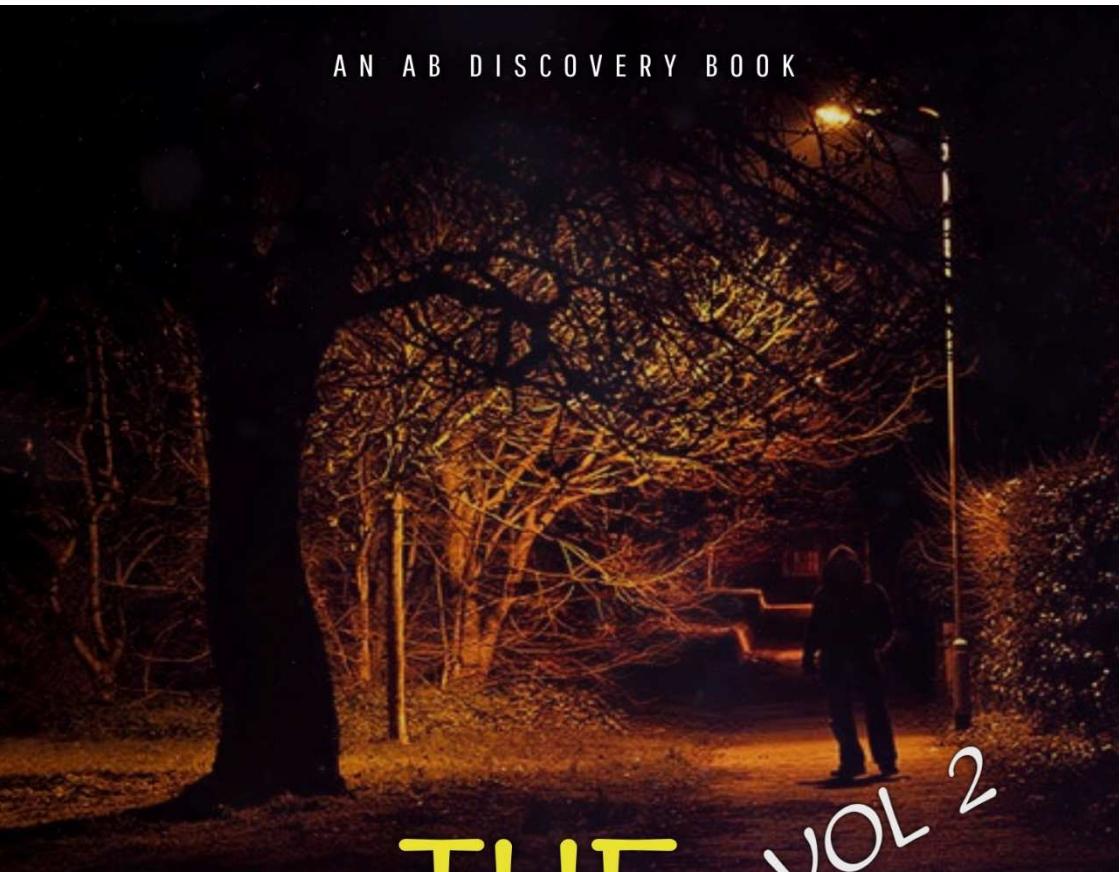


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



THE 'AFTER DARK' COLLECTION ^{VOL 2}

ADULT BABIES OUT ON THE EDGE

MARTIN COSTER, FLORENCE GRANT, PENELOPE PANSY

The After Dark Collection Vol 2

by

Penelope Pansy,
Colin Milton, Martin Coster,
Florence Grant

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Contents

The Sissy Baby Nursery	6
Letters On A Sissy	7
LETTER ONE: RENEWAL	7
LETTER TWO: THE NEW VICTORIAN	12
LETTER THREE: REVELATIONS.....	21
LETTER FOUR: NURTURING	27
LETTER FIVE: Life's Pleasures	33
LETTER SIX: Babysitting	38
The Story Of Penelope Pansy	46
1 Audition	46
2 A New Baby	48
3 Baby Training.....	51
4 My New Home	56
5 My New Life	61
6 My first Christmas	67
7 Being a Sissy	72
8 Time Goes By.....	76
9 Mummy	82
The Making Of Sissy Baby Charlotte.....	90
Governess In A Bygone Age	92
Governess in A Bygone Age (Part 2).....	96
The Sissy Alphabet Nursery Rhyme.....	100

The After Dark Collection 2

A Nursery Re-Education.....	104
Introduction	104
A Nursery Education: Under The Petticoat	108
A Nursery Re-Education: The Dressing of sissy	
Charlotte.....	113
A Nursery Re-Education: Learning The Nursery Routine	
(AM).....	119
A Day In The Life of A Governess And Her Ward: Public	
and Private Retribution Part 1: A Public Retribution	124
Part 2: A Private Retribution.....	130
The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:.....	139
The Bedwetter's Travel Guide	140
Agatha's Wet Bed and Breakfast.....	145
Caroline's Single Bed.....	160
A Downunder Bedwetting Experience – Steve and	
Meredith.....	176
How to wet the bed in a Hotel.....	202
The Middle of Nowhere – An American wet bed	222
Dahlia.....	246
The Second Lives Of Nappies	250
Intro	251
It all starts young	253
Chapter 1.....	253
The Nappy Service.....	261
Chapter 1.....	261
Chapter 2.....	268

The After Dark Collection 2

Chapter 3.....	276
Chapter 4.....	280
Chapter 5.....	286
Chapter 6.....	292
Chapter 7.....	300
Meanwhile.....	308
Chapter 8.....	311
Six Months Later.....	317
Bob & Carol and Ted & Alice.....	319
An Unusual Couple.....	327
Chapter 1.....	327
Chapter 2.....	335
Chapter 3.....	341
The House of Poo	345
Samantha and Carol.....	345
Twenty Loads	351
Epilogue.....	359

The Sissy Baby Nursery

The Sissy Baby Nursery

by

Penelope Pansy With Colin Milton

First Published 2022

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Letters On A Sissy



LETTER ONE: RENEWAL



Countess Beatrice

Dreamland House

Fantasy Lane

UK

24th July 2007

Dear Mummy Taylor,

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

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

The Sissy Baby Nursery

bottles of wee wee a day and had started the process of introducing her to a third but unfortunately, now it is back down to zero.

