

CHRISTINE KRINGLE

BESTSELLING ABDL AUTHOR



Frills For Freddy



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

~ Frills For Freddy ~

Frills For Freddy by Christine Kringle

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Other Books from Christine Kringle

Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies (Vol 1)

Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies (Vol 2)

Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies (Vol 3)

Belle Means Beautiful

The Crush

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

A Mother's Love

The Psychiatrist and her Patient

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

The Adult Baby Identity – a self-help guide

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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
My Secret Needs and Desires
The Sissy Baby Nursery

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 1-6
The Better Husband Training
Program
Max, the Diapered Zombie Killer
Living Happily as an Adult Baby

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Prologue



A quick catch-up from the previous book – Belle Means Beautiful.

Mary Ryan was a fairly typical suburban housewife. She had a husband that she loved, a couple of kids, and a nice home in a nice neighborhood. Mary probably would have bristled if you called her life boring, but it was certainly sedate, bordering on mundane. It was doubtful that Mary could have told you where it had all changed for her. Her dreams of excitement and travel had slowly eroded away leaving her with a life of safety and predictability. She wasn't miserable and, in fact, the compromises happened so slowly and subtly that she hardly noticed, and accepted her current life as the one she had wanted all along.

Her husband Freddy was a good man. Reliable was the word that best described him, as he worked hard to provide for his family, and had no real vices, outside of the occasional beer with the boys and devotion to the local sports teams. Many were the friends who reminded Mary of how lucky she was to have found a man like Freddy to marry, and she agreed.

They had two children, Mike and Sarah, aged 12 and 10. They were the typical preteens, in that they were a bit

rambunctious and loved to squabble with each other over almost anything. They were good kids though, and rarely gave their parents anything to be concerned about.

And so it was, that in the eyes of suburbia, Mary seemed to have it all. A stable marriage to a good man, two healthy kids, and a nice home. There really wasn't anything else you could ask for, so why was it that Mary felt a creeping ennui overtaking her life? Why this subtle discontent with the routine of being a suburban wife and mother? She tried to console herself with the knowledge that this was the life she had chosen, and it was a good life, and to be dissatisfied with it was to show ingratitude to God or the Universe or something, and in so doing, invite the wrath of the powers that be, so she went about her days acting happy, even when she wasn't.

Then one day fate intervened, as it often does. Mary was stepping out her front door to watch her kids play with the other kids in the neighborhood, and she found a package on her front porch. There was nothing unusual in that, as between her, Freddy, and the kids, there seemed to be an almost constant stream of packages that were delivered. Everything from cookware to school supplies, and everything in between. So, it was with no great notice that she picked the package up and took it inside. There she grabbed her scissors and opened the package.

Inside she found some books. A series of three books actually entitled *"Bedtime Stories for Sissy Babies."* She picked up the first book and glanced at it. The back cover read:

"The adult baby world is full of sissy babies - men who want to be baby girls and to enjoy the wonders and excitement of being diapered - wearing pretty baby dresses and all the frills and lace of being a baby girl. Being an infant is a wonderful and thrilling experience."

A sissy baby herself, Christine brings us stories of adult babies who want to be more than just a baby. They want to be baby girls! A

~ Frills For Freddy ~

wonderful collection of stories written to bring out the baby girl in YOU!

Every night, before you go to sleep, read one of these stories and drift off to dreamworld imagining that you are once again... a baby girl.

Six Sissy Baby stories for your enjoyment!

Pickup Artist

Double Identity

Experimental Variations

Caught in The Act

Second Chance

Therapeutic Doses"

She wasn't shocked by the content of the box, more confused than anything. She wondered who would be sending such things to her home, and who in her home were they intended for? She placed the book back in the box and then looked at the address label. It turned out that the package had been delivered to their house by mistake, and that it was actually intended for their neighbor, Terry. That knowledge brought her some relief, as she had started to wonder what Freddy was hiding from her, but it also piqued her curiosity, as she started to wonder what Terry was hiding from her.

Freddy saw her in the foyer and asked, "Hey babe, what are you doing? I thought you were going outside to watch the kids play."

Mary dropped the book back into the box and said, "Oh nothing. I found this package on the front porch when I went out, so I brought it back in and opened it."

"What did we get?" asked Freddy.

"Nothing, it seems," was her reply. "It turns out it's just some books for Terry that got delivered to our house by mistake. I'm

going to tape the box back up and drop it over at his house.”

Freddy seemed satisfied, as he didn't question her any further, and so she got some packing tape and resealed the box. She couldn't help but wonder what it all meant though.

As she walked over to Terry's house to leave the books on his doorstep, her attention was caught by a fluttering of the curtain in Terry's upstairs bedroom. When she looked up, she saw something so alien to her that she had to take a minute to process it. It was Terry, and he was wearing a pink T-shirt, yellow rumba style panties over what she had to assume were several cloth diapers because of the bulk, and he was sucking a white pacifier. Despite the books, she still found this surprising.

Mary liked Terry. He was a nice, unassuming kind of guy that she felt just needed the right kind of lady to bring him out of his shell. She had tried numerous times to set him up, but it just never seemed to click. This surprised Mary, as she was usually quite good at these sorts of things but finding that special someone for Terry just always seemed to elude her. Now she was starting to see why.

She placed the package on his front stoop and rang the doorbell. She was going to wait for him to answer and ask him about the books and what she had seen through the window, but then realized that that might not be the right way to proceed. He would likely be embarrassed, evasive, and possibly even defensive that she had opened his package, so she quickly left the porch and head for home. That's when she got an idea.

She hid at the corner of his house and took her cellphone out. She used the camera so she could see around the corner and waited for Terry to come out. She knew it was unlikely that he would do so in the outfit she had seen him wearing through the window, but she thought she might see something. When he eventually stepped out onto the porch wearing his pink T-shirt, diapers, and yellow rumba panties, Mary had to cover her mouth to

keep from laughing. She snapped picture after picture of him, her favorite being when he was bent over with his ruffled bottom protruding in her direction, and then let out a muffled laugh after he returned inside with his box of sissy baby books, none the wiser for her efforts to uncover his hidden desires.

