class, I will paddle you over your pantied bottom so hold up your dress so that I can pull down your tights. PENELOPE, what is this? You have another bulge in your panties! You naughty, naughty, naughty young girl. You were punished earlier today in big girls’ class for that and you will most certainly be punished here. You must keep your tiny teat flaccid at all times. Six SETS of six on the bare in addition to your six of the best on your pretty pink panties. OVER MY KNEE, you naughty child!”

Penelope placed herself over the knee, feet firmly placed on the ground to one side, hands on the ground on the other. She felt her little tinkle get even more excited and was worried about the impact a paddling might have. She was in a total trance, genuinely afraid of the pain, genuinely ashamed of herself and yet she was strangely excited, her throbbing member, small by any man’s standard, was at full attention and yet she was dressed in little girl’s clothing, going over the knee of a powerful woman and about to be paddled, more than likely severely. She silently prayed she could control herself over the knee, the prospects of her little teat rubbing against the skirt while being punished could just bring her over the edge, an unimaginable event in her eyes, with unimaginable punishment.

Miss Taylor made sure she was comfortable, paddle in one hand, errant pantied bottom on full display. Once again she felt that sense of empowerment as she sharply and quickly laid on six strokes of the paddle to the pink pantied bottom, first the left cheek, then the right, left, right, left and finally right.

*Now for the real fun, she thought.*

She pulled the knickers down around Penelope's knees, admired the small lightly reddened buns and started her rhythmic pattern, left, right, left, right, left, right, one set, left, right, left, right, left, right, two sets, left, right, left, right, left, right, three sets, left, right, left, right, left, right, four sets.

While Penelope was wailing like a baby, she was thoroughly enjoying herself, this was what life was about, inflicting pain and humiliation on pathetic species while at the same time generating massive pleasure for herself, not only a general pleasure of being happy and contented but also sexual pleasure, a pleasuring tingling feeling between her legs.

As she felt the dampness develop in her most intimate of most intimate areas, she punished harder and faster and wondered could she go on, should she forget about the six sets of six and just paddle Penelope until she was sated, until her juices flowed freely. Once more, however, she decided restraint was more appropriate at this point in time, there was no need to risk scaring Penelope away. She would have plenty of time to enjoy the future that Penelope promised, a future of sexual excitement at her whim, whenever she desired, where so ever she desired, permanent sexual fulfilment would soon be at her beck and call.

Despite her mounting feeling of sexual excitement, she stopped the paddling after the six sets of six on the bare to send a sorry looking Penelope back to her desk.

She wrote: "*Penelope's punishment paddling for stretching her pretty, pink panties*" on the blackboard. She asked Penelope to count out the "P's" in the sentence.

"That's right, Penelope. Seven "P's". Now I want you to write out that sentence twenty times in your copybook, concentrating on the "P's". I will collect your copy when you are finished and will correct each and every one of the "P's". How many "P's" is that in total? Yes, Penelope. Seven times twenty is a total of 140 "P's" and you will get one stroke of the paddle for each one I consider not to be of good enough standard. That, young lady, makes for a very sore bottom! A bottom on

which you will not be able to sit for days on end without feeling a reminder of your inability to write. Off you go, get started.”

Penelope started her lines, as neat and as tidy as she could, taking great care over all her lettering but in particular the “P’s”. It took her half an hour of hard concentration to write out the twenty lines in her best hand. Alas for her, even her best hand was poor by anyone’s standards, let alone the teacher’s exacting standards. As Penelope wrote, Miss Taylor walked around the classroom, paddle in hand, daydreaming about giving Penelope another paddling. She was a formidable presence towering over the petrified child student and she relished each and every moment of it. Once finished, Penelope fearfully handed the copy to Miss Taylor.

“Good girl. Now, while I correct your work, you are to use these crayons to draw a picture of a bunny rabbit just like in this nursery rhyme book. All young girls like to draw and I am sure you are no exception - a lovely bunny rabbit drawn and coloured by Penelope, just like in the nursery rhyme book. How delightful, now off you go, a picture-perfect bunny”

As an already worried Penelope pondered the implications of this, her drawing skills were even more awful than her writing, Miss Taylor sat down at the desk to correct the lines. In truth she could have marked each and every one of the “P’s” as a fail but, feeling generous and acutely aware that based on Penelope’s writing skills her bunny rabbit would be truly atrocious, she took out her red pen, gave a red tick to the 30 best letters she considered of barely passable standard, circled a further 40 she considered to be worth a half a mark each before placing a big red ‘X’ across the remaining 70. Expectantly, she waited for the bunny to be finished, in her own mind further evolving and tweaking her plan for the future, permanent servitude of Penelope. Anxiously, Penelope handed up her attempt at the rabbit.

“Oh, dear Penelope,” Miss Taylor laughed. “That’s not a very good drawing, is it? It most certainly does not look like a liddle bunny rabbit to me. More importantly, however, dearest, I have corrected your punishment lines and guess what? You did well! Teacher is only going to have to give you another ninety paddlings. Twenty on your pantied bottom for the forty that I gave you a half mark for, with seventy on the

bare, for the ones I failed. Fetch the paddle and place my chair in the middle of the room. Now tell me the truth, Penelope. If I lift up your beautiful yellow dress and pull down your red woollen tights, am I going to find Penelope is still being a very naughty girl in her panties? Be truthful now, Penelope. Is Penelope stretching her pretty pink panties again? Is that a yes? Is Penelope being naughty again? Lift up your dress please, Penelope, let teacher see. Oh my, aren't we a naughty girl? Let me see now, twenty on your pantied bottom, seventy on the bare and another twelve sets of twelve for being naughty in your panties. That makes twenty over those lovely pretty pink printed panties plus, oh gosh, two hundred and fourteen over that bare, naked, cute derriere of yours, yes Penelope, a well-earned and deserved, two hundred and fourteen strokes of the paddle."

Holding up the front of her dress poor Penelope openly trembled in front of Miss Taylor. A total of 234 paddlings was unthinkable and she thought about rebellion, asserting her manhood, but how could she, dressed as a little girl, having been strapped and paddled several times already today? How could she regard herself as a man? She resigned herself to her fate and awaited the instruction to bend over the knee.

"Penelope, Penelope. What am I to do with you? You failed as a young lady and now it appears as if you have failed as a young girl, unable to write or draw, a failure at the basics of childhood, standing there, dress held up high, about to receive 234 strokes of the paddle. What AM I to do with you? I think, perhaps, you are still in too high a class. Perhaps you should drop down to another lower class? What do you think, Penelope? A lower level. more in keeping with your abilities? Yes, I think so, a trifle younger. So here's what we will do, you can take each and every one of your paddlings, that is right - all 234 and stay in this junior class or you can choose to move to a lower grade with no paddling. The choice is yours, Penelope. Either bend over my knee this instant to receive 234 strokes or in your best lisp say out the words

'Lowersth Classsth peaswth'"

Penelope did not need to think, she instantaneously lisped out, "Lowersth Classsth peaswth".

An agreeing, sympathetic and delighted Miss Taylor took Penelope by the hand to lead her back to the room where she had originally put Penelope into the pretty little girl clothes. She opened up a wardrobe, selected a pink dress with a high neckline, full-length puffy sleeves and absolutely covered in white frills and ribbons. Next, she pulled out a pair of absolutely huge matching panties, with both front and back covered in white lacey frills, way too big to cover Penelope's small pert bottom. She held the dress up against Penelope, tutting in satisfaction.

"How about this dress, Penelope? I think you will look absolutely gorgeous in this outfit. A beautiful frilly pink dress, matching panties, and wait until you see the lovely bonnet that also goes with it. Well is it a yes? Does Penelope like her new outfit? Good girl, I think it suits you perfectly and look at the bonnet, Penelope. Is it not exquisite with its pink ruffles, lacey ribbons and pretty bows? How about the size? It is positively enormous. Can't you just picture yourself in this delightful ensemble? I certainly can and all to be finished off with this beautiful puffy, fluffy organza petticoat. You will be an absolutely stunning child."

Penelope gazed at the outfit in wonderment, if she looked childish now, she would look absolutely infantile, stupid and silly in the ridiculous clothing Miss Taylor held up and yet ashamedly she just stood there in front of the teacher and meekly replied,

"Yyess, it's nice dwesss Miss Taylor," she lisped.

"Of course it is, Penelope, and look, Penelope! Look at what is written on the lovely pinny that goes at the front of the dress. Yes Penelope 'B' 'A' 'B' 'Y', spells out 'BABY"! It is a dress for a Baby, I am going to have you wear a BABY dress, bonnet and panties. Penelope is to be a cute little baby, my cute little baby, with lovely baby dresses, rattles and cuddly toys. But something missing Penelope, what could be missing, what does Penelope think goes underneath all the frills and flounces. Go on Penelope, you know, what is missing? You do not know? Well then I will teach you, Penelope, I will teach you what goes underneath the frills and thrills of a baby dress. Over my knee, this instant!"

Poor Penelope bent over the knee, Miss Taylor pulled up her charge's dress, pulled down the red woollen tights, then the printed pink floral panties and started to spank Penelope with her hand, good firm spanks, enough to hurt and cause pain on a previously well reddened and by now reasonably bruised bottom. As she spanked she spoke.

"Now. Penelope, what do all babies wear under their dresses? I will keep on spanking you until you answer me correctly. Wrong answer, Penelope, try again. Why are your pink frilly ruffled baby knickers so huge? What needs to go under them? What is needed to fill the bulk and make the knickers fit snugly over baby's bottom, over Penelope's bottom, over this red sore bottom that I am spanking? Go on Penelope, you know what is missing. What extra item of baby clothing especially for babies is needed?"

Finally, Penelope responded.

"At last, well done, Penelope. Little baby Penelope is going to be wearing nappies, just like all babies, except that baby Penelope's will be huge big thick nappies, massive nappies in fact and just like all babies, Baby Penelope will be using her nappies! That is right, baby. You will not only be wearing nappies, but you will also be using them so what else do we need that goes with nappies. Go on tell me, I will keep on spanking you until you tell me."

Penelope knew the answer.

"Yes, Penelope, plastic panties to cover the nappies. Why Penelope? Why does a baby need plastic panties? Well done, Penelope! To keep all the baby's wee wee in the nappy but more than wee wee Penelope, what else goes into a baby's nappy? Go on Penelope, what else will baby Penelope be doing in her big thick fluffy nappies. Yes, Penelope, you will be soiling yourself, you will be doing wee wee and poo poo in your nappies, for you will be a baby. In fact Penelope, you will be more than a baby, much more than a baby, you will also be a sissy, Penelope. Yes, Penelope. A sissy. You will have lots of delicious sissy functions to carry out, lots of sissy entertaining to do. You will be trained in lots of ways of pleasuring and amusing me and all my Lady friends.

“There is more Penelope. Not only will you be a baby and a sissy you will also have the great honour and pleasure of being my toilet, in fact, a toilet to any Lady who wishes to use you. A portable, flouncy, frilly toilet to be used in any manner I so choose. I may choose to feed you my golden nectar in your bottle, I may choose to fill your nappies with my toilet, I may choose to shower you with my toilet, to wash your hair with my toilet, to bathe you in my toilet. It does not matter but a toilet you shall be. From now on, therefore, you shall be known and answer to the name “sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy”, a truly delightful and totally appropriate name for you. Now say it, what is your name? Go on lisp it out loud and clear, and again, go on I will keep on spanking until I am satisfied you know your name and can pronounce it properly,

“Sissthss babythss phottesths phenelopesths phanisthss,” she lisped

“Oh and by the way from now on you can call me “Mummy”. Good sissy. Now get up off my knee, pull up your tights and panties and let’s get started.”

Tears streamed down Penelope’s cheeks as she stood up. She was lost, did not know where to look. Her face burned bright red in shame not only at the infantile way she had been harshly spanked but more so at the thoughts of her future, a future of not only being a baby but a sissy baby, a nappy wearing sissy baby. She cringed at the prospects of having to both wear and use her nappies. She could not imagine herself wetting nappies let alone soiling herself.

She put all thoughts of being a potty to her new Mummy to one side as she could not even grasp that eventuality. Meekly, she pulled up her panties and tights, resolving to make the most of what she felt sure would only be a short humiliating life as ‘Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy’ before she could once again begin her journey to being a sophisticated young Lady as she had originally started out that very morning.

It was quite another matter for Miss Taylor, however. The latest long spanking, her announcement of Penelope’s fate, the thoughts of a lifetime of fun to be had at the humiliation of sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy had her sex dripping, her panties were soaking and her most



intimate of areas needed immediate attention. Her only dilemma was that Penelope had a long way to go to deserve and earn that right and while fleetingly she thought about it, it simply was not an option. She would have a lifetime of pleasure, intense, intimate pleasure at the tongue of Penelope when Penelope was truly lost in the land of sissy baby potty hood, but not until then. For now, she would make do with pleasuring herself, a still very worthwhile and most enjoyable task.

Today was Tuesday, she had planned to take some pleasure up Sissy Penelope's bottom on Sunday and wondered would it be possible to keep herself aroused all the way through to Sunday. Would it be possible, she thought, to keep herself in this wonderful state for six full days, six wondrous days to engage in the humiliation, spanking, paddling, strapping, beating, caning, belittlement, degradation, of sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy with a lifetime to follow. Most certainly the prospect of a lifetime of changing dirty nappies and making bottles of infant formula did not appeal but there were solutions to those trifling issues, a permanent diet of golden nectar would save on infant formula, a nanny for the dirty tasks of changing stinky nappies and she could have endless sexual nirvana.

Just imagine a sissy to beat and degrade at any time she wished, intense pleasure and arousal permanently at her beck and call. That was for then. For now, she decided she simply had to relieve herself. She commanded Penelope to a corner of the room, had her pull down her tights and childlike panties and ordered her to pull up the back of her dress, display her hugely red and bruised bottom, face the corner and wait until she returned.

Penelope waited, face to the corner, her ripe, red, hot posterior on full display. She was bemused by it all, in a way thankful for the time to herself, time to dwell on her situation and yet she craved time with her tormentor. Why was it so? Why did she on the one hand hate such belittlement while on the other accept it? Why had this woman captivated her so? As she waited she was totally unaware, totally naive to the fact that Miss Taylor, or 'Mummy' as she now must call her in her best lisping voice, was busy in the privacy of her bedroom pleasuring herself, fantasizing about the future of her captive slave and the delights she will bring her.

Miss Taylor enjoyed herself. It was not the best. That was to come but good nonetheless, a delightful feeling she loved. She adored the torment of the weak. What better pleasure was there than thrashing and humiliating a pathetic weak sissy baby potty? It did not take long before her love juices flowed freely and once rested and sated, she debated cleaning herself. Was it best to leave that musty aroma of sex or would it be better to thoroughly wash and clean? Cleanliness was hugely important to her. She continued with her plan, leaving the sissy unaware of the critical role she would, in the future, play in the sexual fulfilment of her Mistresses life. She selected her favourite scents, washed her entire lower body, leaving a delightful sweet-smelling innocent smell. She would tease the sissy with a smell of her pantied scented bottom. She even scented her panties.

Clean, refreshed and ready for action she returned to the expectant Penelope whom she found perfectly still and obedient, standing face to the wall with that cute, small, pert, tight, delightfully red bottom still totally exposed and on full display.

She commanded Penelope to put her tights and panties back in order, to take the hanger with her new baby clothes and follow her as she marched out the door to lead her sissy to her future life as a baby.

With Penelope in tow, she entered her special room, a room Penelope would soon get very used to, a reasonably small plain room, simply furnished with cream painted walls, a faded blue floral carpet but dominated by one item of furniture, the changing table. A table specially designed to change a sissy baby in and out of her dirty, wet, soiled nappies. It was a simple gurney type table, with dark blue rubber, waterproof matting on top. Not fancy, but practical. Directly above the table was a wooden beam with yellow leather straps hanging down, designed to hold the baby in position while Mummy tended to her task while at one end of the table was a large pink bin with the lettering "*sissy baby nappy pail*". All very simple!

# Preparation for a New Arrival



Mummy took the baby outfit, hung it up on hooks at the back of the door.

