

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

THE DAILY LIFE OF AN ADULT BABY



PENELOPE PANSY

The Daily Life Of An Adult Baby

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by
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CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION

I met Alison approximately ten years ago, a strong, vibrant, opinionated woman. I instantly liked her, being not only attracted to her personality but to her looks, her long dark brown hair, her small firm perfectly shaped hourglass figure with her magnificent womanly bottom and her “D” sized breasts matching in complete unison. While I am outwardly strong, giving the appearance of total confidence, and holding down a responsible executive position, I am constantly fighting against my true inner self which is far less secure and is quite submissive by nature.

Until I met Alison, I tended to shy away from strong women, not willing to risk the consequences of being in a hen-pecked relationship, not to mention I never had the confidence to chase high-powered females which was not helped by the small matter of my “manly package” which is, in truth, tiny, flaccid often less than one inch, fully aroused and erect no more than five inches with narrow girth. There was however a special chemistry with Alison. Something in her made me tick and we kept in contact and dated for a year with me expertly avoiding any sort of meaningful sexual encounter. Alison, however, had a way with words, a way to delve into my sexuality, my preferences, and my fetishes. She was sexually dominant and thrived on the dominance. She loved the idea of my naturally submissive disposition and so by the end of the second year, a sexual relationship had developed with most dates ending up with me over her knee being spanked followed by prolonged cunnilingus pleasure for her courtesy by my tongue after which I would usually be allowed enter her with my tiny erect penis to spurt my load within 60 seconds before it was back to my tongue to clean her of my cream and give her proper pleasure.

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Our relationship developed and we moved in together. I continued to work hard and take responsibility outside the home but inside the home, a wonderful dominant/submissive relationship was cultivated that satisfied the needs of both Alison and myself. As in all these situations, the current position evolved slowly over a period of time as I opened up more about my fetishes and Alison gradually pushed my boundaries out further and further to the mutual pleasure and satisfaction of us both.

Today, ten years after I met Alison, I am kept 24/7 in nappies which I use to the full. I am spanked every solitary day without fail, while some of our close friends are overtly aware of the lifestyle dominance Alison enjoys over me. There is no doubt that much of my humiliating lifestyle has moved on from pure mutual consent to a significant element of forced submission. The punishments I receive are very real and always designed to properly punish me and force acceptance of my position. I do not want to be napped 24/7. I used to protest, but each time I remonstrated, 24 very real, fierce strokes of the cane that left my bottom sore for two full weeks ensured compliance and acceptance of my napped 24/7 lifestyle. I am a dainty, prim, prissy sissy baby by the name of “sillyfrilly” and this is the story of our day-to-day fetish lifestyle living.

CHAPTER TWO: A NORMAL WORKING DAY

It is 7:00 a.m. Monday morning and the alarm goes off. I press snooze for another 10 minutes. Today I am in Mama's (Alison's) bed, which is not uncommon it must be said, although there is also a cot in the master bedroom where I usually sleep. Mama gets up, she turns on the baby bottle warmer which already contains a large bottle of infant formula. She pulls down her pyjamas bottoms and sits on top of my face, I find her urethra opening, and for the next few minutes I wet nurse on her strong first-of-the-day golden., She controls the flow of the warm nutritious liquid such that I can usually feed without spilling a drop. This morning it is particularly strong, bitter and I try to trace the reason why, back to the dinner we had last night. I lose concentration on my wet nursing, spilling some as Mama releases a strong gush. There is no need to say anything, for my naughtiness at wet nursing Mama's golden, my morning maintenance spanking has just been upgraded to a punishment spanking.

Golden finished, Mama takes off my childish pink teddy bear night dress, handing me the bottle of warm, infant formula to feed from. As I suckle on the teat, she places the changing mat under my napped bottom and fetches baby wipes, talcum powder and baby oil before lifting my legs in the air to take off the first of the two large pink plastic panties that cover the enormous mound of pink terry nappies within which I am swaddled. The second plastic panty comes off to release the stench of stale ammonia and poo poo. I am soiled and sodden as I am every morning. Even the sixth terry nappy is very smelly. One by one, Mama unpins each of the nappies, six in all, that odour getting worse as each nappy is dumped into my nappy pail. At

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last, the filthy smelly inner nappy comes into view. It is disgusting, absolutely covered in my poop and pee, with not a trace of clean pink fluffiness anywhere. Tenderly and kindly, Mama cleans my bottom, with baby wipes followed by soap and warm water. She is well used to it, but babies cannot help themselves. That is what nappies are for, for babies to fill with poop and wee wee. By the time I am clean, I have finished my baby bottle of formula and I rise and head to the shower. Thoroughly clean, I return to the bedroom where Mama has selected my work outfit for the day which lies on the bed. More significantly, next to the leather paddle used for my maintenance spanking is the thick yellow nursery strap used for punishment spankings, two feet long, three inches wide, with double thickness.

