

An AB Discovery Book

Sissy

The ~~Adult~~ Baby's Travel Guide

Wearing nappies/diapers, panties, dresses
and baby clothes around the world

*A brief history and guide to some of the *Sissy*
Baby and diaper-friendly travel destinations
around the world where you can dress safely
and openly. One day, it may be real.*

FLORENCE GRANT

Formerly known as Forrest Grant



The Sissy Baby's Travel Guide:

*Wearing Baby Girl's diapers and
clothes all around the world*

Florence Grant

Formerly known as Forrest Grant

*A (mostly) fictional account of living and
dressing as a Sissy Baby while travelling the
world*

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The Sissy Baby's Travel Guide

Alex awoke in the same way he had for every day of the past year.

In his baby cot.

Wearing wet nappies and a baby girl's footed sleeper.

His dummy was still firmly in his mouth and the first thing he saw was the mobile hanging above his head. It was stationary now and no longer rotating. It was set to move for an hour after he got into his cot for his night-time sleep so that he could drift off to sleep in the manner he preferred – as a baby.

Alex sighed.

He was lonely and a bit bored.

While he loved his life as a sissy baby girl and had all the money to make it work, he was alone. There was no mummy waiting to care for him. There was not even a tolerant wife who would permit him to be Alicia – the baby girl he believed he was and had since he was a preschooler. There wasn't even a tolerant flat mate to simply ignore his weirdness but at least acknowledge his existence.

Baby Alicia Catherine Emily Caston was 28 years old, but she refused to accept that offensive age description. Baby Alicia was nine months old - at most - but inwardly, she knew that that was optimistic. There were the days that she felt newborn or only a few weeks old. Days when the hours would pass by happily in her cot while her nappy filled with pee and poo as it would with any other





baby. Only the pangs of hunger would force newborn Alicia to 'grow up' and assume an age capable of feeding herself.

It was the best of worlds. It was the worst of worlds. But it was *her* world, and she was at least truthful to it.

Alicia sat up and lowered the side of her cot and swung her legs over the side, her pink knitted booties touching the carpeted floor. As she stood next to the cot in her expensively decorated and furnished adult baby nursery, Baby Alicia became aware that her terry nappy, double pinned and covered with her usual frilly plastic pants were quite heavy and... mushy.

I pooped again while I slept!

She smiled to herself and inwardly congratulated herself that once again, she had soiled herself as she slept, a goal she had been working towards for over a year. In the past month, she had messed her overnight nappy six times. The nappy was sodden of course but that was not news. Alex had wet his bed until he was twenty and then after the untimely death of both of his parents, Alicia had formally arrived and was also, still a bedwetter. Both of his parents were quite aware that Alex's bedwetting was deliberate and that he refused to stop. The nappies they allowed him to wear at night were a compromise with the otherwise soaked bedsheets. They had not allowed him girl's nappies or even pinned cloth nappies and plastic pants. Instead, he had worn incontinence nappies, but he accepted that he was still luckier than those he called his 'baby friends'.

Alex had made a number of online friends who like him, were adult babies. But he hid his feminine side – his baby girl identity from them all. And once he was finally living on his own



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and admitting that she was a baby *girl*, they had mostly abandoned her. She was still alone, and her online contacts were all very distant and she suspected, not altogether truthful. And so, as she trundled to the kitchen, her nappy sagging under the dual assaults of a flood of pee and an unusually heavy load of poo, she felt her loneliness even more acutely.

Toast and fried eggs were her choice that morning and as it was every morning. She wished that instead of that, a mummy was feeding her a bottle of formula followed by soft baby food. She had tried feeding herself by bottle but had found it very unrewarding and so the collection of baby bottles she had bought expectantly, sat in the cupboards under her change table in the nursery, largely unused.

Alicia was loathe to change her nappy as it represented a success – something she had been working towards for a long time. Her bladder control had faltered years before, leaving her nappies almost constantly wet, but dirty nappies had been still a deliberate choice and a conflict between her inherent infancy and the adulthood of bowel control. So instead, she decided to sit at her computer and check her emails.