“Now, why don’t you help me prepare for the arrival of the new baby? You can be Mummy’s little helper until the baby arrives. In that closet over there you will find several extra-large terry nappies, all neatly folded and put away. Fetch a nappy for me and I will show you how to make a kite nappy, ideal for big babies. Good, now we fold the nappy over like this, then put another fold here another one here and voila, a nappy ready to be worn. Do you want to try? Fetch another nappy from the closet and you have a go.”

Penelope had her first try at kite-folding a baby’s nappy albeit it much, much larger.

“Good girl, well done. That’s it and there you go, a second nappy ready for baby. I am going to miss having you around to help when the baby comes. Now I think the baby will be an extra big wetter and something tells me we better prepare for extra big poo-poops as well, so get three disposable nappies from that press over there. We will just fold them out on top of the two terry nappies, tapes side that way and hey presto, baby’s first nappy of two terries and three disposables is ready! Now, how about you select two plastic panties - big ones mind you, as we have a big bottom to cover.”

Penelope hesitantly chose two plastic pants.

“Oh yes, a lovely pink one for a sissy baby and perhaps a big thick white plastic panty that will keep all the wee wee and poo poo inside

the nappy close to baby's bottom and away from Mummy's furniture.

"Now, we need to keep baby's bottom nice and soft so get me the rash cream, talcum powder and baby oil from that shelf and we will place them close at hand here. It is especially important to keep a sissy baby's bottom tender and soft as that makes the baby more susceptible to a spanking. It's no use having hard leather-like skin if a spanking is to be effective. See that large soother with the red mouth guard, on the top shelf, bring that over as baby will need her dum dums to suckle on for comfort. What else do you think we need? Oh, I know! We need to help the new baby make poo poo in her nappy. Most new sissy babies really struggle with their first poo poo so in that drawer there get me two suppositories and an instant enema."

Penelope retrieved the items still not really sure what was happening.

"Good girl, well done again. Next, we need nappy pins, four in total, two for each terry nappy and we need the baby reins. Baby will be crawling but when in her baby reins, she can waddle a few steps before falling. Good, nearly done. You really are Mummy's best little helper. You stay there and Mummy will get two more things she needs. Mummy is going to have to take extra special care that her sissy baby's teat and plums are permanently all flaccid and soft when she is swaddled in her thick absorbent nappies so we'll need these, don't we Penelope? A chastity pouch for the short term to make sure everything is safely locked away and this plastic clear one for, specially designed to fit over the extra small teat and plums of my sissy baby. Sissy will wear this for an hour a day each day for a week and gradually we will increase the length of time until eventually, in a few short months, it will go on never to come off again and baby will be flaccid and soft forevermore, just like she should be.

"Mummy has also found that new sissy babies need lots of training. They tend to resist their nappies, their bottles, rattles, teddies and dum-dums. They especially tend to shy away from making great big poo-poops in their nappies. I simply cannot understand why when they know that the Ladies love nothing more than to see a sissy baby scrunch up her face in concentration as she focuses all her attention on filling the back of her nappy with her poo poo and a sissy's first poo poo

is truly a delightful experience, not to be missed. So there has, by necessity, to be a severe disciplinary environment created, to help baby understand her babyhood, her sissyhood and in your case as well, your *pottyhood*. A strict regime so baby learns to love her new roles and of course a much more severe regime than those two light-hearted schools you attended today. THIS, Penelope, is the nursery strap that will adorn your bottom if you so much as put a foot wrong. Look at it, Penelope. Look at how thick the yellow leather is. Look at how long it is and at how it splits up the middle for extra pain. Yes Penelope, look at it and fear it. Look at the lovely handle on the strap for Mummy to hold as she thrashes you with it. Most definitely a strap to be avoided, but most sissy babies end up getting it, sometimes a lot, sometimes a few, but all sissies feel it at some stage. All sissies feel the heat of this strap on their bare bottom and you will too. “

She paused, allowing her words to sink in and continued...

“Just for insurance, we also have this lovely, long, wispy, cane. Listen, Penelope, listen to the sound it makes as it glides through the air and just imagine the sound it makes when it collides at full speed with an errant bottom. Two sounds are made in fact! One is the tremendously exciting sound of the cane making contact with the bottom very soon to be followed by a terrible sharp screeching sound of a sissy baby in pain. Oh, how I love that sound, Penelope! I love to hear lots of sissy baby screeching as the strap and cane make contact with the bottom. It thrills me, excites me, even titillates me in fact, so be warned.”

Penelope could not make head nor tail of what was happening. Here she was, dressed as a cute little school girl, actually helping this Lady prepare to put her in nappies. She had even selected the pink plastic panty herself and yet even still she could not rebel. She helped get everything ready as if she was an older sister waiting for a new baby to come home but she was to be the baby. There was no one else going to take her place, it would be her up on that table being pinned into nappies. She looked at the huge bulk of the nappies still truly not believing that in a short while she could be swaddled in them. She looked at the large yellow nursery strap. She had never seen anything

like it. It looked fearsome, she could not even begin to imagine how a full force beating with it would feel.

“Come along, Penelope,” she explained. “You can help me prepare a few more things downstairs. That’s it! Follow me to the kitchen. While I boil the kettle I want you to scoop out sixteen spoons of infant formula powder into the baby bottle. It is a big bottle for a big sissy baby, so sixteen level spoonfuls, careful now, do not spill any. Do you think baby will like her formula milky? I think she will. In fact, I am sure she will make the bottle all gone, especially if she knows the nursery strap is close at hand. I will pour the water in and there we go, one bottle of infant formula all ready for sissy baby and now I think it is time to make another even better, even nicer formula, golden formula, golden nectar, golden champagne. Fetch me the jug from the counter and watch Penelope, watch me make an extra special formula for her infant baby.”

Mesmerised, Penelope, handed the jug over and watched as Miss Taylor lifted up her long elegant skirts, pulled down her tights, spread her legs, held the jug under herself and started to pee into the jug.

Penelope could not believe it. She had never seen the like. The jug just filled with a deep yellow liquid, the only sound to be heard was the splish-splash of Miss Taylor’s urine filling the jug, up and up the liquid ran until, at last, the jug was filled and Miss Taylor was clearly empty. Miss Taylor handed Penelope the jug full of yellow liquid.

“There is a second bottle over there at the corner of the counter. Why don’t you go over, get it and fill it to the top with my golden formula? Then you can put the rubber teat on it so baby can suckle it all out. Keep the rest in the jug as we can always pour that into the baby’s nappy, just to give her a head start in wetting herself. Good girl. I bet you are thinking about how lucky sissy baby is to get all that special formula. Are you envious, dear? Would you like to be that sissy baby? Oh, I forgot! You will be that sissy baby! Yes, indeed you will be sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy for whom toilet training takes on a whole new multifaceted meaning, to train baby how to make her toilets in her nappies, to train sissy how to clean a Lady with her tongue after a Lady has toileted and finally to teach the potty baby how to feed on golden nectar. Yes toilet training for sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy, a whole new concept. Why don’t you have a sniff of the jug? Go on, bring the jug

to your nose and inhale a big deep breath through your nose. That's it! And again, smell that wonderful odour of your Mummy's nectar. It will come to be a smell and taste you absolutely adore. What a perfume for sissy baby!"

Penelope brought the jug to her nose, took a deep breath and sniffed the yellow liquid as requested but far from being disgusted, she was intoxicated, intoxicated by the aroma of this Lady's wee wee. A small part of her was revolted but most craved the nectar of her enchanted temptress. Trancelike and sated on the odour, she obediently filled the bottle to the absolute brim with the golden source, leaving a still half full jug on the table.

"What a wonderful girl you are, now you can help Mummy make baby's din-dins. I am going to miss my little helper when I have to do all of this by myself. Let's see, you select three jars you think the baby might like for her first baby dinner and I will get her lovely big pink feeding bowl."

Unsure of what to do, Penelope hesitantly chose three jars of baby food.

"A good selection, Penelope, but on reflection I think her first dinner should be a punishment dinner, a thoroughly disgusting dinner just to amuse me, to remind her to be goodly so she can earn nice dinners. Yes, nice dinners need to be earned. So put away those jars and we will try this jar of macaroni cheese pasta, this jar of pilchard fish pie and this jar of porridge. I will just take off the lids and you can pour and scoop all the jars into baby's pink feeding bowl and mix it all up. Good girl. Mix the mush up well so all the tastes as nicely blended and perhaps we will add a little bit of golden nectar for extra taste. Keep on mixing as I pour in some nectar."

Penelope watched in both horror and excitement as mummy poured some of her exquisite urine into the bowl.

"Wonderful, what a delightful din-dins for the new baby, do you want to try some? No? I don't blame you but I know a sissy baby who will love it and eat it all up or she will have more red stripes on her bottom than a sunburned zebra. She will not be able to sit for a month, even with the protection of her nappies. Goodness Penelope. Look at

the time! Baby will soon be here, we better hurry up. Bring the din-dins and bottle of golden nectar, I will bring the rest.”

Penelope followed her soon to be “Mummy” into a very large square-shaped sitting room with a raised dining area, large oak dining table, a chair at three sides with a huge white high chair placed at the fourth, ideal for a sissy baby

“Place the bottle of nectar on the table beside the leather couch, for that is where baby shall feed on her elixir of life and on her infant formula, closely cuddled in the warm arms and bosom of her Mummy and now place the bowl of delicious din-dins on the high chair. Good, now help me get baby’s playpen ready. Good, lay it out, into a square shape, put in the rubber mat and finally, you should select some toys for baby to play with. Infantile toys, yes a rattle, a soft ball and a cuddly toy. That is enough, they will keep her simple mind amused for hours on end. I can see her now, a delightful, soiled, sodden, gurgling, frilly, napped baby happily playing away in her playpen, her only care being when she will next be fed, feeling comfortable in the wet, filthy confines of her poo-pooed nappy pressed against her tender bottom but aware none the less of the whiff of a soiled stinky nappy that permanently surrounds her. Okay, almost there, follow me, Penelope.”

Penelope turned around took another look at the high chair, playpen and toys contained therein before following out the door, up the stairs and into a bathroom.

“Today Penelope, you started out life as an aspiring young Lady in waiting, before entering the world of a young child. It is now time to commence your final, lifelong, regression into a baby, a sissy and a potty, a toilet for Ladies. Sissyhood, babyhood and pottyhood forevermore. Hold up your hands so that I can take off your little girl dress, now the vest and then the tights. Good girl! Very cooperative! Leave on your pretty pink panties for the minute and for the last time I want you to lift up the toilet seat cover and then sit down on the toilet seat. That Penelope Pansy, is something you will never, ever do again, this is positively your last time sitting on a toilet. Of course, you will be a toilet, plenty of ladies will sit on you to go to the toilet but you will never again sit on a toilet. You will be using nappies for all your toileting. Thick absorbent nappies swaddled around your bottom,



hemmed in by layers of plastic panties to keep the wetness and poo poo fresh against your skin.

“Now Penelope Pansy, a whole series of ‘lasts’! For the last time ever, I am going to allow you an erection! Yes, Penelope Pansy, your final erection before your teat and plums are locked away in your cage. Though we have to be honest Penelope Pansy, ‘erection’ might be too strong a word for it, a ‘little stiffy’ might be more appropriate as in all my years I have never seen anything so small, so pathetically small. I simply cannot imagine how you pleased any girlfriends with it. They must have been wonderful fakers or maybe you never have? Have you ever pleased a woman Pansy or was it always at home? All alone in the privacy of your bedroom?”

Penelope admitted the shameful fact that her tiny penis had never once entered a woman’s vagina. She was still a virgin as befits a baby – and a toilet.

“No? Never? Well Penelope Pansy, you never will now, that is for sure. Place your hand into your panties and pleasure yourself Pansy. Go on, get it up as high and as hard as you can but do not dare make a mess! Not just yet anyway. Tell me when you are all full up. What? Already Pansy? You are ready already? Okay hold it there and let me measure you, six inches long and just under one inch in diameter, fully extended. Really quite awful, quite shameful, terribly pathetic. Remember the size of your final ever stiffy, Penelope - six inches by a generous one inch. Not a lot of pleasure for a Lady in that. You may now place your hand on the outside of your panties and have your final ever ejaculation or perhaps a “creamy” is the more appropriate word. Go on, cream all your cummies into the panties, spurt it all out for the last time and enjoy it because it will never happen again, never ever again. The last of the creamies, a creamy to last a lifetime? Go on, let the panties soak it all up, not a drop is to escape the pretty pink panties!”

With a few quick strokes the new sissy toilet, about to become a baby squirted her creamy into her panties.

“Wonderful, did you enjoy that, Penelope Pansy? The final creamy, into pretty floral panties. We are going to hang those panties at the bottom of your cot, as a memory, a relic so to speak, of your final stiffy

and creamy. The panty will be there for you to look at each evening and morning to bring you back to today, the day you entered through the portal of sissy baby pottyhood. Each Sunday evening, for the rest of your life I will have you kneel on the bed in front of me, I will place the dry cum stained panties in front of your face and you will be allowed to sniff them and worship them. As you are doing that I will pull down your frilly baby knickers, pull down your plastic panties and then the thick layers of nappies. Then I will beat you on the bare bottom with the thick yellow nursery strap, not because you have been naughty but because it is my prerogative - because I own you and can do with you what I will, but mainly because I derive pleasure from strapping sissy babies. Sexual pleasure from beating Pansies like you.

“I will beat you until I am wet with anticipation. Some Sundays it may take a hundred strokes whereas some days only ten, but thrash you I shall. And when I am wet with expectation, I will fetch my favourite double-sided strap on, I will insert one side deep inside me, a side purposely designed to give me maximum clitoral stimulation, designed to pleasure me, to please me and I will insert the other side up your sweet sissy bottom hole, all six inches long and one inch wide will go right up inside you. Yes, Penelope, six inches long, one inch wide, your full stretch and height. Even for your tight little virgin sissy hole that might be a bit small so eventually, we may have to increase the size as you stretch out wide but it will do for now. Do you want to see it? Do you want to see what a six-inch-long, one-inch wide dildo looks like?

Mummy held up the double-ended dildo. One end looked very much like a man’s penis and she sighed knowing that a real penis would now never find its way up her girly pussy and cream inside of her.

“This is it, Penelope. This is what will be going up your cute bottom hole every Sunday night as I pleasure myself inside of you. Look at it, Penelope. Feel it, Penelope. The same size as your full erection. Not very big really, is it? But you can look forward to it every week until I decide to make it bigger. You see unlike you who was stuck at a miserable six inches, I can change the dildo, I can get a big one foot long two inch wide one, perfect for a well-trained bottom like yours will come to be. We will have lots of fun training you, well I will anyway. As you sniff your dirty dried cum stained pretty pink panties you will have

a second reminder of tonight moving in and out of your sissy bottom hole in firstly a slow rhythmic pattern but getting faster and faster as I reach my climax.

“As you sniff your panties you will see nothing of me, but you will feel me deep inside of you and you will hear me scream out in ecstasy. As you hear my delight, hear my screams of pleasure, your tiny teat and plums will crave release from their cage. They will strain in pain against the tight confines of their tough plastic cage, looking for relief, but no relief will happen, there will be no give in the cage until eventually, perhaps after weeks, perhaps months they and you will give up. You will forlornly come to the understanding that sexual pleasure will never be yours to have again. Maybe one day I will have a real man come and ejaculate inside you!

“You have today had your final erection and your final ejaculation. You will come to realise that your tiny teat serves only one purpose, to fill your nappies full of wee wee and that your plums have no purpose at all. In fact, you would be better off without them as all they do is remind you of the times when you pleased yourself at home, all alone in your bedroom.

“Right, Penelope Pansy,” she added. “You are all soft and flaccid, a perfect time to fit you into your cage, when you are at your smallest, stay perfectly still as I put it on.”

Penelope Pansy sat motionless on the toilet seat as ‘Mummy’ removed the cream-filled panties and fitted the clear plastic device over her teat and plums, which, after her creamy, were indeed small, minuscule in fact. She felt guilty, ashamed of herself as so often happens but again she just sat there numbly on the toilet seat, watching as everything was locked away, yes locked away forevermore. More to help her through the ordeal, within herself, she refused to accept it would be forevermore. She dared not think about spending the rest of her life without having that special feeling down below, without going to her bedroom to fantasise and make a creamy.