Without hesitation, I go over Mama's knee. I receive my standard six sets of six with the leather paddle every day, my daily maintenance spanking is most definitely firm but not severe. I have been spanked like this every day for the past four years and not one solitary day has been missed. Now it was time for my punishment for not being attentive at my wet nursing, for being naughty at my wet nursing and for spilling some of Mama's precious golden, her wee wee. Up until last Saturday, I had gone three full weeks without a punishment spanking and now it was two in three days. On Saturday it was for accidentally tearing my sissy dress and today, for being naughty at wet nursing Mama's golden. I feel the first really hard stroke of the paddle, far more intense than the maintenance spanking. I screech out in pain and Mama stuffs one of my huge soothers into my mouth, I do not normally need my dummy, my binky, my paci, or my dummy for the maintenance strokes but most certainly do when being punished. Another six sets of six, this time full force covering my entire bottom. My bottom is ablaze with pain, and tears flow down my eyes. I hate pain, the threat of pain makes me compliant and obedient.

I get off Mama's lap, take the correct position bent over the bed, I bury my head into the bed covers, making sure my red raw sore bottom is well presented. I feel five gentle taps of the dreaded yellow nursery strap and then the first harsh stroke of the strap sears

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across my bottom. My whole body shudders. Oh, why did I not pay attention to my wet nursing? Why did I not focus on drinking all of Mama's first of the day golden? I must learn my lesson, and I will learn my lesson. Eleven more strokes follow, and I am a total wreck, inconsolably sobbing. Mama takes me in her arms, cuddles me, hugs me, and yes, she does console me. She is good like that and once my punishments are over, she forgets about it, shows her true love for me, and whispers soothing kind words to me. Time is moving on and I have to be at work, so I lay down on the bed, bottom on the cool plastic of the changing mat. Mama rubs soothing aloe vera oil all over my bottom cheeks, and rubs in copious amounts of nappy rash cream followed by a sprinkling of powder before pinning me into the first luscious soft pink terry nappy, then the second followed by a third. The fabric seems soft and kind on my aching bottom but even in the nappies, I know I will be feeling a throbbing across my entire bottom every time I sit down today and probably into tomorrow.

Mama pulls up two plastic panties decorated with ballerina motifs followed by a pair of pink knickers with white frilly ruffles. Next, she puts me into a AAA cup pink lacy starter bra. I do the rest myself. I only wear Ladies' clothes selected for me by Mama Alison. Today she has laid out one of my navy Ladies' trouser suits on the bed. Peculiarly, the seamstress's cut on a woman's suit trousers makes them ideal to conceal my napped hips. I can actually get away with them with a high degree of comfort though two of my suits, including the one Mama has selected for today have an inbuilt problem. They are side-zipped, always a cause for concern but no one has ever commented as yet. Lying on the bed is also a pink and white pin striped blouse, not obviously female except for the direction of the buttons, it could easily be a man's shirt, thankfully today it is made of quite a heavy cotton which I prefer as it hides my bra straps. I pull up the trousers, button up my shirt, slip on pink socks and a pair of patent leather shoes that are Ladies but pass as men's. I put on the suit jacket, which is a well-tailored fit, and do a twirl in front of Mama who has climbed back into bed. Both she and I are comfortable with my look as anything goes in fashion these

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days. I am extremely stylish, very chic and very passable as a well-dressed dapper businessman. Down the stairs I go to have a bowl of cereal and a liquid yoghurt. I make Mama a cup of coffee, bring it to her in bed and off to work I head.

The day is like any other regular day at the office, busy but nothing too stressful, I organise and get things done in my usual efficient manner. The side-zipped trousers and the heavily ruffled frilly knickers always make me feel a bit self-conscious but I am sort of used to wearing them and curtail my work routine slightly to take account of my humiliating but secret attire. I lunch in the canteen with other staff, we gossip about football, rugby, politics and family. Every day I have to carry one bottle of infant formula to work and have it gone by the time I arrive home. There is an element of trust I will drink it and not just pour it down the sink and to date I have always drunk the bottle as it is a matter of honour and faith between two partners. I usually drink half of it in the car on the way to work, and the other half on the way home. With the extra wee wee sloshing around my tummy this morning, I will have to drink it all on the way home, not ideal, but I will do it. I am well versed in using my nappies at work and never think to cheat, not that I think I could go pee pee in the toilet and fix my nappies back into the correct position again which would be an almost impossible task. Between Alison and myself, we have worked out that the three layers of terry nappies suffice, but if I feel I require it I am allowed to pin a fourth one on. However, to date, I have only had to do this twice over the two-year period I have been going to work in nappies.

