

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

CHRISTINE KRINGLE

BEDTIME  
STORIES  
FOR  
SISSY  
BABIES

FOR THOSE  
STILL IN  
DIAPERS

VOLUME 3

*Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies 3*

# Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies

*Volume 3*

by

Christine Kringle

First Published 2020

Copyright © Christine Kringle

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form, by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are a coincidence.

# *Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies 3*

## *Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies 3*

Title: Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies (Vol 3)

Author: Christine Kringle

Editor: Michael Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

© 2020

[www.abdiscovery.com.au](http://www.abdiscovery.com.au)

### **Other Books from Christine Kringle**

Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies (Vol 1)

Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies (Vol 2)

### **Other Books from AB Discovery**

A Brother for Samantha

Mommy's Diary

The Hypnotist

Chosen

The Snoop

The Washing Line

My Baby Callum

A Baby for Felicity

The Regression of Baby Noah

A Baby for Melissa and her Mother

Baby Solutions

Discharged into Infancy

The English Baby

The Bedwetter's Travel Guide

Me, Myself, Christine

Adult Babies: Psychology and Practices

The Joy of Bedwetting

Diaper Discipline and Dominance

Coffee with Rosie

Being an Adult Baby

The Adult Baby Identity – coming out as ABDL

The Adult Baby Identity – Healing Childhood Wounds

Living with Chrissie – my life as an Adult Baby

## *Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies 3*

A Mother's Love  
The Psychiatrist and her Patient  
The Reluctant Baby  
There's still a baby in my bed!  
So, Your teenager is wearing  
diapers!  
Where Big Babies Live  
Home Detention  
The Book Club Baby  
The Rehab Regression  
The Daycare Regression  
The Virtual Reality Regression  
A Woman's Guide to Babying Her  
Partner  
The ABC of Baby Women  
Overlapping Stains  
The Babies and Bedwetters of  
Baker St

The Adult Baby Identity – a self-  
help guide  
The Adult Baby Identity – the  
dissociation spectrum  
Six Misfits  
Six Misfits – A man and his dog  
The Six Misfits – the seventh misfit  
Becoming Me – The Journey of  
Self-acceptance  
The Epitome of Love  
Australian Baby: a life of diapers,  
bottles and struggles  
Fear and Joy: a life in and out of  
diapers  
The Fulltime, Permanent Adult  
Infant  
Sissy babies: the ultimate  
submissive  
Tales From The Nursery 1-11  
The Better Husband Training  
Program  
Max, the Diapered Zombie Killer  
Living Happily as an Adult Baby

# *Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies 3*

## Contents

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| ~ Picking Daisies ~ .....          | 7   |
| ~ Personalized Therapy 2 ~ .....   | 92  |
| ~ The Meaning Of A Promise ~ ..... | 121 |

## ~ Picking Daisies ~



**B**obby Gerry was a child of privilege. His family had money that started with railroads and horses back in the late 19th century and was grown by subsequent generations until the family fortune was now so large that it became meaningless, especially to Bobby. He was never denied anything in his life and combining that with some liberal ideas of parenting by his mother, which included letting the child find their own path to maturity, Bobby was spoiled to the point of obscenity. As such, his social skills were atrocious. He could be forgiven if he viewed others in his social circle as liking him just for his money, but he took it farther than that and treated everyone around him as beastly as he could, because to him, that proved his point. If they stuck around, they were only there because of his money, and if they left, well, he could replace them easily enough.

This charming aspect of his personality shone greatest when

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

it came to his dating. He would often go out to bars or clubs with his entourage, and while there, viewed all the young women that were there as potential targets. It didn't matter if she was with some other guy, and in fact, that was often viewed by him as a bonus. Demonstrating that he could steal someone's date away from them gave the whole affair an extra thrill. That's not to say that his efforts didn't create some hard feelings in the cuckolded dates, but Bobby always paid the bouncers well and in advance to cover any difficulties that might arise.

As for the young woman he might choose to lavish his attention on, they were all smitten to start with. When he wanted to, Bobby could be quite charming. Combine that with the fact that he was quite good looking and had money to burn, made him seem like an ideal candidate for a boyfriend, but that wasn't what he was interested in. Once he convinced himself that he had the young lady totally and truly infatuated with him, the game was over. He would stop calling, stop responding to text messages, and if they ever ended up in the same location he would ignore her, and if she made a scene, he'd have her removed by the bouncers. It was quite the little narcissistic drama that he had concocted, and he never grew tired of starring in it.

On this particular night, he was at Club 626. It was one of his favorite hunting grounds, and as he and his crew entered, he slipped the bouncers \$100 each. He set up in a private room and began to survey the crowd for potential targets. It didn't take him long to zero in on a hot young lady at the bar. She had a two-tone hair color of blonde and brunette and dressed like someone who wasn't afraid of her very potent sexuality. He tipped the waitress serving them \$100 to buy the young lady a drink and to invite her to join him.



## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

The waitress did as he requested, making sure to point him out to the young lady, but upon receiving her drink, the young woman simply turned to where he was, raised her glass in his direction, took a drink, and then turned back towards the bar. This was unprecedented. He called the waitress over to ensure that she had delivered the message as he had instructed her to do, but when she assured him that she had, he grew angry.

Who was this woman to spurn his attentions? He was Bobby Gerry, nobody said “no” to him, *ever*! He tipped the waitress another \$100 to repeat the process. He was certain that with another effort, he could get things back on track. She repeated her efforts, but when she got to the bar, the young lady, without ever looking his way, reached into her purse and handed the waitress something. The waitress returned and handed Bobby his \$100 back and then delivered a message to him.

*“The young lady said to tell you, 'Thanks for the offer, but one drink is all I'll accept from some little boy who doesn't have the balls to approach me on his own.' She also asked how much you had tipped me, and gave me \$100 to return it to you so there'd be no hard feelings.”*

*No hard feelings? Was she kidding?*

He was incensed. She had no idea whom she was dealing with. And then it struck him - maybe that was the point. His approach had been too remote. It had always worked in the past, sure, but nothing could beat the old Bobby Gerry charm. He would simply have to approach her himself and turn on the charm, and then she'd fall right in line. He was a little insulted that she was making him go the extra mile, but this had become a matter of pride now. He was going to make her fall for him and then dump her hard.