When she got back to her house, she was scrolling through the pictures of her big sissy baby neighbor when Freddy asked what took so long to drop off a box of books.

"Nothing really," was her response. "I was just trying to get to know Terry a little better, that's all."

"Mary... baby... maybe the guy likes living alone. Have you ever considered that? Why don't you give the matchmaking a rest? At this point, he's met every eligible woman you know, and he just wasn't interested."

Freddy loved his wife, but she could be a bit obsessive when it came to things like this and would allow it to eat at her.

"Oh, I don't know about that, Freddy. From what I just learned about Terry, I think I just haven't been using the right approach. I still think there's a woman out there for him, I just have to change my focus is all."

Mary loved the fact that she was able to tell Freddy just what she was going to do about finding a woman for their big sissy baby neighbor, without him understanding a word of it.

Mary was usually quite social with Terry, but she started to avoid him because she wanted to have a plan in place before she did. When the time for the neighborhood block party arrived, she felt she was ready. There was always a chance that Terry would try and duck out of it, but not knowing that she knew his secret, and how she had always pestered him in the past to be more social, she felt confident that he would make an appearance.

The day of the party arrived, and Mary herded her family

there with some difficulty. The minute they arrived, the kids were off like a shot, and Freddy looked longingly over at the other men gathered by the beer coolers. Mary looked disappointed, but told him, "You can at least fetch me a drink before you abandon me, you know."

"Oh, I won't abandon you, babe," insisted Freddy.

"It's okay, Freddy, really."

"Really?"

Freddy showed all the exuberance of a child who had just heard that they canceled school for the day. He was about to bolt away when Mary stopped him.

"Freddy? My drink?"

She laughed a bit as he immediately sprung to action and returned with a drink for her and a spare, in case the first didn't last long enough. Once he accomplished his task, he lovingly deposited his wife at one of the picnic tables and headed over to the beer coolers where he could drink and talk sports.

Mary reclined with her back against the table, her legs stretched out, and enjoyed her drink and the warm sunshine. Mostly though, she was keeping an eye out for Terry. When he arrived, he dropped off his dish, and spotting her, he smiled. Mary waved him over and prepared to put her plan into action.

She started off by asking where he'd been, as she hadn't seen him in a while, and then proceeded to ask him if he had read any good books lately. She wanted him a bit on edge, and she felt that that question just might do it, seeing as she knew what books he was reading.

The line of questioning had the desired effect as Terry looked uncomfortable, and she just smiled. She wanted to savor the moment, so she let him relax a bit by discussing a book she was reading and relating a tale from her youth. By the time she finished,

he was thoroughly perplexed.

After a brief discussion of Mary's fascination with finding a woman for him, Terry made his excuses and headed over to find Freddy, where he hoped that the conversation would be less cryptic, and since at these functions it seemed limited to sports, he felt he had a reasonable chance of success.

Mary was secretly enjoying herself. Her conversation with Terry had been like fishing. She had him on the line and would reel him in, and then let him run a bit, before reeling him in some more. She was going to let him socialize some more, get comfortable, and then finally confront him with what she knew in a secluded area, and inform him about how she saw things going from there.

After a bit, she looked over to the beer coolers and saw Freddy, but no sign of Terry. That struck her as odd, so she went over to her husband and asked where Terry had wandered off to.

Freddy was enjoying himself as his wife approached. She looked at him, beer glass firmly clutched in his hand, and asked, "Hey hon, I thought that Terry was over here with you."

"Oh no," replied Freddy. "He was, but he said he wasn't feeling too good and was going to head home. He did tell me to tell you he was sorry, though."

"Oh, okay," said Mary. "You know, I think I'll just make a plate of food and take it over to him, in case he gets hungry. I'll be right back."

"Sure, babe. I'll be right here."

With that, Freddy returned to his conversations and thought nothing more of it. Mary, on the other hand, could think of nothing else.

"Oh, you're not getting away from me that easily, Mr. Williams. I've been waiting for this moment for too long to let you slip away from me now. We will be having our little tete-a-tete

whether you like it or not.”

She headed over to the food table and began to plan for her confrontation. She would make him a plate of food, but it would be a plate geared for someone of his early stage in life. She avoided the usual adult offerings of hot dogs, hamburgers, barbecued ribs, and chicken and went to the area that was meant for the babies. She filled the plate with sweet potatoes, shredded chicken, and some mashed bananas for dessert.

One of the mothers saw what she was doing and commented, “Mary, I haven't seen you at this table in like eight years. I know that that plate can't be for one of your kids anymore.”

“No,” Mary confided, “I'm afraid my days of diaper changes and baby bottles are behind me now, and to be honest, I miss it a bit, but this, this is for Terry. The poor thing told Freddy he wasn't feeling well, so I thought I'd make him up a plate of food that wouldn't upset his stomach. What do you think, did I forget anything?”

The other mother just laughed. “Just a bib and a baby bottle, I think. Seriously, Mary, you have to be just the sweetest, most caring person I know. Give my love to Terry, and tell him that we all will miss him, but hope that he's feeling better soon.”

“I'll do that,” Mary stated, and then she thought about it. “A baby bottle. Yeah! A baby bottle full of formula should go quite nicely with baby's din-din. I'm pretty sure I still have some powdered formula left from when we were weaning Sarah off her bottles, and I know just where those bottles are right now. Oh, this is going to be special.”

Mary took the plate of food back to her home, fished out the biggest baby bottle she had, and then mixed the powdered formula with water and set it to warming. She had a smirk on her face as the bottle warmed. She felt that there was no point in delaying things any longer. She was just going to walk up to Terry's house, ring the

bell, and then let him know that she knew about him being a big baby and that he was going to be her big baby now until she could find him a more permanent Mommy to look after him.

When the bottle was warmed, Mary tested it against her wrist. "Perfect. Just the right temperature for a baby to suck on. You know," she thought to herself. "I have missed this. It should be fun to do it all over again without having to carry a baby for nine months this time."