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

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

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

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

After showcasing her clothes I would hope to have her bend over a punishment box, pull down her hopefully sodden terry nappies and give her a good public strapping. I think we should aim is to show how sissyish she is by having her bawl eyes out even in anticipation of the strapping such that by the time we have finished with her bottom she is a hopelessly pathetic, bumbling, crying sissy baby.

The Sissy Baby Nursery

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

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

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

I have also yet to make a decision on whether she should be allowed to actually complete her creamy and if so how best to feed it to her or will she be more compliant if left excited but frustratingly not creamed. Your advice on this delicate matter would be most welcome.

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

These are only some suggestions but as you are the expert in sissification, babification, humiliation and discipline I totally defer to your expertise in how Penelope Pansy should be retrained in her baby ways and to your suggestions as to how best to show her off at auction, but I do warn you that

The Sissy Baby Nursery

I expect you may have to threaten liberal use of your nursery strap during her retaining process and may actually have to use it on a few occasions.

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

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

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

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

Please also bear in mind that Penelope Pansy has never been paraded in public before as she has up until now been the secret of just you and me so she is in for a huge shock at auction and maybe needs to be prepared for it. I will also leave it to you to warn her that if she does not sell through any fault of her own misbehaviour on the day I will ensure her permanent morning maintenance

The Sissy Baby Nursery

spanking is so hard that no matter how many nappies she wears she will never comfortably sit down again.

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

Countess Beatrice

Sissy Baby Penelope Pansy's Guardian.

LETTER TWO: THE NEW VICTORIAN



Countess Beatrice

Dreamland House

Fantasy Lane

UK

15th September 2008

Dear Mummy Taylor,

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

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

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

The Sissy Baby Nursery

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

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

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

To go hand in hand with the Victorian nursery it will come as no surprise to you if I say that Helen keeps sissy baby permanently trussed up in baby Victorian style. Over baby's heavy extra-thick nappies and plastics goes a full-length neck to ankle frilly Victorian undergarment that covers the entire body. Helen then insists on a tight stiff binder which will ultimately get babies girth down to a miserly 26 inches from her current 32. Next up are three full-length white underdresses, to be followed by four full-length petticoats and finally the dress of the day. While one entire closet is devoted to the multiple layers of underwear, it is the two closets of sissy dresses that take your breath away. There must be at least 30 Victorian-style dresses in a wonderful mix of baby colours, greens, pinks, reds, purples, yellows and orange each adorned with complicated patterns of design and style, with an abundance of lace, frills and elaborate embroidery.

Most of the dresses are made of the finest cambric or India muslin with each dress going right up high around the neck, having full-length arms that end just at the fingertips and are of course full length, stopping at the toe. All, of

The Sissy Baby Nursery

course, have a narrow waistband that tucks in tight against baby's torso, thus emphasising the thick padded nappy area, even underneath the layers of petticoats. It is impossible for me to describe the dresses in detail, they really have to be seen to be believed, suffice to say they are truly sumptuous. The dresses would be truly elegant except of course that they are sissy dresses so the embroidered motifs are, quite naturally, rattles, bricks, nappies, pins, plastic panties, teddies, crawling babies, potties, bottles, with the words, 'SISSY', 'BABY', 'SISSYBABY', 'PANSY', 'FAIRY' added for effect. In fact, one delightful pink dress has nothing but the word 'SISSYBABY' embroidered in white about 50 times all over it.

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

Along with each dress, there is, of course, the requisite bonnet, simply the most magnificent and largest bonnets I have ever seen. Think of the most outlandish Easter bonnet and not even that compares. The net result is that once fully dressed, in true Victorian fashion, the only bit of sissy baby to be seen is a tiny pale face lost amongst the wonderment of the clothes she is wearing. She can be best described as the finest Victorian porcelain doll you have ever seen. Even without the thick nappies, it would be almost impossible to walk, such is the weight of clothing being carried but while trussed up in layers of nappies walking is an impossibility, not that sissy baby Penelope Pansy will ever walk again. Finally, each dress has a frilly, lacy, pinafore that goes over baby's head ties around her soon to be tiny waist and drops to the ankles designed to prevent the lovely dresses from getting too dirty when the baby is crawling around the house.

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

The copious shelves are adorned with nursery books, teddies, rattles, blocks, soothers and other nursery paraphernalia. One corner of the room is devoted to a beautiful Victorian stand-alone bath with wrought iron towel rails over which hang huge pink fluffy towels and two bathrobes. By the side of the bath is a press packed full of all the sissy bath toiletries any baby would desire, shampoos, scented hair removers, bubble baths, sponges, bath toys, oils and talcs.

The Sissy Baby Nursery

Finally, another corner of the room has a large delightful rocking horse which is more for ornament as the baby is far too small to sit up unattended on it.

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

Helen is both a fearsome and loving mother to Penelope Pansy. Each day she takes time to kiss and cuddle baby, to read her stories and nursery rhymes, to bring her for a walk in her pram, to gently bathe her and play with her, to snuggle up to her and hold her in her lap at bottle time, to teach baby how to play with the baby toys, the rattles, teddies, blocks and shapes. Despite their thickness, Penelope Pansy's nappies are changed four times a day, morning, lunch, afternoon nap and bedtime.

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

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

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

The Sissy Baby Nursery

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

The most dreaded words sissy baby Penelope Pansy can hear are she is to be tawsed or caned 'at the ladies pleasure'. Apparently, only once has she had such a caning. In Helen's mind, Penelope Pansy is a helpless sissy baby whose teeny little tinkle is fit for one purpose and one purpose only - flooding her nappies with wee wee.

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

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

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

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

The Sissy Baby Nursery

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

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

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

Only twice during the week that I was there did I in fact, witness six sets of six with the tawse being delivered onto sissy's bottom. The first time sissy was playing away with her toys, gurgling happily in her playpen, loudly suckling her dummy when she made the mistake of putting a round peg through a round hole in the toy she was playing with, an absolute no-no for a sissy baby. Hours of fun are to be had watching sissy babies trying to push square pegs into round holes and round pegs into square holes before the babies cry their eyes out in frustration at being unable to do such simple tasks, but they are sissy babies, totally unable to manage even such simple jobs.

Mummy was very unhappy at sissy's naughtiness and disobedience which cannot absolutely be tolerated. Hence it was to face into the punishment

The Sissy Baby Nursery

corner until nappy change time when 36 fearsome blows of the tawse made contact with Penelope Pansy's bottom all in addition to the normal 12 maintenance strokes. As always, however, after a punishment plenty of comfort, cuddles hugs and kisses were in order for the sobbing baby as all naughtiness was forgotten and Mummy lovingly embraced her newfound goodly baby. Mummy then put her back in the playpen to practice playing with the toy and it was truly delightful to see a gurgling, drooling, contented baby desperately trying to get a square peg into a round hole but failing.