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

It was game on.

He left his crew and walked up to the bar and stood next to her, but never glanced her way. When the bartender walked up, he said, "Redbreast 27."

The bartender looked at him and said, "Sir, that's \$100 a shot. Are you sure you want one?"

Bobby looked at the man and smiled. "You misunderstood. I don't want a shot, I want the whole God damn bottle, and not an opened one either. Can you do that for me?" He then laid out \$1200 on the bar.

The bartender collected the cash and disappeared. When he returned, he was carrying the bottle of Irish Whiskey. Bobby threw another \$100 bill on the bar and said, "That one's for you. Thanks so much for the help."

He then turned to the young lady, assured that his little show must have caught her attention, and let her know just how rich he was. He smiled and asked her, "Would you care for a drink?"

She turned and smiled back and said, "No thanks, I've already got one," and then turned away.

He was dumbfounded. It was one thing to reject him from across the room, but now that he was at her side, standing right there, there was no way she could be refusing him again. He took a moment and gathered his composure.

"I'm Bobby Gerry. It's nice to meet you."

She looked back at him, smiled once more, and then said, "Yes, I'm sure it is." She then went back to ignoring him.

This was like some weird episode of the *Twilight Zone*. She

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

saw he had money to burn, he dropped his name, and he was looking so sharp he should have come with a warning label, but still, she remained aloof. This could not be allowed to continue.

“You're not really going to make me drink this excellent bottle of Irish Whiskey all by myself, are you?”

“Oh, I'm not worried about that. I'm sure the other toddlers in your playpen over there will help you. So why don't you toddle off now, Bobby Gerry? I'm hoping to meet a man here tonight, and your hovering like this makes it harder. Off you go now.”

She was totally dismissive of him, and that had never happened to him before.

*She was looking for a man, so why wasn't she jumping all over me? All the other girls usually did.*

“If you're looking for a man, baby, I'm right here. What do you say we get to know each other a little better in a more intimate location?”

She burst out laughing. “Oh sweetie, I said I was looking for a man, not a man-child. A boy like you wouldn't know what to do with a real woman. Why don't you head back to the other babies and play nice with them? I'm looking for somebody who has a backbone and isn't intimidated by a woman who enjoys her own power.”

Bobby became enraged. There was no way he was going to let her get away with insulting him. He was Bobby Gerry, and nobody said 'no' to Bobby Gerry, let alone questioned his manhood. He had bedded dozens of women, so it seemed this broad needed to be taught a lesson, and he was just the one to do it. He reached around, grabbed her by the back of her hair, pulled down, and then planted a hard kiss on her lips.

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

“Man enough for you now, baby?”

It was with no small amount of surprise that he almost instantly felt massive hands clamp down around both his arms, as the bouncers began to drag him towards the door.

“Hey, what the hell do you think you're doing? I paid you guys. Let go of me.” And let go of him they did, as they threw him to the pavement outside of the club.

“I'm Bobby Gerry! I'll have your jobs for this. In fact, I might just go and buy this place so I can have the pleasure of firing you myself. I'll see to it that you two never work another club in this town. I can do it, you know.” The massive men stood on either side of the doorway and just ignored him.

Bobby waited on the sidewalk for his entourage to join him, but when nobody had shown up after five minutes, he called for his limo and left. He fumed the whole way home and drank to excess in the back seat. He was pissed off at the bouncers, he was pissed off at the toadies he supported, but most of all, he was pissed off at that bitch at the bar. He was going to find out who she was, and he was going to make sure he made her pay for what had happened to him. The next morning he was awoken from a drunken stupor by the butler.

“Mr. Bobby, your father has sent me to request your presence in the Study, sir.”

“Oh Wilson, can't it wait? I'm hungover, and I'm not in the mood to listen to any more of my father's lectures at this point. Tell him I'll be down in a couple of hours.” Bobby then rolled over and tried to go back to sleep.

“I'm afraid sir, that your father was quite insistent on you

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

attending him immediately. It appears that you were involved in some type of altercation last night and he needs to see you right away." Wilson's tone was firm as were his intentions as he grabbed the side of the mattress.

"Okay, okay, I'll be right down." Bobby got up and threw on a pair of jeans. He filled his glass from the previous night with Redbreast and headed down to the study.

He was squinting from the bright light streaming through the window when he entered the Study, but it didn't take him long to recognize that woman from the bar the previous night was now seated across the desk from his father.

"You! How dare you show your face around here! I don't know what you think you're doing, but I promise you this, I'm going to make you pay for what happened to me last night!"

His father sighed, and in an exacerbad tone said to Bobby, "So you *do* know this young lady? Miss... I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name. Now that my son is here, would you care to tell me what this is all about?"

"It's not 'Miss,' it's Mistress, Mistress Lillith, and this is about assault."

"Assault? Are you kidding me? I never assaulted you. I kissed you. There has got to be dozens of witnesses that were in the Club last night that can attest to that. Assault, my ass!"

"Bobby, would you kindly just shut up and let this woman finish."

Bobby's father was usually quite deferential to his son, but this time he was quite firm, so Bobby held his tongue. "Now, my

dear, you were saying something about assault?"

"Yes, yes I was. As your son just admitted to, he assaulted me last night at a place called Club 626." She turned to glare at him and then continued. "He was also correct about the number of people present who witnessed the whole thing. I'm certain of it because I have witness statements, including ones from the two bouncers you threatened to get fired. I also have the security footage that has the whole incident in living color."

Her tone was cool, but it was clearly just a thin veneer that covered a very palpable rage.