With that, she slid the bottle into her purse, picked up the plate of food, and headed over to Terry's place. When she got there, she started a prolonged encounter with the big baby that included her moving in with him temporarily, while she enhanced his regression into the sissy baby girl she wanted him to be, and she knew he wanted to be, even if he was afraid to admit it. She eventually brought in her friend from work to assume the role of his Mommy, and Mary felt like she had set things right for Terry. He would now be able to live as the baby girl he needed to be, with a full baby girl nursery, and the support of a woman who would love and take care of him. Yes, she had accomplished a great deal.

She should be proud of herself.

She should feel ready to return to her life and her family better for what she had done.

She should have been able to close that chapter in her life now.

So why was it that she felt like something was missing? Why did she feel like she had left a piece of herself behind in Terry's nursery?

Baby Fever



As Mary got back to her life, she found that it was hard to concentrate on her usual routine. She tried hard to distract herself, but after all the time she had spent in Terry's home, all the time she had spent with baby Belle, it had become an itch that she couldn't scratch any way else except through treating her neighbor as the big sissy baby he had become. The problem was, Belle was Victoria's baby girl now, and Mary knew that she had to allow Victoria as much freedom to treat Terry as a big sissy baby as she could, and constantly dropping by to "help with the baby," was simply going to create friction sooner or later.

It didn't help that each time she visited and could treat Terry like a baby girl, it made her want to do it all the more. She loved putting him in three or more of his cloth diapers at a time. She loved picking out sissy baby outfits she could make him wear. She loved teasing him with a near-constant stream of baby talk. She loved reminding him of what a sissy baby he was and how he would always remain a sissy baby. Most of all, she loved the way it made her feel. She loved the feeling of unconditional love he bestowed upon her when she fed him a bottle or changed his wet diapers. It was a reminder of what things were like when her kids were babies, and what she had lost as they got older. It was an ache that made her want to cry when she was apart from the baby. It was a blessing

and a curse.

Mary had decided that what she needed was a big sissy baby girl of her own. Maybe not 24/7, but often enough to keep her baby fever under control. She had a plan for Freddy that started with her changing their bedroom sheets to a pink floral design, with the idea being that she would take his complaints about it to challenge his manhood by taking him slowly ever farther down the road to sissy babyhood. It was a good plan, but it fell apart when Freddy had either failed to notice or care about the sheets.

She was stuck. She had this burning desire, and it seemed that she just wasn't going to be able to do anything about it. It was while she laid awake one night, contemplating her dilemma, that Freddy began to snore. She had confronted Freddy about this numerous times during their marriage, but he was unwilling to undergo surgery for it. Her frustration with her own problem gave Mary a very short temper that night, and so she kicked Freddy under the covers.

Freddy awoke, startled, and asked what was the matter. Mary declared in a rather angry tone, "You're snoring again!"

"What? Oh, sorry babe. You know I'd fix it if I could... without surgery that is."

Freddy was sincere. He didn't want to keep his wife up at night, but he was deathly afraid of germs and feared that a trip to the hospital would result in him contracting something awful, if not fatal.

It was like a light bulb went off in Mary's head.

"Do you mean that Freddy? If I can find a solution that doesn't require you to go to the hospital, you'll do it? You'll do whatever it takes to get rid of your snoring?"

Freddy rolled on his side and faced his wife. "Yes, I mean it. I hate that my snoring keeps you awake. Nothing would please me

more than to be rid of it. Why, do you have a plan in mind?"

She did, but she wasn't going to tell him about it, at least not yet.

"No, I don't know of anything yet, but I'm going to start researching it, and when I do have a plan, I expect that you will follow through on your promise, understand?"

"Absolutely, hon," was his reply, and then he kissed her and rolled back over to go back to sleep.

Mary saw a glimmer of hope. She had heard all the stories of people using hypnosis while they slept to cure smoking and other such problems. What if she could do the same thing with Freddy, only instead of curing smoking, she would be curing his adulthood? If she could get the right recording, might it be possible to turn Freddy into a big sissy baby like Belle? Maybe not all the time, but frequently and at her command. Wouldn't that just be the best? She laughed when she thought about Freddy's needing to suck his paci while he slept, as it would surely cure his snoring. Sure, he'd end up wetting the bed if she had her way, but there was an answer for that too, or at least she hoped she'd find one. She just needed to find a hypnotist that was... morally flexible enough to work with her and help her achieve her goals of building a better husband by turning him into a sissy baby girl.

While Mary struggled with her strange addiction to see her husband reduced to a mewling sissy baby girl, Chloe, the young woman she had hired to paint the walls of Terry's/Belle's nursery was struggling with her own, similar desires. Chloe had never considered having kids really. She had a career that she was focused on, and that seemed time-consuming enough, without having to worry about feeding and changing a baby. Still, after working on that nursery day after day after day, she started to question her choices. There was something that work stirred inside of her that made her long to cradle and nurse a baby, to love and be loved by

her, and she just couldn't shake it. This passion came out in her work, as the murals she designed and mostly painted on those walls were some of the best work in her life. She was almost sorry when the job was completed, as she felt a serenity in that space that had eluded her for years.

When there was a contest at the Art Institute with a cash prize, she was determined to place her nursery murals as her entry. She felt confident that they could win, but mostly she wanted other people to see them, to evoke the emotional response in the viewer that she got whenever she thought of them. She had even started to dream of being a Mommy. She dreamed of dressing her baby girl in the prettiest little dresses, of rocking her as she nursed her at the breast, of playfully interacting with her baby girl as she changed her diapers, but the thing was, in all these dreams, that baby girl was Alonzo, Reggie, Stan or Michael, a boy she knew from school, and he was adult size. The thought of treating a boy like a baby girl not only stirred her maternal desires, it also caused her to get sexually excited, and she often woke with a raging need to pleasure herself, as tiny droplets of sweat had formed on her forehead.