Wisely putting down a chair pad before sitting – she knew her nappy would be leaking now - she opened up her emails. As usual, there were dozens of emails from various Adult Baby sites that she frequented as well as updates to some of the AB picture sites that she subscribed to but still left her feeling unsatisfied.

But there was one that caught her eye.

The subject line read: *"The Sissy Baby's Travel Guide – new member's advisory"*.



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Well, that's new! Might as well check it out!

*Good morning, Baby Alicia Catherine Emily
Caston!*

Alicia gulped.

*No one knows my full baby name! I don't really tell anyone!
How do they know it? My surname is real, but the rest is what I gave
myself!*

*We have some truly wonderful news for you.
After checking you out, The Sissy Baby
Network has approved you for full
membership and you may now enjoy the
remarkable benefits of the Sissy Baby's
Travel Guide.*

*We know that you are trapped inside and
cannot travel to many places because you
are a baby girl, and no one accepts infants
like you. But we have the solution and as a
new member, you are now able to access the
benefits of travelling around the world and
staying at locations that not only accept
your baby girl nature but approve and
support it! Now, isn't that something you
truly want?*



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The Travel Guide is our premiere offering and is given to you - and only you - to enjoys the wonder and satisfaction of living as a baby girl in someone else's home or establishment. And we have highlighted all those sites that cater for those who are 9 months old or younger so that you can find a suitable place to go.

At the bottom of this email, you will find a URL and your ID and password to a secure site with all the details. Enjoy travelling as a Sissy Baby.

Welcome!

Baby Angela Baker (age 11 months)

Alicia was both stunned and deeply suspicious. It had always been her golden rule that if something sounded too good to be true, it probably wasn't true. But the operative word was 'probably'. And they knew her true baby age as well. She had scarcely shared that with anyone and yet...

She hovered her mouse pointer of the URL and hesitated. She was well protected against viruses and was far too intelligent and down-to-earth to fall for one of the all-too-common scams by fake 'mummies'.



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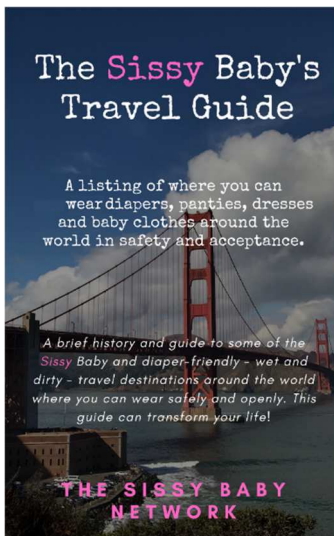
She clicked the link, filled in her ID and password and seconds later, the home page for *The Sissy Baby Network* appeared on her screen.

She was stunned and momentarily held her breath. It all looked real. The homepage read: *"Welcome Baby Alicia! We trust you will enjoy travelling the globe, staying at the friendliest and happiest places around."*

The main link at the bottom of the page was to *The Sissy Baby's Travel Guide*.

This can't be true, surely?

Once again, she hesitated briefly before clicking the pink pulsating link. Her heart was beating fast, and she didn't care that her nappy was now leaking. The screen had a single graphic of *The Sissy Baby's Travel Guide*.





She clicked the image and the screen showed a list of countries – seventeen in all.

Surely not? There's my country and all these others!

Alicia was so excited that her bladder immediately opened and flooded her already drenched nappy and it began to leak even more. She didn't care or even notice as she clicked on her own country.

Her eyes widened in shock as she saw the counter for thirteen places inside her own nation. What really took her breath away was the link to a village a mere fifteen miles away.

*A welcome to all baby girls who long for a
place to stay where you can be yourself! I
adore sissy babies and long to fill my home
with napped infants needing a bottle feed.*

Bottle feed? She'd bottle-feed me?

If she was already interested before, the option of finally being bottle-fed by a woman had her sold.

She clicked on the 'enquiry' button and a pro-forma email was sent to 'Tiffany'. She was momentarily concerned that 'Tiffany' sounded like a porn-star name before remembering the girl at school almost fifteen years before, a girl he was entranced by and one she later found out, was still wetting her bed – just like Alex was.