Bobby's father showed no reaction to the accusation just laid before him. He had been in too many hot negotiations in his business career to give his opponent any indication of what he was thinking. He leaned back and stated, "If everything you've said is true, and I'm not saying whether it is or isn't, I can assume by your presence here that you are looking for a settlement. Please understand that if there is to be any settlement made, all your materials must be turned over to me, and you will be required to sign an NDA that will come with substantial penalties if you were to break it. Now then, what number did you have in mind?"

She smiled a wicked smile at Bobby's father and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Gerry, but it's not going to be that easy, I'm afraid. What your son did was criminal, and he needs to be punished for it. You're not going to be able to buy his way out of it, this time."

"My young lady, I have an army of lawyers on retainer. I assure you that my son will not spend a single day in jail. Furthermore, when the lawyers each hire an army of private investigators to go through your life, there won't be a man standing who believes anything you say. On top of that, if I'm correct in

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

assuming your profession from your title of 'Mistress,' it shouldn't be too hard to drive your clients away and destroy your business. So, shall we be reasonable here? What number do you have in mind?"

He was masterful in his delivery. Not the slightest tone of anger was heard, but his threats were as clear as if they had been delivered with a severed horse's head.

She smiled back at him. "Mr. Gerry, you're welcome to employ your attorneys and their PI's, but I assure you that it will avail you naught. I have the statements and the tape. I have PI's of my own that are collecting the names of every female your son has ever associated with since he was a toddler and wetting himself in the sandbox even as we speak. I can only imagine what they'll have to say about his behavior. I should also warn you, that if you start harassing my clients, you'll find many of them are quite formidable and be quite annoyed with you for interfering in their private lives. They are captains of industry, politicians, and heads of law enforcement agencies whose names, even if you *were* able to uncover them, would spell doom for you and your family fortune if you ever confronted them. So, shall we be reasonable here?"

She was far more than he had expected, and her threats were every bit as well stated as his own. This was not going to be as easy as he had hoped.

"I assume that there must be some point to your visit, Mistress Lillith. If you be so kind as to please get to it. What do you want?" Bobby's father was tiring of the verbal parrying and wished to conclude the matter so he could get back to his work.

"Oh nothing of consequence, I assure you," she said. "I just want him." She then gestured in Bobby's direction.

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

Bobby's father responded, "What do you mean you want him? Want him for what?"

"Well Mr. Gerry, I'll tell you. It seems to me that you and your wife have done such a piss poor job of raising little Bobby here, that somebody needs to step in and do the job right. What I'm proposing is that you turn Bobby and his trust fund over to me and I'll see to it that by the time I return him to you, he won't be the headache he is now. The alternative is to make last night's attack the lead story on every news channel. That could put a damper on any political aspirations you might have for this family for more than a generation, don't you think?"

She stared across at him like she knew she held the winning hand.

"I'm sorry, but you can't be serious. Bobby is an adult now. Even if I wanted to consider your offer, which I don't, I have no ability to comply with your terms. He'd have to agree on his own. Again, I'm sorry."

"Let's be honest here, Mr. Gerry. Bobby is a spoiled brat who uses his trust fund like a blankie. Take the money, and he will follow. That's why I need control of his trust fund. That way, he only gets what I want him to get. I'll also have to insist that no one be permitted contact with him. I won't get any results if he thinks he can just run back to you or your wife behind my back. There has got to be just one law, and that law is me."

She was so self-assured and had obviously planned her strategy well. Bobby's dad looked at her, and then at him, and then back to her.

"I'm sure that you must appreciate that this is a lot to take in



## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

all at once. I'd like some time to consider your demands and to consult with my lawyers. Is that acceptable?"

"Of course, of course," she said. "Take all the time you want, but I'll expect an answer by this time tomorrow. Don't bother packing him a bag either, I'll be buying him a whole new wardrobe when we start."

She then got up, eyed Bobby contemptuously, and left.

When she was gone, Bobby looked at his father and whined, "Okay dad, what's the plan? How are we going to crush this little bitch?"

Bobby knew his father to be a man of resolute decisions and quick action. Whatever he had in mind for this "*Mistress Lillith*," he knew it would be devastating and fast. She was about to find out just what it meant to screw with him, and she was going to regret it for the rest of her life - if she lived that long.

His father looked at him and said, "I don't know, Bobby. If this woman is as formidable as she claims, you may just have gotten yourself into a situation I can't get you out of. You better prepare yourself for the possibility that you just may need to go with her until I can neutralize the threat."

"Go with... Are you nuts? There's no way in hell I'd ever agree to go with that bitch, so you can just forget that right now."

Bobby was quite animated, and despite the splitting headache he was fighting, he was quite loud in his opposition.

"Bobby, you know that your access to your trust fund is totally at my discretion. Unless you've just acquired some marketable skills I'm unaware of, you're going to have to go along

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

with the decisions I make. I know this doesn't sit well with you, and as I stated to this Mistress Lillith, it doesn't sit well with me either, but this is the hand we've been dealt, and we just might have to play it. Keep in mind, my son, that you are the author of this entire mess, so I'd appreciate your cooperation in trying to clean it up. Do I make myself clear?" It was clear that Bobby's father was growing impatient with him.

"Oh come on, you can't really expect me to..." Bobby started pleading.

*"Do I make myself clear!"*

His father's wrath was something Bobby rarely saw, but he knew enough to back down quickly whenever it *did* appear. Bobby watched his father as he ruminated over the vexing challenge he was facing and waited in silence for his father to speak again. After ten minutes his father spoke.

"Alright Bobby, walk me through the events of last night." Bobby complied adding his colorful insights along the way. His father could only shake his head. "And what of the women in your life? Will they be an asset at trial?"

"I don't know," responded Bobby. "To be honest, I can't even tell you most of their names. When I get bored with them I just cut them loose. What do they have to do with this anyway? They're all just some nameless nobodies. What do they matter?"