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

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

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

I shamefully admit that I thoroughly enjoyed the sissy exploring my bottom. The sensitivity with which she worshipped my derriere before gently

The Sissy Baby Nursery

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

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

The obedience and submissiveness of sissy baby Penelope is amazing. Without hesitation, she will put her tongue wherever you wish. She appears to accept that she gets free room, board, clothes and discipline from a kindly mother in exchange for pleasuring Mummy and her friends. It is surely a very small price to pay for the constant care, attention, love, nappying and tawsing she gets in return.

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

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

Love,

Countess Beatrice

The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:

*Wetting the bed around
the world*

Forrest Grant

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

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The Bedwetter's Travel Guide



I awoke that fateful morning as I did every morning.

I was wet.

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

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

It was a brochure.



140 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

It was expensively produced and as I held it in my hands, I felt as though my life was suddenly exposed and yet, I was not concerned. The fact that I was a bedwetter was an open secret. I took the 48-page brochure into the kitchen and sat down, still very wet from my sleep. I looked at the front page for a minute without opening it and simply marvelled.

It was entitled "*The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: wetting the bed around the world*".

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

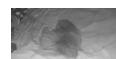
My hands were shaking as I carefully turned the page. It had this simple message in large print:

"Being a bedwetter can make travel difficult for obvious reasons. This guide is a listing of all the places you - a bedwetter - can go to and stay with zero problems. This guide lists not only bedwetter-tolerant but also bedwetter-positive destinations. And in some locations, you will also find bedwetter-only locales where everyone you meet will be like you - a bedwetter."

Enjoy travelling again and meet other bedwetters and those who appreciate the fine art of wetting the bed with style and pleasure."



141 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

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

For the next hour, I turned each page and read the description of each place. There were Bed and Breakfasts. There were private homes. There were boutique hotels that offered 'private bedrooms'. There were motels and even a few caravan sites that offered bedwetter caravans.

To say that I was stunned is an understatement.

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

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

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

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



142 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: Wetting the bed around the world



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

As I laid on my change table and pinned my nappy on, I suddenly remembered the time I had wet the bed in a private home. The bed was unprotected and when I awoke, the sheets and mattress were very pee-soaked.

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

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

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

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

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

It was a question I had to answer.



143 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

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



144 wet beds





Agatha's Wet Bed and Breakfast



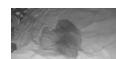
Agatha Houseman's charming two-storey, five-bedroom establishment is set in lush surroundings with two walking trails nearby. One of the double bedrooms is set aside exclusively for bedwetters, while two others are easily able to be readied for bedwetters of any size, age, gender or wetness level.

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

I sat reading the short description of Agatha's B&B and wondered how I could have not been aware of her existence in the years and decades of wetting



145 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:

Wetting the bed around the world



my bed. I read it dozens of times before finally grabbing my phone and calling the number.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The wet room!

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

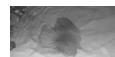
“My last bedwetter left three nights ago and I haven’t yet prepped the room, so I need to ask what kind of prep you want. Do you want me to list the options?”

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

“Okay dear,” she began. “You can choose between absorbent mattress protection and we use cotton covered absorbent brolly sheets or you can have



146 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



plain plastic protection. You can also choose white or pink sheets and pillows and we have girls' or boys' quilts to choose from."

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

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

"I won't."

"If you wish, I can leave the current sheets and protection on the bed. The last bedwetter slept on it for five nights and one side of the bed is probably dry now and stained and the other clean. It is pink with absorbent mattress protection. So, if you want, I can leave that on."

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

"I think I'd like that stained option better, if that's okay."

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

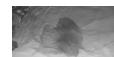
Over the next few minutes, I gave her my information and found out the details of where to go to find her B&B. As I packed a small bag to go on the very short journey, I felt as if I was embarking on something truly special and exciting, not just a 35-mile journey along roads I had driven many times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



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



147 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

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

I nodded and dragging my suitcase behind me, I went inside, following Agatha’s lead. She took me up the staircase and to the room at the rear of the building. As she opened the door, I took one deep breath of the air and smiled automatically. It was a bedwetter’s room and had the unmistakable odour of pee-wet sheets. But beneath the smell of fresh pee, there was that recognisable scent of long-term bedwetting – the trace of pee in the curtains, the slight odour of the bedding and the sixth sense that every bedwetter has. We all know a long-term bedwetter’s room when we are in one. We don’t have to sit on the crackly mattress protector or see the stains on the sheets. We just... know.

This was very definitely a bedwetter’s room.

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

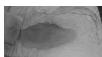
“Yes, nappies and knickers and if you are okay with it, my bra too.”

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

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

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

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



148 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

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

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

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

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

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

"You get thrown out or abused?" she added.

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

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

"Do you really want to know?"

I nodded.

"Come this way."

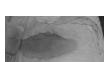
Agatha led the way through the living room, past the kitchen, and down the hallway to a room marked 'Private'. As she opened the door, the secret was instantly revealed.

The queen-size bed was wet. Pee wet.

"Does that explain it enough for you?"

I nodded once more.

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



149 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

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

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

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

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

“You let other bedwetters sleepover?”

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

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

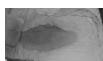
“They did and I enjoyed the fact I was offering a safe haven for them when so many other places were denied them.”

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

“I assume you have the Travel Guide?”

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

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



150 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: Wetting the bed around the world



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

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

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

"Sounds like it!"

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

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

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

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

"Do you..." I stammered again. "Like bedwetting too?"

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

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

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

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



151 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



“Really? In winter?”

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

My mind immediately visualised five or more bedwetters in wet PJs or nighties sitting around the table having breakfast like it had been at times for many of them growing up as bedwetting children.

“Damn,” I exclaimed. “I missed that!”

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

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



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

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

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



152 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

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

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

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

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

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

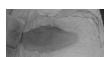
And with that, she left, closing the door behind her.

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

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



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



153 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:

Wetting the bed around the world



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

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

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

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

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

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

"Really well, thank you. The bed was very comfortable."

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

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

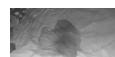
"I just need to er... finish..." I stammered pointlessly. She had clearly seen me humping the wet bed when she opened the door.

