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LIFESTYLE



PENELOPE PANSY

Fairypuff: A Sissy Baby Lifestyle

Fairy Puff: A Sissy Baby Lifestyle

By Penelope Pansy

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Fairypuff: A Sissy Baby Lifestyle

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CHAPTER ONE – Dinner Party



The evening had started very well. The starter of watercress and celeriac soup with goat's cheese croutons had gone down a bomb. The Ladies adored it, and Samara, my wife of four years, was thrilled at the reaction of her five best Lady friends. The main course was almost ready - linguine with shellfish, a favourite of ours - but tonight was even better than normal with higher quality ingredients and a wide array of shellfish from lobster tails, prawns, scallops, mussels, clams, razorfish with a bit of squid thrown in for good measure. A risky dish for guests but Samara knew seafood was a favourite of the Ladies, all to be accompanied by a perfectly chilled Verdicchio wine from the Marche region of Italy. As the only man at the table, I was enjoying the good company and banter although naturally, on occasion found myself at the butt end of the joke or comment.

That is to say, I was enjoying the evening and company until when pulling the cork from the bottle of wine, the bottle slipped from my hand dropping to the tiled floor in a thunderous crash smashing all over the place, splattering precious liquid all over Samara's beautiful white summer trousers. I glanced at Samara's penetrating deep blue eyes, a look that could kill, and quickly got the mop and brush to clean up the mess as Samara headed to the bedroom to change her clothes. I finished the clean-up just as Samara entered the room again looking equally stunning in a white denim just above the knee pencil skirt offset by a simple navy linen blouse. In truth, she would look attractive dressed in a bin bag.

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Right there and then, in front of the five guests, she immediately ordered me upstairs to fetch my spanking slipper. I hesitated, not quite believing my ears when calmly but firmly, she repeated her order. I exited the room returning two minutes later with a traditional white fur collar pink slipper that Samara usually used to spank me when I displeased her, which was often as much as twice a week but excitingly, at least one of those biweekly occasions ended up with amazing sex for both of us with some tremendous climatic orgasms.

Anne and Martha knew that Samara and I led somewhat of a female-led-relationship type of marriage. Nothing too extreme, but Samara most definitely wore the trousers in the household. They both knew I was occasionally spanked, though I doubt very much they realised it was as much as twice a week while they were also aware of my rather humiliating and extreme fetish. Ever since becoming sexually aware, I have had a fetish attraction to nappies. It was relatively early into my relationship with Samara that one evening, Dutch courage being supplied by a bottle of red wine, I coyly laid bare my embarrassing, humiliating secret to Samara. To say I was incredulous when she admitted she was aware of the fetish and would be happy to explore it with me is an understatement. At last, after four serious girlfriends, I may have found a soul mate.

As, over a period of years, our romance developed from boyfriend/girlfriend through our two-year engagement to married life, my spankings and punishments increased as did my use of nappies to such an extent that for the past two years, Samara insists I wear nappies twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. It is just over a year ago that she stipulated I wear terry cloth nappies only while simultaneously removing all toilet privileges so I now not only wet but soil my nappies. Initially, she would change my nappy immediately after I soiled myself, then she would only change me once she knew I had made a poo poo in my nappy and I was forbidden from telling her, while these days I am

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restricted to two nappy changes a day, first thing in the morning and just after dinner regardless of the state of my nappy.

Once again, while Anne and Martha knew about my nappies, in fact, I have had my nappy changed and been spanked in front of Anne, I am pretty sure they do not know that Samara keeps me in nappies 24/7/365 and that I have to use them to the full. To the best of my knowledge, the other guests, Sarah, Gillian and Tasmin knew nothing of the strange fetish relationship Samara and I shared or so I tell myself, though being sensible about it, it is probable that some details have leaked over the years on girls' nights out.

Regardless, here I was in the kitchen handing my spanking slipper to Samara, sort of hoping that we could pass it off as play acting but all the while having a deep suspicion that our FLR relationship was about to be fully exposed. As the incredulous Ladies looked on, Samara pulled her chair away from the dining table placing it in the middle of the large open-plan kitchen. She sat down, bidding me to stand in front of her. She undid the belt of my trousers, unzipped the fly, and pulled my trousers down revealing to the Ladies my pink plastic pants decorated with teddy bears. Thankfully I was facing Samara and not the Ladies, but their audible reaction rang loud and clear in my ears with Anne giving them some background on my fetish. Then the coup de grace,

“Does sissy baby Fairypuff have a poo poo in her nappies? Have you made a stinky in your nappies, sissy baby Fairypuff? Answer me, Fairypuff. Have you soiled your nappies?”

I stood there paralysed with shame and humiliation as Samara pulled the waistband of the plastic panties away, and took an exaggerated sniff, declaring to the Ladies that I was indeed soiled, and heavily soiled at that.

“You know the rules, Fairypuff. Why did you fetch the spanking slipper? You know it is no use when you have a soiled nappy. It is the thick wooden paddle for when you are in stinky

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nappies, isn't it? Yes, it is, as you well know. The slipper is for your bare bottom, and the wooden paddle is for a soiled stinky nappied bottom. Now, Fairy puff strip to nothing but your nappies and plastic panties and go back upstairs and fetch your wooden paddle."