"I'll tell you why, my son," Bobby's father said in a rather exacerbated tone. "If we have to go to trial, it won't just be about the law, but about what the jury thinks about you and this Mistress Lillith. It won't be difficult to paint an unflattering picture of her, considering what the sexual repression of the average juror today

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

is, but they also have to *like* you in a case like this. Especially in a case like this. If they view you as unlikable, you could end up in jail for ten years if the prosecutor feels it meets the standard for a felony. The name 'Gerry' carries a lot of weight with it, and an ambitious prosecutor just might find you to be his key to political advancement, as he demonstrates his willingness to fight for 'the little guy' against the 'evil 1%.' So I'll ask you once again, what kind of tale will these girls tell about you and how you treat women?"

It was now Bobby's turn to ruminate. If his dad was right, the girls he knew would not paint a flattering picture, and he was staring down the barrel of a ten-year prison sentence. He couldn't go to prison. He would never survive. He started to consider Mistress Lillith's offer as a better alternative.

"What if... what if I agreed to go with her? It would have to be better than prison, right? And it would have to be shorter than ten years, right? I mean, just how bad could it be?" It was clear that the nature of his predicament was becoming all too real to him now.

"I don't know son, and I can't make this choice for you, but I think you're starting to get an appreciation for what your options are, now. I'll back your decision, whatever it may be, but the choice has to be yours, as will be the ramifications of that choice." His father had a look of resignation.

Bobby looked dejected. "Will you tell mom? I'm going back to bed and hope to find that this was all just a bad dream." With that, he left the Study and trudged back up to his room with the gait of a man walking to the gallows.

When he returned downstairs several hours later, he found his mother openly weeping as his father was on the phone with his lawyers. It seemed pretty clear that an eleventh-hour reprieve was

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

not going to be coming his way. Bobby walked into the study and headed right to the bar his father maintained in there. He poured himself a large whiskey and turned to his parents.

"Well," he said. "What are we looking at, dad? What did the lawyers say?"

The question was really perfunctory, as the mood in the room told him everything he needed to know, but he took a large drink and he waited for his father to break down his options for him. All he could keep thinking though was that this just couldn't be happening to him. He was Bobby Gerry, damn it!

"I'm sorry son, but nothing has changed. The best our lawyers can advise is that you either submit to this woman, or we try to work out a plea deal. The problem with a plea deal is, you could end up being labeled a sexual predator, and there would likely be *some* jail time." His father walked over to him and then poured himself a drink. "I've got the lawyers drawing up the papers to have you adopted by this woman and turning control of your trust fund over to her if you decide that that is the course of action you want to follow."

"Adopted? I'm a full-grown man. How can I be adopted?" Bobby was insulted by the very notion of being adopted like some orphaned child.

"It seems," his father continued. "That there are provisions in the law that allow for one adult to actually go out and adopt another. I can't say that I fully understand the practice myself, but I've been assured that it is in fact, legal."

"Adopted...."

Bobby stared down into the bottom of his drink and weighed

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

his options, and didn't care for what they were. He just couldn't grasp how it had all come to this. He had always lived his life just the way he wanted, but now in just a 24 hour period, his whole world had been destroyed. It was at that moment that he made his choice. He'd go with this bitch, but he was going to make her pay, so help him, God.

He looked at his sobbing mother and then at his father and said, "Let's just get this over with."

The next day Bobby got up, showered, and had a hearty breakfast. He was now resolute. He was going to be such a problem for this "*Mistress Lillith*," that she'd be begging to get rid of him. Yes, he would be back to life as he knew before the week was out, he was sure of it.

When Mistress Lillith arrived later that day she entered the Study to find Bobby standing by the bar, and his father and his father's lawyers standing behind the desk. She approached them with an air of command that demonstrated she was in control of the room.

"Well Mr. Gerry, what shall it be? Will you be turning your son over to me, or do we take this to the police?"

"We've decided to accept your terms, young lady. These men will show you where to sign, but know this, if any harm comes to my son while he's under your care, I will come after you with everything I've got."

There was a steely determination in both his voice and his eyes.

She finished signing the papers and then said, "Harm?"

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

She laughed and walked over to Bobby. She reached into her purse and pulled out a pink pacifier that was attached to a pink leather strap. She shoved the pacifier into Bobby's mouth and then secured the strap at the back of his head. When he tried to reach up for it, she slapped his hand.

"I have no intention of harming your son, sir. Quite the opposite, in fact. I intend to undo all the harm you and your wife have done to him by raising him all over again. And by *"all over again,"* I mean right from birth. Isn't that right my little sissy baby?" She then pinched his cheek. "Mommy Lillith is going to take *such* good care of her little sissy baby."

She grabbed Bobby by the hand and walked back to the desk and collected the papers that gave her guardianship over Bobby and control of his trust fund. She folded them and placed them in her purse and looked at Bobby's father.

"I understand that my little baby here has a chauffeur and a limo. Could you kindly have the car brought around? I need to get my new baby home and into her diapers before she has an accident. I'd hate for you to have to explain to the maid why there was a puddle of pee she had to clean up." She then laughed and led Bobby out of the Study and then the front door.

Once they were outside waiting for the chauffeur, Mistress Lillith spoke to Bobby. She didn't look at him, despite the fact that he was staring daggers at her, she simply spoke.

"As you heard inside, we will be embarking on a wonderful journey, the two of us, where the destination will be a place where you are a new person. A person who is kind and deferential to all the women he meets and is respectful of other people's feelings and needs at all times. In short, I'm going to make a man out of you, but

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

to do that, we're going to need to start by turning you into a precious little baby girl. Maybe if we start there, we can help you realize what it is to be a girl, and that should make it easier for you to empathize with them, and treat them better. What do you say, baby? Doesn't that sound like fun?"

He wanted to respond. By God, did he want to respond, but the pacifier in his mouth was making it impossible for him to do anything more than mutter. She chuckled loudly at his feeble attempts of protesting his new station in life. She just opened the door of the arriving limo and shoved him into it.

The driver looked at Bobby with the pink pacifier strapped into his mouth through the rearview mirror and asked, "Where to, Mr. Bobby?"

Mistress Lillith reached into her bag and pulled out a card and handed it to the driver. "We'll be going here. I'm Lillith, by the way, and you are?"