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

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



154 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



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

It was gorgeous.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

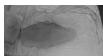
I nodded and rolled over on my stomach and began to thrust and slide in her surprisingly wet bed. The plastic sheet beneath me crackled some, announcing each thrust and retreat in the search for orgasm.

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

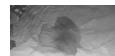
Agatha grinned as I sat up, my white semen distributed over her sheets.

"Time for breakfast then?" she announced.

Sitting around the dinner table, both clad in wet nighties and underwear was a bit surreal, but very nice just the same. We ate and talked and the fact we were both bedwetters was an obvious given, but of no concern.



155 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: Wetting the bed around the world



"Do you want your sheets changed?" she asked as the meal ended.

I laughed. "No, I really, really don't. They are just starting to look good!"

Agatha laughed in response as well. "I get that. I really do. Most of my wet bed patrons want their sheets left on. A bit like a trophy really."

"How often do you change your own bed, Agatha?" I asked, hoping I wasn't prying.

"About once a week, more or less," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "If the wet rooms are occupied, I feel less like washing them."

"I guess you get to see a lot of wet beds around here?"

"Yes, a lot of them and occasionally, people who don't say they wet the bed also do it, but in unprotected beds by accident."

"Do you complain?"

"I make them pay a fee for extra cleaning, but the truth is that if someone really soaks and stains a mattress, I keep it and put it in one of the wet rooms when someone doesn't want mattress protection."

"Do a lot of people reject mattress protection?"

"About a quarter want to wet the bed and mattress."

"Would it be okay if I took the waterproof off the mattress too?"

"Of course, dear," she said, almost enthusiastically. "I will take it off when you are out this morning."

I wasn't taking notice of myself and as soon as I stopped talking, I felt the warm pee run down my leg.

Shit! I'm wetting myself without a nappy on!

My bladder control was minimal at best and without conscious effort, non-existent.

"I'm sorry, Agatha!" I explained, apologetically. "I can't help it! I need to go and get my nappy on."



156 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



"That's fine dear," she said. "Easy to clean up. But do you need a hand getting your nappy on? I have put more than a few of them on people."

"Okay," I replied, relishing yet another opportunity to be an exhibitionist.

Back in my room, I retrieved and folded a thick cloth nappy and lacking any other place to lay it down, laid it on top of the wet bed. Now fully erect once again, I laid back on the nappy as Agatha gathered the corners of the nappy and expertly pinned them together.

The nappy was already quite damp from the wet bed as I pulled up my pink plastic pants. I took off my soaking wet and badly stained 'night-time bra' and hung it over the edge of the bed to dry out. I chose a red lace bra with a naughty smile.

This bra will show through my clothes and people will know I am wearing it! I don't care!

Agatha watched the entire dressing sequence including wearing a baby-style onesie over the top. True to expectation, the red bra was slightly visibly under my t-shirt along with the A-cup breasts I was now sporting.

Not having showered, the smell of wet bed – and not just my own – hung to my body like a badge of honour. I remembered once again, an older woman who had once smelt me and engaged in a discussion about the problems of bedwetting with me. Everywhere I went... wet beds everywhere!

I drove around the local areas checking-out side roads that barely qualified for the name, saw old farmhouses, broken down buildings and the smell of fresh air that a city dweller rarely experienced. On the edge of that freshness was the smell of a bedwetter – a smell I enjoyed and a smell I was proud of.

When I returned to Agatha's Wet bed and Breakfast, I was disappointed to find another car in front. Obviously one of the rooms was about to be rented. I was hoping to be openly wet again, but it was perhaps too much to ask for.

"Mr and Mrs Collins have arrived, Forrest," she remarked quietly, as soon as I walked through the front door towards my bedroom. "They are in one of the dry rooms."

It was quaint how she had wet rooms and dry rooms.



157 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: Wetting the bed around the world



I opened the door and saw my wet bed open and drying out. The aroma was strong, despite the open windows, but very arousing. My nappy was soaking wet after a half-day of exploring the district and I took the opportunity to change into a dry one. I couldn't risk another accident, especially with non-bedwetting guests.

Dinner felt a little bizarre. While it was only a bed and *breakfast*, it was Agathas' idea to often invite one or more of the patrons to dinner in her private section of the house. That night it was me and the Collins' sitting around a small table with Agatha.

I still smelled of pee somewhat. I noted that Agatha, however, had showered and the only smell of pee was on my own body. Not that I cared. My red bra was still noticeable and our other guests noticed but said nothing. Agatha seemed to enjoy the subtextual commentary of my crossdressing.

After dinner, I retired to my room where the sheets were now more-or-less dry and sat in them reading a book. My nightie was stained and my dummy relaxed me while my incontinent bladder continually wet the sheets beneath me. The mattress protection had been removed and so much of the pee flowed through to the mattress below.

By the time I turned off the light to go to sleep, the bed was already moderately wet and unlike many, I found it a great comfort. To me, a wet bed is a pleasurable comfort while a dry bed seems unnatural and rare.

In the morning, it was time to leave Agatha's Bed and Breakfast and after breakfast was done, she came to my room to see if everything was to my satisfaction.

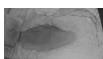
"I hope you enjoyed your stay, Forrest," she enquired.

"Absolutely loved it," I replied, pointing to the very wet bed with the heavy pee stains.

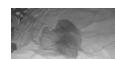
She lifted the corner of the sheets and inspected the heavy damage to the mattress and smiled.

"You did well on the mattress!" she exclaimed.

"Thanks. I always try my best!" And then I grinned stupidly.



158 wet beds



The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



"I have a middle-aged woman coming in this afternoon and she asked for a pre-wet bed *without* protection and so, these sheets are staying on and the waterproof is staying off. According to her, she wets four times a week and never uses protection but wants a bit of a break from home, so she is coming here."

I briefly wondered what this newcomer would think of the bed I was leaving and the soaked mattress. She would be the third bedwetter in the same sheets and I knew from my own experience that while a protected wet bed will dry off during the day, a pee-soaked mattress will usually keep the sheets damp. She would be getting into an already quite wet bed that night.

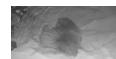
But I guess she already knows that!

I reluctantly left Agatha's Wet Bed and Breakfast and headed down to Bristol where I had booked a single night in a private home. The back story intrigued me because there was none. It was just a single bed in a private home where literally, *only* bedwetters were allowed to sleep.

Colour me intrigued.



159 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

by

Martin Coster

First Published 2022

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Intro...