Chloe was pondering why she had these thoughts as she returned to Terry's house. She had knocked on the door, but with no answer, used the key that was hidden on the porch to let herself in. She had her camera and intended to take several pictures of the walls and their nursery murals that she would have blown up and entered into the contest, but as she was about to enter the nursery, she stopped dead in her tracks as she watched a man dressed in three big thick cloth diapers, a pair of pink rumba panties, his white onesie with the pink ribbing, and the white romper with the pink ruffles grinding himself to climax on a large stuffed kitty while he sucked on his pacifier. The image was quite shocking, and yet somehow alluring as she watched this scene of infantile innocence that was simultaneously sexually stimulating. When he looked at her and began howling, she recoiled and was at a loss for what to do until Victoria, the sissy baby's Mommy appeared.

Chloe made her apologies to Victoria and explained her reason for returning. She watched in utter amazement as Victoria set about settling the baby down, and even started to rock and nurse him at her breast in the very fashion she had dreamed of doing with the boys in her dreams. She was so taken by the naked honesty, the pure emotion of that sight, that she snapped some pictures of them too.

As she drove back to her place, Chloe started to consider that her dreams, her desire to turn some boy into her sissy baby girl, wasn't as far-fetched as she had thought. She had, after all, just seen it put into action right before her eyes, so why not? Why couldn't she have a baby girl like that of her own? She found herself becoming more and more aroused as she considered the possibility. She began to envision boy after boy that she knew, thickly diapered, in sissy baby dresses, sucking on pacifiers as they crawled on hand and knee mindlessly around her in an enormous nursery, all helpless and ravenous for her attentions. It was so intense that she finally had to pull over and relieve her tension before she caused an accident.

She was certain now. She was going to have to ask Victoria just what she had done to turn her man into such a sweet and helpless baby girl and ask her for any insight she might have on how to get started on the process herself because she knew, she just knew, that she had to have a baby girl, a big sissy baby girl, all to herself.

Chloe spent the next several days with these thoughts buzzing in her brain like some gnat she couldn't swat. It wasn't threatening or even annoying for the most part at first, just mildly distracting. She found herself frequently envisioning in her artist's mind's eye, just what her baby girls would look like. Baby dresses of pink with puffy short sleeves, a white bodice with a pink baby bear, and lace on the hem and sleeves. The yellow dress with the angel wing sleeves and sleeping lamb on the white bodice. The baby blue

dress with the Peter Pan collar that had embroidered baby block on the bodice that read “ABC” on them. The white dress with the lace trim that swept open in both the front and back to give a clear view of the baby's diapers. And those diapers, so thick and white, and layered in a fashion that would render the boys incapable of walking, so that they would be forced to waddle or crawl. And the pins that held those diapers in place, with their heads shaped like duckies, bears, and lambs, all in white and pink and blue and yellow, along with the Rumba panties in all those pastel colors with their ribbons and their ruffles across the bottom.

The more she thought about them, the more vivid the figures became, until she felt compelled to sketch them in her sketch book. Images of boys she knew were sketched, shaded, and colored until they practically sprang from the pages. Sissy babies playing on the nursery floor, sleeping so innocently in their cribs, peeking over the rails of their playpens, helplessly having their diapers changed on the changing table, and just contentedly laying under the crochet blankets as they are pushed in their baby carriages. Sissy babies sucking on bottles, binkies and breasts burned into her brain. The desire to capture these intense images was so compelling that she found herself immersed in every detail, every concept until she had filled her sketch book with each and every one of them.

After she sketched her fantasies, she returned to the pictures she had taken of Victoria and her sissy baby, Belle. Photo after photo of a Mother comforting and nurturing her child. All of them good, all of them compelling in their own way, but all subtly different as well. She reviewed them again and again, each time eliminating choices until she felt she had the one, single image that spoke to her of the bond that could exist between a woman and a sissy baby. Once she had isolated that one picture, she was determined to return to the nursery and fill the final space that had frustrated her efforts to create the ultimate baby girl environment. She waited until she was certain this time that the house was empty, and then she placed it between the two windows of the nursery and framed it with roses.

As she stepped back to inspect her work, she felt a great deal of pride and satisfaction. This would indeed be a nursery that Belle would be able to live in and enjoy for years and years to come.

Chloe took another picture of her latest effort and included it in her collection of photos for the contest. This one would not be displayed though. This one was just for her.

While all this was going on, Megan, a young blonde that worked as Terry's assistant was facing her own revelations of what it was that was causing her to fixate on her boss and his unique situation. She was disturbed when she was informed of his medical condition and her duties as they related to it, but she accepted the assignment because he was one of the top men as far as talent at the firm. A chance to work exclusively with him, and to learn his process was just too alluring to refuse. What she just hadn't anticipated though, was how her boss having to wear diapers and be fed baby bottles of formula would affect her. There was something exciting about it all, something taboo that appealed to her.

Not that she wished illness on anyone, but the idea of finding a man, someone who wasn't her boss, but who had power and influence, whom she could make need her in the same way, was simply titillating. She had visions of taking it all in a completely different direction though. She wouldn't simply attend to this fictional man's needs, no, she would develop them, encourage them, nurture them, ingrain them deeper to the point that he would be fundamentally changed forever. The illness they had would pass, the fundamental alterations she would make in him though would remain, and their dynamic would be set in stone, with her as the Mommy, and him as her big baby boy. Yes, oh yes, she liked that idea a great deal.

Until that point though, she would have to content herself with her interactions with her boss. It wasn't the same, and she appreciated that fact, but she did get some satisfaction in being

around him and just imagining what it would be like if he could just be encouraged to be a little more babyish. A change in his outfit from business attire to nursery attire, for instance, would be a charming change she thought. Perhaps swapping out his desk for a playpen might suit them both better. Removing the couch in the office and replacing it with a giant crib would certainly make instituting regular naps for him an easier task. And of course, an adult-sized changing table to accommodate those frequent diaper changes was just a practical alteration whose time had come.