Shame faced I obediently obeyed. Four minutes later, I was over Samara's knee being firmly spanked with the thick wooden paddle which on the very odd occasion I have had on the bare and is extremely painful but over two, albeit sodden and soiled, terry nappies and plastic panties, is not particularly hurtful but is incredibly demeaning and degrading as each stroke smears my poo poo all over my bottom and doubly embarrassing as the five Ladies watch. Samara rarely counts out my spankings. She just spanks me until she feels I have learnt my lesson. Usually, a spanking is a short sharp slipping involving 30 to 50 strokes in rapid succession. A more serious offence - meaning she has to use the thick nursery strap after a slipping - is usually counted in sets of six, generally being six sets of six. Exceptional naughtiness warranting unlimited, un-counted strokes of the strap are thankfully extremely rare, perhaps once every two months. The threat of an unlimited strapping mostly ensures my total submission and compliance.

Today, she beat me 30 or 40 times with the wooden paddle, enough that towards the end, my bottom was actually feeling tender and sore despite my nappies and plastic panties. As she spanked, she asked Anne to get me a baby vest and soother from my nursery so just as my humiliating spanking was coming to an end, Anne returned with a pink baby vest decorated with dollies that snapped under the crotch, as well as my largest pink soother that totally filled my mouth. Without any ado, Samara put me into the baby vest, stuck the soother into my mouth, looked at me and then right in front of the five Ladies, opened my punishment cupboard, ordering me to crawl into it. Chastened, ashamed, and embarrassed, I obediently crawled into the tight space. I sat down on my mildly throbbing bottom, by necessity bringing my knees up to my chin to fit into the small space. Samara closed the door,

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leaving me in the dark to my own thoughts, a severely chastened husband.

I shed tears as I sat there alone listening to the Ladies banter as they enjoyed their beautiful dinner. The curious Ladies were bursting with questions for Samara which she was delighted to answer without any reservation. Our entire private life was revealed to all. Not one secret remained, not even the most humiliating secret of all. Even more degrading than my nappies, for the past three months, my first feed of the day was a baby bottle of Samara's golden nectar, her champagne, her piss, nourishing piss matured overnight deep inside her to be fed to her sissy baby. Between dinner and dessert, Samara took them to see my nursery, my cot, my sissy baby dresses, my changing table, my bonnets, sleepsuits, playpen, dollies, rattles, and my entire sissy baby layette. My entire fetish life was revealed in full to all five Ladies.

As I sat there listening, I found my hand rubbing against my nappied crotch. The whole reason I was locked in the punishment cupboard was originally that I had a nappy fetish, a fetish desire to be dominated, to be a sissy baby, and to have lovely sissy baby clothes. I adore it when Samara dresses me in my frillies, the frilly and flouncier the better. She had bought some truly amazing dresses, bonnets and petticoats for me, clothes that to now only she, I and Anne knew about. I knew she was itching to parade me in public, to show me off to her friends and now here she was, revealing every last detail of our bizarre FLR relationship. I rubbed my crotch as I listened, and deep within the two terry nappies, I felt my sissy clit stir. It hardened and my excitement grew as I listened to Samara. They were planning a pageant for two weeks' time where they would all come back to our house for dinner and I and my sissy baby outfits would be the star attraction. Instead of being horrified at the prospect, I was thrilled at the idea. It was almost a relief to have our secret life revealed, a burden off my shoulders. I rubbed faster and faster, careful not to make a sound as if Samara found out it would be an uncounted strapping with the nursery

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strap. Silently, I had a lovely creamy safe in the knowledge that it would be well hidden by the filthy mess already in my nappies.

Absolutely, after the creamy I felt the usual embarrassment, but even that dissipated quicker than normal as the Ladies talked. It was only when they moved on to other topics, that I got bored, my limbs sore from my cramped position, the rather unpleasant odour from my nappies permeating the cupboard. I was a very happy baby indeed when, Ladies having gone home, Samara opened the cupboard but surprisingly only after she had tidied and cleaned the kitchen by herself, a sign I would be in baby mode for a while. It would not be the marital bed tonight. I crawled to my nursery after her, where she unsnapped my baby vest and pulled down my plastic panties to reveal the totally sodden and soiled terry nappies. The nappies were wet right through, patently unable to cope with a night's wetting and following my spanking, were visibly covered with the brown stains of my poo poo.

Samara had me crawl up on my changing table, she prepared three more terry nappies. I was looking forward to the change as I was desperate to get out of the stinky mess I had been swaddled in since morning. She pulled off my plastic panties, put my legs up into the changing stirrups lifting my bottom high into the air but rather than unpin the nappies I was in, she placed the three fresh terry nappies underneath my bottom, let down my legs to pin each of the nappies into place. It was a new humiliation for me, no nighttime nappy change, a full night left to stew in soiled dirty poop-filled nappies. She had obviously planned it for some time because out of a drawer, she pulled two absolutely enormous plain plastic panties, the largest plastic panties I had ever seen. Once satisfied the nappies were entirely covered by both sets of plastic panties she let down the cot rails and put me into an all-in-one sleep suit with built-in mittens and booties. She sat on the cot, brought a bottle of warm infant formula to my mouth and tousled my hair as I suckled on my feed.