‘Mummy’ had been right about one thing though, she had never given much pleasure to girlfriends, and in fact, the few relationships she had never got beyond the first intimate experience. Even Penelope

admitted she was very poorly equipped to please the girls, small she most definitely was, pathetically small but even still she derived lots of pleasure from her 'man parts' and now even that pleasure would be denied her. Her penis had never entered a woman and a penis had never entered her. She would forever be denied both.

"Sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy, safely locked away forevermore, your new life of total servitude to me and my Lady friends is about to begin. How does it feel, Penelope? Look at it, savour it, you can even touch it and feel it, chastity for a sissy baby. Stand up and let it dangle down. Does it fit well? Are you comfortable with it? Good! A splendid fit! A tiny bit big for your small size but I do not think anyone could have possibly imagined having to design a cage for someone as small as you. They don't make them in *child sizes!*

Penelope cringed in embarrassment at the continual ridicule of her child-sized penis and its worthlessness.

"You can stay in denial and walk from here to the nappy changing room, your last ever walk or you can accept your fate, get down on your hands and knees and crawl after me. In fact, sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy I have a better idea. You can walk from here to the bottom of the stairs, where I will introduce you to the great big yellow nursery strap and the swish of the nursery cane. Follow me and we will count out your final steps. A life of crawling or perhaps even shuffling along on your soiled bottom beckons only to waddle or wobble a few short steps when strapped into your nursery reins held onto by an adult. One, two, three... Seventeen, eighteen and nineteen. The final nineteen steps to sissy babyhood, down on your hands knees BABY Penelope Pansy, a BABY, a soon to be dribbling, drooling, dummied, napped BABY. Kneel on the floor, place your hands on the stairs, bend over and stay there while I get the nursery strap and cane.

As she walked after "Mummy", Penelope could feel the weight of the harness around what used to be her man parts. She gazed down at it, touched and felt it, trying to judge how it fitted, wondering how it worked, she felt the small lock and tugged at it but nothing budged. It was not what could be called 'heavy' but she could, nevertheless, feel the weight of it on her plums and teat. Neither was it uncomfortable, but after her sissy spurties, she was as soft and as small as take away

potato chip. Even she could work out there was little room for growth, no room for expansion, no room for secretly pleasuring herself deep inside the confines of her nappies. Peculiarly, the very thought of the word 'nappies' brought a stirring down below. How strange, why should that be? But it did and, she had no control over it. It just happened and so as she was kneeling down on the floor getting into to position her mind turned away from permanent chastity to permanent nappyhood. Her teat twittered, within its cage, in anticipation as she waited for Mummy to fetch the strap and cane as she thought about nappies and nothing but nappies.

“Just three full hard strokes as an introduction to the nursery strap. It will be a lesson to you of what will happen if you ever show a lack of respect to me or to my Lady friends. A sample taste of a true beating with the nursery strap to remind you to show honour, respect, obedience, servitude, compliance and worship to the Ladies. Fail in any of these, even for an instant and it will be six sets of six.

ONE stroke.

“Imagine Pansy! Not one set of six, but six sets of six, could you take it?”

TWO strokes!

“Could you take 36 strokes just like the two you have taken now? Imagine the agony on your bottom! Go on! Cry out in pain, You are a baby. You can cry. You are allowed to cry.

THREE strokes.

“This is the end of the introduction to the nursery strap, a strap that each and every morning will stroke your bottom as a reminder to respect the Ladies. Ah yes, Penelope Pansy, the nursery cane, a swishy flexible, crooked handle cane for an exceptionally naughty sissy, for those occasions where a sissy baby has to be truly taught a lesson she will never forget.

“One introductory stroke to put the fear of the cane into you, to impress on your simple mind that you never want to be at the receiving end of a full caning. Can you hear the sound? The swish? Ecstasy for the Mummy, a horrible pain for the sissy baby. ONE. Remember that pain

sissy baby, remember it and fear it. Obey at all times, graciously accept your humiliation and servitude to avoid it. Tell me your new name, lisp it out loud and clear so I can hear it. Go on, what name are you to answer to from now on?"

"Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy," she said, lisping each and every word.

"More lisping sissy, lots, lots more lisping and slower so the Ladies can hear each word."

"Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy," she repeated, lisping each and every syllable deliberately.

"Louder, baby, louder and make sure the Ladies know you're a potty as well. Make sure they know to use you for their toilet."

"Sissy Baby Potty... Potty... Potty Penelope Pansy," she repeated, lisping each and every syllable deliberately.

"Good sissy, a name you will never forget".

Tears welled up in the sissy's eyes as the fierce pain of the nursery strap and then the cane bit into her exposed bottom. She unashamedly cried out in pain. She unashamedly openly wept. She had never been able to withstand physical pain as she had a low pain threshold. She would have to obey, as under no circumstances could she face six sets of six with the nursery strap and most certainly not with the cane. Obedience, it would have to be, especially if Mummy got pleasure from using the strap and cane. She would totally accept her fate and be a delightful sissy baby as still in her own mind it would be but for a few days.

She lisped out her name as best she could absolutely determined not to receive another stroke.

"Crawl around here, baby. Make your first baby movements, your first little baby crawl. Each time after you are punished you will spend time here, under the stairs to contemplate your disobedience, your naughtiness and your sore bottom. I will pin a wet sodden nappy to your face, place you under the stairs and as you inhale the odour of your wet, wee wee filled, used nappy you can think about being good to avoid punishment. Crawl after me again. Put your face against my

bottom, my freshly perfumed panties, inhale the perfume and crawl. This, Pansy, will be your punishment cupboard, a place you do not want to visit. This is for more serious offences, for serious naughtiness. You will be a very contrite, sorry baby with a red welted sore bottom if you end up in the punishment cupboard. Here you will end up if you ever earn more than six sets six even one stoke more than six sets of six and I will strap you, pin not a wet sodden nappy to your face but a wet sodden poo poo filled nappy to your face and you can spend one full hour breathing in your own poo poo. Your own shame whilst sitting on your sore derriere. Yes, sissy, the punishment cupboard is most definitely a place to be avoided, avoided at all costs!"

She smiled to herself.

"It's nappy time, baby. At long last. Nappy time! The moment you have been looking forward to, being swaddled in lovely big thick nappies and plastic panties that you even helped to prepare. Imagine preparing your own nappies, how shameful can that be, folding and laying out nappies that you know are for you, that you know you will be wearing, wetting and soiling. Follow me. Place your nose right up against my pantied bottom, sniff the lovely freshly perfumed aroma of my panties and crawl after me, crawl like the baby you are to your nappies, no more walking, just crawling, crawling to your nappies, crawling to your bottles, crawling to your rattles, to your nursery, to your playpen, crawling everywhere. Sniff my scented bottom as you crawl, what a lovely smell, Mummy's beautiful perfume."

Penelope Pansy, nose buried deep against Mummy panties, sniffed and crawled. It was a lovely scent, she did not know the fragrance but it smelled good, perhaps worshipping Ladies bottoms might not be so bad after all, she could certainly warm to sniffing a bottom like this on a regular basis. Into the changing room they went, mother and new sissy baby.

"In your best sissy lisp politely ask to be put into nappies, you want your nappies, you crave your nappies so ask for them,"

"Pweasthss puthss meesth insth Nappiessth," she lisped.

"Better than that Penelope, lisp out 'Sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy wants Mummy to put her in nappies so she can go wee wee and

poo poo in her lovely nappies. Go on lisp it out for Mummy, loud and clear.”

Penelope lisped it all out word for word in her best lisp before humiliatingly mounting the changing table to receive her first nappy of a lifetime.

“Cry for your dummy, Penelope. Loud cries and accept the dum dum into your mouth. First rule, Penelope. You keep that dummy in place at all times unless I tell you so. It can come out for thumb sucking, bottle time and din-dins time. On all other occasions, I want to hear you suckle and drool on your soother, your pacifier, your dummy, your dum-dums. Suckle sissy, suckle hard. Rule two, Penelope. You will cooperate at all times with nappy changes. You will comply with and obey all instructions. You will hold up your legs high up in the sky when told to do ‘upsies’ and put your legs down when you hear ‘downsies’. Complete obedience. If I ever have to use the straps you see above you to hold your bottom in place for a nappy change I will strap your legs up in the air before taking the matching nursery strap to your bottom, so up with your legs and let’s get you safely swaddled in your nappies.”

The submissive new baby held her legs in the air as Mummy prepared her bottom for the nappies. Firstly there was the baby oil to clean the bottom followed by what seemed like a bucket full of zinc cream.

Next, however, Penelope felt the instant enema she had laid out earlier being placed inside her tight virgin bottom hole before being squeezed out into the waiting colon and then she felt Mummy insert first one suppository and then the second. A sprinkling of baby powder before Mummy took the jug containing the rest of her golden nectar, she poured the nectar over the caged teat into the awaiting disposable nappy before pulling the first nappy in between the legs and taping it tightly into place. Then the second nappy, then the third, then the kite-shaped terry she herself had prepared and folded was brought between her legs, wrapped around her waist, tightened and pinned into place with two large pink nappy pins.

Finally, the second terry was pinned on. Her legs were splayed wide apart with the bulk of the material between her legs. It was a



funny feeling, a strange feeling, humiliating but not altogether unpleasant. In fact, judging by the feeling in her teat as it tried to expand within the confines of the cage the whole experience could have been sexually very exciting had she not been locked away. Even at that, she enjoyed the sensuous kind way in which Mummy had gently rubbed the baby oil and zinc cream all over her bottom. Nappy changes might be something to look forward to in the future.

With beautiful scented pantied Ladies' bottoms to sniff, soft sensitive hands rubbing oil and cream over her bottom Penelope started to look forward to her new life. She could be closer to women than she ever thought possible. She would never enter a woman but at least she would be close.

Mummy pulled the thick white practical plastic panty up over the huge bulk of nappies, patted her new baby on the padded bottom before pulling up the prettier pink printed plastic pants adorned with teddy bears. They were not as practical in terms of keeping all that wee wee and poo poo inside the nappy but they did look pretty on her Pansy baby. Once baby's nice warm onesie vest was snapped into place underneath the plastic panties she went over to the door to get the frilly dress, petticoat, pinny, frilly panties and bonnet that Penelope had earlier carried down. She was looking forward to seeing the sissy baby in her frillies. She hesitated, however, paused and thought for a moment.

"Penelope Pansy," she began. "I was all set to dress you in these totally adorable sissy baby clothes, but I have changed my mind. You are a baby in training and babies tend to be messy so perhaps more practical clothing is required as you learn to drool, dribble, slobber and crawl around the home exploring, getting up to mischief. I think I will put you in a lovely pink bunny rabbit all-in-one babygro or playsuit. Good, practical clothing for a baby in training and from now until Sunday evening when I will have my playtime with you all your concentration will be getting you lost in your very own baby world, a world of nappies, plastics panties, wee-wees, poo-poops, babygros, rattles, soothers, cribs, playpens, plus of course, bottles of infant formula and special golden nectar. Hold on there while I get it."

She returned with a huge baby pink babygro with the eyes, ears and mouth of a bunny rabbit clearly marked and so it was not long before Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy was all dressed up in her pink playsuit, sitting on the floor, legs splayed ready for five days of intense baby training. She once more put her nose to the scented bottom of Mummy and crawled. She followed Mummy into another bedroom where she handed baby a rattle, told her to suckle her dummy, play with her new rattle toy, legs splayed apart as Mummy herself changed out of her school teacher's clothes into something more comfortable and practical for a having a baby in the house.

Penelope sat, initially playing with her rattle as not more than ten feet away from her tormentor, this Lady who had in just a matter of hours turned her into a simpering sissy baby potty, undressed. It was all very matter of fact, no innuendo, no sexuality, just a mother quickly changing clothes with a baby in the room. She took off her formal blouse, removed a lovely lacy camisole top to reveal a full bosom covered by a practical full brassiere before unhooking her long flowing skirt to let it slip down along her legs.

Penelope was agog at the sight of this beautiful woman undressing at the other end of the room. It may have been a matter of fact, an everyday occurrence, but to Penelope it was different. She had never seen such beauty, never been entranced by such a woman before. She watched, dressed in her pink playsuit that covered her heavily napped bottom forlornly wishing that she was not a sissy baby and she could do something about it.

She watched as Mummy sat on the bed to peel off her tights, revealing what Penelope already knew to be two pairs of practical tight-fitting full-cut panty girdles that she also knew were heavily scented with a very pleasant sweetly fragrant perfume.

Penelope was lost in a world of thought when Mummy exploded.

"PENELOPE PANSY! What are you doing? Why are you not playing with your rattles and suckling your dum-dums while Mummy changes her clothes? Little babies have no interest in such boring matters as their Mummy undressing. It is a perfectly natural thing, of no interest to a baby. On your knees, Penelope Pansy, bottom up in the air. Mummy is

very cross with you, very, very cross, you silly little baby. Rattles and dummies are of far more interest to you.”

The extremely vexed Mummy, still dressed in her full panties and brassiere, unzipped Pansy’s babygro, pulled down the plastic panties, pulled down the countless layers of nappies and gave Penelope six of the best with the nursery strap, her first real sissy baby punishment. Baby cried, cried out loud as the strap crossed her bottom six times, the pain seared through her body. The totality of her sissy babyhood finally dawned on her as Mummy pinned a ‘Naughty Sissy baby’ sign done in lovely pink embroidery on a white background to the front of her bunny rabbit playsuit.

“Let that be a lesson to you Penelope Pansy, you are a BABY, a sissy BABY, a sissy BABY potty, you wear nappies and get excited by playing with rattles and suckling soothers. That is it! Nothing else. You most certainly do not gaze at your Mummy as she makes herself more comfortable. Another rule for you, you will wear the ‘naughty sissy baby’ sign for as long as it pleases me. Listen to me carefully, very carefully, if I have cause to pull down your nappies and tend to your bottom again while you are wearing your sign I shall double your punishment! Understand baby? Double punishment if you are naughty while wearing your sign, so be warned. A goodly baby is what Mummy wants, a goodly sissy baby, Penelope Pansy.”

Penelope bawled her eyes out, feeling totally sorry for herself as Mummy pulled on a great big baggy sweatshirt and scented her panties again before donning a pair of ordinary sweat pants - practical clothing indeed for having a baby in the house. Even through her tear-stained eyes, despite her freshly spanked bottom, Penelope still thought her Mummy looked alluring.

“Penelope Pansy I am still very vexed with you, in fact, I think you still do not realise you are a BABY, a nappied dummy suckling BABY and you were very very naughty, a naughty sissy BABY indeed. On your hands and knees again, bottom in the air, I am going to make a lasting impression on your bottom that you are a BABY, another twelve to remind you properly. A Mummy should never be too lenient on a BABY in training.”

As Mummy was undoing the pink bunny rabbit babygro to get access to the naughty baby's bottom, poor little Pansy, who was taken totally by surprise by this turn of events suddenly felt traces of wetness spread across her nappy area, subconsciously she was wetting her nappy! She could not believe it. She had wondered when she would wet and how she would feel about it, but it never crossed her mind that she would wet herself without thinking about and yet here she was pouring a stream of wee wee into her waiting nappies. It was a feeling of horror and relief, all in one, a true paradox. Meanwhile, a very pleased Mummy sensed the relief, instantaneously guessing what was happening.

“Is baby wetting herself? Does Penelope Pansy have a big wee wee going into her nappy? Good girl, what a goodly baby! Do you see? Being a baby is easy and you have just earned a remission of six strokes for being such a good baby, so let me know when you have finished off your wee wee and we will get your punishment over and done with quickly.”

After six more of what, if truth be told, were relatively mild strokes, on hands and knees, Penelope crawled after her Mummy, nose to the bottom. The fresh scent of the sprayed panty perfume filled her nostrils, the crawl only broken by having to bounce down the stairs on her bottom, to the sitting room. She watched as Mummy made herself comfortable on the sofa but with the two baby bottles of formula sitting on a nearby table, Penelope knew that a real moment of truth was coming.