Now aware that her nappy was leaking all over the pad and that some of it was poo, she headed off to the bathroom to clean up



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the mess. But before she removed the heavily soiled nappy, she laid on the floor and humped herself to a very powerful orgasm as was her morning habit.

The shower was very welcome.



Baby Alicia dressed herself as she did every morning, expecting to be home all day because she was not welcome anywhere else attired in her preferred manner.

The thick kite-folded terry nappy was double pinned and topped with pink frilly plastic panties. Almost all of her plastic pants – or rubber pants, as her mother had referred to them on one of the many times he had been caught with them as a teenager – had frills and lace on them even when they were to be covered up with baby tights as they were that day. Her pink training bra covered her still lamentably flat chest and the knee-length pink and white baby dress sat atop a very pretty pink petticoat. On her head was the usual baby bonnet, this time a pink broderie anglaise example. On her feet she wore very expensive, custom-made baby's first walker shoes in adult size. Along with her pink dummy on a ribbon pinned to her dress, Baby Alicia was dressed properly for the day of an infant girl.

She felt normal, natural and at peace dressed as a baby girl. But that peace came at a cost – loneliness.





Exploring a New World

1. | Discovery

Alicia read the email for the fifteenth time, soaking in every detail from 'Tiffany' about her home where she not only tolerated but enjoyed caring for not just adult babies but sissy babies.

"I have chosen to only take sissy babies because they are so cute, so happy and the kind of children I want around my home."

That sentence stunned Alicia because it told her that it was something more than just a money-making scheme. In fact, the amount of money that was required was so low that it made her suspicious at first until she explained that 'babies are what I love'. Alicia had long since despaired of there being genuine 'mummies' on the internet and always wanting to scam desperate babies like her for money. The fee for her stay was in fact, less than a typical Bed and Breakfast would charge.

Because she needed to be honest, Alicia had replied in her email that she was untoilet-trained and that she pooped her nappy every day. The warm reply she received made up her mind: *Oh, sweetheart, I understand that and I have changed more dirty nappies than I can remember and every bottom is special to me.*

She immediately booked a three-day stay at Tiffany's home. She was both thrilled and terrified at the prospect.



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The terror had taken its toll on Alicia's nappy during the short car journey to Tiffany's. She was wearing a typical pinned terry cloth nappy and frilly plastic pants and when she had put them on an hour ago, they were both pristine and dry. Now they were wet and... a little brown.

Normally, Alicia would smile with a sense of pride whenever her nappy was accidentally dirty but that day she had determined to arrive looking as prim and proper as she could. A thick jacket covered the bulge of her padded bra – something she wore every day out of a simple need to be a feminine as she could.

As she stepped out of her car and the nappy naturally fell lower, she could feel the sticky mass and realised that it was no minor accident, no small mark but rather, a proper dirty nappy. Dragging her suitcase behind her, she rang the bell on the beautiful house with immaculate gardens.

"Hello?" said the middle-aged well-dressed woman as the door opened. "Can I help you?"

Alicia gulped.

"I am Alicia Caston," she stammered. It was the first time she had used her full name face-to-face with anyone other than her mother that one time in her early teens after a loud row about yet another wet bed despite nappies.

"Welcome, Alicia, I've been expecting you! Come on in!"

Alicia followed Tiffany down the hallway and when the older woman turned and walked into one room, Alicia took one step and then stopped.





Shit! Look at this place!

"I hope you like the nursery, Alicia!" she beamed. It should have everything you need."

"It's like... wow... it's just... incredible!"

The largish bedroom was entirely setup as a nursery for a baby girl and nothing was left to the imagination. In the middle of the room, standing on top of a large circular pink and white rug stood a magnificent Adult-size cot. Alicia was very familiar with such cots, having slept in one for many years and she recognised that it was a quality build and also, well-used.

The pastel pink walls, with babyish decorations, a corner filled with neatly arranged baby toys and of course, and the cupboard that Alicia just knew had to be filled with more wonders. And then there was the nappy change table. Large, and strong, the shelves underneath were open and displayed the cloth and disposable nappies, plastic pants, cremes and ointments and many packets of wipes.

