

An AB Discovery Book

SALLYANNE'S UNUSUAL LIFE

The Sequel to 'Hotel Kink'

MARTIN
COSTER

Sallyanne's Unusual Life

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Martin Coster

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Waking Up

Sallyanne awoke that morning as the sun began to shine through the windows of her nursery. The curtains were still closed but the bright early morning light lit up her nursery in a warm and comforting way. Sallyanne was determined by her mummy to be around 12 months old in behaviour and inner identity despite her adult male body. But Sallyanne was all girl and all baby. Of that, there was no doubt.

She reached up with her mittened hand and touched the switch for the baby mobile that hung above her cot, and it began to spin. This brought an instant grin, and she began to giggle slightly, her dummy remaining firmly in her mouth. Her tongue automatically traced around the atypical shape of her dummy. Unlike a regular dummy, this one was shaped like the head of an adult penis, a shape that worked remarkably well in comforting the adult baby girl, a dummy that was rarely out of her mouth.

Sallyanne sat up solely and reached out for her teddy bear, a brown fluffy bear that had suffered many wettings and soilings in her life as Sallyanne's near-constant play companion. Kitty, the bear's name given a year earlier, was washed two to three times a week because of Sallyanne's wet and dirty nappies and the activities she pursued almost daily. Mummy kept a private and hidden stock of replacements for Kitty that Sallyanne was unaware of. Being the close companion of a wet and dirty baby like Sallyanne took its toll on teddy bears, just as it did on clothing, crib sheets pillows and of course, Sallyanne's nappies and plastic pants.

The new nursery was only a few months old after Mummy and her baby girl had moved to a larger, more expensive home where she could have not just a nursery, but a full playroom as well, a place she spent a lot of time.

The home had three bathrooms with three toilets but the toilets themselves were almost never used. Sallyanne was the toilet

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and had been for a few years and her abilities and behaviours had grown into the task of being both a perfectly appropriate twelve-month-old baby girl but also...

A Human Toilet.

A facility for pee, poo, cum and even at times, menstrual pads and tampons.

And Sallyanne handled it all with both skill and talent. Yes, she had been trained, well-trained in fact, but the baby girl was a natural at all of it. She was probably always a toilet even when young, but only for herself. She had never stopped wetting her bed and never potty trained for pee. And even though potty training for poo had been imposed on her as a child and teenager, she gave it up after reverting to full-time nappies and quickly lost her bowel control. It simply didn't interest her, nor did she see the point of toilets and so her body reverted to who she really was inside – a baby. She wore big thick nappies all the time and they were more than capable of handling the biggest mess. And not just from herself. Her nappies could – and frequently did – contain the pee and poo of others.

And it wasn't just something she did at specific times for events or particular reasons. She lived the life of a human toilet and her Mummy and her new Nanny both used her nappy for their toileting each and every day as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

And to her, it was.

While taking no interest in such matters, Sallyanne was an exceptionally talented and capable human toilet and was in demand for her services. She worked alternate weekends at Hotel Kink where for 2-3 days she was the toilet for up to 14 people and all of their pee and poo went into her nappy and usually on her baby clothes and on her cot sheets.

And some... went into her tummy.

Sallyanne liked the taste of poo and the reason she had mittens on at night was to prevent her from extracting a 'feed' from

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her nappies which were almost always dirty and rarely from just her own bottom. But mummy being mummy, she felt responsible for her baby daughter's feeding and wanted to keep control over what she ate and drank, including poo.

Sallyanne had developed an odd attraction to the taste of poo as a young child, putting poopy fingers in her mouth before being spanked for it. But over the years, she took moments to repeat it and by the time she met Mummy and was transformed into a proper baby girl, she had already shown off her exceptional skills as a human toilet. And as part of that... she began to taste the various poos she was given.