She watched as Mummy selected the bottle of golden nectar, 16 fluid ounces that Penelope herself had poured into the bottle. She swallowed hard and waited for the command.

## Special Diet



“Cry for it, sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy. Time for potty training. Your very first feed of Mummy’s nectar, golden nectar, her special infant formula, champagne, golden champagne, wee wee, mummy’s wee wee, Mummy’s urine or perhaps as some less refined Ladies might say, piss. Mummy’s piss, a bottle of Mummy’s piss but we are much more refined in this household. It is nectar, Mummy’s golden nectar. Now cry for it, you love it, you want it, so lie on your tummy bang your handies and feet on the floor and throw a temper tantrum for it. A baby temper tantrum to get your nectar. Good baby, what a goodly obedient sissy baby potty you are. Here you are, climb into Mummy’s arms, cuddle up and take your bottle.”

The complaint meek sissy, Penelope Pansy, did as she was told, took the teat of the bottle into her mouth and with only minor prompting started to suckle her special formula, suckle the bittersweet taste of the nectar a kindly Mummy had especially produced and prepared for her.

“Good baby, make Mummy’s toilet all gone into your tummy. Your first taste of toilet. For the next month, you will feed on one bottle of nectar each day, each morning as you lie in your crib you can watch me prepare your feed, straight from the source, you can watch the flow of nectar, from me, into the jug and from the jug to the bottle. You can then cuddle against me, take the teat of your bottle into your mouth and feed your delicious, nutritious golden nectar, your favourite meal of the day. We want to make sure the baby does not get sickly by going too quickly. We must gently and gradually wean baby onto the wee wee bottle, so it’s a bottle a day for the first month with a little bit more

added as a sauce to your din-dins. Then next month you will feed on another bottle at lunchtime and gradually each month for the next year we will add a bottle. By this time next year, you will lucky enough to feed on twelve bottles of golden nectar each and every day, your main diet.

“Then in a year’s time, when you are totally trained and accepting of your special diet, you will be entitled to a lovely treat, for I have already lined up a wet nurse for you, a wet nurse nanny who will bathe you, care for you and change your stinky nappies but most importantly of all at feeding time she will undo the clasp of her nursing bra, guide your mouth to her delectable nipple and allow you feed on her natural breast milk, just like the baby you are. You will suckle and feed on one side before she transfers you to the other but it will be functional, no more, no less, purely the act of a baby feeding on the breast.

“When you have emptied out her breasts she will then place you between her legs, pull down her panties, bring your mouth right up to her and you will nurture her wee wee directly from her body, you will feed on every last drop of her nectar, direct from the source, filling your tummy from your wet nurse’s bladder until your tum tums is full of her breast milk and golden champagne, truly a meal for a princess sissy baby.

“Finally, Penelope Pansy, once a day, at din-din times, once you have been fed at the breast, feasted on her natural breast milk but before you nurture her golden champagne she will pull down her panties, place your mouth to her bottom and you will feed directly from her bottom. Din dins will be a lovely feed from your wet nurse’s bottom, a healthy chocolate roll direct from the bottom. You will open your mouth wide and feed as if your life depended on it and once done, you will wash it all down with golden nectar. And that Penelope Pansy is all you will feed on. You will become totally dependent on your wet nurse for your sustenance, her breast, her wee wee hole and her bottom. Other than when I chose to use you, nothing else will pass your lips, you will feed solely off your nanny, your wet nurse, your carer. Sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy’s life sustained entirely by a wet nurse! Exiting and delightful times ahead I think Penelope Pansy.”

The sissy listened as she slowly suckled the nectar from the bottle. Needless to say, she had never fed on nectar before and what would have horrified her only a few hours previously became, if not entirely acceptable, at least tolerable. Her initial feeling was that the taste was both sweet and bitter in one, like nothing she had ever tasted before, hardly surprising really. However, as the bottle slowly emptied out into her tummy it became harder, four fluid ounces went down fine, the next four harder, the third quarter was most definitely difficult, the taste lingering in her mouth, her tummy feeling marginally upset at this newest form of feed. Mummy, however, persisted, gently and calmly encouraging the baby to feed. The final four ounces were almost impossible, her taste buds were drowning in the by now acrid taste of the golden nectar. She wanted to stop, wanted to push the teat away from her mouth. She played with the teat, moved it between her tongue and her teeth, took her time and all the while Mummy held the bottle between baby's lips, determined that no matter how long it took, baby would finish it all.

She remained considerate, raising her voice just once or twice when she felt Pansy was delaying too long between suckles.

She was also enjoying the feeling of holding a sissy baby close to her and feeding it her own special golden champagne, not as good a feeling as strapping an errant sissy bottom but good, nonetheless. She looked forward to the day when she would have sissy weaned onto a diet of permanent Ladies nectar.

Penelope Pansy was most grateful when the bottle was gone, and while she enjoyed the cuddles and being close to Mummy it was with relief she took her place on the floor ready for baby playtime. Playtime, however, turned out to be much more tiring and onerous than she anticipated. For twenty minutes she had to chase around the room on her hands and knees after a soft ball.

Mummy would throw it, she was to laugh and gurgle excitedly before chasing after it, fetch it before gurgling and drooling again. On one occasion she caught the ball which earned her three strokes on each pandy, on another, she threw the ball too hard, another three on each hand. A third time she tired of showing huge excited enthusiasm for the game, yet another three to each palm. She would have to work

hard at getting excited over simple things like balls, rattles and cuddly toys. She spent the next half an hour on her back, rattles in both hands and attached to her ankles, energetically kicking her legs in the air, shaking her rattles and discovering her toes, while constantly being made to talk nonsensical gibberish and gurgle. Each time she slacked off in any aspect, another set of three visited the palm of each pandy earning her another three sets of three in total.

Mummy took delight in watching the baby evolve, the punishment was working. She was forcing baby to get more and more enthusiastic about playing with her toys. She would have a total baby, a sissy lost in a world of babyhood. She used every opportunity to refer to Penelope Pansy as a baby, constantly reminding her of her babyhood.

“Good Baby, keep playing, absorb yourself in your soft ball, in your rattles, in your bricks. They are a baby’s world, your world. Empty your mind of all complications and seek joy in the ball, feel its texture. Your baby life is simple, enjoy your toys, they are your amusement, your fun. Rattles, bricks, balls, nursery music, squeaky ducks! Be excited by them for you are a baby and will constantly seek pleasure in your toys. And if you do not, Mummy will help you, she will warm your pandies and bottom with the strap to teach you, to make you learn your baby ways.”

A pleased Mummy was determined to turn Penelope Pansy into a delightful happy sissy baby and now she would reinforce that babyhood, she would drive home the babyhood. Penelope Pansy would now soil herself, she would make a poo poo in her nappy, the last vestige of adulthood would be humiliatingly removed from her, her babyhood imprinted into the back of her nappy. She placed a chair in the middle of the room, directly in front of her and called the baby over to her.

The mentally and physically exhausted baby was delighted for the relief from playing. The mental effort of constantly having to show enthusiasm and excitement for all the baby things she was forced to do was taking its toll, especially as she also had to remember to gurgle, drool, suckle her dummy and generally have a constant stream of pitter-patter nonsense coming from her mouth. She was mentally shattered. Every muscle in her lower body and abdomen were also aching from the strain of constantly having to kick her legs in the air



and from trying to bring her feet to her mouth, which Mummy insisted she try to do.

“Penelope Pansy, it is time to show to the world you are truly a baby, a baby forevermore. Each and every day you will entertain me and my Lady friends by proving to yourself and to us that you are a baby, a sissy baby! Put your hands on the seat of the chair, pull yourself up, bend your legs and spread them wide apart, making sure you are facing me. Now Penelope Pansy show me how much of a BABY you are. Go on, what do you think Mummy wants baby to do? Tell me, BABY. What is BABY going to do? Show me how much of a BABY you are! Yes, Penelope Pansy, you are going to do a poo poo in your nappy, you are going to fill the back of your nappy with poo poo, your poo, poo from your bottom.

“Now scrunch up your face so Mummy can see you hard at work, Mummy and the Ladies always want to see BABY concentrate hard on filling her nappies with poo poo. Off you go, BABY. Do not make Mummy have to fetch the strap and cane. Be a goodly baby and make your poo poo into your nappy. Soil yourself, for you are a baby and sissy baby must do a number twosies in her nappy. Is it coming, baby? Is poo poo coming? Concentrate baby, push hard, push the poo poo out, out of your bottom into your nappy. Let me see you, look at me as you’re doing it. Well done, baby Penelope Pansy, a true baby. In fact, now you are truly a dirty, stinky baby with a big heavy nappy full of wee wee and poo poo, a STINKY baby. Mummy can smell the baby, she can also feel all the poo poo underneath the nappies and plastics.

“Oh yes, I can feel all your poo poo deep inside your nappies. Now fall back down on your bottom, make a big happy clap handies and gurgle. You should be very pleased with yourself, very pleased indeed. Mummy is, Mummy is very happy with her sissy baby. Come on give Mummy a hug, well-done baby.”

Penelope sat on her bottom and felt the poo spread beneath her.

“Mummy wants you to feel like a BABY at all times, to act like a BABY at all times, to be a BABY at all times so Mummy thinks it is very important that you always have a poo poo in your nappy. It reinforces your babyhood! It acts as a constant reminder that you are a BABY. Any

time you forget, just feel the poo poo in your nappy, spread out against your bottom and it will remind you that you are a delightful bouncy sissy baby, Mummy's bundle of sissy baby joy. You will therefore constantly and permanently wear a poo poo nappy.

"You will stay in that nappy until the next time you want to do a poo poo. Then you come to Mummy, tell her you want to do a poo poo. Mummy will kindly change you into a lovely fresh, sweet-smelling nappy and then you can fill it up straight away with poo poo. No dilly-dallying, a fresh nappy, a fresh poo poo a natural cycle for a sissy BABY. Mummy also, however, has a special reward for her sissy baby for she will also be making her poo-poops into your nappies.

"Yes, Penelope Pansy. Each day I will make a poo poo into one of your fresh clean nappies and then I will pin it onto your bottom so you will have the privilege of carrying my poo poo around in your nappy, squished against your bottom. If you make a poo poo every day and I make a poo poo every day you will have two nappy changes every day, more than enough for a sissy baby. In time perhaps you will train yourself to make more poo-poops each day, maybe two, maybe three so the more you make the more nappy changes you get, quite simple really, Mummy's poo poo or baby's poo always in the nappy."

Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy should have been aghast at the prospects of filling her nappy in front of this Lady. She should have been horrified at the prospect of permanently being swaddled in a soiled nappy, in particular, a nappy not even of her own making. She should have been ashamed of herself, mortified, embarrassed beyond belief and part of her was. Part of her was totally and utterly humiliated, degraded and ashamed of the situation she now found herself in. Yet, for some unknown reason, part of her accepted it

Yes, she was tired from trying so hard at her baby play as she desperately wanted to avoid another strapping. Yes, she had no more energy left to fight this latest humiliation. In reality, however, she put up very little fight in soiling her nappy in front of her Mummy. She had publically pooped herself, pooped into a nappy that she was wearing, in front of another person. How pathetic was that? How much lower could she go and yet she adored the praise she got. Mummy had given her

great praise for being such a good baby, Mummy had given her a great big hug and kiss for being such a good baby.

She loved the warmth of the hug, the kiss, the embrace, she had always longed for the warm embrace of a woman and now she had discovered if she obeyed, if she complied, if she persisted in working at her babyhood, her sissyhood, perhaps even her pottyhood (though she was less certain of that) working at being the bestest sissy baby in the whole wide world she could have such warmth and praise. It would be most certainly not the way she would have wished for or envisaged but she would have it nonetheless. It would most definitely be a mother, sissy baby potty relationship and she would most definitely be the sissy baby potty but it was warmth, it was hugs, it was kisses and cuddles. She would take it and embrace her new life.

With baby obviously tired from all her exertions and clearly soiled, Mummy decided a few minutes nap for baby and respite for her were in order. She guided Pansy, nose to her bottom once again to the playpen, gave her a bottle of milky, placed a pink blanket over her, told her to finish the bottle, place her thumb in her mouth to suckle on as she napped and wow betide her if the thumb came out of the mouth, all babies craved the thumb and sissy baby Penelope Pansy would be an out and out thumb sucker.

Baby did need her nap and within five minutes was in the land of nod busily and noisily sucking her thumb. A true baby indeed!

It was a full hour and a half later when baby awoke to peer out of the playpen, recollecting all that had happened to her that day. What was for certain was that the smell of a dirty nappy was now much more prominent, she felt uncomfortable and very conscious of her soiled state and wanted a change. No, she thought, that cannot be right. I do not want a nappy change, I want out of nappies, I want panties, lovely full silk panties caressing my bottom not a wet, soiled nappy.

A brief whimper and Mummy arrived, gushing with enthusiasm giving Penelope a huge big cuddle and a lovely kiss for her new sissy baby.

WOW, this was great! The attention of a beautiful woman at just a whimper and all the fight left her again, she half-heartedly lisped that

she had a stinky nappy and wanted a nappy change but Mummy just ignored her and Penelope did not push it.

The announcement of din time suddenly changed Penelope's demeanour as she remembered the wee wee covered mush she had mixed and prepared earlier on in the day. She had a foreboding that trouble was brewing.

She followed the bottom to the high chair, was strapped in and compliantly sat as Mummy placed her own steak dinner on the table. Mummy tied a huge white bib with 'SISSY BABY' pink lettering all over it around baby's neck before presenting sissy baby with that exact same bowl of disgusting mixed up baby food and nectar. This was not good. Mummy disappeared only to return with the large nursery strap and cane, as she put it just in case the baby does not like her din-dins.

"Babies are messy eaters Penelope Pansy thus you will have to learn to be so. Take the bowl in your hand, bring the bowl to your face, bring your face to the bowl and place your entire face into the bowl, go on, I want every bit of your face stuck into your baby mush."

Baby Penelope did as instructed.

"That's it, in it goes, your whole face, go on, more, right in, right down into the din-dins. Great baby, well done. Mummy is so very pleased with you, now out it comes and let's see? Oh yes baby, a wonderful baby din-dins face, just perfect. Now take one pandy, open it wide and place it fully into the bowl, fully covered by the mush, Oh, what a wonderfully obedient sissy baby you are, and now the other pandy. Good baby, a goodly messy obedient infant baby. I wonder which is messier? Your face, covered from forehead to chin in all your din-dins or your nappies, covered in wee wee and poo poo? A perfect sissy baby with a messy dirty smelly nappy down below matched with a messy dirty smelly face up above, the perfect sissy baby. Now use your pandies to eat all your dins-dins up. I want it all gone, every last morsel or Miss strap and Mister cane will be visiting your bottom."

The bizarre twosome, Mummy and sissy baby sat down to their respective dinners, Mummy with a glass of Chianti in hand, Baby with her bottle of infant formula, Mummy with a clean perfectly made-up face, baby with a disgustingly filthy visage absolutely covered in mush.

Mummy delicately holding her knife and fork in beautifully manicured hands, Baby with both pandies covered in the same gloop and mush. Mummy with a lovely freshly cooked succulent fillet steak and a side salad, baby with her pink plastic bowl full of vile looking soft textured, horrible brown coloured mush. Of all the humiliation that had been heaped on the sissy since the start of the day this was the most nauseating, the most crude, the most disgusting and degrading.

Yes, she was sitting in a high chair, dressed in a pink bunny rabbit all in one with a heavily soiled nappy. She had even finished off a bottle of golden nectar, sixteen fluid ounces in fact, but the thoughts of eating her baby din-dins sent shivers right through her body. It was a thoroughly ashamed, embarrassed, humiliated sissy that scooped the first piece of brown mush into her hands to place it into her mouth. Gingerly she swallowed her first mouthful, tasting the goo for the first time, cringed at the taste, looked at her bowl and burst into tears, opening weeping in front of her Mummy. How could she possibly eat all of this? Mummy was kind and gentle as she tucked into her steak and sipped at her fine red wine.