"Calvin, Calvin Hobbs, ma'am. I'm Mr. Bobby's driver. If it's not too much to ask, ma'am, what's going on? Why does Mr. Bobby have that thing strapped to his head?"

"Well, Calvin," she started in. "That strap is to ensure that the baby doesn't spit her paci out. You see, I just adopted this precious little baby girl, and will be spending quite some time re-raising her to be a better person. I have access to the trust fund, and I was wondering if you would care to come to work for me, instead of the Gerry's. How does a 50% raise sound to you, Calvin?"

"It sounds just fine ma'am, but I've got to ask, this won't get me into any trouble with the Gerrys, will it?" Calvin was clearly aware of what running afoul of such a family could mean, and he

didn't want any part of that.

"Oh, I shouldn't think so, but feel free to check with them if you like, Calvin. But in the meantime, I think we should hurry. I would hate for the baby to wet herself in the back of your car before I've had a chance to get her diapers on her." She then sat back and smiled.

As the driver pulled away, Bobby looked at her with an intense rage. He reached for the door handle and she slapped his hand.

"You are an idiot, but I didn't think that even you would try to exit a moving vehicle. Calvin, does this car have child locks for the rear doors?"

Calvin turned his head slightly so he could answer and still keep his eyes on the road. "I'm so sorry ma'am, but I don't know. The subject has never come up before."

"Well, I can believe that," she replied. "But it's come up now. Can you look into it for me, please? If there are child locks, could you see to it that they are engaged? If there aren't child locks, could we look into having some installed? I promised Mr. Gerry that no harm would come to his son, but this little baby girl seems to be determined to make a liar out of me by trying to jump from a moving car, if you can believe it. So, if we're going to keep her safe, I think we will definitely need the child locks, don't you?"

"Yes ma'am," Calvin answered. "I'll look into it right away. Is there a price I should make sure to stay under?"

"Oh Calvin, you can't put a price on a baby's safety." She started to laugh. "You just spend whatever you need to. I think the trust fund can withstand it."



## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

When the limo finally came to a stop, they were in front of a small two-floor apartment building in a somewhat depressed area of town. Calvin looked back at Mistress Lillith and asked, "Are you sure this is where you want me to drop you off?"

She just smiled and said, "Well, it may not look like much, Calvin, but this is where Mr. Bobby and I will be calling home for a while." She then looked at the young man and declared, "Won't that be funny, baby? Yes, it will... yes it will." She then tickled his chin and opened the door to get out.

Bobby was less interested in getting out than she was. He looked at the neighborhood and felt like he needed a tetanus shot just from seeing it. When he refused to follow her out of the car, she popped her head back in and stated, "Hard way or easy way. You choose."

He *had* made his choice, and it was "*no way*." She smiled a small smile and stated, "Hard way it is then."

She walked around to his door and opened it. She grabbed him by the ear, twisted it, and pulled him from the car. He let out a squeal from behind his pacifier and walked hunched over to her level until they reached the sidewalk.

She turned his ear loose and said to the driver, "Calvin, my number's on the card I gave you. Would you be so kind as to text me with your number so I can call you the next time we need a ride?"

"You don't want me to wait around, ma'am? The Gerrys always had me wait around." Calvin was at a bit of a loss.

"No, that would be a ridiculous waste of time. I don't expect to be going out a lot, at least not right at the start, so having you wait around would be pointless. No, just head on home, or wherever

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

you'd like and I'll call when we need you, okay?"

She was cheerful and courteous, which was so different from what life was like when he was driving Bobby around, that Calvin couldn't help but hope that this little escapade wouldn't be ending any time soon.

As he drove away, Mistress Lillith started to fish her keys out of her purse. As she did, a man in his mid 30's approached. He looked tough, and Bobby feared that trouble was brewing.

*"Why did she send the car away?"* he fretted.

She looked up at the man and said with a smile, "Hello Juan. How are Maria and the kids?"

"Everybody's good, Mistress. Thanks for asking. New client?" Juan nodded towards Bobby.

"Sadly," she responded. "More of a long-term reclamation project, I'm afraid. Kind of like this building. I'm going to have to tear him down to the studs so I can rebuild him into something I like. Oh, hey, speaking of that, is Diego busy right now? I'm going to need somebody to run down to the store and pick up some supplies for me. Do you think he'd be willing to do that? I hate to impose, but I'm going to need some time to get this creature situated, and I don't want the store to close before I can get there. So what do you think? Would he be willing to do that for me?"

"Of course he would, Mistress. I'll send him straight around. It'll do him some good to get out of the house and do something for a change." With that, the man just walked on, never giving Bobby a second look.

Mistress Lillith walked to the front of the building and using

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

the keys she had in hand, opened the door and ushered Bobby in. It was a rather wide open space and it was populated with an assortment of gear that ran from hardcore bondage to playful role play. He had heard about such places but had never felt the need to explore them himself, and if given the option, he would have left this place as well. He wasn't given an option though, so he looked around, trying to find a spot to camp out in that wouldn't give this woman any more ideas.

She looked at him eyeing his surroundings with obvious trepidation and laughed. "This isn't for you, my silly baby girl, this is for Mommy Mistress' paying clients, not that you wouldn't benefit from time spent in the stocks and an introduction to a paddle, but not now. Follow me upstairs and I'll show you what you *can* expect."

As she led him up the stairs, he found that the second floor of the building was divided into different rooms. He looked into the first one as they passed it, and it was like a stage dressing room. There were racks and racks of women's clothes and shoes, and displayed prominently in the middle of the back wall was a makeup table and lighted mirror. There may have been more, but she admonished him not to dawdle, and so he hadn't the time to look any further.

She stopped him at the second door and showed him what she wanted him to see. It was a nursery, he could clearly see, but it wasn't like any nursery he had seen or heard of. It was all proportioned for an adult. The crib, the changing table, the highchair, the playpen, the two-person rocking chair, and the rocking horse, each and every one of them perfectly at home in this nursery, but all of them also grossly enlarged. It was like some scene from a TV show, and he *really* didn't want any part of it.