It is said that Writers need to 'write what they know' ... so I write about Adult Babies and nappies and the specific are of this wide lifestyle that affects me. I have written for decades but just for myself with the important aspects taking centre stage and the less-important – like character development, context and big story arcs – not really being considered. I wrote so that I could convey what is powerful to me and then so I could re-read it and re-experience these things because, for most of us, literature is where we get to live and express those hidden secret needs and desires.

I am an adult baby and have been since my earliest memory. I am a sissy baby and once again, the feminine has always had an attraction since toddler years and as an adult is a large part of my identity. But I also love nappies. Truly love them and for me, they are best wet and soiled. In this, I am far from a rarity. I've read many posts that either hint or say explicitly that a nappy isn't 'right' until it is wet and a dirty nappy is pure heaven. I agree totally. Apart from those times in my life where I wear a nappy for its literal protection from accidents and therefore need it to be dry and hopefully stay that way (family, friends, job, medical appointments etc.) I prefer to wet or soil my nappy as soon as possible. They make a lot more sense to me like that.

But my interests are a bit more specific. I like to wear nappies that have been *used* already. Like most of us, I have often put one of my own wet and dirty nappies back on, but the real thrill for me is to wear someone else's wet or dirty nappy. There are two reactions to this among adult babies... Yuk! Disgusting... and Oh yeah! I want that too!

Wearing someone else's used nappy is not as rare as I once thought as a teenager whose only real source was used ones. When I read the social media and ABDL sites I read of many who either want to or already wear used ones.

The stories I write are either extensions of reality or near-impossible wishful thinking. But in each of them is an element of 'I would do that if possible' and I suspect that many ABs are the same. In real life, I wear 24/7 but as often as I can, I will have a used nappy inside it for added 'experience'. I won't pretend that it isn't sexual as I masturbate in them every time, but the real driver for it is more primal, more a part of who I am.



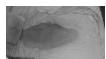
251 wet beds



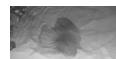
The Second Lives Of Nappies

I hope you enjoy these stories of how nappies are given a second chance at being worn and sometimes... a third!

To add authenticity to my writing, *every* story was written when I was wearing someone else's wet nappy!



252 wet beds



It all starts young

Chapter 1

Matt Sutter walked along the road, feeling the usual heaviness and loss of energy. His life seemed boring and lifeless and he was sick of it. He has a good job, good education and good prospects. But he had no romantic partner or even much in the way of friends. Life was very ho-hum. His mum had died at an early age just a year before and she was the only one he could talk to about his 'issues and feelings'. She had always understood his unique feelings and needs.

Matt liked to look in people's gardens and even back yards. He had always done so even as a young boy. He was a snoop, but not one who crossed the line – at least not usually. He checked out his mum's bedroom years earlier and discovered sex toys and even some pretty hardcore porn. He found his sister's secret stash of condoms as a sexually active mid-teen.

He enjoyed looking and prying. But what he was usually looking for was rarely in sight. He was looking for *nappies*. Any evidence of nappies or babies or baby furniture would set his heart fluttering. But what he really wanted most of all were nappies that had already been worn. Wet. Dirty. Masturbated in. Adult or toddler nappies. He wanted them all.

He wanted to wear them. He had always wanted to wear nappies and had long since reverted to wearing nappies full-time and eliminating toilets from his daily life. But the cream of the crop was always *used* nappies, nappies that could be worn a second or even third time. Even as he turned the corner, he remembered way back when he had first worn a used nappy. It was his sister's and it had called to him. It wanted him to wear it.



Matty – as his mum always called him – was only four years old when he had woken up early in the morning as was his habit. His mother had him in pinned cloth nappies since he was not night trained yet and his nappy was



253 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

happily soggy, and he was very comfortable. But his younger sister, 18-month-old Candice was in a disposable nappy. For reasons he never understood, he was kept in pinned nappies while his sister had disposables. But that morning, he crept silently out of his room and into the adjoining nursery for his prize.

With only early-morning light to guide him, he found the nappy pail and gently opened it as his baby sister happily gurgled and played in her cot. He quickly found the one he was looking for. Just before going to bed the previous night, Matty had stolen into the nursery to watch his sister's last nappy change before bed and had been delighted that it was a dirty one. Something about the look and thought of that nappy stirred something within him and with shaking hands, he took the rolled-up delight back to his own bedroom and shut the door.

He had thought about this many times before but now he was actually doing it.

He pulled down his own soaking wet nappies and plastic pants and unrolled the dirty toddler nappy. He carefully tried to pull the soiled garment between his legs, noticing that it was dirty from front to back. Never having worn a disposable nappy nor changed one on someone else, he struggled to connect both sides together, but eventually, a makeshift connection was made, and he quickly pulled his own nappy up his legs and over the dirty disposable.

He grinned madly to himself as he felt the cool dirty nappy push against him.

It was a wonderful experience and he jumped back into bed to further enjoy it. He squashed the poo with his hands and felt a thrill course through his body. He knew that he had discovered something he very much wanted.

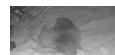
It was Saturday morning, and he knew it was his mum's only time to sleep in and so he knew he had at least two more hours in his wet nappy lined with his sister's dirty one. And then he felt that other urge. The urge to push and dump.

Driven by a primal need and the poor bowel control of a four-year-old boy, he pushed his morning poo out into the already dirty nappy and grinned when he felt the mass around his bottom and as it spread around.

It wasn't his first dirty nappy by any means. He messed his overnight nappy at least twice a week and it wasn't always by accident or while asleep.



254 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

Matty often woke early and while lying in bed, would push his poo out into his nappy as if it were the single most normal thing he would do. And to him, it was.

Matty's mum was a tolerant woman and so rarely complained about his dirty overnight nappies nor the fact he was still wetting at night. She washed his wet and dirty nappies and plastic pants and hung them up to dry. She had confided in a friend who had helped her through her divorce that she saw no likelihood that her son would be out of night nappies anytime soon and admitted that there was something maternal about it that she liked. When her loser husband had abandoned her, she drew great comfort from her two children who desperately needed her and so she determined that she would not rush them to grow up.

Matty had day-toilet-trained at three and a half, driven mostly by social pressure for preschool and kindy, but at night, she had determined that she would not pressure him at all. Some mornings when she dressed him and found him in a soaked nappy, she would smile and remind herself that he still desperately needed her. And when he was dirty, she took an odd delight that his needs were even more and weren't going to end any time soon. She wanted him to need her.