“Do not worry dear, just take your time, you are a BABY in no hurry. Mummy will give you lots of time to eat up all your din-dins and drink your formula. There, there now, do not cry. Mummy will give you a great big hug and cuddle when you are all finished. I know it is yucky and mushy and horrible but it is for sissy babies like Penelope Pansy. It helps them become more sissy-like, more baby-like, it makes them good sissy babies, it is the way you will eat all your solids, messily like a BABY from now on. So on you go, finish your lovely sissy baby din-dins.

“Anyway, Penelope Pansy. Think about this time next year when you will have your own nanny wet nurse, think about all the practice this will give you for when you are nurturing and feeding from nanny’s bottom for indeed that will be very, very messy feeding, feeding and slurping all your din-dins directly from nurse’s botty tot. I bet you are looking forward to that.”

Penelope Pansy, consoled by the soft gentle manner of her Mummy and horrified by the thought of her feeding from the bottom of her wet nurse, slowly started to feed on her din-dins, taking small amounts of the mush up into her hands to place it in her mouth

drinking down copious amounts of her sweet infant formula to make the taste go away. Mummy remained kind and patient as, morsel by morsel, the pink bowl emptied out. Baby also learnt that she could push plenty of the mush back out of her mouth into the crumb catcher, spread even more over her face and yet more onto the tray of the high chair. Suffice to say that by the time the bowl was empty, baby and her environs were well and truly a mess, much to the delight of Mummy.

Dinner over, Mummy cleaned up her baby, gave her a great big hug and kiss as promised, led her to the kitchen where the baby was allowed to play on the floor with the pots and pans as Mummy cleaned up. Next up was storytime, sweet heaven for the baby as she cuddled in the sofa in Mummy's arms to listen and gurgle as she read her a story. She pointed to the cows, the ducks, the dogs and got ever so excited at the picture of the horsey. Her babyhood already evolving to true infancy!

More playtime, more crawling, more bottles all came before, still in daylight hours, it was bedtime. Despite her nap, Baby was tired and was actually looking forward to being tucked in for the night though she was unsure about the prospects of a full 14 hours in her cot.

Nose to Mummy's scented pantied bottom Penelope followed Mummy to the nappy changing room, her first change of the day. She was by now hugely conscious of the big baby smell coming from her nappy area. She was acutely aware that her nappy was wet beyond bursting point. She badly wanted a change into a fresh comfortable nappy, she paused in her thought as she realised what she was thinking 'a change into a fresh comfortable nappy' not into lovely soft silken sheen panties but into nappies.

She wanted and wished for a nappy change.

"Does sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy need to go poo poo? No poo poo coming! You know sissy baby must always have a poo poo in her nappy! No? No more poo poos! Then Sissy baby we will have a half nappy change.

"Legs up high in the air, hold them there, and off with the first lovely pink plastic panty, then the second one and oh dear Penelope! You truly have been a goodly baby in your nappy. Mummy is very proud

of you, lots of poo poo in the nappy like a good baby. Well done, Penelope Pansy. There is nothing to be ashamed of. You are a baby and that is where your poo poo goes, into the nappy, your nappy. A BABY who goes poo poo in her nappy forevermore, a BABY who will amuse the Ladies by filling her nappy in front of them each and every day.

“Now, off with layer one, the first terry, Oh my, it is so wet and heavy with wee wee, but how disappointing, no poo poo, did Penelope not make a big enough poo poo? Now the second layer, the second terry and ah yes there is poo poo in this one, well done, that is what Mummy wants to see from her sissy baby, huge big wetties and poo-poops. Time to tackle the first disposable and the second!

“Mummy is so proud of her baby, her great big dirty smelly stinky baby. You have made Mummy so happy. Are you sure you do not want to go toilet in your nappy again? No more poo poo? Well, then you will just have to stay in that stinky filthy first nappy. That’s right Pansy I am going to leave you swaddled with that nappy squished to your bottom, with all that poo poo pressed right up against your cheeks and into your bottom hole. You will never be without a dirty soiled nappy, never. It is to be an intrinsic part of Penelope Pansy’s sissy babyhood. Forever soiled! Keep your legs up as I put you into your layers of clean nappies, first one clean disposable, then another, then a terry with some bedtime soakers for extra absorbency and then another terry. Now all snug in one soiled nappy and four fresh nappies with soakers, ready for a big night of wetting and maybe even more soiling.”

Penelope felt a fresh wave of shame cross over her as the nappies were taped and pinned into place, her bottom was uncomfortable with the mess spread wide across it, despite the clean nappies she could smell the waft coming from her bottom and now she would be sleeping with it. She kept her legs up as Mummy pulled up two tight layers of heavy plastic panties and her vest onesie was snapped back into place. Her babygro was left off as yet again her nose went to the lovely scent of Mummy’s pantied bottom and she crawled to her cot, climbed in and was strapped into a pristine white sleeping suit that she would spend the night in.

Mummy closed over the curtains, blocking out the sunlight. 7.30 was to be her bedtime, 14 hours in her crib was essential for every sissy

baby. Mummy gave her four large cuddly toys to amuse her, to keep her entertained, and the cot was now full with Penelope Pansy and the teddy bears, with room for nothing else. Mummy sat down beside the baby, took her head into her lap to feed her another bottle of infant formula, another 16 ounces of the sweet liquid, to keep fluids and poo poo flowing freely into Baby's nappies. She then ensured the baby was secure inside her sleepsuit, cuddled up in the foetal position, strapped baby's dummy into place so that it could not fall out, pulled up the side rail and then added the final inglorious ignominy of the day.

She hung the panties into which Penelope had creamed, up at one end of the cot, in full view of the baby. Her final dried up, creamed panties would stay there as a relic of her last erection, her last ejaculation, events and acts that would be but a memory to Penelope Pansy, panties that she would get to sniff and worship at close quarters each Sunday night as Mummy took her pleasure with her sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy.

Despite her predicament, Penelope actually fell asleep very quickly, surprisingly so. The day's events had taken their toll and it was after all, perhaps best not to dwell on them too much. In fact, she was still a very sleepy baby when Mummy woke her at some hour, presumably close to midnight. It was certainly dark outside, and she wished to feed her another 16 ounces of formula which she slowly suckled on while she dozed but Mummy was very patient. She had her sissy baby now and would train this sissy baby to think and act like a baby at all times but not only that, she would train the sissy to entertain her and her friends, to give her sexual pleasure, with her sissy tongue, by beating her by using the strapon up sissy's bottom.

Sissy would learn to pleasure her in any manner she or her Lady friends so chose except sissy baby would never ever come out of her cage, her chastity. The tiny teat and plums would stay locked away forever. Mummy was thrilled at her conquest and retired to bed a happy woman, looking forward to Sunday night, still five days away, when sissy would be introduced to some of the services she would provide to Mummy and her friends. Until then, Mummy would make do with her favourite vibrator and dream up more delicious ways of humiliating and babying her sissy baby while keeping herself aroused and excited.



Both Mummy and baby slept well but Mummy did have an excited sleep, an aroused sleep. She dreamed of sissy babies. She fantasised about ways in which she could use her new sissy baby. She dreamt of ways she could make sissy a true baby and wondered if she could ever get to a stage where the baby would be absolutely lost in her own baby world. She dreamt of ways in which baby could pleasure, please and pleasure her, which friends would adore the baby and find her entertaining. Three times she pleased herself, exquisitely enjoying the flow and feeling of juices coming from her most intimate of tabernacles. She enjoyed sex, she enjoyed dominance, she loved the feeling of power she had over this sissy baby and she would unashamedly exploit it to the full. She also thought about the practical issues, nappy changes, feeding, washing, ironing and all the other tasks that are associated with having a sissy baby. She had several solutions to these practical everyday problems but that was for another day as she turned her vibrator on to full power for yet another wonderful climatic orgasm.

## New Morning



Meanwhile, Penelope Pansy, despite her legs being spread wide part with the huge bulk of the soiled nappy, despite the sleepsuit that kept her in the foetal position, despite the dummy that was strapped into place, slept very soundly.

She was tired and exhausted and trying to keep positive looked forward to the next day which she felt sure would bring silk and satin panties with matching bra, lacy camisoles, a beautiful blouse and skirt and perhaps even a chance to have some secret fun in her panties. Yes, that most of all!

She awoke in daylight hours, but had no concept of the time, she listened attentively for a sign of activity but none was forthcoming. She dozed a bit more but she was soon wide awake, she sat up and played with the teddies as best she could, trying to decide what to do. She tried shouting out 'MUMMY' as loud as she could through the dummy but there was no answer. She waited and waited and waited, trapped in her cot, trapped in her sleepsuit, trapped in her nappies. She wet several times, each time fretting over the state of the nappy she was wearing. Would Mummy be cross if she leaked? What would happen if poo poo escaped out into the clean white sleepsuit? She noticed the baby monitor and tried crying out a bit more. Surely Mummy would hear her and come to her?

She became determined and cried again, louder and louder. She screamed at the top of her voice, albeit muffled by the dummy and then she heard footsteps, fast footsteps coming towards the nursery. The door opened with a clearly cross Mummy, still in her nightgown and

dressing gown striding in carrying the big thick yellow nursery strap as well as the hand strap.

“Baby Penelope Pansy! What are you doing screaming the house down at this hour of the morning? Put your pandy through the cot bars for Mummy. Now hold it out! Do it now,”

Smack, Smack, Smack.

“And the other pandy, be quick about it.”

Smack, Smack, Smack.

“I have a good mind to bring the strap to your bottom, you naughty girl. It is only 8.30 and you, young Lady, a Baby, a sissy Baby need a full 14 hours sleep each night, that is 7.30 each and every evening to 9.30 in the morning, not 8.30, not 9.00 nor 9.15 but 9.30, half-past nine. 14 hours in your cot every night sissy baby. Get used to it. No amount of crying, screeching, screaming will change it!

“Now, let your sore hands be a lesson to you! You lie in your cot until Mummy comes to get you. Now seeing as I am here, just this once I will give you an early feed, as it so happens I need to go to the toilet.”

*So much for another day, a bright new dawn bringing new horizons,* Penelope thought as she nursed her sore pandies and watched as Mummy filled a jug full of her golden nectar, poured the nectar into a baby bottle, pulled down the rails of the cot, took out the dummy and brought Penelope’s head into her lap.

“Drink up, sissy baby. A bottle of champagne first thing each morning for the next month before we start weaning you onto two. You are such a lucky baby, Penelope Pansy, a full bottle of champagne in bed for breakfast, not many babies get that. Now suckle the teat baby, drink your breakfast. Are you wet, honey? Did you do loads of wee-wees in your nappies? Good girl. Mummy likes her babies to be wet and soiled, and I certainly know you are soiled. Mummy has a special present for you at get-up time. Yes! Mummy did a poo poo into one of your fresh nappies last night so we can take off all of those yucky nappies you are wearing, give you a great big clean, a lovely sissy bath, catch up with tending to your bottom with the strap for all your naughtiness and then pin you into a nappy full of Mummy’s poo poo and maybe even wee.

There is more wee wee in the jug over there so would it not be nice for you to wear that as well? What a special nappy that would be for Penelope Pansy.

“I still have lots of preparation to do for a great big baby day ahead, Penelope so take the bottle and, finish it off by yourself. Put your head on the pillow, take teddy in one arm place your thumb in your mouth and go back to sleep. You must get 14 hours in your cot or you will be a cranky baby all day. Make sure you have that bottle finished by the time I come back and make sure you have your thumb in your mouth.

“I want a nice sucky baby. See you later and remember never, ever cry for attention in the morning time again or you will be a very sorry baby, a very sorry baby indeed.”

Penelope took the bottle still half full with nectar, laid her face in the pillow and gently sobbed at her predicament. Still bound in her sleepsuit there was little she could do except gradually finish the bottle, suck her thumb and wait, wondering what the day would bring but all her expectations of silken lingerie had long since vanished to be replaced by nappies, plastics, baby mush, spankings, rattles and bottles with some compensation if she was goodly of kisses, hugs cuddles and lots of praise if she performed her baby tasks well.

Penelope whiled away the time until sometime later a kinder more considerate Mummy arrived, fully dressed in a simple pair of jeans, shirt and jumper, her long black hair flowing freely down her back. Mummy was now full of life and ready for another day of sissy baby training. She gave her baby an exuberant kiss and hug, laid baby's head on her lap before kindly stroking baby's hair as she fed baby a bottle of infant formula.

She had a delightful plan for the day, a full day of sissy baby training and humiliation. She had even planned in two naps anticipating that she would have to tend to and look after that luscious warm feeling between her legs. Oh yes, she was excited and even the hot morning shower had not cooled her ardour for the task ahead as that lovely tingling feeling sprinkled through her entire body. She would torment the sissy baby with a range of emotions. She would be kind and

considerate one minute, cross and cruel the next. She would freely give hugs and kisses only to a moment later take a strap to the panties. The baby would never know, never suspect what was coming next and would be on tenterhooks throughout the day. Work was never supposed to be this pleasant.

Baby suckled on the infant formula, sweet and all as it was, she was thankful that it was not another bottle of Mummy nectar. She craved release from her filthy nappy and excitedly stuck her face to Mummy's jeaned bottom as she crawled into the changing room. Obediently, she sucked her thumb trying not to think too much about what was happening as Mummy tended to the inglorious task of peeling off the layers of sodden filth that encased the baby's bottom.

Mummy tended to the dirty task with a gusto that took Penelope by surprise.

*How could anyone be so cheery changing a dirty nappy? Especially a dirty soiled sissy baby nappy?*

But bright and cheery she was. A compliant baby, legs held high up in the sky, thumb in mouth enjoyed the banter and good form of her Mummy. It gave her hope for the day ahead and the morning sissy bath was absolutely luxurious, a long hot bath covered in huge soft suds smelling of roses and lavender, her Mummy gently and caringly cleaning and scrubbing every bit of her sissy baby, playing with her, laughing with her, tenderly oiling her sore bottom which was in the early stage of nappy rash. It was bliss, pure baby heaven, sissy baby heaven.

At that instant, Penelope thought her Mummy was the best in the whole wide world and was such a lucky sissy baby. Her hair was washed in a lemon and lime shampoo, Mummy enchantingly massaging the shampoo into Penelope's scalp before she placed small tight rollers into the hair as she wanted a baby with lots of tight baby curls.

Mummy had a huge thick pink warm bathrobe to dry off the baby. Baby felt warm, cosy and loved inside the robe as Mummy wiped her dry. The day was looking up.

A warm happy but curious Penelope sitting on the floor in her bathrobe then watched as Mummy again filled up a jug with her warm

nectar and called Penelope over.

“Time for potty training again, Penelope,” she explained. “Remember that you are a BABY, a Sissy and a potty, a potty to the Ladies. Head over the toilet bowl please I want to rinse out your hair with my nectar, my wee wee, a special rinse, Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy’s rolled hair is going to be set and dried in Mummy’s wee wee, a delightful humiliation to get the day started. It cannot be all pampering and bathing for a sissy baby. Smell the nectar first, head to the jug and breath in that aroma, the essence of Mummy, big breaths in, out, in, out, and now head over the toilet bowl this instant.”

Penelope, meek as ever, obeyed. She closed her eyes as Mummy slowly, deliberately and with great care poured the entire jug over her hair, making sure that not a single strand escaped the golden liquid. She felt it roll over her forehead, her cheeks, her chin, even up her nose before cascading into the toilet bowl. The high of cuddling up close to Mummy drinking her bottle now superseded by another shameful, humiliation to which there seemed to be no end.

She then felt the heat of the drier setting her head of curler full wee wee drenched hair. She would soon be a mass of tightly curled nectar smelling hair whenever Mummy chose to take the rollers out, but that could be a while away yet. Hair all prepared, Penelope, feeling cold and still in her birthday suit, crawled after Mummy, out of the bathroom back towards the nappy changing room.

As she crawled into the hallway the words she had been dreading came:

“You know where to go Penelope Pansy, Mummy has had no access to your bottom since your first nappy. What a great advantage of having a poo poo filled nappy but Mummy has to have her fun now, Mummy has to remind sissy baby, Penelope Pansy of her naughtiness, remind her to be a goodly baby, teach her to be a goodly baby, teach her to do all her baby tasks well, so that means a strapping, a strapping on the bottom, a strapping on the sissy baby bottom with the big thick yellow nursery strap.

