

AN AB DISCOVERY 'AFTER DARK' STORY

MARTIN COSTER

*Hotel
Kink*

BABY SALLYANNE'S
NEW LIFE

Hotel Kink: Baby Sallyanne's New Life

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By Martin Coster

First Published 2024

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Hotel Kink: Baby Sallyanne's New Life

Title: Hotel Kink: Baby Sallyanne's New Life

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Editor: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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www.abdiscovery.com.au

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Contents

In the Beginning.....	5
The Hotel.....	8
Training.....	14
First Day.....	17
Evening.....	24
Full Nappy.....	29
Ultimate Training.....	35
All that and more.....	43
Epilogue.....	49

In the Beginning...

Life wasn't always like this, the young girl thought as she woke up that morning. It had usually been confusing, difficult and awkward. She had never really known her actual identity nor had she found friends who understood her. But who could really understand her anyhow? At 24 years of age, Sallyanne Victoria Marsden was still in nappies at night, never having fully mastered toilet training. She lived alone, suffering through random short-term jobs to give her enough for a one-room flat and little more. But life had changed in a miraculous way through meeting just one person. Mummy.

From their first meeting, Mummy had sensed Sallyanne's inner self and had taken her not just under her wing but into her house and into her life. Over those first few months of living under her roof, Mummy understood perfectly that Sallyanne still wet the bed but more importantly, that it seemed not to bother her. It did not bother mummy either. The fact that Sallyanne still used a dummy at night for comfort was of no concern but, in fact, had brought about oos and ahs of support and comments about just how pretty she was. Her babyiness was an asset, not a liability.

Life was great and Sallyanne was safe at long last after a life of feeling very unsafe and at the same time, Sallyanne did the opposite of maturing. She UN-matured. She reverted. And it wasn't long before her daytime panties were wet and day nappies were suggested by Mummy and embraced enthusiastically by Sallyanne herself. Her wetting was moving from nighttime to daytime as well.

Sallyanne had never really considered herself an adult - not really - and Mummy concurred that she was indeed still a child in so many ways and possibly, still a baby. It was at the core of her difficulties that she was still truly just a baby in most of the ways that mattered.

Over the years, Sallyanne reverted even more. Her nappies were now the thick, pinned cloth ones with frilly plastic pants. Her

Hotel Kink: Baby Sallyanne's New Life

clothing had also reverted and become childish at first and then finally, babyish. Her bed became a baby's cot and her room became a nursery. Her meals included a formula bottle and at times, nothing more than formula and baby food.

Sallyanne was a baby girl once again and both mother and infant daughter marvelled at just how simple and easy it was for her to adopt such an infantile posture. There was one aspect that was new and that was about the way Sallyanne had stopped using the toilet entirely. For many years, she had wet her nappies but poed in the toilet. It was Mummy that changed all that. Mummy simply banned her from ever using the toilet again and required her to poo in her nappies instead – like a baby did.

Accepting now that Mummy was in effect, her real mother, she obeyed and did everything into her nappies. But one surprising thing was that Mummy didn't just tolerate dirty nappies. She praised them. She encouraged them but she also didn't change them quickly. Her rule was that nappies were changed when full and not before. So, sitting in dirty nappies for many hours was the norm and Mummy would smile as she watched her little baby girl playing happily on the floor in soaked and soiled nappies.

Sallyanne was simply perfect. Everything Mummy had ever wanted and ironically, the key to an unusual situation with a friend. Her best friend Helen was a thoroughly kinky woman and while the two of them had often engaged in sex, they were still just friends and heterosexual at that. But Sallyanne would never be a sexual partner. She was a baby and becoming less adult with every day that passed. But what was a liability and difficulty to some was an opportunity for others and so it was that Sallyanne got a new job. This job required her to take on a very special role at a very special hotel where her nappy wearing, baby clothes and infantile demeanour were not only positive but exactly what the hotel wanted.

Sallyanne was to be the hotel's...

Toilet.

Hotel Kink: Baby Sallyanne's New Life

The Hotel

Sallyanne carefully pinned her triple-thickness, pinned cloth nappy on with triple nappy pins for complete security. The nappies were folded extra high because she was going to need total capacity once again. She had already rubbed lashings of nappy cream on her body in readiness for what was happening after her lengthy cleansing shower. And the shower was needed as she had awoken as always – wet and heavily soiled front and back. Not that she was dry and clean when she had gone to bed anyhow. Life was never that regulated or simple for the infant girl.

