

# 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

## Exploring My Secret Needs And Desires Helping My Neighbour

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.

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“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 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.

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"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.

# 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

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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

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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.

# The Institute for Enuresis Treatment

## 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 size. 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 Institute for Enuresis Treatment

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!"

## The Institute for Enuresis Treatment

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.

## The Institute for Enuresis Treatment

"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.

# Training School for Sissy Babies

## Preparation for a New Arrival

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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-poos 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

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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-poos 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."

## Training School for Sissy Babies

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!"

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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 are 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, nappied 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."

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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,

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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!

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"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 pleasured 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,

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dummied, nappied 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?"