Mama Alison insists I make full use of my nappies so poo poos during the working day can be problematical. I have trained myself to soil in the evening time once home but occasionally nature takes its course and I have no option but to fill the back of my nappies while at work. This usually means rearranging my day schedule to limit contact with staff colleagues and calling people to meetings in my office rather than wandering around the open-plan office floor. Conveniently I have a coffee maker in the office which leaves a wonderful aroma. The dichotomy is that on the odd occasion, I arrive

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home in soiled nappies Mama Alison is always extremely pleased and is most generous in her rewards for me, a warm cuddle and to latch on to her breast as opposed to her urethra, an ice cream from the freezer, a night in her bed as opposed to my cot, my favourite meal cooked. A soiled work nappy most certainly comes with pleasant side bonuses.

Thankfully, the Monday of this story passed off without incident as most days do. I finished the bottle of infant formula while in the car on the way home from work. There were wonderful aromas coming from the kitchen as Mama is a fantastic cook. I got a beautiful hug and kiss before heading up to the bedroom to see what awaited. Nappies, plastic panties, four bottles of infant formula and a Babygro on the bed meant I would be put straight to my cot for the night. Nappies, plastic panties, petticoats and a sissy baby dress meant I would be babied for the evening but at least I got to stay up. Nappies and plastic panties only meant I could stay as I was which is the way it was tonight. Contented, I freshened up and went downstairs to my stunning partner. With dinner almost ready she checked my nappies to ensure I was okay until after the meal. The nappies were sodden as you would expect but were unsoiled and could absorb another wee wee.

We dined on a homemade smoked salmon pate for starters with a magnificent tender venison casserole for mains. It was sumptuous as all of Alison's cooking is. I love great food so mealtimes like this are fabulous. The only obvious signs of my subservience to Mama Alison are the glass of milk by my place setting, the large quantity of green vegetables on my plate and her insistence that I must finish my meal entirely with not a scrap left. We converse as any normal couple about the day, the people in our lives, and our holiday plans but invariably such evenings come back to the future, my future, our future. Alison may be bantering, and it could all be just talk, but she loves to talk about when I give up work in two years' time and how she wants to have me lead the life of a full time 24/7 fully regressed nine-month-old sissy baby, how we need to start planning for that future, and how to enhance my current

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babyfication and sissification so that it will not come as too much of a culture shock to me.

I tend to play along with the banter. In my fantasy world, I love the concept and the idea of being Mama Alison's sissy baby on a 24/7/365 basis always makes my sissy clit stiff as it excites me greatly. Of course, I know in real life it cannot happen and that in the real world, I would probably hate it. No more stunning meals like tonight, no intellectual conversations, no rugby matches to go to, and a life of tedium and humiliation. Still, it always makes for a fun evening of conjecture, of make belief and of course, as Alison keeps pointing out that two years ago who would have thought I would now be in 24/7 nappies, get spanked every day, be punished regularly, wet nurse Mama's golden, and wear nothing but Ladies or sissy clothes? Imagine what the next two years could bring especially as the principle of complete obedience and subservience to Alison or a strict punishment has been established.

By dessert time - a homemade rhubarb crumble - I knew my nappies were saturated to the full and it would not be long before I would be soiling my nappies as Mama was always very open about putting a laxative into my dinner time glass of milk. In adult mode such as now, I am allowed to tell Mama I need more nappies and, in fact, it is expected of me. If I leaked, the punishment spanking I got this morning would be mild compared to the thrashing Mama would give me. I am only allowed one nappy change a day, so once in the bedroom, Mama removes my plastic panties and pins three fluffy fresh pink terry nappies over the three totally saturated ones, praising me greatly for letting her know I required extra nappies. Two fresh and much larger plastic panties are pulled up and as my work trousers are too small to fit over six layers of terry nappies Mama decides to put me into an all-in-one pink sleep suit with closed-in feet and hands.

I am hugely disappointed at her surprising choice. It means I am to immediately revert to baby mode, and our lovely evening coming to an abrupt end. I will not get to eat the rhubarb crumble and I will shortly be put down for the night and even worse, it will be

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my cot as opposed to Mama's bed. I protest and Mama knows I am disappointed. I instinctively beg to be kept in adult mode, and within 30 seconds, I have earned a punishment spanking at nappy change time tomorrow morning. Unbelievably, I went three weeks without a punishment spanking and now there are three in four days. I stop my protest and glumly crawl after Mama down the stairs, sucking my dummy. Obediently, I play with three rattles and two dollies in my baby play area on the kitchen floor as Mama puts my dessert into the fridge before sitting down to enjoy hers. The only upside is that having done all the cooking, Mama is now left with all the tidy up and washing which adult me would have gladly helped with.