Silly, ridiculous thoughts, she knew, but so very fun to contemplate. Taking a man and turning him into an adult version of a baby satisfied a hidden desire of hers that had remained unspoken for years. She had always had an insatiable desire for some kind of power exchange in her life, and especially in her interactions with older, more powerful men. Taking such a man and forcing him to surrender all of his authority and self-determination to her, and to be made to do so to the point that he was left as helpless and dependent as a baby before her, the dominant Mommy, was enticing, to say the least, although in all fairness, erotic might have been the more accurate description.

It was because she enjoyed that interaction so much that on Friday, she had intentionally left a key document out of the stacks of forms she had had Mr. Williams sign. This would necessitate going over to his home on Saturday to get the document signed so it could be filed before Monday, and it would give her the opportunity to see how he dealt with his need for diapers and bottles away from the office. She suspected that her fantasy of catching him at home, dressed as a baby boy and playing in a playpen was going to remain just that, a fantasy, and that it was far more likely that she would find him working on his computer or reading the paper, but it would still be a chance to see this admired man wearing a garment that was usually reserved for babies, and that had a value for her anyways.

And so it was that the appearance of each of these women at Terry's home was perhaps inevitable. That two of these women might find themselves there at the same time would have to be attributed to mere coincidence. But for all three to find themselves at that nexus of their desires to see males reduced to their true infantile nature at the exact same time... that was more than just coincidence. That was a clear indication that fate had decreed it.

Mary was the first. It was Saturday morning and Freddy was just leaving to go golfing with his friends. The kids were preparing to embark on an exploration of the neighborhood with their friends and that would leave her alone until lunchtime at least. She went to the kitchen and poured herself a cup of coffee as she planned to put together a shopping list for the grocery store. As she took a sip, she took a moment to lament that it just wasn't as good as the coffee at Terry's. Then an idea occurred to her. Why not head next door instead. She had been missing more than just the coffee at her neighbors, and she would certainly enjoy an opportunity to see and interact with her precious little baby Belle.

She picked up her phone and gave Victoria a call. "Hey Victoria, it's Mary. Hey, I was wondering if you would object to a little company this morning. My family have all abandoned me, and I was kind of hoping for a good cup of coffee, some friendly conversation, and of course, a chance to see that oh so sweet little baby of ours again."

Victoria was jovial in her response. "Absolutely. We've got quite a bit to catch up on. I'm just getting ready to get her up and changed into a dry diaper for the day. Just let yourself in and you can meet me in the nursery. I'll go start the coffee right now."

"OK," replied Mary, "but I'm going to run down to the Bakery first and pick something up for us. Give me about twenty minutes, and I'll be there. Thank you, Victoria. I have to say that I am genuinely excited about this."

Mary headed down to the corner bakery and picked up an apple strudel for them, and while she was there, she spotted a cupcake that was just destined to be for Belle. It was huge by normal cupcake dimensions and was capped by a mound of pink frosting covered in colored candy bits that looked like confetti, and a placard stuck in the middle that read, "It's a Girl" in baby pink. The minute she saw that confection, all Mary could think of is how precious her baby Belle was going to look as she tried to eat it like the baby girl she was.

As Mary entered Terry's house, she went to the kitchen to drop off the baked goods and was surprised to see Victoria there pouring herself a cup of coffee. She set her purchases down on the counter and asked her, "I thought you were going to be getting the baby up. Why are you down here?"

"Oh," replied Victoria, "I thought I'd just let her sleep until you got here. No sense in starting the party until all of the guests have arrived. What do we have here? I'll bet it's delicious." Victoria opened the long thin box and saw the strudel, but then she opened the tall square box that barely contained the cupcake and gasped. "Oh Mary, this is adorable. It's so perfectly babyish and girlish I have to take a picture. I can't believe you went to all the trouble to have them make this for Belle."

"That's just it," said Mary, "I didn't. It was just sitting in the display case and I had to have it. It was probably meant for a baby shower, or some child's birthday, or even for one of those baby reveal parties, but I knew a certain baby girl that I thought it was made for."

"True, true," responded Victoria. "But what if... what if it wasn't any of those? What if that cupcake was intended for a big baby girl? And by that, I mean some other big baby girl. Wouldn't that be wild? Can you just imagine finding out that there was another big baby girl in this neighborhood? It certainly would make things more interesting around here. I want to tell you, Mary, this

absolutely is a beautiful neighborhood, but it is so... so vanilla. I think another adult sissy baby or two around this place is just the kind of thing this neighborhood needs."

Mary poured herself a cup of coffee and cut them each a piece of the strudel. She handed the plate to her friend.

"It's a funny thing you should say that, Victoria. I was thinking the same thing. Not just any sissy baby girl though. No, I was thinking of one very specific sissy baby girl, and one who would be in rather close proximity as well."

She then took a small bite of her strudel and a big taste of her coffee.

Victoria was surprised, but not really shocked. She knew how much it had meant to Mary to be Belle's Mommy, and when she considered what she had learned about Terry's house and the system that ran through it, Mary's desires seemed rather obvious. She was about to explain it all to Mary when there was a knock at the front door.

Victoria excused herself and left to see who it was. She was surprised to find when she got there that it was Chloe. She liked the young artist, and was pleased to see her, but was a bit confused as to what might have brought her to Terry's house this morning.

"Hello, Chloe. What brings you around on a Saturday morning?"

"I'm sorry," the young girl stated. "I hope I'm not disturbing you, but I was hoping we could talk if you have a minute."

"Sure, sure," Victoria replied. "We're just in the kitchen. Come on in and join us." Victoria led the girl back to the kitchen where Mary was waiting. "I don't know if you two have ever been formally introduced, but Chloe, this is my friend Mary, the one that actually hired you, and Mary, this is Chloe, the artist whose work you so admire." The women exchanged pleasantries and then Victoria

asked, "So Chloe, you had something you wanted to discuss?"

