

A photograph of a wicker basket filled with various baby items, including white and pink nappies, a pink onesie, and white socks. The basket is set against a background of green foliage.

AN AB DISCOVERY AFTER DARK BOOK

Nappies, My Love

A dirty nappy adventure

MARTIN COSTER

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by

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I approached the front door with stomach-churning apprehension. What lay before me was either a scam, a con or possibly a great disappointment. But equally, there also lay the possibility of an exceptionally rare and exciting experience, something I had wanted for a long time to enjoy but to experience it was more than a little difficult.

I was wearing dirty pinned cloth nappies and plastic pants which was very typical for me. But it was not just any nappy. It was an exceptionally dirty one I had already messed in three times. Being a genuine bedwetter still at the age of 26 meant that wearing nappies was a familiar routine to me, but these weren't your typical bedwetting nappies. Those were discreet nappies and tended to be thin and designed around keeping the bed dry. I, however, always preferred to wear my pinned terry nappies because they were thick, bulky, obvious and above all, strikingly infantile and babyish. Because I too was infantile and babyish. I needed to dress for my role.

While only my night times were at risk, I also wore my nappies during the day and used them for all three bodily outputs - pee, poo and cum. It had been so since my early teens when I realised there was a third fluid to add to my nappies. Working from home meant being in nappies during the day was easy to achieve and over the previous year, I had become almost 24 hours a day in nappies, 7 days a week and essentially eliminated my toilet needs. Everything went into my nappy.

It felt all rather exciting and special to me.

Now, you might think that being the way I was might have killed off my sex life but, that is not true, not at all. I do, in fact, have a regular and varied sex life that I thoroughly enjoy except that it is perhaps exactly like most people.

I make love regularly to my nappies.

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I ejaculate into their soggy and soiled welcoming embrace and offer my semen to them in return. It is wonderful and I never have to wait to enjoy sex in that thrilling way. In addition to my nappies, I also have a collection of baby-size plastic pants that I often enjoy wonderful intercourse with and spew my love juice into their slippery embrace.

In addition to these two wonderful opportunities, I have three teddy bears which have been modified to have artificial vaginas and I spend many wonderful hours enjoying making love to each of them and pushing my love shaft deep into their willing orifices and emptying into them.

As you can tell, my sex life is quite varied and frequent. I make love two to three times a day. I do not masturbate as I no longer have any such need. My own poo in the front of my cloth nappies gives me all the lubrication I need to enjoy robust intercourse with the nappy and my baby-size plastic pants are often already slippery from previous acts of intercourse with them. My teddy bear partners however require a little assistance at first before I can thrust vigorously into them but the result is always an amazing orgasm.

So why was I at this strange front door wearing my dirty nappies and plastic pants?

Because my unusual tastes were rare but not entirely unique and while most people and especially women would be repelled by my lifestyle, there was one who apparently was not.

Brenda was behind the door and after many internet chats, several phone calls and discussions she had offered to put me up in her house for the weekend and I could dress – and act - as I normally did at home. This would be exciting all on its own.

I may not have mentioned before that as well as nappies and plastic pants, I have long since my teen years also worn panties and

bras when I can. Over the last couple of years have begun wearing adult-size baby clothes, mostly baby dresses but also onesies, sleepers and baby bonnets.

My sex life improved significantly once I began to dress for the occasion. My prettiest and frilliest baby clothes were what my various sex partners deserved, and I felt wonderful in them as well.

But I digress. So, why am I in a dirty nappy with three days of poo and pee in it? Embarrassingly, I routinely change myself not into a clean nappy but into a previously worn wet and preferably dirty one. If I need to go out of the house as I frequently do, I will still wear a nappy but put on a clean one after a shower so as to not offend anyone I meet. I am not that stupid as to generate adverse attention. But when I return home, I want to put on an already wet and probably dirty nappy once more, dress as I feel is best and get on with my day.

Sometimes I will use the same nappy for poo several days in a row. It works well for me and when I make love to that nappy for perhaps the third, fourth or fifth time, I feel content. But I always wanted to expand my life and it was Brenda who had some ideas. Kinky ideas.

Brenda had an adult-sized baby cot in her home. When I saw a picture of it, I was in awe. I had often thought about getting one but never had. Brenda was not an adult baby herself but clearly had known a few over the years and they had slept in the cot. Brenda didn't even wet her bed which I found surprising. For me, bedwetting was so normal that I sometimes forgot that other people didn't do it!

Adult cots were expensive and a bit of a commitment. And perhaps I was scared of admitting more openly that I was still a baby in more ways than not. After all, my mother had said as much – that I was more of a baby than (at that time) a teenager. Still

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wetting my bed, still wearing nappies, still sleeping with a teddy bear and wanting panties rather than boys' underwear led her to the conclusion that I was 'different'. Boy, was that an understatement.

She washed my wet nappies and plastic pants as part of her parental duties. She even washed my panties and eventually, my bra once I began wearing one. But she drew the line at my dirty nappies. Making it clear that she did not approve of me dirtying my night nappies when it happened, I was therefore solely responsible for cleaning them. I would dirty my overnight nappies a couple of times a week to her disapproval and I would wash them myself. Not that I minded. To be honest, I found the experience of looking at, touching and smelling my dirty nappies to be exciting and frequently arousing. Most dirty nappies were made love to in the mornings in bed before I took them off but even afterwards, they were still appealing to me.

I found poo exciting in ways I didn't expect. I remember once when I was just 13 and just beginning my sex life when mum had pinned me into my clean and dry night nappy and plastic pants – an act that ended not long after – that I went to brush my teeth in the bathroom and glanced at the toilet and saw that she had not successfully flushed her poo from earlier that evening and there in the bowl floated a sizable turd.

Instantly my interest was aroused and before I could debate with myself what to do, my hand was in the toilet, and I picked up the now-cold brown poo and carefully lowered it into the front of my nappy. I wasn't even wet yet, but my penis aroused to full length and when I went to bed shortly after, I had my first experience of making love to another's poo.

I was hooked. Not that there were to be many repeats of that. Over the next five years, there were only three similar

episodes, and I longed for their repeat. Clearly, I had found another aspect of my growing sex life.

I knocked on the door with a trembling hand.

“Mandy?” the face at the door enquired as the door cracked open slightly.

“Yes, I’m Mandy,” I replied. Even my mum knew my alternate and preferred name.

The door opened wide, and she encouraged me to enter.

Brenda was quite pretty. She was 20 years older than me but had a nice figure and a very smiling face. She felt a bit like my mum which was both comforting and disturbing all at once. I was, however, instantly at home with her.

“So lovely to see you face to face, Mandy,” she said with a smile. “Do you want to dress properly now?”

I had brought my baby clothes with me as well as the usual spare nappies, plastic pants and assorted bits and pieces, including my three teddy bears.

“Yes, please,” I replied still nervous.

“Then, let me show you the nursery.”

I considered my bedroom at home to be my nursery as well despite not having a cot or a change table, but my nappies and plastic pants and even my baby clothes were on open display, so it sort of counted as a nursery. Brenda’s nursery was much more convincing. Apart from the lovely adult-size cot, there was also a low bench which I could use as a change table and there were a small number of baby toys around. It felt very welcoming. It felt like home.