Candice, likewise, was not rushed into toilet training and at just 18 months, nothing had been attempted at all.

As Matty lay there in the nappy soiled by two toddlers he was blissfully unaware of how he had altered the trajectory of his life.

Being a smart boy and with a sneaky nature seemingly inbuilt, he knew he would have to hide his newfound fun from his mum. When he heard the first sounds of his mother rising, he quickly pulled his nappy down a little and awkwardly pulled the inner dirty nappy out, leaving much of the joint pile of poo inside his own nappy. The disposable was filthy inside and out and his best attempt to make it look like it was before he stole it was a disaster. He rolled the dirty disposable up and carefully placed it under his bed, hoping his mum would not discover it before he had a chance to put it back. Then he laid back in his bed waiting for his mum to come and check his nappy as she did every morning.

He smiled.

When his mother laid him down on the bed, she saw the large mass of oddly-spread poo and at first, she couldn't quite understand it. She wiped him clean before sending him off for a morning bath. As he sat splashing in the bath,



255 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

his mother looked around his room trying to see if she could understand what was going on and she quickly found Candice's rolled up disposable. It was obviously dirty, but her experienced eye picked up that it was wasn't as poo-filled as it should be.

He is wearing his sister's dirty nappies! But why?

As she dressed him for the day, she thought deeply about what she suspected and determined to find out more.

I really do like him in nappies and how he cuddles me. He's only four but he is more of a baby than Candice. Maybe I shouldn't have pushed him out of day nappies. He still has accidents anyhow. Did I mess up somehow?

Her thoughts during the rest of the day centred not just on her son's needs but also on her own. It took time for her to acknowledge that she was actually *happy* that he was wearing his sister's dirty nappy. It clicked something inside of her and she tried to think about what to do.

I think I will just watch and see what he does.



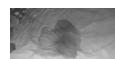
Matty awoke early the next morning as always and his first thought was... dirty nappies! He remembered the previous evening when Candice was being readied for her cot, that his mum had invited him in to 'help' her. Truth was, Matty was little to no help at pretty much everything at that age and so his offers of 'help' were usually rejected with a smile of thanks. But this time, his mum had invited him in to help her with readying his sister for her nighttime sleep.

Matty stood transfixed as Candice laid on the change table as his mum untaped the sides of her nappy and revealed a truly heavily soiled garment. His mother, Lauren, tried to hide her smile as she briefly glimpsed at her son's face when he saw the dirty nappy and she also saw the hint of a smile on his little face.

He wants it! I know he does!



256 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

Lauren carefully wiped her daughter clean, using the nappy to scoop up the bulk of the mess, suspecting that the nappy would have at least one more wearing. She then folded it up and handed it to Matty, asking him to put it in the used nappy pail.

Matty blanched and Lauren saw it. It confirmed her suspicion that he really wanted to wear it himself.

When the change was complete and Candice was happily ensconced in her cot and already falling asleep, Lauren picked up Matty and cuddled him as she carried him to the lounge room.

"Do you want your dummy, Matty?" she asked, as she held his beloved dummy in front of him.

He grabbed the dummy and immediately pushed it into his mouth. His dummy was restricted to night-time only and had been for over a year. Matty grinned as he sucked strongly and cuddled up to his mummy.

Maybe I should let him have his dummy more.

Lauren had felt pressured from her own upbringing to take the dummy away from Matty, just as she had felt the pressure to toilet train early – as she had been.

Her own parents were deceased, but they had insisted that Lauren be toilet trained at 12 months and even now she felt the pressure of that expectation. Of course, she didn't remember the trauma of the potty training, only the insistent fear and stress she still felt about toilet elimination. She determined early on that her children would not go through that and so the only attempt ever made was simply to get Matty toilet-trained enough to go to Kindy.

Once or twice a month, Lauren still wet her bed. Most times, it was a small amount but every now and then, it was a full-sized wet bed and her feelings about it were mixed and confusing. The bedwetting had returned shortly after Matty's birth, but Lauren soon realised that the true cause was psychological.

I'm wetting the bed to say 'screw you' to my parents! she admitted at one time.

From then on, when the wet beds appeared, rather than stress out, she would smile and remind herself that she was rejecting her parent's traumatic toilet training and nothing more.



257 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

But what do I do about Matty and wearing dirty nappies?



Lauren felt conflicted as she nappied her son for bed that night. The nappy was of course dry and clean and she knew Matty would rather she put the dirty one on him instead. But she knew it wasn't something she could – or should – do. So, when she kissed him good night, she went to her room to think about it all. It was then that she realised that she hadn't taken him to the toilet before bed as she usually did to try and minimise the risk of an overflowing nappy, but she decided that it didn't matter. She knew that her life was changing and Matty's with it.

As she expected, the next morning she discovered that Matty's nappy was extremely soiled and when she retrieved Candice's nappy she saw that much of the poo was missing. It was then that she realised that not only had her son worn his sister's dirty nappy but when he had finally taken it off, he had tried to keep as much of the poo for his own nappy.

Lauren was confused but decided to say nothing about it and just let Matty continue on his ways. He never had an explanation why his overnight nappy was now always dirty. Even when asked, he just shrugged. And so for the next 18 months, Matty's routine was to get up every morning and retrieve a dirty nappy and put it on and enjoy it. Lauren's routine was to come to his room a little later so he had time to enjoy it. But then came potty training.

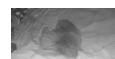
Matty was now six years old and still wearing nappies to bed and almost every one was dirty – dirtied by Candice effectively. Matty was also dirtying his nappies to add to the mess and occasionally, there were no dirty nappies to take and so he simply messed his own.

I don't really know what to do about any of this, Lauren mused one day. Her son was still stealing used nappies and she was facilitating it by ensuring there was always at least one for him to wear in the mornings. But a massive change was on the horizon.

She was beginning to toilet train Candice. She knew that Matty would be upset but it was now time for Candice. She was three years old and already



258 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

clearly ready for daytime training. And so out came the potty and the end of nappies began its journey. It took only weeks for her to day train and to end day nappies. But night nappies remained which Lauren was relieved about, if only for Matty's sake. He was doing okay at school if a bit of a loner. Every few months he would ask her if he could wear nappies during the day, but she refused, unsure how to handle it. But every night, the nappies were soaking wet and dirty although it was mostly his own poo. Candice was now using the potty before bedtime and encouraged to poo there. Lauren felt both pleasure at Candice and disappointment for Matty since his source of dirty nappies was disappearing.