Chloe felt a little self-conscious about discussing her desires in front of Mary. It wasn't the kind of thing that was easily broached, but it felt more contained and safer when it was done with someone you knew could relate. Mary was a wild card. She obviously must know about the baby girl who lived in the nursery, since she's the one that commissioned the artwork, but did she really understand what it was that motivated someone like Victoria, or what seeing her interact with that baby could eventually do to someone else? Chloe felt frustrated and decided to excuse herself.

"Look, I didn't know you had company, and I don't want to intrude. I should have called first. I'm just going to go. Thank you for your hospitality."

Victoria took Chloe by the hand and said, "Chloe, dear, would it help you to know that Mary here was Belle's Mommy before I ever was? Did you know that it was she that introduced us and helped me get comfortable being around Belle? Are you sure you want to leave already?"

Chloe looked wide-eyed at Mary who smiled broadly and nodded her head. Chloe was so relieved. Her trip had borne more fruit than she could have dared to hope. Not one, but two women who could relate to what she was feeling.

"I can't believe it," she said. "Two of you, there are actually two of you. I can't begin to tell you what a relief this is for me. You see, I've been having these... well these urges of late. They're strong and confusing and wonderful all at the same time and started around the time that I started the mural project, and I just felt I needed to talk to someone about them. In fact, if you don't mind, I'd like to run out to my car and get my sketch pad and camera. I think it'll make a lot more sense to you if I can get those items to explain."

Mary and Victoria told her to get whatever she needed, and to not worry, as they did understand, and would be more than

willing to listen to whatever she had to say.

Chloe walked briskly out to her car. She felt invigorated by the knowledge that she had found kindred spirits that she could unburden herself to. She felt that even if they didn't feel just the way she did, at least they weren't likely to judge her harshly for it. She had just retrieved her sketchbook and camera when another car pulled up.

A young blonde, perhaps just a bit older than her, got out. She was sharply dressed and was carrying a briefcase. Chloe thought that odd for a Saturday morning in the suburbs but was more taken by the young woman's greeting.

"Hi, I'm Megan. Is the baby up?"

Now Megan meant this as a slightly teasing reference to her boss, but it was really just meant as a joke, and didn't expect it to elicit and significant response from the young woman with the purple hair. Chloe did respond though.

"Oh," she commented. "Then you know all about the..."

"Oh yes," stated Megan. "I work with him, so I'm well aware. I take it that you are too?"

"Oh yeah. I'm Chloe. I painted the nursery." Chloe had no idea that she had just let the cat out of the bag. "In fact, I was just about to show Mary and Victoria my sketchbook of drawings on the subject. They aren't all of Belle, of course. They're mostly just of boys at school that I've been imagining myself turning into baby girls too. Would you like to see?"

"Would I ever!"

Megan set her briefcase down and took the sketchbook. She began thumbing through the pages and was amazed at the skill of the young artist. This wasn't pornography, as each and every picture was tastefully done, but there was an eroticism to them as well, there simply was no denying that either. She was shocked though

when she got to the pages of her boss, dressed up not just as a baby boy like she had hoped to do to him, but as a sissy baby girl. She wanted to squeal in excitement when she saw that but managed to contain herself. When she had looked at the last picture, she closed the book and handed it back to Chloe.

"I have to say that that was the most inspired and inspiring collection of drawings I've ever seen. You have a great deal of talent. If you ever decide to sell any of those, I hope you'll give me a chance to buy them."

She then handed her card to the young artist who was quite thrilled to have met yet a third woman that morning who seemed to understand.

"Oh, you don't have to buy them. I'd be happy to give you the picture of your choice as a gift." Chloe handed the sketchbook back to Megan.

"Don't be ridiculous, Chloe," insisted Megan. "You've put a great deal of time and effort into these, and they have real value. I would certainly like one, even more than one, but I would insist on paying you for them."

Chloe blushed. "Okay, how about the picture of your choice for \$25."

"Could I get two for \$40?" asked Megan.

"Sure," said Chloe. "Which two would you like?"

Megan took the sketchbook and turned to a pair of consecutive pages that had her boss drawn as a sissy baby on them. He was sitting on the floor holding a stuffed cat in the first, wearing a pink baby dress with a duck on the bodice, his diapers clearly visible. The second had him crawling away, showing his amply diapered butt with ruffles, and looking back sucking on a pink pacifier.

As Chloe detached the desired pages from her sketchbook,

Megan reached into her wallet and produced two twenty-dollar bills. She took the sketches and carefully placed them into her briefcase. Chloe thanked her profusely, but Megan simply told her, "Oh, you have no idea how valuable I think these sketches are. Thank you."

With that, Chloe led Megan into the house and straight to the kitchen. Mary and Victoria were taken aback to see Megan and asked her, "Megan, what a surprise. What brings you around on a Saturday morning?"

"I know," replied the young blonde. "And I hate to bother Mr. Williams at home, but I have to get him to sign this document today, or we'll both be in trouble. I hope I'm not bothering you."

Victoria looked at Mary and bit her lower lip slightly. "Bother? No, of course not, Megan, you're not bothering us at all. I'll just go upstairs and see if he's awake. If he is, just give him a few minutes to get dressed and he'll be right down."

"Could I make a request?" asked Megan. She then reached into her briefcase and produced the two sketches she had just purchased. "When you dress him, could you put him in this outfit? He looks so cute in it."

Mary spoke first in a slightly panicked tone. "Where did you get that?"

Chloe, not comprehending what was going on just yet, stated, "Oh, I sold that to her just now. If you'd like your own copy, I could make one for you, but I'm afraid I'd have to ask Megan for permission first. I don't want her to feel like she was being taken advantage of."

"What do you want for those, Megan?" insisted Victoria.

"For these, nothing. They're not for sale. I'm thinking of having them framed and hung in the office."

The blonde began to chuckle, and as she did, Mary and

Victoria grew ever more agitated. There was nothing in this world that could unite these two women like their mutual love for their baby Belle, and their fierce desire to protect her.

"I won't ask again, Megan. What do you want for those?" If this had been a cartoon, wisps of smoke would have been coming from Victoria's ears.