"I'm glad you like it. A few baby girls have slept in here and everyone seems to like it."

"It's great," Alicia offered, aware of just how inadequate a response it was. "It's even better than my own!"

It was quite an admission as Alicia had spent a lot of time and money to get a proper adult cot that would take her size and had decorated it just how she wanted it. But the cot in front of her was... even better.





“And I think a little baby girl needs her nappy changed already, am I right?”

Alicia blushed a little, forgetting that while she often could not smell her own dirty nappy, everyone else could.

“Yes... er... Tiffany,” she stammered self-consciously.

“Mummy, please, Alicia. While you are here, you can call me ‘mummy’. Is that alright?”

Alicia's eyes dampened as she replied once again, “Yes, mummy. My nappy needs changing.”

Mummy! She let me call her mummy!

Because she no longer had parents and additionally because her own mother had never really embraced Alicia's femininity and babyiness, she had dreamed often of having a mummy. It was her deepest life goal and yet, was still as far away as it had been when she moved out of home. No one actually *wanted* a big baby girl like her – unless they were paid and that always sucked the joy out of it.

“Then let's first get you out of these icky boy's clothes, shall we? Then we can tend to that nappy of yours.”

It was a great relief to be out of adult clothing. Alicia truly hated them and only wore them when she needed to leave for shopping or other reasons. But she always wore nappies and a bra at least, even to medical appointments. She could only give up so much of her infancy and she always made sure she had one of her many dummies in her pocket. The day was coming when she would shed her adult male clothes and go public as a woman which would help some, but the real problem is that she was a baby, not an adult.





Dressing up as a woman only felt mildly less dishonest than dressing as a man. She was a baby girl and that was – as far as she considered – to be her *entire* identity.

“Up on the table, little girl!” Tiffany ordered and Alicia climbed the two steps and laid down.

Experienced hands pulled down the frilly plastic pants and when she unpinned the nappy and saw the size of the mess she smiled and simply said, “Can you hold your legs back, dear girl, so I can clean you up? You have quite the mess here.”

Alicia relaxed and felt the baby wipes carefully clean every square inch of the affected area, including her balls. When Tiffany held her penis and wiped around it, she involuntarily stiffened and yet, Tiffany took no notice and finally slid a new folded nappy under Alicia's bottom and reversed the process by re-pinning and slipping on a clean and dry pair of frilly plastic pants.

“These are Charlotte's pants. You and her are the same size,” she explained.

“Who is Charlotte?” Alicia asked.

“Oh, she's my baby daughter. She's a year old.”

Tiffany offered no other information and Alicia did not ask any further questions. The way Tiffany had answered was informative but also abrupt. It did not invite further questions.

Does she have a big baby like me still or has she left or... what?

It certainly was a big question.

“Now let's get you into a pretty dress. Do you want to wear one of your own or one of Charlotte's?”





Alicia had packed a suitcase full of baby clothes and some plastic pants having been told that nappies were provided.

"Charlotte's?" Alicia replied tentatively. She was not quite sure what was meant. The idea of wearing another baby's clothing had never occurred to her. She knew there were other sissy babies for sure, but had never met one and certainly never 'swapped clothes'.

Alicia grinned. *Swapping clothes like a little girl would? Wow!*

"Wonderful. It is terrific that you and her are the same size – small. Most babies that come here are way too big for Charlotte's things."

With that comment, Tiffany swung open the doors of the large cupboard and revealed two rails of baby dresses and four shelves of onesies, plastic pants, bonnets, booties and... bras.

"There's room in here for a few more dresses that you brought but let me find one I think will look lovely on you."

Alicia said nothing. The mere idea of being dressed by a mummy and not having to choose was remarkable, a longing of her heart. Most of the time she spent her days playing or watching children's TV or having naps and avoiding anything adult. One of her biggest 'hates' was that she still had to make decisions. She would give up her self-determination to a loving mummy – or even daddy – in a heartbeat.

"Hmm," she said as she looked through the two racks of nearly twenty baby dresses. "I wonder..." She then looked at a particular dress, retrieved it and held it in front of her. "Alicia, are you still a virgin?"