She had still said nothing and then came the day when Matty had something to ask his mother.

"Mummy," he said, with his eyes cast down. "Can I wear a nappy?"

Matty had just come home from school, and it wasn't the first time he had asked in the past week.

"Honey, I can't let you. Nappies cost good money and you know you are still wearing them for night like Candice. I can't let you waste one."

Matty looked embarrassed and his face went red and then he asked the question he *really* wanted to ask.

"Then can I just wear the one I wore last night again?"

Lauren was stunned at how brazen the request was.

"Oh, I don't think that would be a good idea..." she said, her voice drifting off as she understood what he was asking for.

"Please, mummy!" he said and as Lauren looked into her son's eyes, she saw intense longing and the coming of tears.

"Okay, sweetheart. Just this once, okay?"

Matty jumped up and hugged his mother.

"Do you need me to help you put it on?" she asked.

Matty was now mostly entrusted with putting his own night nappies at night but had to come to his mother for a final check and a frequent repinning. Matty had never gone into disposables and Lauren had simply folded the nappy differently and gotten larger plastic pants.



The Second Lives Of Nappies

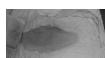
Matty simply nodded and Lauren took a nervous step toward his bedroom and a dirty nappy change – in reverse. She was shocked to find Matty's nappy already out on the change table. Clearly, he was going to do it anyhow and it helped Lauren as she calmly refolded the soiled garment and Matty sat down on it.

What the fuck am I doing?

She expertly pinned the nappy on and pulled up some plastic pants and with a huge grin Matty jumped down and went off to play.

It was a week later when he asked for the same thing and once again Lauren relented but the third time, she refused. She knew that from time to time, her son was still re-wearing his dirty nappies in secret, but she chose to say nothing and it wasn't until he was 13 years of age that he stopped soiling his night nappies.

But the wet nappies never ended and so it was when Matty finally left home at 20 for a new job some distance away, he took a suitcase full of terry nappies, plastic pants and pins and a secret intention to *never* be out of nappies again. When he finally arrived at his new flat, he put on some nappies and true to his word, never used the toilet again.



260 wet beds



The Nappy Service

Chapter 1

I'd heard through the 'grapevine' of a very special nappy service that was not exactly the usual kind. Since I was in 24/7 nappies and my true love was wearing pre-worn and used ones -both wet and dirty - this seemed too good to be true. Obtaining used nappies was always difficult and risky. I figured that it had to be a scam, but I was intrigued just the same. And so, I rang the phone number, expecting it to be answered by a gruff, unshaven, dirty old man. I know I couldn't see who was on the other end, but the voice would tell me everything. Except that when it was answered...

It was a well-spoken young woman.

"Mistrel Nappy Service, this is Lizzie. Can I help you?"

I was quiet for a moment as I was gobsmacked that the used nappy company was apparently real – at least so far. It would seem that Lizzie was used to callers reacting in shock and so patiently waited for me to open my mouth and stammer my questions – which I did.

"I wear nappies all the time for 1 and 2 and wondered if the services you offered were... er... real?"

I could almost hear the smile on Lizzie's face as I asked what must have been the identical question that other highly embarrassed callers would ask.

"Mistrel Nappy Service is quite unique in that it is an adult nappy service that offers more than the usual cloth nappy wash and dry service."

She left it at that, begging me to ask the next question.

"Er..." I stammered while going stupidly red. "I heard that you also offer to provide.... er..."

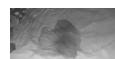
I just couldn't say it.

"We offer the supply of not just washed and dried nappies but also worn and used nappies for the true connoisseur if that is what you are asking."

"So, I could pick up someone else's wet nappies for myself?" I asked still incredulous.



261 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

"Of course, and we provide wet and *soiled* ones based on supply."

"Oh wow," I stammered somewhat idiotically. "I would love to have some of those."

"Well, why don't you come down to our store and make a selection and see how that works for you?"

It was an hour's drive but that was of no consequence. Something this special was worth the effort and the time.

"Do I need to make an appointment?"

"No need. There are three of us here to help our very special customers and so there is rarely any waiting. We have several nappy changing rooms here if you want to try them on right away."

I was truly aghast. Not just at the idea of a nappy service that gave access to the used ones but the way it sounded so professional and... so... normal. I was a little knocked off my feet.

"I will be there in an hour if that's okay."

"May I ask your name, sir?"

I hesitated for a moment before replying, "Sonya Coster."

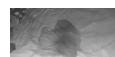
"No problems, Sonya. Just ask for Lizzie and I will handle all your needs personally. If you need some nappies washed, then bring them along with you."

Unsurprisingly, the drive there was filled with both excitement and apprehension. I was in my usual pinned cloth nappy and plastic pants and I was quite wet and the nervous emotions caused me to substantially fill it with poo about halfway there. This was not really new to me. I had been trying for many years to end my toilet training completely and my bladder was already a failure and my bowels were about halfway to my goal. Normally, going somewhere and having an accidental dirty nappy would lead me to return home and change but this time, it seemed not only pointless but perhaps even contrary to my purpose. I took my bag of used cloth nappies with me since it was a nappy service after all, and they did need to be washed - eventually.

When I arrived at the address, I saw that it was a semi-industrial complex with 8 large factories or storerooms on site. I found the one I wanted – Number 8 – at the very rear of the property and gingerly opened the door to the



262 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

windowless office. As I walked in, I saw a small waiting room and a glassed-in reception area. I was only there a moment before a smiling older woman came up and sat down.

“How can I help you?” she asked politely.

“I’ve come to see Lizzie,” I replied trying to sound calm and professional while feeling absolutely nothing like either.

“I will call her. Just wait a minute.”

It was only about 15 seconds later when I saw a young woman stride over to the door at the end of the reception area and open it to let me in. She was pretty, about 25 years old and quite tall but it wasn’t her physical features I stared at.

She was wearing a footed baby sleeper and was clearly wearing a very thick nappy. A dummy hung on a chain pinned to her sleeper.

“Come this way, Sonya,” she said softly. “I am one of three consultants that handle the adult baby side of Mistrel Nappy Service.”

“You are an adult baby?” I added stupidly.

Lizzie smiled, clearly used to the stammerings of dumb adult babies.

“Absolutely!” she exclaimed as she patted her bulky behind. “All my life and you just met my mum in Reception.”

“Your mum?” I spluttered. “Your mum knows you are a baby and... this stuff?”