"Ladies, you misunderstand me. I sincerely love these pictures, and I wholeheartedly approve of what you are doing here. My only desire is to participate, if you'll let me." She sounded sincere and they really had little choice in the matter, but Victoria wasn't done.

"And if we refuse to allow you to '*participate*?' What then?"

Megan reached into her briefcase and pulled out a stack of papers that were clipped together. "Then I'd ask you to have Mr. Williams sign this document, and I'll leave."

"And the drawings?" inquired Mary.

"I told you," replied Megan, "I'm keeping them, but only because I love them. They're safe with me."

Mary leaned in and whispered to Victoria, "I don't like this, but I don't think we have any choice but to trust her. We might as well take her upstairs and show her the whole operation."

Victoria whispered back, "Not yet. I don't think Belle will respond well if we just spring this on her. Perhaps you and I should go up and gently ease her into it."

Victoria looked at the two young ladies.

"Ladies, I've made a fresh pot of coffee, and Mary has purchased some apple strudel. Please feel free to help yourselves while we go upstairs and see to the baby. When we have her settled down, we'll bring you up one at a time so she doesn't get scared. I hope that works for the both of you."

As Mary and Victoria headed for the stairs, Chloe grabbed her by the arm.

"Oh Victoria, I'm so sorry. She said she knew about the baby, and so I didn't think there was any harm in showing her my sketches. I feel awful if I've caused you a problem."

"It's not your fault, dear. In fact, I'm not sure that anybody is at fault here. I think this is just one of those things that happen that you don't plan for but seems like they were inevitable in hindsight. Just keep Megan company and we'll see to the baby. It'll all be fine."

Victoria's words were reassuring, even if she didn't fully believe them herself. She was certain that Chloe meant no harm, but she still wasn't fully convinced that Megan didn't have some ulterior motive. In the end, it didn't really matter. The cat was out of the bag, and she had a sissy baby girl who was certainly in need of a diapie change by now that she needed to attend to.

When they got to the nursery, Belle was kneeling up in the crib, sucking on the top railing. Victoria entered with Mary and announced, "Look who it is, baby girl. It's Mommy Mary come to see you this morning. Baby Belle loves it when Mommy Mary comes to visit, doesn't she? Yes, she does... Yes, she does. Because Mommy Mary always takes such good care of her."

Mary walked over and checked Terry's diapers. She took a finger and ran it inside the waistband first, and then did the same at the thigh. "Oh my, Mommy Victoria. Our baby girl has a very wet diapie. We need to get her changed before she gets a rash, I should think."

Mary let the side of the crib down and helped the baby out. She soon had his nightie off and helped him crawl to the changing table.

Once he was on the changing table, the two women began to fuss over him, and Terry's full baby nature was on display. He

giggled and babbled and played with his fingers as they talked baby talk to him and assured him that he was just the best and prettiest baby girl ever. He relished these moments, and to have both of his Mommies there at the same time, tending to his diapie change, made it all the more special. He couldn't have been any happier.

When he seemed to be bursting with joy, Victoria told him what was happening,

"Belle, sweetie, you remember that nice girl who painted your walls, don't you? Her name is Chloe, and she just so happened to have stopped by this morning. She would like to come up and say 'hi.' Is that okay, precious? May Mommy bring Chloe up to say 'hi?'"

To be honest, Terry wasn't in favor of this. She didn't seem like a bad person, and he was certain he could get over the purple hair eventually, but this was such a wonderful occurrence, that he really didn't feel like sharing it with anybody else. Still, he was the baby, and that meant giving up all responsibility to Mommy, so he nodded his head "yes."

Mary exited the room but reappeared shortly thereafter with Chloe in tow. Chloe simply beamed with delight when she saw the baby girl laying on her changing table. She grabbed a rattle off the floor and stood to the side shaking it intermittently.

"Oh, who's a pretty baby? Oh, who's a pretty baby? Oh my, but isn't Belle such a pretty baby."

She was warm and welcoming and he started to appreciate what his Mommies were doing by bringing her into the nursery. He looked at her smiling face, listened to her kind words, and then looked at the beautiful artwork she had produced for him on the walls and wondered why he had resisted them bringing her in, to begin with. Clearly, Mommies know best. Chloe even helped finish his diapering, and once he was tightly pinned into his diapers, with his pink carousel plastic panties keeping his dry diapies well contained, Chloe helped him get down on the nursery floor and

began to play with him. He was lost in Chloe's adoration when Mary told him that another guest had stopped by, and would it be alright to bring her up as well? Terry didn't hesitate this time. He quickly nodded "yes," and went back to playing blocks with Chloe.

This time it was Victoria that disappeared briefly only to return with a young woman in tow. Terry was having too much fun to look up right away, but soon he heard, "Hello Belle, it's so nice to see you."

He recognized the voice instantly and looked Megan's way. When he saw her, he began to cry, "No mommy, no... No mommy, no," followed by totally incoherent muttering intermixed with sobbing and bawling.

He was an emotional mess. Mary wanted to jump in but felt that this was Victoria's place, now, and Victoria was deciding just how much she should reveal to these two new women in her baby's life, when out of nowhere, Megan walked over, knelt beside the baby and put her arms around him. She began to rock him tenderly back and forth as his tears stained her silk blouse.

In a very soft and comforting tone, she kept repeating, "It's okay, Belle, it's okay." Once Terry had begun to settle down, she looked at him and said, "There, all better now. What a good girl. See, you don't need to cry. Your Mommies are here and you have a nice dry diapier on, so the only thing that could be bothering you is if you were hungry. Is that it, baby girl? Are you hungry? Shall I feed you?"

Megan then took her breast from her blouse, much to the amazement of everyone there. Chloe began shooting pictures with her camera as Terry, almost reflexively, latched onto Megan's nipple and began to suckle. Mary and Victoria just watched in utter disbelief as this young woman had worked her magic on their baby girl and had her calmed down like a pro in no time.

Mary leaned in close and whispered to Victoria, "I don't think she's faking." Victoria agreed.