With wash-up done and two bottles of infant formula made, I crawl back to the bedroom, lay my head in Mama's lap and look at her lovingly as I suckle the two bottles of formula. As I suckle, I obviously soil my nappies, quite a heavy soiling in fact. Mama is most pleased, praises me, gives me a beautiful tight hug and kiss, has me finish the bottles and a few minutes later, shortly after nine, I am safely ensconced in my cot for the night, disappointed but strangely content. I am left in a dilemma, and surreptitiously I gyrate in the cot. I know Mama has a web cam attached to her phone and if I am caught, I am in very serious trouble, yet I have an overwhelming desire to pleasure myself. I genuinely did think that I would be pleasuring Mama with my tongue that night but it was not to be, and pleasuring myself was the next best option. Surprisingly, I am not kept in chastity, as Mama does reward me with penetrative intercourse though alas for me, 60 seconds is all it takes for me to spill my seed anyhow.

I gyrate a bit more and then I remember I am already on a punishment spanking tomorrow and I cannot afford another. I stop and use every bit of will power I have to think about things other than Mama. I must be obedient, I must not pleasure myself, obey, obey, obey, and be good. I desist and at last, I fall asleep. I know in retrospect that Mama was watching me and she too was in a dichotomy. She was pleased I showed true subservience and devotion to her, to obey her will and yet she freely admitted she

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would have loved the opportunity to double up on my punishment as spanking me truly gets her sexually excited.

Tuesday morning brought the same punishment spanking as Monday for which I was most grateful, but it came with a health warning that if I earned just one more punishment spanking in the next two weeks Mama would accentuate my babyfication by inserting a suppository up my bottom every morning for the next two years. All I can say is the threat worked. You have never seen a more compliant submissive than I was over the next two weeks and Mama played it to her full advantage, introducing me to quite extensive public humiliation. I accepted it and did not walk out on Alison as most people would have done. My head said walk, my heart said stay and I stayed. Deep down I loved it. I loved Alison, I loved nappies, and I loved being a sissy baby.

A black ladies' trouser suit was laid out for me on Tuesday, my favourite in fact, the one I felt most comfortable in. A frontal zip was always a help while the jacket was less tailored than on some of the others. Unfortunately, the shirt blouse Mama selected was a light pure white crinkled viscose fabric that most definitely opened up the possibility of a glimpse of my bra. The workday went off without incident, with a few stimulating work issues to solve which is always satisfying and challenging. Tuesday evening brought complications, and I played tennis with a few mates. Up until a few months ago Mama considerably changed me into a disposable nappy for the game but once winter started, she decided to leave me in my three terry nappies arguing that my tracksuit bottoms adequately concealed my babyfied state. Now, in late spring it was time to strip down to shorts and a tee shirt for the game, but Mama Alison had made it perfectly clear that I was not going to be put back into disposables for my game of tennis. I was in terry nappies, period, no argument.

It took a trip to the Ladies' section of five sports shops the previous Saturday to find a suitable pair of Ladies' shorts, matching tops, socks as well as a triple-A cup sports bra. To be fair, Mama was not interested in totally humiliating me in public so my new gear

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might raise an eyebrow or two with my playing partners but was effective in hiding the multitude of sodden wet terry nappies I was wearing. While not clearly visible, the bra would be noticeable to any normal observant person but Mama being the clever person she is just told me to say I had a heart monitor attached if I was questioned. No one questioned it. My Tuesday tennis was a good game with equally balanced partnerships so once the game began, my competitive instincts took over, helping me forget about my attire. The two pints afterwards tasted very nice indeed though the pints always put me in a hurry to get home so Mama could quickly layer up my nappies from three to six.

By my own admission, I sort of played with fire on my Tuesday night pints. My head tells me and I know full well that someday the three sodden wet saturated terries within which I have been swaddled since early morning will not withstand the soaking they will get from two pints of beer and I will be in very serious trouble but to date, all has been well and I do enjoy my few post tennis beers with my mates.

Wednesday evenings tend to be Mama's night out. I come home to yet another beautiful meal and as I tidy up, Mama prepares for her evening with the Ladies. Once the chores are done, I go up to our bedroom, Mama swaddles me into the extra three sets of terry nappies and puts me into an all-in-one sleep suit. During my bedtime preparation, the doorbell rang so Mama left me to let my babysitter in, a 22-year-old girl, Charlene, who works at the local convenience store and needs the extra cash.

Tonight, Mama was just starting to pin me into my third extra terry nappy, my sixth in all, when the doorbell rang. Mama had been talking about introducing a babysitter into our regime for the nights she was out for about six months but it was only six weeks ago since Mama actually introduced Charlene as my babysitter. I would never be left alone again. That first Wednesday, I was mortified especially as I regularly shopped at the local store and knew Charlene on sight. To this day, I have no idea how Mama approached her about babysitting not only an adult baby but an adult prissy sissy baby. All