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

Almost as soon as the thought to flee occurred to him, she grabbed him by the ear again.

"I see this is going to be difficult for you, isn't it? Very well, we have ways of dealing with that too. Come in baby girl, let's get you accustomed to your new home."

She pulled him in by his ear and then deposited him in the crib with a great deal of force. As he laid on his back, rubbing his ear, she pulled the side rail into place and swung the top down sealing him in place. She placed a padlock through the latch that secured the top to the side and told him. You can wait there, I'm going to go get comfortable, and then I'll be back."

He couldn't believe it. It may have looked like a baby's crib, but there was no doubt that he was in a cage. He, Bobby Gerry, was being caged, trapped like some brainless animal. Well, he knew one thing was for certain, without her around, he was unstrapping the stupid pacifier from around his head. He'd had just about enough of that. The problem was, in his current state, this was about as defiant as he could get. He couldn't even throw the crib toys out, as the spaces between the railings were too small. He sat there, bored stupid, and awaited her return.

He wasn't sure what he expected when she said she was going to get more comfortable. He thought it was a euphemism for putting on some kinky outfit, but it turns out that it meant she was going to put on a T-shirt and a pair of sweat pants. The ridiculous thing was, she looked incredibly hot even in *that* outfit.

She approached the crib and said, "There, that's better. Now, let's turn our attention to you. I think we need to make sure the baby is just as comfortable as Mistress Mommy. I'll need you to... hmm. You took your pacifier out, I see. You're off to a very bad start,

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

young lady. Fine. See those pink leather cuffs in there with you? I want you to put them on. One for each wrist, and one for each ankle. Come on now, be quick about it, you're in enough trouble as it is."

Bobby was in no mood to be accommodating and let her know about it. "Forget it. I'm not putting on your stupid cuffs, and I'm not putting that ridiculous pacifier back in, so you can just forget about it, do you hear me?" Bobby felt rather empowered by his declaration. What was she going to do about it anyway?

"I see," said Mistress Lillith. "It's to be a test of wills is it? Fine. I'll be back when you've complied. Let me know when you're ready. All you have to do is cry like a baby, and I'll be back. There's a baby monitor over there, so don't you worry, I'll hear you."

With that, she shut off the light and closed the door leaving him totally alone and in the dark.

It was funny, but in a matter of just a few hours, Bobby's triumph began to look like a defeat. He was hungry, and he needed to pee. He decided to allow her this victory and called out to her.

"Fine! Fine! I'll put the damn cuffs on, but I'm hungry and I need to pee, so will you please open this damn cage and let me out?"

He listened but heard no response. He put the cuffs on as she had instructed, and he called out again.

"Okay, I got the damn things on, now let me out!"

There was still no response. He thought about her displeasure in seeing he had taken the pacifier out, so he let her know.

"Dammit, I'll put the stinking pacifier back in, but will you hurry up? I *really* have to go!" He placed the pacifier back in his

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

mouth and secured the strap behind his head, but there was still no response.

*"What in the hell is she waiting for?"* he thought to himself.

Then he remembered her parting words. It seemed if he was going to get out of this, he was going to have to cry like a baby.

He started in weakly, with what could only generously be termed a whimper, but there was no sign of her. He increased the intensity and volume to that of a reasonable cry, but she still failed to appear. Finally, he let out a wail that could have woken the dead and the door opened and the light came on.

Mistress Lillith entered the room and once again approached the crib. Seeing Bobby with cuffs around both his wrists and ankles and his pacifier strapped into place, she smiled.

"See, that wasn't so hard now, was it? Now I need you to lay down, one foot by each of the lower corners of the crib, and one hand by each of the upper corners. You'd best hurry if that bladder is as full as you were claiming it was."

He did as she instructed, and she moved the slats so she could secure his wrists and ankles. Once he was locked into place, she opened the top of the crib and slid the side rail back down again. She then proceeded to undress him by releasing one corner at a time, removing any clothing that would have been trapped by the restraints, and then securing that corner again before moving on to the next one. It was quite efficient, and he was naked, laying in the crib, in no time.

"Now, baby girl, there's no need for you to fuss anymore about needing to go potty. I have the solution right here."

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

She then produced several large cloth diapers. She attached a spreader bar to both of his ankles and then attached that bar to a weighted pulley system that drew his lower half into the air. She then took three diapers and placed them in a flat-folded-flat arrangement under his bottom. She then applied a ridiculous amount of baby powder to his bottom and groin, before lowering his legs back down. She started humming as she pulled the diapers up between his legs, and then pulled them tightly closed and pinned them in place. She then produced a pair of pink carousel-pattern plastic panties and looked at him.

“These are going to look just adorable on you, baby girl.”

She then placed the panties on him as she disconnected him from the spreader bar and secured him to the corners of the crib again. Once she had his diapers safely tucked inside the plastic panties, she told him, “There you go, baby. You pee all you like now. Those diapers should keep you good for hours and hours, no matter how much you pee.” She then patted his diaper groin as if to emphasize her point.

This was certainly *not* what he was wanting when he told her he needed to pee, and now he couldn't even remove the stupid pacifier to tell her so. He twisted and he turned and did everything he could to keep from losing control of his bladder, but as she watched him writhe, she mocked him in a concerned tone.

“Are you having trouble starting, baby girl? Here, let me help you.”

She placed the heel of her palm over his bladder and pushed down hard. Struggle as he may, he couldn't resist her efforts and began to flood his diapers helplessly. Tears began to well up in his eyes and the warm wetness spread throughout his diapers. He felt

so helpless and humiliated.

She then took her other hand and placed it over the front of his diapers. Feeling the increased warmth, she declared, "There, that's better now, isn't it? You go right ahead and do that as often as you like, baby. Those three diapers I put you in will hold lots and lots of wee-wees. Now, you were also saying you were hungry, so I'm just going to go make you a nice warm bottle. How does that sound? Would baby like a baba? Of course, she would! Of course, she would. Baby loves her baba."