“Get into position, Penelope,” she ordered. “Prepare yourself, baby, for your morning spanking. Let me see now, since poo poo nappy time

yesterday I had to give you a total of twelve sets of three on each Pandy, that's three by twelve makes 36. Thirty-six with the strap sissy baby. Prepare yourself, suckle hard on your dummy."

Mummy, flush with the usual excitement she got at spanking time started, not too hard, but enough to make a point, enough to cause a whimper, to get a reaction, the first six, a pause, six more, another pause, six quick ones, a pause, six slow ones, a pause, six really fast ones and so the final six remained, six hard ones, six to remember, six to cause lots of pain. Mummy was disappointed when it was done but then she had an inspiration.

"Penelope, silly me, I had forgotten, I had to warm your pandies this morning! Remember, you were a naughty little girl wanting to get out of your cot so early? You created such a fuss! That means three more Penelope, but it means more, it means the total is 39, that means three with the cane, Penelope, the crooked handled nursery cane, everything over 36 always with the cane and then the daily reminder to worship, obey, respect all Ladies makes another one so four with the cane.

"One, Two, Three and the final one, the one for the Ladies, the extra special hard one, FOUR. Enough nonsense, Penelope. It's time to dwell on your naughtiness now. Every strapping has thinking time, corner time, a time for baby to assess why she was bold and naughty and how she will correct herself, how she will try to be a goodly baby, a goodly sissy, a goodly potty. Now is it to be under the stairs with a wet nappy to the head, or in the cupboard with a poo poo nappy? The rules are clear, Penelope. More than 36 and it is the cupboard, so the cupboard it is. No choice to be made, the cupboard, plain and simple. Crawl after me."

Penelope, bottom absolutely on fire and tingling with pain, crying yet again, eyes in floods of tears followed, she sat legs straddled apart at the cupboard door. She watched as Mummy laid out a wet sodden terry nappy on the floor only to place a poo-poo filled disposable inside. To her partial relief, the disposable was clearly only the second layer of her nighttime nappy for it was obviously stained and dirty but nothing like the disgusting layer that had pressed against her tender skin throughout the night and the previous afternoon. Mummy debated and

toyed with herself, would sissy see it as a sign of weakness if she eased the punishment? After all, it was her first time. She would put sissy baby in the cupboard, she would pin a nappy to her head, she would use the spreader bar on the ankles and hands to stop tampering, she would leave sissy there for 15 minutes but would she force on sissy the ultimate degradation?

She made up her mind.

Just twenty short minutes later Penelope Pansy had her legs high up in sky, her purple red and pink bottom, still smarting, with three small stripes and one large welt on view to the world as Mummy oiled, creamed and powdered the small, cute derriere in preparation for her nappies.

Mummy showed sissy the nappy, the pre-soiled disposable nappy, full of a poo poo made by Mummy. She made sissy kiss the nappy and ask to be put into the nappy, to cry to be put into the nappy, Baby was to let the whole world know that she wanted to wear the nappy full of Mummy poo-poops.

Mummy laid the nappy out under the waiting bottom, brought baby's legs down such that the sissy bottom plopped straight down into the waiting fill. She teased the baby, enjoying baby's discomfort, and from somewhere another jug of wee wee appeared and Mummy took great delight in pouring it into the nappy over the tightly caged teat and plums of the mortified sissy baby. Baby would have the honour and privilege of spending the next few hours in Mummy's poo poo and wee wee, a real treat for her sissy baby.

She brought the nappy up over the legs, taped it in place, tight, very tight, she raised baby's legs in the air and gave the extra padded bottom three hard swats, before making baby bounce up and down on her bottom in excitement.

Entertainment finished, a pleased Mummy prepared baby for the day with the usual two more disposable and two terries, followed today by two heavy yellow plastic panties and a plain white onesie vest.

The day was only just beginning and already Penelope had experienced a huge range of highs and lows, a variety of emotions, of excitement, of warmth, of happiness, of shame, of humiliation, of tender



caressing, of angry thrashings. It was mental torture, a step into the total unknown and yet she still loved the closeness of this woman, she found the warm embrace of Mummy hugely comforting despite all that had occurred.

Having gotten over the terrible strapping which she really struggled to cope with, in fact, she would say she did not cope with it, the biggest disappointment of the day so far was when Mummy put her, not into a pretty flouncy floral sissy dress, nor into her bunny rabbit playsuit, but into a figure-hugging tight yellow babygro with printed teddy bears that totally and utterly emphasised her babyhood. No one could have possibly considered her to be anything other than a baby the previous day, but the large bunny rabbit playsuit hid the nappy, perhaps, just perhaps, an observer might not suspect that thick layers of sodden, soiled nappies lay within the playsuit.

Today would be different, however, there was no room for imagination, no room for doubt, the thick nappies stuck out for all to see, a skinny baby with a shameful huge napped bottom plain for all to see. This was a baby, a total and utter baby, the precise message Mummy wanted to get across.

Breakfast in the high chair brought a huge bowl of white mushy baby rice mixed with infant formula to which Mummy had added a taste of nectar. Alas for Penelope, the lesson of the previous day had not been learned so it was only after three stokes on each of Pansy's pandies that the sissy stuck her entire face and then each of her hands in turn onto the gooey mess that was breakfast.

Every mealtime was to be the same for the poor sissy. There was only one way for the sissy baby to eat! Pleasingly, even though she detected a most definite taste of nectar in the rice the meal was actually palatable so despite the humiliating mess at least Penelope found it easy to finish off the bowl and please Mummy greatly for which great praise was received.

The rest of Sissy's morning was to be the way her morning would be from now. Soiled and wet, dressed in her horrible babygro she had to force herself to excitedly play at all the baby games that were put in

front of her. There would be zero mental stimulation; her mind would be turned to mush, just like her food.

The strap was never far away as any slackness earned a pair of sore pandies. Mummy was patient but determined in her training of the baby, she spent 20 minutes on the floor, building up bricks forcing Pansy to knock them over and get all excited about it.

She placed the baby into her baby reins, held on to her as she forced her to waddle three to five steps and fall over, never six, never under any circumstances would she ever wobble forward six simple steps. She threw a ball, made baby waddle three steps, fall over, and crawl the rest of the way to fetch the ball and gurgle in joy.

Mummy had spent time researching every conceivable baby activity imaginable and her baby would be become an expert in each and every one, but not even in one would she find the slightest stimulus. A cotton wool mind was the aim for her sissy baby.

After what seemed like hours to sissy, but in reality, was short enough, Mummy brought sissy back to the nursery, baby reins in hand, three wobbly waddly steps and oops down goes baby, up again, three more steps, down again, Mummy all the time encouraging great big falls onto the padded bottom.

Sissy's mind, awash with emotions at her continued babyhood, went into turmoil at the announcement that she was to be put into a beautiful sissy party dress, a very pleasing development to sissy who unbelievably actually found herself clapping her hands in excitement at the prospect, her first true sissy baby reaction, only all be to undone with the scary news that Mummy was having guests for a late lunch, hence the new dress.

Sissy was shocked, her baby status would be announced to the world. She would be an item of public ridicule, dressed in nappies and put on display to all of Mummy's friends, to entertain and amuse them, to be laughed at, mocked, riled.

Sissy sat on the bed as her printed babygro came off and Mummy sniffed baby's bottom and found the scent of a dirty baby nappy, soiled not even by baby but by her Mummy.

“Do you like your soiled nappy, Penelope? Is it a lovely nappy? Are you proud to wear my poo poo in your nappy, baby? It will be time for your poo poo soon. Not now, but soon, when the Ladies are here. Let’s have a look inside your plastic panties. Oh yes, Mummy can see you are wet right out to the terry’s, well done, wee wee, lots of wee wee. Mummy will just place this tube deep into your nappy, place the funnel right up to her.”

Mummy took a funnel connected to the tube and places it between her legs and began to pee.

“Do you feel that sissy baby, do you feel Mummy’s wee wee going into your nappy, is your nappy getting heavier and soggy with Mummy’s wee-wee? Is it making the poo poo all yucky and soft against your bottom? Is everything getting all squishy? You *do* make a wonderful toilet, a highly recommended toilet.”

Penelope felt the warm liquid flow across her bottom, around her loins, felt the nappy getting heavy but she was so wet and had wet herself so often it felt no different, it was just wee wee going into her nappy. She would get used to it. She would have to get used to it.

She took true delight at the selection of dresses Mummy waved in front of her. She hoped she would get to wear them all. Some were plain enough but some were simply magnificent, dresses fit for a princess. She saw one in particular in taffeta with a large royal blue skirt, a white and blue bodice with beautiful inlaid sleeves and a magnificently stunning embroidered neckline. Not what she would really call a sissy dress, but none of them were. Mummy put a sample of dresses up against her and Penelope’s eyes lit up. Dresses like these were more like debutant dresses and she became hopeful that lunch would be good after all.

She wondered if she could select matching jewellery, already forming ideas of what would suit. She watched as Mummy closed the door of the closet to open another. Penelope’s heart sank as Mummy pulled out the sissiest, frilliest, shortest, silliest dress Penelope had ever seen. It was pink of course, large ‘SISSY’ lettering printed over the entire dress, fluffy long sleeves covered in hundreds of small white bows, a very high hugely frilly collar almost like a neck cast with a skirt

that started from way up the above the waist that flowed out and wide under which there must have been fifteen layers of petticoats.

It was horrendous.

There was a huge pair of disgusting-looking baby pink knee-length bloomers with white ruffles going right down the leg. The only part without ruffles was the 'seat' area on which, in huge big lettering, "STINKY SISSY BABY" was emblazoned. The bonnet was of monstrous proportions stretching about two feet out and eighteen inches up into the air. An array of ribbons, bows, ruffles and lace flowed from the bonnet but plain for all to see was the wording "SISSY BABY".

"You, sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy are going to be dressed as the most ridiculous sissy baby in the whole of England. A specimen sissy baby. A delectable sissy to be mocked and laughed at. While the Ladies are here you will remember everything you have learnt over the past day, everything I have taught you, you will put into practice. You will behave exactly as I want, as I have trained you. One mistake and I will put you on a punishment regime for a full week.

"You are a SISSY BABY POTTY and will behave like one at all times. You will crawl to the ladies when they arrive, kiss their feet, lie prostrate on the ground such that they can walk on you or over you, a gesture of submission and honour, a sign of recognition by you that they are superior to you in every way. You will present each Lady with a strap or a cane and politely tell them that you would be greatly honoured and thankful if they gave you three strokes each at nappy time.

"Most importantly, Penelope Pansy, you will shout loud that you want to go poo poo. I will give you poo poo medicine in a minute, castor oil and prune juice. You will hold your poo poo until the Ladies come, I will change you to a fresh clean nappy, I will clean your filthy behind and after we each spank it, strap it and cane it, I will soothe and cream your tender bottom, oil it and powder it, pin you into fresh nappies and then you will perform for the Ladies. You will fill your nappy full with poo poo in front of the Ladies, just as you did for me yesterday. You look gorgeous Penelope, a true sissy baby in that magnificent dress. Follow Mummy"

Penelope, feeling stupid and silly in the dress and increasingly nervous about visitors, placed her nose to Mummy's jeaned bottom and crawled, crawled to another bedroom.

"Penelope, Mummy has to change into nice clothes now, so you play with your rattles and bricks while Mummy freshens up. Remember yesterday Penelope, I do not want a repeat of yesterday. Focus on your toys, your rattles, think about your dirty soiled bottom, about filling your nappy with wee wee, gurgle and play."

For the second time in 24 hours, Mummy stripped down to her panties and brassiere, Penelope played furiously with her toys, she gurgled and cooed. She glanced as Mummy moved in and out of the ensuite. She saw Mummy dressed in a luscious bathrobe all wrapped around her soft, unblemished skin. She heard the shower and played even harder at her rattles. She was going to avoid punishment, focus on her toys, not on the stunningly beautiful naked woman showering in the room next door. As she felt a stirring in her cage the realisation came that no such treats would be for her. She was a sissy baby and destined to be so forever.

She knew that at some stage women would take their pleasure by beating her, by her tongue caressing their most sensitive of parts or perhaps by a massage of her hands but never would she, herself, gain sexual pleasure, her only pleasure was in the knowledge that the Lady she was worshipping was pleased with her performance. He would have to get used to the screaming delights of a Lady while she remained in effect a sexless sissy.

Mummy reappeared, wet hair hanging loose over the bathrobe held tight against her. She wandered around tidying, preparing bits and pieces, tied her hair up in a towel, sat on the bed, dried herself off, painted her toenails and her fingernails. Penelope watched as best she could still trying to focus on her rattles. Mummy selected two fresh pairs of her favourite panty girdles, showed them to Penelope, sprayed a 'morning dew' scent all over them, and placed them under Penelope's nose to sniff.

Penelope was distraught. She yearned to get close but dared not. The tease was killing her, driving her demented and so she focused on

her nappies. She was a stinky soiled sissy baby. She had just wet her nappies a few minutes earlier. She was a baby. This Lady saw her as a sissy baby, a toilet in fact.

*Don't delude yourself, Penelope. You are doomed.*

She focused on her rattles again.

*Be real, Penelope. You are a sissy lost in chastity.*

Mummy reappeared out of the bathroom, wearing the fresh clean scented panties with a new brassiere. She brought her bottom to Penelope's face, Penelope, sniffed the scent, and inhaled again, a fusion of morning dew plus the citrus and lime body wash Mummy had used to wash herself. Penelope thought of Mummy showering herself only feet away in the room next door, but all out of reach of Penelope. It may as well have been Goa beach on a sultry Asian summer's day. It all proved too much for her and in one careless moment of weakness her hands caressed Mummy's bottom, most definitely tenderly but an overly firm caress nonetheless, a caress that she instantly regretted.

Mummy, immensely satisfied at her tease, was inwardly thrilled that the tease had elicited a caress, a wonderful temptation had been put in front of the sissy, a temptation that Penelope could not resist. It was a victory for Mummy that gave an excuse for punishment.

She did not explode in a temper, she soothingly, softly calmly scolded the baby, reminding Penelope that she was a baby and nothing more than a baby. Baby would have to suffer a great punishment for the touch on Mummy's bottom, a bottom that she would one day worship and clean with her tongue but for now was strictly off-limits for a sissy baby trainee. The Ladies would discuss the punishment over lunch.

## Visitors



Penelope, conscious of her grievous error, was on utmost best behaviour for the Ladies - 'Aunty Rebecca' and 'Aunty Maureen' as she was to call them.

She obeyed instantly and played her baby role to a tee. She showed great reverence to the Ladies and freely accepted the humiliations they heaped upon her hoping that her punishment would be forgotten about. To Penelope's dismay, it soon became apparent that Aunty Rebecca had a rogue streak in her - taking great delight in tormenting the new baby in any manner she could. The final ignominy came when she took sissy's luncheon bowl of mush, placed it between her legs, and filled the entire bowl to the lip with her golden nectar. A horrified Penelope watched and deliberated on her choices - take the bowl of mush, swimming in the warm fresh nectar, and instantaneously throw her face into the bowl as she had been trained to do or hesitate and face possible dire consequences.

Afraid of the punishment already earned and anxious to keep Mummy happy Penelope took the bowl, enthusiastically buried her face deep into the nectar-covered bowl of mush such that her entire face became a filthy disgusting mess of mush. Then with equal exuberance, she placed both pandies into the bowl. The Ladies were enthralled at how the sissy baby had voluntarily and so excitedly degraded and humiliated herself.

They praised and congratulated her on being such a wonderful sissy baby, promising her a life full of humiliation, all to please and entertain the Ladies.

Penelope, pleased at the response, ate her mush as she listened to the Ladies discuss all the humiliating tasks they could make sissy baby do but in particular how best to punish her for her earlier indiscretion of fondling her Mummy's bottom. Penelope cringed as all sorts of lurid and horrible punishments were openly discussed, some she knew to be a bit extreme but worrying nonetheless.

She should get 100 strokes of the cane, she should be castrated immediately by crushing her plums with stones, she should be clinically castrated, her tiny teat should be chopped off with a carving knife. Unrealistic, but still Penelope felt a degree of discomfort, especially as Auntie Rebecca was quite enthusiastic about these punishments.

