

AN AB DISCOVERY SHORT STORY

Boarding House Baby

A Sissy Baby Adventure

MARTIN COSTER

Boarding House Baby

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by

Martin Coster

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Twenty-three-year-old Emily awoke at her usual time of 6 am. She had an internal clock that always woke her at that time whether it was the early sun of summer or the deep gloom of winter. She laid still and listened for the sounds of others in the house beginning to rise. Aunt Meryl was always first up, and Emily could hear her getting ready in the room next to hers.

Being a weekday, she knew the five other residents of the house would be getting up soon to go to their various jobs. Aunt Meryl usually had four or five boarders in her large home, and she insisted that they all had jobs. No layabouts in this house for the adults! Not even for Emily. Her 'job' - such as it was - was to help around the house with all the chores, including the unusual ones.

Emily laid still, waiting for the door to open and Aunt Meryl to come in. She wasn't exactly her real Aunt, but her own mother had sent her to live there with an 'aunt' who was a long-standing friend, but no actual relative. It was a convenience for all concerned.

As expected, it was only ten minutes later that the bedroom door opened and Aunt Meryl strode in with no knock on the door. Privacy - at least as far as Emily was concerned - was not given nor did she expect it.

"Morning Emily," she stated brusquely. "It's time to get up now."

Meryl strode to the large baby cot Emily was now sitting in, lowered the side and the girl carefully clambered out and stood next to the unusual baby cot that she had slept in for so long. First, it was at home where she slept in a cot and now, she continued to do so and her aunt's.

Without asking, Aunt Meryl lifted the back of the baby nightie Emily was wearing, pulled out the plastic pants and nappy and peered in.

"Just wet, I see," she observed. "That will make your morning discipline easier for us both. Get in position please."

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Emily knew the drill and put her face into the cot sheets while Aunt Meryl pulled her wet nappy down far enough to expose her bottom cheeks.

She felt the first spank strike her wet bottom and winced. Ten strikes hit each side of her wet bottom, and she tried her best not to cry. The dummy she was sucking always made that task a bit easier and crying always got her an additional ten spankings so she always tried not to do so. She was not always successful. The sound echoed around the room, and she knew that the other residents could hear the discipline. Emily's status and discipline were not a secret, and each resident had been informed that Meryl cared for an adult baby who was still in nappies and who was still spanked. If they could not handle that, they could not stay, but no one ever declined. It was the promise of an interesting spectacle that attracted them.

Aunt Meryl pulled up her wet nappy and plastic pants over her tender backside, took off the nightie and after going to the cupboard, returned with a knee-length pink and white baby dress and slipped it over her head. Then she carefully tied the matching cotton and lace baby bonnet around her head. It was a typical outfit.

"Sit on the chair please," she asked unnecessarily. Emily knew the routine perfectly.

Aunt Meryl carefully took off the baby booties she had been wearing and replaced them with short white socks and black Mary Jane shoes. Baby booties at night and baby shoes during the day.

"Now, let's get everyone their breakfast."

Emily walked out of the room in her thick, pinned, still-wet cloth nappy under thick pink plastic pants and walked to the large dining room where breakfast was to be served. She was not self-conscious of how she looked around others in the boarding house. They had all seen her many times before in various baby outfits and thick nappies. She was well-used to the stares that came her way every day even if they were polite about it.

"Morning, baby Emily!" said Richard as she walked into the dining room.

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"Good morning, Uncle Richard," Emily replied. It was a rule in the house that since she was still a baby, she must refer to everyone as auntie or uncle.

"In the highchair," Meryl ordered. "Here's your cereal. You can feed yourself this morning."

The plastic bowl contained bland cereal often given to very young infants and at times, Meryl would feed her or occasionally one of the boarders would offer. But today there was just Richard and Meryl, and both were too engaged to help out.

Colin, a young man in his 20s arrived shortly after and sat down without comment to begin breakfast. Malcolm came in shortly after, his ruffled, uncombed hair looking like a blown-about bush. The three girls were always last as they took more time to get ready. Sandy and Beatrix arrived 5 minutes later and sat down.

"Still waiting on Patty, I see?" Colin observed. "That woman is always late!"

And on cue 15 minutes later, 35-year-old Patty rushed into the room looking harried and stressed. "Sorry everyone," she began. "Everything went wrong this morning. Got stuck on the potty too!"

"Argh!" exclaimed Colin. "Too much information!"

By this time, Emily was on her third baby formula bottle and drinking comfortably. She had gone onto occasional baby formula bottles at 13 after a conflict with her mother and by the time she left home had formula bottles at every meal. Sometimes, formula was her entire daily intake, and she loved it.

Chaos ensued for the next 20 minutes as one by one, the boarders left the house to go to work. Finally, there was just Emily and Meryl in the house and the quietness had returned.

"Okay, Emily. Time for you to get to work. Do the empties first and then I'll meet you in my bedroom."

Nothing new here. Emily got down from her highchair after Meryl unstrapped her from it and walked to the first bedroom down the hall. It belonged to Beatrix. The room was untidy, and the bed was unmade but the task of correcting that would come later. Emily walked to the corner of the room and found the large adult-size potty

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chair with its lid closed. She sighed in anticipation. This was not an unpleasant task for her as it would be for most people.

She lifted the lid and saw the potty was half full of pee with a large poo curled up in the middle. As was her regular morning task, she lifted the front of her baby dress, tucked it in up high and picked up the potty. Pulling her nappy and plastic pants out from her waist she carefully poured the contents of the potty into the front of her nappy as she had done every morning for the past year. It was cold but even the shiver could not stop her smile. This was a favourite part of her day.

“First one, Aunty!” she yelled out loud to wherever Meryl was. It was part of the rules that she had to announce when she emptied each potty.

The next room was Colin’s and it was also untidy but the object of her mission was in the opposite corner and she approached it nervously. Colin was ‘messy’ in every way possible and as she opened the potty lid, she saw that while there was a lot of pee, the poo was in many pieces and some was stuck to the edge of the potty. She would have to hand clean his potty afterwards, just as always. The contents slid into her nappy easily and the double-thickness high-waisted cloth nappy took it all with ease. When she was to act as a toilet in this manner she wore double-thickness nappies with high-waisted plastic pants, all to make the job easier. It was also to increase the capacity of the nappy to handle the output of eight people.

Malcolm’s room was very tidy as the neat-freak young man kept his room in pristine condition unlike his untameable hair. His potty however was always the fullest. Despite his slim build, Malcolm drank and ate almost twice as much as the others and his potty was often almost full. That morning, she was stunned to see his potty full almost to the brim and containing not one but two large poos.

Wow! He’s outdone himself this time. And he knows I have to wear it so what does he think about it? She grinned thinking about that.