And with that she left him there alone again, to marinate in his wet diaper.

A torrent of emotions flooded over Bobby. He was humiliated, helpless, scared, and probably a dozen other emotions he couldn't put a name to just yet. One thing he felt that surprised him the most though, was excited. The feeling of those warm wet diapers pushing down on his groin was making him just a little excited. He was glad that all the bulk from the diapers kept it from showing, but he was actually aroused.

He closed his eyes and tried to will it to go away. He tried to think of other things to distract him, but nothing seemed to have an effect. Then things got worse for him, as he felt a pressure over the front of his diapers. His eyes popped open, and he saw Mistress Lillith standing over him holding a baby bottle and having her other hand over his diapered erection.

Mistress Lillith began to laugh. "It seems that this isn't quite the punishment I had intended it to be, now is it, baby? It seems my baby girl actually likes wearing and wetting her diapers. That's a good thing, seeing as you will be doing it for quite some time moving forward. Now, let's see if my baby girl likes her baba as



much as she likes her diapers.”

She reached into the crib and unfastened the pacifier and removed it from his mouth. Once it was clear, she took the nipple of the bottle and shoved it in. This was no ordinary baby bottle nipple though, This was significantly longer and made from a sturdier silicone. It rested deeply in his mouth, which prevented him from spitting it out. He thought that even though he couldn't remove it, there was no way she could force him to suck on it. He looked at her defiantly.

She smiled down at him and cooed, “This is all there is for baby girls to eat, sweetie. If you don't drink your baba, then you go hungry.” She looked at him and then at the bottle. “No? okay baby girl, you know the drill, when you want Mommy to feed you, you cry like a baby and Mommy will be back with your baba.”

She pulled the nipple out and replaced the pacifier, turned out the light, and left.

Much like it had happened earlier, Bobby's initial moment of triumph soon gave way, and his hunger began to grow. He told himself that he could last until morning until he realized that the morning menu wasn't likely to change. He didn't know how long she planned to keep him like this, but he knew that if he was going to avoid starving to death, he was going to have to drink the bottle eventually. He hated what he was about to do, but he started wailing like a hungry little baby.

It wasn't long until Mistress Lillith appeared at the doorway carrying two bottles this time.

“My, my, my,” she said. “Such a racket! My poor baby girl must *really* be hungry. I guess it a good thing that Mommy brought her an

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

extra bottle of formula, isn't it? Yes, baby girl is going to drink two bottles of formula for Mommy now."

He stared at her. He had thought that the bottles contained milk, which was bad enough in his mind, but formula? Baby formula? She couldn't actually expect him to drink that, could she? He got his answer straight away, as she removed his pacifier again and replaced it with the nipple of his first bottle of baby formula since he was an infant. He began to suck reluctantly. The taste was awful, but he was hungry, and this was the only game in town. He tried to consume its contents as quickly as he could to avoid the taste.

"Slow down little girl, you'll give yourself a tummy ache if you drink it so fast."

Mistress Lillith was clearly enjoying Bobby's predicament. He was no sooner done with the first bottle than she removed it and replaced it with the second. He had no choice, so he repeated his nursing. He was starting to feel a little full by the end, so his pace slowed down, but he eventually completed that bottle too. He looked at her, and she just smiled back at him.

As she removed the nipple from his mouth and replaced the pacifier again, she said to him, "My, my baby, you certainly are adjusting to your new life quickly. Two full bottles and a thoroughly wet set of diapers already? That's not much of a challenge at all, is it? Mommy is starting to suspect that her little baby girl has secretly wanted this all along. Is that it, baby girl? Have you been just waiting for Mommy to come along and put you back in the nursery? Well don't you worry baby, Mommy will see to it that you don't *ever* have to leave the nursery again. At least not for a long time. So you go right ahead and wet your diapers and drink your babas, we're

just getting started.”

She pinched his cheek and turned on the mobile she had hanging over the crib.

“Such a good baby girl. Mommy's going to play a little something for you while you sleep now. It was supposed to help you sleep like a baby girl, but I don't think that that's really going to be a problem now, is it? Still, it would be a shame to waste it.”

Once again she turned out the light, but this time, the light from the crib mobile cast a soft pastel light across the room.

Shortly after, he heard a hypnosis recording coming over a speaker in the ceiling and he tried not to listen. It was Mistress Lillith's voice and she walked him through an induction and then regressed him back to infancy, all the while reminding him that he was a girl, and had always been a girl. He listened, as he found he couldn't help but listen, but was secure in the knowledge that he remained unaffected by the mental manipulation by the end of the recording, only to have it start all over again. And so it continued, without a stop throughout the night. He struggled to maintain his identity, but he started to worry that he would be just as unsuccessful with this as he had been with his diapers and baby bottles. He was losing ground to her at an astonishing rate, and he questioned just where it might all end.

He wasn't sure exactly when it was that he fell asleep, as there was no clock in the nursery, and no window to help him orient himself, but when he woke up, he made two discoveries. The first was that he felt unusually refreshed. Most mornings he awoke with a headache and feeling rather exhausted after a night of partying and sex, but this morning, for the first time in ages he actually felt good. It was a pleasant surprise for him.

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

The second discovery wasn't as welcomed. He was shocked to find that his diapers were massively wetter than they were when he last remembered feeling them. This was yet another indignity. He had now wet himself while he slept. Worse yet, it didn't even wake him up.

*How can this be? How can I wet myself without waking up?*

He laid there, feeling the wetness now extending backward to his bottom instead of just his groin, and he wondered just how long it would take before she broke him completely and had him behaving helplessly like a baby girl.

As the door to his room opened, he saw Mistress Lillith standing there, holding a cup of coffee. It smelled so good to him, and he hoped that perhaps she had brought it for him. She walked into the room and leaned over the crib rail.

“Well, how's my little baby girl this morning?”