Penelope's discomfort grew as horrible but more plausible punishments are discussed, her nappies should be nettled, she should be left in an unchanged nappy, confined to her cot for 48 hours and left to develop a nasty nappy rash, Mummy should put her on a diet of nothing but ladies wee wee immediately. She should feed from her nappy, she should be made incontinent, she should be branded. The list went on and on horrible, disgusting punishments for a simple innocent mistake. Mummy, however, was feeling good. She was pleased with sissy's performance, pleased with the baby's regression and Auntie Maureen was a kindly Lady who felt Penelope Pansy would make a delightful cuddly baby once fully trained.

After a wonderful lunch and plenty of wine, the Ladies decided that twelve lashes of the cane would suffice, but they would be lashes, full proper lashes of the cane on a naked sissy baby bottom, to punish the sissy baby to remind her that Ladies bottoms can only be worshipped and cleaned with a sissy tongue.

Yes, sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy would be spending lots of time kissing, worshipping, licking, teasing, titillating, and exploring Ladies bottoms with her tongue. She would crave a Lady's bottom, she would come to enjoy and look forward to the time she spent under a bottom. She would learn to tenderly kiss and explore the womanly orbs presented to her, to sensitively lick the bottom, to slowly and gently excite the Lady before coming to the highlight of her day, those moments spent sniffing and tasting a naked bottom sitting on her face, her tongue probing deep inside the bottom hole, the Lady getting more



and more excited, pressing her bottom down harder and harder into the sissy's face until the sissy either brings the Lady to a wonderful climax or suffocates under the bottom. While the Lady is relaxing in the soft calm afterglow of her orgasm the frilled sissy baby will crawl forlornly to the corner to fill her thick soiled nappy with wee wee through her caged, encased and frustrated teat.

Her tummy full to the brim of the nectar laced mush, Penelope Pansy, face and hands absolutely covered in her baby food, longed for a nap to escape the shame of her future life being laid out in front of her. She repeatedly had to tell the Ladies how she loved her nappies, how she would be a goodly adorable baby, how she wanted to be their baby, how she would keep her nappies soiled and wet, how she loved her sissy dresses, how she would play with her rattles, how she wanted to be a sissy baby forevermore, to always be in nappies, frillies, dresses, and bonnets, how she would be the bestest toilet ever to the Ladies. She would love and cherish their nectar, lick them clean, and how one day she hoped she would be considered worthy enough to nurture from their bottoms.

Aunty Maureen was a mature Lady, Penelope guessed in her fifties, was plump, to say the least, but elegantly dressed in a tweed skirt with a rather ornate yellow blouse. She had short shoulder-length brown hair with a fringe that came down over her forehead and led to a very pretty feminine wrinkle-free face that if never beautiful was still very attractive. The yellow blouse emphasised her large breasts which Penelope assumed to be about an 'E' cup but were in proportion to her ample but firm bottom. She immediately took a shine to the baby and was more than pleased to be asked by Mummy to help sissy in her baby training.

While Aunty Rebecca got lots of pleasure from caning sissies and was looking forward to the imminent set of twelve lashes that were coming up, Aunty Maureen was surprised by how her nest down below was warm and wet in excitement at seeing this sissy baby. There was something wonderfully erotic in seeing a fully grown man dressed in a beautiful intricate baby dress, bloomers and bonnet behaving like a baby.

But it was more than that. It was the thought of the huge thick soiled nappies covered over by plastic panties that really excited her. She found it hard not to touch herself under the table at the thought of the permanent humiliation of the sissy by having her permanently swaddled in thick dirty soaking wet wee wee filled nappies covering over a permanently caged tinkle. She found herself wondering about the practicalities of looking after a baby forevermore. Could she train this sissy to be lost in a Babyland, to seek delight in simple baby toys, to seek delight in the comfort of her arms, to act and behave in a totally infantile baby way until she required the sissy tongue for pleasure or to go to the toilet? Could she keep the baby in terry nappies only? She would get pink ones, huge big thick ones that would create a huge mass between the baby's legs.

She agreed with Mummy that baby must be soiled and wet at all times. Baby would be changed twice a day, once when the baby came to her to tell her she was ready to fill a fresh nappy full of poo poo and once when Mummy had prepared a nappy full of her own poo poo for baby to wear. A baby, a toilet, and a sissy in one cuddly, totally subservient package. Blissful!!

With lunch being over, Mummy wiped baby's face and pandies clean. It was nice to have a clean face and hands again, unlike her bottom which would never ever be clean again, permanently swathed in wee wee and poo poo filled nappies.

Sissy baby felt the urge to go poo poo. She knew she had the caning to face and yet she also knew that despite the massive layers of disposable and terry she badly needed a change. She was truly a soiled and sodden baby. She had also promised Mummy to be a goodly baby and show her Aunties how baby like she was by filling her nappies in front of them, to entertain them, to make them laugh and ridicule her, to show to them that she would be a nappied sissy baby for the rest of her life.

"Mummy, Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy please makes poos in my nappies?" she lisped outrageously.

"What a goodly baby you are for asking so nicely. Of course, you can dear. You can entertain your Aunties by showing them how you love

to soil your nappies. Would you like to see baby soil her fresh nappies, Ladies? Yes? Good! That is decided. Baby will soil herself after her caning and once she is securely swaddled into her beautiful fresh sweet-smelling nappy. Down from the high chair baby and let's get to your punishment."

To this day sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy wonders how she ever survived the blistering caning she got that afternoon. Mummy was not joking when she said baby would get lashed with the cane for taking the liberty to place her pandies on Mummy's bottom without permission. The excoriating pain of the six Mummy delivered has only ever been surpassed by the three wicked, cruel strokes she received from Auntie Rebecca who took immense pleasure in laying two huge weals across both cheeks of the bottom before laying a third across the tops of the naughty baby's legs. To tease the sobbing baby further she traced her index finger across each of the three weals in turn. The tears, shrieks and cries from Penelope Pansy left the three Ladies in no doubt but that this was truly a sissy baby.

Auntie Maureen felt sorry for the poor baby, the little cherub and was far more anxious to get the baby back into nappies where she belonged rather than cane her, much to the disgust of Rebecca but in some way to the relief of Mummy thus she quickly delivered three gentle taps of the cane to the baby bottom. That punishment rests with Sissy baby Penelope Pansy to this very day.

It was the defining moment of her fall into babyhood, the moment she decided to become a perfect adult baby, to love and cherish her nappies, to adore her sissy dresses and bonnets, to play full-heartedly with her toys, her rattles, and cuddly toys. She even decided that she would be a lovely toilet to the Ladies, she would hungrily suckle and drink every fluid ounce of nectar given to her. Never again would she be punished so.

A normally placid and quiet Auntie Maureen absolutely insisted that she put the baby back into her nappies and even more than that she persuaded a very reluctant Mummy to allow her to use terry nappies only. Being a practical sort of woman, Mummy was concerned that it would be her facing up to the stinky mess the following morning and left with the task of soaking, washing, cleaning, sterilising and

drying the terries. Aunty Maureen, however, promised to call over at 11.00 the next day to tend to Baby's dirty bottom and her discarded nappies.

As baby lay on the table, legs in the air, her aunty fussed and bothered about the place, treating and creaming the sore tender bottom, sorting out for fitting six absolutely huge soft white terries as well as finding two suitable sized baby pink ginormous plastic panties. Baby felt consoled and comforted by the constant pitter-patter of baby talk. She felt truly baby-like as rash cream was liberally spread all across her bottom and as the first two layers of warm fabric were pulled up between her legs and pinned into place.

Her teat stretched and quivered in its cage as the third and fourth layers were pinned on until finally nappy five and six were tightly and securely wrapped around her loin and waist. In just a few minutes she would squat holding onto a chair, scrunch up her face and prove that she could be a goodly baby, she would obediently fill her nappy for her kindly aunty and for the next seventeen hours would continue to make wee-wees and poo-poops into her nappies, for yes they were her nappies, and she had to use them. She was a baby and must use her nappies. She must keep the Ladies entertained. Indeed the Ladies were entertained by the display of babyhood put on by Penelope Pansy. They truly enjoyed the big red face busily concentrating on filling her nappies from her bottom hole. They enjoyed the sight of the huge bulk of nappy that kept baby's legs so far apart she genuinely would struggle to walk if she were allowed to.

Aunty Maureen, however, was not only entertained, but she was also hugely sexually excited by the sight, much more so than she imagined. Her own large panties that covered her ample bottom were wet with her love juices so much so that she lost control of herself and so as baby filled her nappies, the shy, reticent Aunty Maureen openly played with herself in front of the baby and the other two Ladies. Mummy, who had known Maureen all her life, was thrilled at this development, an obvious soul mate to help her care for and tend to the sissy baby. Penelope Pansy's fate was sealed. Lifelong sissy babyhood was a certainty now that the work would be shared.

Once Aunty Maureen and Penelope had satisfied their different needs, Mummy decided it was time to show them all her secret, a secret she had even kept from Pansy.

She led the inquisitive troop up two flights of stairs with baby crawling behind and opened the door to the most magnificent adult sissy baby nursery you could possibly imagine.

A large pink wooden cradle was the centrepiece and cradle it was for it had a lace-covered canopy, was on a rocker and had a baby pink duvet with a large teddy bear imprinted on it. It was smaller than the cot baby had slept in the previous night. In fact, baby would just about fit into the cradle.

It would be snug, warm and cosy for the precious sissy baby. Two walls were covered in open wardrobes packed with a most wonderful array of sissy baby dresses, pinks, yellows, reds, greens, purples, lilacs.

The shelves on top were crammed with bonnets, some small and pretty others the most horrendous creations of sissyhood known to womankind, great big huge bonnets emblazoned with ribbons, bows, laces and trimmings.

A third wall was packed with shelf upon shelf of baby toys, rattles, cuddly teddy bears, bricks and lost more while finally, the fourth wall contained nothing but nappies. Layer upon layer of terry nappies, white nappies, pink nappies, yellow nappies, purple nappies, lilac nappies, mauve nappies and purple nappies.

Penelope gazed in amazement, there must have been hundreds of nappies.

“Yes, Penelope, all for you to wear and use,” she explained. “Yes, most importantly to use! One hundred white nappies, one hundred pink nappies and fifty of each of the others, a total of 450 nappies all especially for you to fill with wee wee and poo poo.

“Swaddled in six nappies at a time, two nappy changes a day means eighteen nappies a day, one hundred and twenty-six nappies a week, 6,552 nappies a year for a lifetime, each and every one to be wet and soiled by sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy! Yes, you! You will love

and cherish wearing your nappies, you will proudly show them off to one and all for you are a baby, a sissy baby.“

Even more striking was the ceiling. It was covered with a canopy of plastic panties, in all shapes, sizes, colours and patterns. Plastic panties printed with ducks, babies, bricks, soothers, fairies, baby bottles, teddies, a myriad of shapes.

Line upon line of plastic panties each hanging individually from rows of cord crossing the ceiling. Most were absolutely huge obviously designed to go over the thick layers of padded nappy that Penelope Pansy was wearing and would be wearing until the end of her days. Truly a cacophony of plastic panties! The soft luxurious thick pile baby pink carpet was heavily patterned with nappy pins the clasp of each pin printed with a nappied teddy bear.

There was also a large pink playpen with a musical mobile hanging over the pen, the standard large rocking horse but unusually, the fleece of the horse was also in baby pink and also neatly tucked away in a corner was a pram - the largest pram the Ladies or baby had ever seen, it was in the old fashioned perambulator style with hood and unbelievably was also in pink. Aunty Maureen was mesmerised by it all and even Aunty Rebecca was taken in awe at the sheer scale and decorative effect of this most magnificent sissy baby nursery.

For Penelope Pansy, this was to be her world, a world of complete and utter sissy babyhood, every available space within her nursery a constant reminder that she was a sissy baby.

Mummy then introduced the Ladies and sissy to what she regarded as the showpiece. Placed beside the cradle was an unusual-looking tall soft cushioned high back chair. The seat came out in a 'v' shape which, even to Penelope Pansy, did not leave much room for imagination as to its purpose. A Lady could sit in magnificent comfort her legs spread apart giving delicious access for a sissy tongue to her most delicate parts. Mummy then showed how part of the bottom of the seat came off so the tongue could gain access to a Lady's bottom. Baby would place her head underneath the chair, the Lady pressed a button making the chair slowly move down over the waiting sissy baby face

and tongue, the Lady having full control as to how close she desired her bottom to be to the worshipping face, all the while sitting in comfort.

“This most magnificent chair, Ladies, is where sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy can worship and please your every whim, keeping you in comfort as Pansy uses her tongue to full effect, to bring you untold delights. It is also the chair where the baby will nurture and feed from her nanny. Nanny will sit on her throne as baby busily nurses her nectar direct from Nanny’s golden source, filling her tummy to the brim with the champagne six, seven, eight times a day and once a day, yes once a day at din-din times baby will place herself under nanny’s bottom and nurse from Nanny’s bottom, she will open her mouth wide and feed on her baby mush as Nanny slowly but surely pushes the feed out of her bottom into the waiting hungry baby. And finally Ladies, it is, of course, a toilet chair where Ladies can go to the toilet into or onto the baby potty.

“You can use this funnel and tubing to fill the baby’s nappy, or to fill her tummy, you can place her head in this container and shower her or once a week. When I have a party of Ladies over, I will ask you to use this funnel. Follow me.”

Baby and Ladies followed Mummy as she opened a door into a large ensuite, where there was a sink, a modern bath but no toilet. There was also a small, old fashioned standalone Victorian bath, just about big enough for an adult.

“If Cleopatra, Ladies, can bathe in milk then sissy baby Penelope Pansy can bathe in nectar, in golden nectar, champagne, a golden champagne bath. As baby sleeps in her cradle all my Lady friends will enter the nursery, use baby’s special chair and gradually fill the bath with their nectar. The next morning sissy baby can have a calm, relaxing sudsy bath in her special bath full of nectar, to clean out her pores, to cover herself in the scent of Ladies, to remind her of her status of life. A weekly golden bath for sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy!”

Aunty Maureen pictured the scene in her own mind, sissy baby-sitting, waist-high in a bath filled with Ladies’ wee wee, splashing about and playing with her rubber ducks, as Mummy or indeed herself scrubs the baby clean in the special liquid. A bewildered Penelope looked at

the Victorian bath in angst not sure that it would actually be possible to fill the bath sufficiently.

Back in the main Nursery, Aunty Maureen with a raging torrent of feelings down below, was anxious to get busy training the baby. As the other two watched she laid ten baby items out on the nursery at selected intervals.

Two rattles in one, a cuddly toy in another, a xylophone in another then a set of baby blocks, baby reins, three squeaky pink ducks, a set of baby keys, a baby play mat with built-in noises and touches, and finally, a plain small pink empty cardboard box. She gave Aunty Rebecca a cane and Mummy the large yellow nursery strap and a hand strap. She then placed a fresh pink baby bib at each play station.

Aunty Rebecca and Mummy sat, sipped their white wine, and watched as over the next sixty minutes Aunty Maureen sat on the floor with sissy baby teaching Baby how to lose herself in her baby toys. This was to be Penelope Pansy's baby world, she would have to seek enjoyment and amusement from her baby play, to play and amuse herself with her baby toys until feeding time, nap time, changing time, or bedtime. Not only to play but to play excitedly, to cry for her toys, to comfort herself in her baby toys.

Baby and Aunty went to the two rattles. Aunty placed the bib over the sissy dress. Baby was to excitedly cry for, coo, gurgle, dribble and drool as she played with the rattles, she was to wave her hands up and down in happiness at each new sound the rattles made, bounce up and down on her napped bottom.

For a full five minutes, Aunty encouraged sissy baby, praised her every baby move, hugged and cuddled her for a good baby performance and watched as Penelope cooed, gurgled and drooled excitedly at her baby rattles.