She then pulled up her special clear plastic pants with two-inch leg and waistbands designed for maximum leakage protection for special occasions. Once they were in place, she approached the large potty chair that was on the floor of the special room that was on the opposite side of the hallway outside her bedroom door. She grinned as she lifted up the potty weighed down with poo that filled it to the brim and was heaped in the middle. She knew exactly who the poo had come from and how many had done it.

Nine loads. Nine full loads of poo in different shades of brown but all very desirable to her.

Sallyanne's penis was at full erection at the sight, its unlikely nine inches pushing up high as she pulled the high waistband of the plastic pants out and held the opening to her nappy out from her body. She then slowly and reverently, tipped the potty slightly and watched with joy as the mass of poo slid out of the potty and down the front of her nappy, rolling past her erection and filling out the bottom and front of her nappy. After a short time of this exquisite ritual, the potty was finally empty, and she placed it on the floor. It was still poopy to a degree, but she knew it didn't matter just yet. It would be washed later that evening but not before. And it would be used a few times yet, that much she knew, and she would repeat the potty emptying.

Hotel Kink: Baby Sallyanne's New Life

A big day was ahead of her, and she smiled at the thought.

I love this job so much! she thought to herself. *It's the best job I've ever had and it's all thanks to Mummy and Auntie Helen.*

There was another unusually large potty sitting next to the now-empty poo potty. It was the wee-potty and true to her expectations, it was nearly half full of tepid pee. Using experienced hands, she lifted the heavy potty and slowly emptied the urine into her nappy feeling the very thick and thirsty material sucking up the pee. By the time the pee-potty was empty, her nappy was already quite wet but there was still plenty of capacity left and she knew she would be needing it throughout the day. The triple thickness of the nappy made walking more of a waddle. A fourth nappy layer would have rendered her almost unable to walk at all, something she knew from experience. But in this job, she needed to be able to walk but at home... crawling was her more common experience.

But getting dressed and ready for her day was not yet complete. She was wearing her D-cup bras and her baby bonnet and booties, but her dress could not yet go on until she was fully ready.

She stepped out of the potty room and began to walk deliberately down the long hallway, past a dozen closed doors until she came to the room she wanted. It was the SECOND potty room. It served rooms seven through twelve just as the first potty room had handled the pee and poo needs of rooms one to six.

As she opened the door, she saw the now familiar poo potty sitting in the middle of the room. It was more than full. It was overflowing and as she glanced at the whiteboard which recorded the number of dumps taken in the potty, she saw the number 12 and grinned. Next to the poo potty laid three fully formed and large poos on the lino floor, poos that could not fit in the overflowing potty. Her job would certainly be a big one that day.

An experienced toilet like Sallyanne first used her hands to move the mass of poo already in her nappy to the back of it as much as she could to make room in the front. Over time, she had developed good skills in this regard and soon had the front of her nappy largely

Hotel Kink: Baby Sallyanne's New Life

empty and ready to receive its load of potty-poops. The bottom and back, however, were quite full.

Like earlier, she pulled her thick plastic pants out and then tucked in her tummy and held the nappy out as she began to carefully and excitedly tip the potty of poo into her nappy. Nine exquisite poos, many of them still warm, slid erotically into the front of her nappy, past her throbbing penis and taking their rightful place in the nappy she was wearing. By the time she was finished, the poo was almost up to the waistband of her very-high-waisted nappy. She was officially at formal capacity with 18 large adult poos now keeping her company in her nappy. But she also knew that there was really room for three or more poos in there if they were stuffed in with care. Experience told her that.

The pee potty was also quite substantial and so once more, Sallyanne lifted the potty and slowly poured the urine into her nappy. She watched in practised awe as the yellow urine rose in depth in the plastic pants, the superb 2-inch rubber leg bands holding back the flood as the nappy tried desperately to absorb the multi-litre pour of other people's urine. Finally, the potty was empty, and the nappy was now soaked to its capacity and a 3-inch-high pool of pee sat in the bottom of the nappy. But there was still the problem of the three poos lying on the floor. Her job was to collect *all* the poos and take them with her. To wear them. To be the toilet of the facility.

Sallyanne grinned. She was well-trained and knew exactly what to do. She picked up the first poo and slid it into the left cup of her bra. She then took the second one and placed it in her right cup before taking the third one, breaking it in two and putting half in each cup. Even though she only had A-cup breasts, her mummy insisted she wear a D-cup so that there was plenty of room to pack additional poo in there if it was needed – and it was almost ALWAYS needed. One of the aspects of working weekends at the Kink Hotel was that there was never any shortage of pee and poo for her to wear and play with.