She then set the coffee down and reached in to feel his diapers. She squished and squeezed, causing him to squirm slightly as the nature of his infantile condition was made abundantly apparent to both of them.

“Oh my, somebody has wet her diapers rather thoroughly it seems,” she laughed at him. “Such actions require a reaction, I think.”

She walked over to the dresser and pulled out a vibrator. Considering the nature of their relationship to this point, Bobby wasn't sure what she had planned for the device. She walked back, and leaning over the crib rail, turned the device on. It instantly sprung to life producing a low humming sound. She had a devious look in her eye, and so he tried to prepare himself for everything

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

and anything she might try. She then brought the wand down and rested it against the front of his diapers. He felt the vibration extending through, down to his shaft, and he felt a certain excitement from the sensation. As she began to move the device up and down, he felt his excitement grow, and he began to suck his pacifier in an ever-quickenning fashion.

“There we go. That's my baby girl. Baby likes it in her diapers, doesn't she? Doesn't baby like it in her diapers? Of course, she does. Baby loves to go potty in her diapers because she knows how good it feels when Mistress changes her. Baby loves to go potty in her diapers because she knows how good it feels when Mistress changes her. Baby loves to go potty in her diapers because she knows how good it feels when Mistress changes her.”

It was like a mantra, and with each utterance, he found himself closer and closer to climax. He even found himself thinking those words along with her.

*“Baby loves to go potty in her diapers because she knows how good it feels when Mistress changes her. Baby loves to go potty in her diapers because she knows how good it feels when Mistress changes her. Baby loves to go potty in her diapers because she knows how good it feels when Mistress changes her.”*

He knew it was true, too, and he finally, in an act of recognition of this truth, climaxed into his diaper.

He shuddered as he released into his diapers, and she laughed at him again.

“There's my good baby. See, when you're a good girl for Mistress, you get a reward.” She then pointed to the pink and white paddle she had suspended from a hook on the wall and stated, “Just

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

as there are means of dealing with a bad baby girl.”

He felt a sense of utter defeat at that point. Despite his anger at having to go with her, despite his rage at his treatment at her hands, he was being quickly and efficiently turned into the helpless sissy baby she had promised him he would become for her. He sucked his pacifier and started to cry.

“Oh baby, don't cry.” Her words were tender, but her tone was mocking. She felt his diapers again. “I guess those diapires are more uncomfortable than I thought. Mommy will change you, and then she's going to feed you a nice warm bottle of formula, and before you know it, everything is going to feel better for you.”

True to her word, she soon had Bobby restrained and his diapers off. She took her time cleaning him, making sure to point out what a pretty little sissy clitty he had, and how it was nothing like what a real man would be expected to have. He of course was muted by his pacifier, so even if had wanted to defend himself, he was prevented from doing so.

Once she had him in his clean dry diapers, she left and returned with a fresh bottle of warm formula. She removed his pacifier and began feeding him. He was disappointed that he was denied the coffee he had smelled, but he drained the bottle none the less. As he did, she replaced the nipple with the pacifier which she strapped to his head again.

That being done, she informed him, “Now, Mommy has some work to complete, so I'm going to unstrap you and let you play with your toys in here. Remember, if you attempt to take that pacifier out again, there will be severe consequences... *severe!*”

Then with her eyes, she directed his attention to the paddle.

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

She had just pulled the top of the crib into place and was about to secure it when she heard a noise behind her.

“Knock, knock. I sorry to disturb you, I didn't know you'd be in session. I just wanted to let you know that I let myself in for my 11:00 appointment.”

She was a tall, skinny young lady with a sort of goth look to her. Black hair, dark eye makeup, pale complexion, which all served to highlight the bright red lipstick she wore.

“Raven! I'm sorry dear, I didn't realize it was so late. As for this wayward soul, well he's not a client, he's not even much of a *he*. This is the person who thought to force himself on me the other night.” There was pure disdain in her voice as she talked about him.

“Oh I heard about that,” the other woman replied. “Over at Club 626, right? What's he doing here?”

“Well,” Mistress Lillith stated. “I decided that such rudeness should not be allowed to go unchecked in this world, so I have taken it upon myself to raise him all over again, only as a girl this time, which will hopefully help him learn better behaviors than he had before.”

Mistress Raven walked over to the crib and squatted down so she could look at him through the crib rails. “You're quite the lucky little girl there, baby. There are rich and powerful men who would pay large sums to be in your position right now. You be sure to enjoy it.”

Lillith went about freeing his wrists and ankles from the corners of the crib and then left him to play with his toys as she left with Mistress Raven. He shook the rattles and squeaked some of the other toys, but what he was most interested in was the latch for the

## Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies 3

### *Picking Daisies*

crib top. When her friend showed up, Mistress Lillith hadn't secured it yet, and when she left the room, it remained unsecured. He could just barely cause it to move if he used one finger on each side of the latch. Still, that would be enough.

He knew enough to keep the noise from the crib going, in case the women were listening, but he was now prepared to make his break. It was clear to him that he would have to wait for Mistress Raven to finish with her client first, but after that, he was certain he could effect an escape. Freedom was a mere handful of minutes away.

As he sat there, he soon heard the muffled sounds of leather meeting flesh and the pained cries of the recipient. He couldn't see what was going on, but his mind painted a picture of wanton savagery that far exceeded what was actually occurring. He wasn't sure if it was appropriate, but he felt bad for whoever was on the receiving end of those blows.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the sounds ceased. He waited, and he heard what he thought was the door downstairs open and close, and so he made his move. He struggled to grab the latch and maneuvered it open. He then slowly lifted the crib top up and climbed over the side rail. He took a minute to shake the crib toys a few more times to establish that he was still in there, then he removed the cuffs and pacifier, tossing them in the crib, and moved to the door.

He was struck by the fact that, diapered as he was currently, he had to move about in a bowlegged, waddling fashion. When he reached the door, he took a deep breath and braced himself for his escape. Just as his hand touched the door handle though, he heard the click of stiletto striking the hardwood floor in the hallway. He