And there they were. Four gorgeous women and the one big sissy baby who was currently the object of their affection. Victoria looked to Mary and with a giggle said, "I'm not sure that there's enough of Belle to go around, even if we do share her. We may need more sissy babies."

"It's funny you should mention that," said Mary. "But that's what I wanted to talk to you about when I came over this morning. I am so thrilled that you and Belle have hit it off so well, but I find myself missing this kind of Mommy/baby girl interaction now. I'm thinking about trying to develop something similar with Freddy, and I wanted to see if you had any ideas."

Chloe then chimed in. "That's funny, that's the same reason I came over. Not this Freddy guy, whoever he may be, but I've had this... craving to take some of the boys I know... okay, all of the boys I know and turn them into big baby girls too. It's wild, but I just can't get the idea out of my head. That's why I've been doing all these sketches." She tapped her sketchbook.

Megan, sissy baby still cradled in her arms and nursing at her breast, said, "Well, that's not why I came here, but if the offers on the table, I'd like to get in on this. To be honest, I've been thinking about this a lot over the last couple of days, so if you have a trick, I'm interested too."

Victoria looked at all of them and then looked directly at Mary.

"You know this isn't that easy, but I did just find something out that might make a difference. You probably don't know this, but our baby Belle, before she was our baby Belle, had contacted a company to help him achieve a more realistic baby state. To that end, they installed mini-cameras and speakers all over this house. They've been watching us, while at the same time pumping in a constant stream of subliminal messages to help Belle be more of a baby, but they also make us want to be Mommies to big sissy babies."

You obviously got a rather healthy dose when you were staying here, Mary, and Chloe, well you spent all that time in here painting the walls, so I'm guessing it affected you as well. As for you, Megan, I don't know. Oh, and the coffee is spiked, which enhances the effects of the subliminal messages. I just found out about this, and I have to tell you, it's really worked on me."

Mary became enraged. "How could they do this to us? They should be sued. I can't believe that I've been manipulated in this way." and with that, she stormed out of the nursery.

Victoria looked at the two younger women and asked, "Watch the baby, okay?" With that, she followed after her friend. "Mary, wait... just wait."

Mary turned and demanded, "Why aren't you more disturbed by this? Do you realize what they've done to us? I hate the thought of anyone trying to control me. I thought you would too."

"When I first found out, I was every bit as ticked off as you are, but then I realized that coerced or not, I truly do enjoy being a big baby Mommy. I could deny myself that enjoyment, or simply accept it as a gift. I chose the latter."

"Well, nobody tells Mary Ryan what to think or do," Mary declared.

"Okay, Mary," Victoria responded. "But didn't you start this whole *"treat Terry like a baby"* thing before you ever moved into this house? You were already focused on keeping him in diapers and regressed before you had your first cup of coffee, weren't you?"

Mary took a moment to consider Victoria's words.

She was right.

Mary *had* set her mind on turning Terry into her big baby long before anyone else had a chance to influence her. If that was the case, then it had always been her choice from the beginning. That realization helped to soothe her anger.

"Okay, I guess you're right. They didn't make me want to baby Terry, although a strong case could be made for them fanning the flames a bit. Maybe we should head back up to the nursery before somebody kidnaps our baby girl."

When they reentered the nursery, the two younger women were playing with Belle. It was always so baffling to Victoria how Belle could laugh when something as simple peek-a-boo was played with her. She really was functioning on a different level when she regressed. Victoria looked at the younger women and asked, "How about you two? Any complaints?"

They both looked at her, smiled and said, "Nope." Megan added, "I've been looking for something like this for most of my life."

"Great," declared Victoria. "That only leaves us with one problem now. We have four Mommies and one big sissy baby. We need more babies, obviously. Now Mary will clearly be working on her husband Freddy, who I just can't wait to see dressed in his thick cloth diapers and baby dress as he crawls across this floor like the baby girl I know he can be for Mary, but the question remains, what will we do about you young ladies? Are there any candidates you have in mind for the position of a sissy baby in your life?"

Chloe looked at her sketchbook and grinned. She held it up to Victoria and stated, "I've had a few ideas about that, but to be honest, nobody in particular. It seems that for me recently, all I've been thinking about is turning every boy I see into a sissy baby. I would simply love to fill a warehouse full of boys who would have to wear their diapers and crawl for me while they called me Mommy. It's been a bit distracting, to say the least."

Victoria opened the sketchbook and began to review Chloe's work. As she did, she commented, "I think a warehouse full of sissy babies might be a tad ambitious to start with. Maybe we could work our way up to that via, oh I don't know, let's say, *one* boy first. By the way, these are simply amazing, dear. Your talent never ceases to

amaze me.”

“I know,” added Megan. “When she showed me those on the front lawn, I could hardly believe my eyes they were so good. As for me, I'm not looking for warehouses filled with boys. I want to find a man, a man who is used to having power and usurp that power from him. Strip him down to his most basic and needy form. I want to make him realize that all that power he had was just an illusion, and that at his core, he is nothing but a baby, my baby, and that I hold all the power. I decide when he eats, when he sleeps, and even when he gets his diapers changed. I hadn't considered it before, but I also like the idea that even his little baby gender is up to me, and I've decided that he was born to be a sissy baby girl for me. I have to say, I think that that's pretty hot.”

“Well,” declared Victoria. “It seems like we've set ourselves quite the task. Since Freddy is handy, I suggest that we start with him, but it would help if you young ladies started to seek out your targets, and then we can devise a plan to deal with your problem.”

“Problem?” questioned Chloe.

“Oh yes, dear. You definitely have a problem. We all do, as a matter of fact, and it's the same problem. We all have 'baby fever,' and I fear we have it bad. The good news is, we've isolated the cure.”

Victoria knelt down and began to pat Belle's amply diapered bottom as the big sissy baby crawled across the floor, sucking on her pacifier and babbling happily.

“We just need more of it. A whole lot more of it.”

The women all began to laugh and Belle smiled as a trickle of drool descended from the corner of her mouth. Just like a real infant.