Alicia's eyes widened at the unexpected question before she replied in a whisper, "Yes."

"I thought so. This dress is *only* for virgins, and I know Charlotte would be very pleased you were wearing it." This time it was Tiffany's time to sigh. "No one has worn it since her."

Wondering what the back story was, Alicia held up her arms as Tiffany lowered the dress over her head and tied it up with a pretty bow at the back. It was a simply stunning dress and having bought many baby clothes before, Alicia realised how expensive it would have been. It was, of course, all white, with lace and embroidery. The words *Baby Charlotte* were embroidered on top of the bodice. Alicia instantly wanted one for herself with *Baby Alicia* emblazoned on the front with pride.

"It's very pretty, mummy," Alicia said as a smile filled her face.

"Then you are going to love the bonnet and booties!"

Sitting Alicia on the step of the change table, Tiffany quickly tied on a matching white lace bonnet with identical lace. But it was the fine knitted white booties that stunned Alicia even more. They were *identical* to infant booties and were clearly designed for non-walkers. It was an obvious hint. Alicia was meant to crawl. Alicia owned many booties but most were hard-wearing or *similar* to baby booties but these ones were identical in every regard except size.

I've got to find out where she got these from and get some myself no matter how pricey they are!





“Would you like to play with the toys for a little while, Alicia?” asked Tiffany clearly identifying that she expected her to play.

Alicia nodded. It was hardly a big ask to crawl around the large nursery and explore the toys and pictures.

The hour and a half passed quickly as the baby girl crawled around the room, checking every nook and cranny. She barely stood at all other than to retrieve some toys from a shelf or inspect the cupboard yet again. For the past year Alicia had been becoming more and more comfortable with crawling and experiencing her world at a baby's height. While she still walked and often needed to do so, she had been crawling so much so that her knees had grown less sensitive to the plush carpet at her home.

About an hour into her playtime however, Alicia sat on her padded bottom, sucked her dummy extra hard and looked around the nursery and then it hit her.

This isn't a new nursery! It's not like mine. Alicia had been developing her nursery for a number of years and everything was either new or not very old. *Everything here is quite old.*

She crawled over to the cot and inspected it up close to confirm her suspicions. It was in excellent condition and beautifully designed with exquisite wood turning and lovely paint and decals. But it was not new or even close. There were a few scratches on the drop side and along the rail there were...

Teeth marks! There are chew marks like a real baby would do!

Alicia was stunned for a moment because she understood chew marks. When she had first gotten her own cot, she had found





herself chewing on the rail a few times and had spent money specifically on chew toys to stop her from doing it. When she had researched babies chewing like this, she had discovered that it was usually *very young* babies that did it – a year old or younger.

This cot could be twenty years old! But... how can that be?

Trying to confirm her suspicions, she crawled around and saw that the paintwork in the room was clean, but also *scrubbed* clean showing some shiny patches. And the old-fashioned frieze around the room with its Winnie the Pooh characters looked truly wonderful but looked many years old as well.

The toys were all clean and many were seemingly relatively new, but as a collector of toys and an admirer since her preteens, she saw that some were ten to fifteen years old and yet, perfectly in place.

She stood up to inspect the changing table which was also well made and sturdy and not that different in design to her own. But this time she checked it out in detail. The vinyl padded top where Alicia had only just recently lain had obviously been replaced at some stage in its life as the new one was a few millimetres shorter and revealed a narrow unpainted strip at the top. But even so, the current one was far from new. While still quite serviceable, the centre of the pad was worn and shiny. Clearly, many nappies had been changed there. As Alicia thought of her own changing table which was used multiple times a day and was already four years old, she estimated the changing pad to be twice as old.

And it isn't even the original one? And the carpet! Look at that!



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Alicia ran her hands over the carpet which was thick, lush and very soft. Very expensive and yet, perfect for crawling babies. It was a pinkish colour and only in the nursery. The rest of the house had dark colour carpet but also thick and plush.

And then it began to dawn on Alicia that the nursery she was staying in was far from a new renovation built to accommodate her new Bed and Breakfast for sissy babies. Not at all.

This nursery has to be twenty years old, maybe more! How is that possible and who slept here?