Five minutes being up, Aunty made baby crawl to Mummy or Aunty Rebecca for a nappy check. Baby had to turn her huge napped bottom to Mummy, and wait as she pulled down the two plastic panties, lightly fingered the nappy to make sure it was wet and sniffed (from a distance) to confirm that baby was soiled. Plastics pulled back in place baby got a lovely big warm embrace from all the Ladies for being such a



good baby in her nappies. Aunty then checked that the bib was wet with drool, took it off, went to the next station where all was repeated, a fresh bib, a cuddly toy to get excited over and explore, the encouraging baby patter of Aunty teaching baby to play all finished off after five minutes with a visit to the two watching Ladies for a nappy check.

Each station was visited with the routine repeated over and over including the humiliating and pointless nappy checks but it was all designed to confirm the status of Penelope Pansy as a baby, a total and utter sissy baby.

On the two occasions when the baby struggled with her training, she had to crawl to Mummy to have her poor pandies strapped. The only exception was the baby rein time. Aunty strapped the baby into the reins, gave Aunty Rebecca a dice and Baby had to crawl to the nearest chair, lift herself up onto her feet and waddle the number of steps thrown on the dice before falling on her nappied behind, and clapping her handies, all the while Aunty holding onto the reins.

Baby must learn to wobble, waddle and fall unflinchingly, her natural reaction to being on her feet must be to collapse in a heap after a few unsteady steps. She must take delight in her few wobbly baby steps, gurgle excitedly at them but she will never get beyond that and even that will only be allowed when she is trussed up in her reins with an adult holding on.

Waddle and fall, crawl to the chair, get up, waddle and fall and on it went. Repetition, repetition, repetition was the way baby would learn to be the perfect adult baby. A six was thrown, baby waddled her six steps and fell down. But Mummy gently scolded her.

“What did I tell you yesterday, baby? Never more than five baby steps, six is not allowed. Never ever take six steps. Now up on your feet, waddle one step towards me and fall, that’s it, good baby. And again, one step and fall, that’s a much better fall, a big loose floppy fall, and again one step and fall that’s it all the way to me, one step, fall, one step, fall, one step, fall, one step fall, one step, fall, one step fall. Good well done. Now hold out your pandies. Were you a naughty baby?”

“Yes, Mummy.”

“What are you?”

“Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy is a naughty baby,” she lisped.

“Ask Mummy nicely to punish you for being a naughty baby.”

“Pwease punish me cos I a naughty baby.”

“Out with your pandy. One, two, three. And the other pandy. One, two, three, other pandy again, one, two, three and change panties. Good baby. One, two, three. Are Pansy’s panties sore, baby?”

“Yes, Mummy.”

“Back to playing one step and oops a daisy. Fall... one step... fall... that’s it! All the way back to baby training. Practice falling on your poo poo filled nappied bottom, one step fall, one step fall.”

Aunty Maureen was in her element training the baby. Given time, the only difference between Penelope Pansy and a real baby would be her size and the fact that Penelope Pansy would never be without a stinky in her nappy. By the time she and baby had gone through each play station her juices were gushing again, an uncontrollable tingle of elation ran right through her body, a beautiful sensation that pulsed through every nerve.

She had to try that magnificent chair, the glorious throne designed by Mummy. Unaffected by the fact that Mummy and Aunty Rebecca were there she removed her skirt showing the full extent of her overly large bottom covered by thick tights and panties.

She removed the tights showing off a plain pair of plain blue knickers that were clearly saturated with her love juices. She sat on the chair, bade the sissy to crawl between her legs and start kissing her wet panties. She fondled the bonneted head of sissy as sissy kissed the wet fabric, sissy smelled and took in the musty damp scent of Aunties sex as she kissed the most intimate parts of a Lady for the first time.

It was not as she had dreamed. Never in her dreams did she contemplate being dressed in thick soiled nappies, wearing an intricate sissy baby dress and ridiculous bonnet being down on her hands and knees worshipping a mature large woman. This was not supposed to be the way it was to be. But here she was, her head being pushed ever tighter into the panty. She did not know what to make of the scent. It was not wildly pleasant but was not too bad either, most definitely a

unique smell like nothing she had ever had before, a smell of Lady worship that she better get used to and enjoy.

Just as Penelope felt she was going to suffocate, Aunty withdrew the pressure from baby's head, pulled the baby away for just a brief moment to take off her panties.

Penelope Pansy was taken by surprise at the huge mound of tangled unkempt thick brown pubic hair that was now only inches from her face, a proverbial forest of pubes totally unlike the delicate shaved vaginal areas of sexy models she had seen in magazines or on the web.

Aunty took hold of her bonneted head again and pressed baby's mouth into the mound. Pansy felt the uncomfortable feel of the prickly hair all over her face but started to probe beyond with her tongue to get to the flesh.

Her tongue and mouth were covered in horrible hair as Aunty guided her to the vulva and labia giving the sissy instructions as to what to do, to gently kiss and lick each area searching for her sensitive spots, those areas that sent a shiver of ecstasy through her body each time the tongue passed over it. Slowly, she built herself up to a crescendo before guiding the worshipping tongue to her clitoris, she pressed the bonneted head ever tighter to her, pushed her body hard against the aching tongue encouraging baby to lick harder and harder before after what seemed like hours to the tired sissy baby she reached a magnificent climax, gushing what appeared to sissy to be litres of love juice all over her face.

Aunty Maureen was in seventh heaven and sissy baby Penelope Pansy had just given her first ever orgasm to a woman, never before, even before the events of the last two days had Penelope satisfied a woman.

Pansy did not know what to think. She was pleased that at long last she had experienced seeing a woman in full sexual flow, pleased that she had caused it. Yes, she must truly be a sissy baby if that was the first time she successfully pleased a woman. Her teat tried to expand within the tight confines of its prison but the cage and six layers of nappies ensured that Penelope experienced no sexual joy whatsoever and never would again.

She tried to feel her tiny tinkle with her pandy but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack beneath the mounds of nappy. Her teat was purely for uncontrollably filling her nappies with wee wee, nothing more, nothing less.

The other two ladies watched this extraordinary show in amazement, their polite, kind but sexually very conservative older friend had shocked them to the core.

They rejoiced in the sexual liberation of Aunty Maureen and the equally pleasing subservient obedience of sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy.

Maureen sipped on a glass of white wine as she recovered while Penelope sat legs splayed in front of her still gazing at the nest of hair that she had just worshipped.

Maureen beckoned the sissy over again.

“Come to Aunty, Penelope, come get your reward, you have been a great good sissy baby so back to Aunty's golden source and let aunty feed you with her wee wee. Nurture Aunties wee wee, nurse on the wee wee straight from aunty. Good baby, go on open wide, and here it comes. Take it all in, that's it! Nice and slowly drink your wee wee reward. Good baby, nursing on her aunty, not on the breast but at the wee wee hole, the golden source for sissy baby. Oh, what a wonderful baby.”

Penelope drank for a short while, surprisingly finding it easy to do.

“All done, all gone. Well done baby, feeding on Aunties' wee wee. Mummy will feed you her nectar, Aunty Rebecca her piss but Aunty Maureen will always feed her kind gentle sissy baby her wee wee, lots and lots of wee wee. In fact Penelope you did so well I think you deserve another lovely reward, you really were a wonderful baby pleasing Aunty so much.

“Would you like to nurse from my bottom? No! Of course, you do. Of course, you want to feed from Auntie's bottom. Don't be so silly, sissy babies always want to feed at Aunties' bottoms. Your kindly Aunty

Maureen is going to let you nurse your din-dins from her bottom, as a special reward for being so good, a special treat for baby.

“Under you go, good baby, head into position, under the chair. Can you see aunties’ bottom? It is a big, big bottom, is it not? A huge bottom! Do you like what you see, Penelope? Wait until I lower the chair and give you a closer look. Now, do you like it, what a wonderful bottom! Can you see your din-dins coming? Auntie feels it coming. Can you see it yet? Let’s get you closer to Auntie’s bottom so you can feed. There, that’s better, baby is right up to the bottom, and here comes din-dins.”

In shock, Penelope opened her mouth and her infantile sissy mind happily let the new baby food slide into her mouth and she began to eat.

“Have you got it?” she asked. “Eat up now, eat up your extra special baby din-dins from Auntie Maureen, good baby, yum yum.”

By now the two other Ladies were flabbergasted. Each could have been knocked over with a feather as they watched sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy feeding from Auntie Maureen’s bottom without a cross word being said, a willing compliant sissy baby nursing her din dins in the most humiliating fashion possible and not one stroke of the cane had to cross her bottom. Amazing! Auntie Maureen clearly had a special gift as a humiliatrix, hidden deep within her for the past fifty years, it took the presence of sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy to unleash it to an absolute magical whirlwind effect.

As each watched the spectacle unfold, they, in turn, became so aroused Mummy had to fetch her two favourite vibrators to conclude one of the most memorable orgasms that either Lady ever had.

As with all things in real life, Mummy's plans for the day and for the training of Penelope Pansy were in complete disarray. In all the years she had been involved with sissies she had never come across one so completely accepting of her fate in such a short space of time, especially babies who were always problematical to train, never really accepting their babyhood and usually only entering babyhood for a short time on their way to being a sissy little girl, but this was different. Here was a sissy who would remain in baby land, a complete and utter sissy baby with no hope of ever growing up. The totally unexpected and

invaluable assistance of Auntie Maureen was an even bigger sensation, a development she felt would bring them both years of fun working together to sissify as many of the male species as possible.

Mummy threw out her all her plans, deciding that Penelope's sissy training could be brought forward to the present and so it was that for the next two hours the three Ladies spent the time sharing the exquisite delights of the throne and Penelope's tongue as each in turn openly sought to outdo one another in the intensity of the orgasms Penelope was giving them, each introducing the sissy Pansy to their feet, their breasts, their bottom plus of course the sacred place of their true womanhood.

It was a tired and exhausted sissy baby who at precisely seven o'clock in the evening was put into the cradle for the night, so tired in fact she fell instantly asleep without even time to dwell on her first full day as sissy baby potty Penelope Pansy.

Daylight hours, Thursday, saw Penelope wake from her deep sleep but time was lost on her and so with the previous morning indelibly etched on her sissy baby mind she stayed silent in her cradle assessing her surroundings. She was conscious of the dirty nappies pinned to her loins, unchanged since mid-afternoon the previous day.

Her tender bottom was still very sore and sensitive from the one severe caning and many strappings she received the previous day but was also now in the early stages of nappy rash. She could feel the uncomfortable chafing of the wet nappy against her thighs and could feel a localised soreness tingle all over her bottom, nothing major but irritating and when added to the soreness from her beatings made her napped bottom distinctly uncomfortable.

Despite the huge bottle of sickly sweet infant baby formula at bedtime plus another at midnight, the pervading taste in her mouth was still of worshipping the three Ladies. She had no idea of how long she had spent at their bottoms and other precious parts but she now reeked of stale sex. The inside of her mouth felt as if it was covered with pubes which, due to her soother being strapped into her mouth, she was unable to remove. The taste of Auntie Maureen's huge bottom still

lingered on her tongue and her face was still matted in the juices of all three.

She looked back at the number of times she thought she was going to smother while worshipping the Ladies as each pressed the bonneted sissy head hard into their flesh seeking to maximise their pleasure, each demanding that sissy work her tongue harder and harder in the pursuit of exquisite delight. It was nothing like her dreams. There was nothing glamorous about it. The temple of each Lady bore no resemblance to the totally shaven picture-perfect vaginal areas of slim blonde twenty-something-year-olds she had gazed at in magazines or on the web.

Three times she had to bury her face deep into the huge horrible mass between Aunty Maureen's legs gasping for breath between the mounds of flesh and hair, three times she had to worship that huge bottom as Aunty insisted that the tongue explore deep inside her bottom hole.

Sissy Baby Potty Penelope Pansy would ultimately come to see Aunty Maureen as a kindly gentle Lady who saw her as a delightful little baby, who was generous in her praise, giving of much warmth, many hugs and kisses, regularly brought gifts for the sissy baby and was slow to punish misdemeanours. She was the perfect Aunty, generous in her praise of baby tasks done well, patient in her training of those baby tasks. Yes! The perfect Aunt, in all but one respect, her bottom!

Sissy baby would come to hate those times spent worshipping that enormous mass of flesh as it pressed down on her face but in particular, she would come to dislike the desire of Aunty Maureen to feed baby her din-dins at each visit.

It would be untrue to say she came to enjoy exploring and tantalising the large sagging breasts with her tongue and she most definitely did not like having her head and tongue pressed hard against the nest that was Aunties vaginal area but it was her duty as a sissy baby to pleasure womankind, to please them no matter what and she quickly came to realise that the more she pleased the Ladies the more they treated her in a kind and gentle manner. She came to love her

Aunty Maureen as any child would expect every visit was overshadowed by the impending worship of an overly large bottom.

Just as the Pansy would come to love her Aunty Maureen she would come to dread the visits of Aunty Rebecca who made little secret of her contempt for the pathetic sissy baby. She had no warmth or comfort for the baby, she relished each and every opportunity to belittle her, to beat her, to punish her. She was cold and cruel and no matter how many times poor Penelope's tongue brought her to nirvana she wanted more, never giving a whit of praise for a job well done or well learned. Yes, indeed, a cross Aunty Rebecca was most definitely a Lady to be avoided.

As she lay in the cradle, despite the humiliation of pleasing and servicing the women the previous day, despite the nappies, the frillies, the dress, the petticoats and bonnet and despite her total inability to derive any sexual pleasure from it at all, sissy baby Penelope Pansy was at the same time transfixed by her surrender to these women and perversely saw it as an honour to pleasure and please these women. Never in her life had she brought a woman to orgasm and suddenly in the space of one afternoon and evening, she had given three women multiple orgasms, multiple pleasure. She could hear their screams of pleasure ringing in her ear, they had honoured her with access to their innermost private parts and she had successfully pleased them. For Penelope, that was a victory, especially to please her Mummy. In her man form, she could never possibly envisage getting close to this petite, stunningly beautiful but powerful woman, with sallow skin, long flowing black hair and a taste for the better finer things in life.

Now, as a sissy baby, she could get to please this Lady and it was a strangely pleasing emotion.

As time moved on, Penelope Pansy whimpered but no response was forthcoming, she played with the rattles strung across the bars of the cradle before tiring of that. Damn! It was hard to play 'Baby' all the time! She gazed around the magnificent nursery, the dresses, the selection of coloured nappies, with the memory that she would be using 6,552 nappies a year.



She looked up at the vast array of plastic panties that covered the ceiling each singly hanging from a cord. It was hard to believe that these huge panties were just about big enough to cover her bottom, Aunt Maureen's bottom maybe, but not her small tight pert bottom, and yet the massive bulk of six layers of terries had made it so. Her nappies would be held tight against her loin with these huge plastic panties. She looked at all the colours, the prints, the frills, some even had writing, she tried to count how many there were but there were so many she couldn't, she even picked ones she liked, her favourites, favourites that stayed with her throughout her lifetime, ones that she would gurgle and giggle at when Mummy selected them.

At last, after what seemed like an age, Mummy arrived, full of the morning joy. A full day of baby training lay ahead and she was looking forward to it. First a bottle of nectar, always start the day with nectar! Then get baby into a clean babygro, lilac today to go with the lilac nappies baby will be swaddled in later on. Baby did not yet know it but Mummy and indeed Aunt Rebecca had already each made nice big poo poo into a lilac nappy the night before so just as soon as Aunt Maureen arrived Baby would have her soiled nappy removed, have a nice bath, get a good strapping before being pinned into her special prepared lilac nappy with five more layers to follow.

It was a typical day and for years to come, she was never in a clean nappy and on multiple occasions, there were one, two or three loads in it.

Over time, Penelope got used to feeding from the bottom and it became a wonderful time for both feeder and baby.

Penelope Pansy was most definitely a baby sissy now and also, a well-trained and accomplished personal toilet.

# Ditty



Sissy baby Penelope Pansy  
A sissy dressed so fine and dandy  
She drinks champagne  
Under pain of the cane  
Sissy baby Penelope Pansy

Sissy baby Penelope Pansy  
Always with a sore pandy  
She soils her nappy  
To keep the Ladies happy  
Sissy baby Penelope Pansy

Sissy baby Penelope Pansy  
A delight to Miss Taylor, oh so bright  
Who straps the bum, so cute so tight  
and gets great pleasure as is her worldly right  
Sissy baby Penelope Pansy