

An AB Discovery 'After Dark' Book

MARTIN COSTER

**My Secret
Needs and
Desires**

ABDL out on the edge

Exploring My Secret Needs And Desires

My Secret Needs and Desires

ABDL out on the edge

by
Martin Coster

First Published 2021

Copyright © Martin Coster

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form, by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are a coincidence.

Title: My Secret Needs And Desires

Author: Martin Coster

Editor: Michael Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery © 2021

www.abdiscovery.com.au

Other Books In the After Dark Series

Overlapping Stains

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St

The Bedwetter's Travel Guide

Other Books from AB Discovery

There's still a baby in my bed!

So, Your teenager is wearing diapers!

Where Big Babies Live

Home Detention

The Book Club Baby

A Woman's Guide to Babying Her
Partner

The ABC of Baby Women

Me, Myself, Christine

Adult Babies: Psychology and
Practices

The Joy of Bedwetting

Diaper Discipline and Dominance

Coffee with Rosie

Being an Adult Baby

The Adult Baby Identity – coming out
as ABDL

The Adult Baby Identity – Healing
Childhood Wounds

A Brother for Samantha

Mommy's Diary

Living with Chrissie – my life as an
Adult Baby

The Adult Baby Identity – a self-help
guide

The Adult Baby Identity – the
dissociation spectrum

Six Misfits

Six Misfits – A man and his dog

The Six Misfits – the seventh misfit

Becoming Me – The Journey of Self-
acceptance

The Epitome of Love

Australian Baby: a life of diapers,
bottles and struggles

Fear and Joy: a life in and out of
diapers

The Fulltime, Permanent Adult Infant
Sissy babies: the ultimate submissive

Tales From The Nursery 1-6

Living Happily as an Adult Baby

Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies (Vol

The Hypnotist
Chosen
The Snoop
The Washing Line
My Baby Callum
A Baby for Felicity
The Regression of Baby Noah
The Rehab Regression
The Daycare Regression
The Virtual Reality Regression
Max, the Diapered Zombie
Killer

Exploring My Secret Needs And Desires

1-3)

A Baby for Melissa and her Mother
Baby Solutions
Discharged into Infancy
The English Baby
A Mother's Love
The Psychiatrist and her Patient
The Reluctant Baby
Alice and Her Baby
Damaged Goods
Embracing Infancy
[One Week in Diapers](#)

Contents

Front-loading	7
Samantha 1.....	9
Bedtime 2.....	19
Early Years 3.....	25
Princess Panties 4.....	30
Carol 5.	43
Back Filling 6.....	54
Video Replay 7.....	59
First Contact 8.....	65
The Park 9.....	71
Final Moments 10.	79
Epilogue 11.....	82
Helping My Neighbour	86
Discovery 1.....	88
Exploration 2.	93
Martin's Discovery 3.....	100
Investigation 4.....	109

Exploring My Secret Needs And Desires
Front-loading

Exploring My Secret Needs And Desires
Front-loading

Front-loading



Exploring My Secret Needs And Desires
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 Auntie 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 pillow-case was also quite stained and the aroma of 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 toileter, 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, Auntie,” 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 laid 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, napped 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 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!" Auntie Samantha announced.

I turned my head to the side and watched Auntie pull her panties down once again and displaying 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, suspected 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 Auntie tells you or you will get a big smack. Understand?"

"Yes, mummy... er Auntie, 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 laid 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