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Samara enjoys babying me. She loves bathing me, feeding me, tickling me, and seeing me sit in my playpen playing with rattles, teddies and dollies. When I am a good baby, she reciprocates with tender loving care the way any Mama does with a baby. As I suckle my infant formula - these days she insists on infant formula, and says it enhances my babyfication - she told me all about the pageant and now that her best friends knew about my special fetish, I would be spending more time in baby mode. She fed me three bottles of formula before kissing me goodnight. Despite the enormous five layers of terry nappies and my nursery cot, I slept well. While I much prefer the martial bed, sleeping close to Samara, I always feel snug and safe in my cot, so as Samara put on the nursery lullaby music and turned out the light, I turned onto my side, and waited until I felt it was safe before once more pleasuring myself in my nappies, albeit it was more difficult to get feeling underneath all the layers of wet sodden and soiled terry fabric. One prolonged beautiful creamy later, I fell into a totally relaxed deep sleep until woken by my stunning Mama the next morning.

She smiled at me, tickled me under the chin, and spoke kind and gentle words to me before sitting on the cot, resting my head on her lap and feeding me a bottle of her first-of-the-day golden. It was pungent, much more so than normal, the rich meal of the previous evening presumably contributing to the acrid acerbic bitter taste. I struggled with the bottle, but Mama persevered, soothingly but very firmly insisting I finish the entire bottle. Just as I was finishing, Mama reminded me of what I already knew. I had quite a severe spanking coming up. As she was unable to spank me properly the previous evening due to my soiled nappy, I would be receiving it today.

I crawled to the changing table, Mama cleaned me up, bathed me in a lovely hot pink sudsy bath, played and splashed with me, and dried me thoroughly in a lovely luxurious towel. Back into the nursery, she took the wooden hard back chair from the corner, placed it in the centre of the room, fetched the slipper, sat down, bid

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me over her knee and so my spanking commenced. No counting. It started slowly enough before gathering in pace and ferocity as she scolded me for my carelessness in dropping the bottle of wine, destroying her trousers and having the temerity to sit down at the dinner table with her best friends in a filthy stinky smelly nappy. I was a crying, snivelling mess by the time she finished. My bottom was on fire, pain all over, and it was red, black and blue all over. Punishment over, Samara was back to her gentler ways. Back on the changing table, she poured and rubbed soothing ointment all over my blazing orbs and she let the air circulate around my bottom for about 15 minutes before lathering copious amounts of nappy rash cream all over.

I love it when Samara rubs the soother cream all over me, I love when she sprinkles the baby powder onto my nappy area, and I adore that special baby aroma of rash cream and powder making me feel so babyish. I enjoy and have no feelings of humiliation when she brings the first folds of my terry nappy up between my legs and starts to pin me into it. I have to work hard to keep my little penis at bay as the clean, fluffy and sweet-smelling terry fabric envelops my loins. For me, it is a wonderful feeling of being cared for by the woman I love. Absolutely, the feeling gets more and more humiliating as the day goes on, as my nappies get heavier and heavier with wee wee and poo poo, as nappy rash begins to set in and in particular, on the regular occasions that I am very heavily soiled when I can smell myself. One of Samara's favourite games is to find an errand for me to do when I am outwardly stinky. It is often a trip to the shop or she will suggest we go for a walk in the park, go for a coffee, a pizza or even to the pub. She seems totally unfazed that she is with a man giving off a bit of a whiff.

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CHAPTER TWO – Extended Punishment



For me, there is no better feeling than being swaddled into two fresh terry nappies and safely encased in lovely plastic panties decorated with dollies, teddy bears, nappy pins or ballerinas. I close my eyes and enjoy the attention as Samara pulls the second layer of nappy into place, whispering kind words to me, telling me how good I was. I was surprised when she took out a third nappy, deftly pinning it into place but enjoyed the bulky feeling between my legs. Then there was a fourth and a fifth before she told me that she was going to put me into punishment nappies. I was going to spend the next week as her full-time sissy baby, Fairybuff, twenty hours a day for the entire seven days as a constant reminder that I was her totally obedient submissive sissy baby. For the entire week, I would be swaddled in punishment nappies, twelve thick terry nappies for the week that would remain unchanged.

Layer upon layer went on as my legs were spread further and further apart until at last all twelve were in place. If I thought the plastic panties I had seen the night before were enormous, you should have seen the two pairs of panties Samara took from the drawer for me now. Gargantuan, both dark pink in colour with white elastic legs and both made from a tougher plastic. Samara pulled both up my legs and over the mounds of nappies and tucked all the terry fabric into the plastic panties. They were tight but fitted perfectly. She had me get on my knees on the ground to admire her