Mummy was both surprised and proud of her abilities as a toilet and even her interest in eating poo was astonishing to her. But her skill as a professional human toilet and her delightful demeanour as a lifestyle baby girl had earned Mummy a lot of money. Experienced and capable human toilets like Sallyanne were rare, highly regarded and highly paid. But rather than hoard the money just for herself, Mummy lavished it on Sallyanne as well. She was not her pimp or even just a close friend. She was now her mother and over the years, that bond had become very maternal. In her more regressed times, Sallyanne considered Mummy to be her real birth mother and in some especially tender moments, Mummy told her stories of how she had "grown inside mummy's tummy" before being pushed out of her vagina. And Sallyanne accepted it as truth and lived accordingly. Even when working as a toilet, Sallyanne was understood to be Mummy's daughter even though most knew the truth. In her mind, Mummy hoped that the time would come when Sallyanne would accept completely, regressed or not, that she was her real mother and that she was not just an adult baby but an *actual* baby. And as she watched her progress, she saw that it was a real possibility, if still sometime in the future.

The new nursery was beautifully decorated and fully equipped with absolutely everything a baby girl could ever need. She had a huge number of baby girl outfits, both play and performance or

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work outfits. She had a very large number of the best cloth nappies and plastic panties as well as the exceptionally large, super-high capacity, high-waisted nappies and plastic pants that could take huge amounts of pee and poo from many, many others. They were very necessary when working as a toilet for a group where the number of loads could be high.

She had the very best in baby needs and as she awoke, Sallyanne felt the contents of her nappy squish both front and back.

Mummy and Nanny had front and rear-filled her nappy with soft poo before she went to sleep the night before and as she had slept, Sallyanne had opened her bowels and released more into her nappy. The cot sheets were a little wet, which was not unusual and as Sallyanne felt the familiar rise of her penis inside her soiled nappy she rolled over on her tummy and slowly humped it.

The crackle of the cot sheet plastic waterproof echoed around the room as Sallyanne had sex with her dirty nappy. Not that she ever considered it as sex. Her understanding of the purpose of her penis was limited compared to a regular adult man. It gave her much pleasure and that was the extent of it as she eventually exploded her cum into the mess already in the nappy, she then laid quietly on the cot sheets before getting up ready to play with her teddy bear and the play centre attached to the bars of her cot.

One of the ironies of Sallyanne's baby girl life was that she was in possession of a nine-inch hard-as-steel penis, the very antithesis of a baby girl. The first time Mummy saw it she was surprised and was equally astounded at the baby girl's recharge time. If not limited by Mummy, Sallyanne would masturbate three or four times every day at least and sometimes even more. Mummy had rules which included the rule that she had to ask permission to masturbate outside of her cot. There were, however, 'accidents' just the same.

Sallyanne was very much aroused and triggered by a lot of poo in the front of her nappy. On many, many occasions, large amounts of poo from at least 4 other people sitting in the front of her nappy would cause her to erect and ejaculate without any touching or

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manipulation. Be it crawling or walking, the poo in her nappy would caress her penis and trigger an orgasm all on its own. Mummy found it funny and was in many ways, very proud of this unusual ability. But the rule remained that deliberate masturbation required permission. Her cot however was the place for unlimited humping and masturbation if she desired it and she often did. The baby monitor recorded everything she did, and it often gave Nanny and Mummy a big smile to see their baby enjoy herself in such a wonderful way. Her little baby girl was having sex with her nappies as though it were the single most common behaviour of any person.

It was around 7 am when the door to the nursery swung open and Nanny stood in the doorway smiling as always. The strong smell of pee and poo pervaded the room but the constant, nearly silent exhaust fan built into the ceiling kept it to a tolerable level. But Nanny was not that fussed anyhow. She had grown up with very poor toilet training herself. She had wet the bed until age 23 and her panties were dirty throughout her early teens before her very basic control developed. Even now, a plastic sheet remained on her bed in case of accidents which did still occur once or twice a month. Nanny had worn nappies to bed until age 12 and had soiled them at night until not much before that time. Her parents had been frustrated at her night soiling which demanded the use of nappies. Wet sheets were one thing, but poo-brown sheets were quite the other and once the soiling stopped, so did the nappies, and wet sheets became her nightly experience. Nanny was certainly well suited to helping care for Sallyanne. She understood the lifestyle. Even if she wasn't wanting dirty nappies herself, she understood why Sallyanne did.

"Good morning, Sallyanne!" she exclaimed cheerfully as she pulled back the curtains of the nursery and stood next to the cot. "Did you sleep well, little girl?"

Sallyanne nodded and made a few baby sounds. It was more than a simple question. It was her way of seeing how regressed Sallyanne was. There were no words coming from the baby girl, just some sounds more akin to a very young infant and so she rightly