“Oh absolutely! She’s a one of a kind. She handled me being a baby from early on. And when she found out my extra interests...” She waved her hand around the factory and continued, “she suggested that we start a Nappy Service that could meet my needs and others and that’s how we got where we are now.”

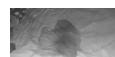
“Wow, I’m jealous of that. And you sell used nappies to people like me?”

“Oh honey,” she said confidently. “I wear used nappies too. So do my two assistants. Not my mum though although she says one day she might end up in nappies!”

She laughed and I smiled with her. The imagery was overwhelming.



263 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

She opened a door and we entered into a largish room without windows and the aroma was very familiar. It was the smell of wet and dirty nappies. It was like perfume to me, and I suspected it was to Lizzie as well.

“Now that you are here, let me explain some of our services. We take the cloth nappies from adults and we launder them and provide cleaned and dried replacements. That is about 70% of our business. But the other part – the part you are here for – is where baby girls like yourself come here to pick up pre-wet or pre-soiled nappies to wear. In addition to that, we have a number of adult babies and non-babies who wear disposable nappies that bring their used ones here to pass on to others. This way, all the nappies have a chance at a second life!”

Lizzie smirked at her lame joke.

“We have a pickup and delivery service for our regular clients and pick up used ones and deliver clean ones. But we also have a number – and it’s a growing number – that do the opposite. They launder the cloth nappies for us at home and in return, we provide them with used ones to wear and enjoy. Because they help out our core business, the used nappies are provided at a low cost. But a lot simply come here to get used disposable and cloth nappies and they come and go whenever they want to.”

“Wow...” It was a lame response, and I knew it.

“Would you like to select a used nappy to wear now?” she asked.

I gulped.

“Yes, please. I don’t know what I want exactly.”

I wasn’t lying. I thought I knew what I wanted but all of my previous experience of taking used nappies from disabled toilets was simply a case of ‘whatever was there’ but now, I was being offered... *choice*.

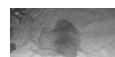
Lizzie brought over a large bucket and lifted the lid. The pungent smell of soaking wet nappies immediately sprang out.

“These are wet ones that were brought in this morning, but if your taste runs to older ones, we have two and three-day-old wet ones in the other room.”

“Wow...” My responses were getting lamer and Lizzie seemed quite familiar with all of them. I consider myself to be articulate, but my vocabulary was currently limited to ‘wow’.



264 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

"And this is the bucket I personally prefer," she exclaimed as she lifted the lid on a bucket of very obviously dirty nappies, largely rolled up and ready for... washing, inspection or even re-wearing. "Would you like to inspect them and choose one for now and one for later on?"

Lizzie really understood the fetish. How many times had I taken off a dirty nappy and then replaced it with... another dirty nappy? Hundreds of times.

With shaking hands, I took out the first nappy and laid it on the polished concrete floor and opened it up. My cock jerked and my mouth went dry as I saw the dirty nappy laid out in front of me. It was moderately dirty. I looked at Lizzie with the unasked question.

"Do you want to check out the rest?" she asked.

For the next few minutes, I unfolded twelve dirty cloth nappies ranging from the slightly soiled to one that was massively dirty from front to back. My eyes gave away my choice.

"Do you want to put it on here?" she asked, and my eyes went wide. I wasn't expecting such service.

"Sure. If that's not an imposition," I asked with what was slowly beginning to be a confident voice.

"Use the mat over there," she answered, pointing to the thin grey vinyl mattress lying on the floor. "That's what I use when I change my own nappies."

"Do you only wear dirty nappies here?" I asked. I saw the bulge in the back of her sleeper and the edge of the nappies were beginning to leak slightly and the colour was definitely brown. I was very familiar with the look.

"I mostly wear used nappies, but mum makes me wear clean ones when I go to her place, but here..." she said, waving her hand proudly around her 'kingdom', "I only wear used ones and mostly dirty. But stop procrastinating. It's time to put on that nappy!"

Guided by instinct and a little fear, I dropped my trousers, lowered the frilly plastic pants which I almost always wore and revealed my sagging and somewhat dirty nappy. I fumbled nervously with the pins and finally lowered my nappy to the floor.



265 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

I was dirty. Quite dirty. Despite my shower that morning, I smelled of pee and poo and most of my backside was brown. But given what was open and carefully laid out on the thin grey mat, wiping up was somewhat pointless.

Just as I had done thousands of times before, I sat my bum onto the enticing – and cold – dirty nappy and then laid back. I pulled the cloth which was covered with poo all the way around to the front over my groin and fumbled with the challenges of repinning a wet cloth nappy. I knew to pull the pin through my hair which always made changes easier, and the pins valiantly slid through and finally, the dirty nappy was pinned on.

I was ecstatic and more than a little horny. My erection was very powerful and not exactly easy to hide. But Lizzie said nothing. I pulled my plastic pants up once more and still shaking in excitement, managed to get my trousers back on.

“Now, Sonya,” she said in an off-putting professional voice. “Enjoy the nappy and then have a think about the services we provide and see how we can help you or even help each other out. And because you are a new client, here is a couple of free disposable nappies to take home with you. One’s wet and the other is dirty. We will take your old dirty nappy and see if anyone wants it later on.” Then she smirked. “Maybe *I* will!”

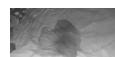
Lizzie handed me a plastic bag with two remarkably heavy nappies in it and together, we walked to Reception where I paid for my purchase. It wasn’t terribly expensive, but the price was nothing compared to the experience. I left my bag of wet and dirty nappies and was given twelve clean ones as a sample of their service. I wondered if anyone else would be wearing them first before they were washed, and I deeply hoped someone would.

When I arrived home, I knew exactly what I was going to do and I rushed to my cot, lowered the sides and slipped into the cot with pee-stained and damp sheets and began to hump. It was less than a minute before I squirted into the heavily soiled nappy. My penis was sliding in an unknown person’s poo and it was... amazing!

Before I went to bed that night, I removed the soiled nappy, showered, put on the masses of skin lotion I lived on and swore by and then unrolled one of the used disposables, found it to be moderately dirty and retaped it on with the help of extra tape and quickly fell asleep.

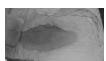


266 wet beds



The Second Lives Of Nappies

I dreamed of Lizzie, piles of dirty nappies and of fucking... Not fucking Lizzie but of fucking the piles of used nappies she worked with. I knew I had to return. I had to find out more of the 'services' she and her mother's business provided.



267 wet beds

