

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# KITA SPARKLES

ISH  
DARK STORIES  
FOR A SCARY  
NIGHT



ABDL & ADULT LITTLE GIRL  
STORIES

Dark(ish) Stories For A Scary Night

# DARK (ISH) STORIES FOR A SCARY NIGHT

By Kita Sparkles

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# *Dark(ish) Stories For A Scary Night*

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Author: Kita Sparkles

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## Dark(ish) Stories For A Scary Night

*Take a restless spirit, Halloween, and revenge, and toss in some AB themes and what do you get? That's all in this next story, called "Ghosts Of My Past"!*

*Note: There are some offensive terms in this story referring to women. There are also some offensive religious references. The whole point is to show the main character is a jerk. Please make no judgment about the author based on the main character in her story.*

# Ghosts Of My Past

I love Halloween. You might wonder why - it's a kid's holiday, and I am no kid. Well, it is like this - Halloween is the only time I can walk around among people, uninhibited. Well, I guess after reading that, you'll need a little more explanation.

Spirits are around you all the time. If you live in a city, you probably walk past them every day, and you might even see them. They look just like regular people, after all. All those stories about transparent bodies, or carrying chains around, or weird glowing auras are just that - stories. They just look like they did when they croaked. Spirits can make themselves visible too, and that works okay for about the first ten years after their death. After that, the style of clothing or hair can change so much most just don't do it anymore, because all in all, they don't like to be stared at. But once in a while, one will. You know that disco dude you saw yesterday? That was one. The old Hippie last week? Yep. He was one too.

And that is the whole problem - the clothing thing, I mean. Like all spirits, I'm somewhat stuck in what I was wearing when I died. Yes, if you are somehow stupid and haven't guessed yet, I am a spirit. I suppose you want to know about Heaven and Hell and God and all that crap. Well, for a while after I died, I did see a light. All

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that stuff in the silly movies with the dumb little blond kid whining about going into the light really did have something to it. But my thoughts are, I wasn't such a great person when I was alive, so I'm in no hurry to go into any light and meet God now. If I screwed up and he is real, it's a little late for me to say, "*Oh shit, I was wrong,*" now.

But, back to the clothing. When I died ten years ago, I was wearing a diaper and a t-shirt, and that was all. No, I am not a baby. I was 16 when I died. Heather, my girlfriend at the time (what a bitch she turned out to be), tricked me into it. I was always acting like I was "all that" around the bitches at school, and they decided to try to take me down for it.

My parents were going away for a weekend, and I had the house to myself. I wasn't so bad that I threw a party, but I did invite Heather over thinking I could finally get some since we would have complete privacy. I had been going out with her for over a month now, and I figured I was going to make it with her this night. Well, she came over and she drugged my beer, and next thing I know I am waking up tied spread eagle in my bed, stripped down to just my underwear.

Or so I thought. It took a minute for me to get my bearings, but soon I realized I was in a t-shirt and a diaper! Heather and about a dozen girls who hated my guts were all there, laughing their asses off at me. They loved it.

Well, I yelled and threatened a bit.

"What's the matter, Wayne? I thought you liked showing off your body to us 'bitches'!" Heather mocked me. They were taking pictures and the whole nine yards, and I wondered how I would ever live this down. I never thought I wouldn't get a chance to.

The girls decided they wanted to make me wet my diaper - and maybe more.

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"Let's just leave him tied up, and come back tomorrow for him," one named Lindsay suggested. They all agreed, and I made the mistake of letting out a long and loud stream of cusswords.

Heather slapped me across the face. "Shut up, Wayne!" Then she said, "If we leave him, he'll yell enough to bring the whole neighborhood down..."

One of the girls - I didn't even know her name - said she had just the thing for that and help up a pacifier for all the girls to laugh over. "And I have just the thing to cure that potty-mouth too," she went on.

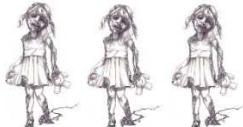
She got some dish detergent from the kitchen and poured it all over the pacifier nipple until it was just dripping with it. I held my mouth shut when they tried to push it in my face, but then they just pinched my nose shut until I opened my mouth to breathe. The pacifier had shoestrings tied through the holes on the mouthguard, and they used these to tie it in place behind my head, so hard there was no way I could push it out. All the squirming I was doing and pushing it with my tongue was only serving to make it suds up much worse, and I was now having to swallow the foul-tasting liquid.

And that's how they left me, planning to come back in the morning to torment me more. Only they never got the chance. The soap cured my language problem all right - for good. I choked on it, and tied down like I was, it suffocated me. I never even felt my diaper fill, although it did when I died, and my body let everything out.

When they came back and found me like that, they cleaned up all traces of being there, swore one another to secrecy, and then those bitches just left me like that! My parents came home to find me like that - dead a couple of days already, tied down in bed wearing a damn diaper.

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So, as I said in the beginning, I like Halloween, because then I can walk around people and let them see me. Sure, such a “costume” gets some laughs even though they don't know I am forced to wear this for all eternity. On Halloween, I have an easier time getting away with such an outfit than I would have on any other day. And that's why tonight, I've got a plan.



It took me about a year to figure out how to manipulate objects. Before that, when I tried to pick up anything, my hands would go right through it. I knew there had to be a way to do it because otherwise, my feet wouldn't be on the ground. I'd fall right through it. It all has to do with your mind, which apparently is the part that keeps living after you're dead.

It took me a few more years to realize the next step. Maybe it was longer than a few years - it's hard to remember. Time doesn't hold much meaning anymore once you're dead. Anyway, I found out it was possible to manipulate people (although, manipulating objects is much easier to do). You know all that stuff you heard about “demons”? Nope... that's just one of us, having some fun. Hey, what else are you gonna do when you're dead?

Unfortunately, we can't manipulate just anybody. It has to be a person who has more negative energy going on than positive energy. So, they have to have some bad feelings going on in them. Fear, anger, humiliation, guilt, hate - any of these things will work. Teenagers are the easiest target, really. If a person has more positive feelings, we can't usually affect them as easily. We have to make them feel bad first.

Some of the “great teachers” of men have tried to teach them that over the years in various ways. Some taught that you have to

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let go of your guilt, some taught karma, one of the most well-known died on a cross so that people could think he was a sacrifice for them, and therefore be free from their guilty feelings that way.

You might think those who followed him are safe from us. You'd be wrong. Some of them are - but many are quite easy to snare. They get so high and mighty and self-righteous about themselves that they forget the first sin that ever took place - pride. You remember the story, right? Lucifer was God's main angel or whatever, then he got so full of himself that he revolted and ultimately his own pride got the better of him. That's what happens to a lot of them - too bad too because all that negative energy is what their teacher was trying to free them from.

Of course, you'd have to believe in God to know if that were true and I don't know that I do. After all, it's not like he ever did anything for me. Do you think I didn't pray when those bitches had me tied up? I was praying right up until I croaked, and "God" didn't do a damn thing for me, so why should I care about Him?

So, you probably want to know what my plan is. Well, you'll find out soon enough. I will tell you this... I can't get all those girls on the same night. They're older now, and some have moved away. That's okay, I can catch up to them sooner or later, and I have plenty of time to spare. All their lives, in fact.

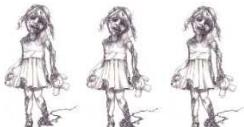
Mainly, I am going to get back at three of them. Heather, who set the whole thing up by pretending to be my girlfriend and then drugging me. Lindsay, who was the mastermind behind the whole plan to humiliate me - it's amazing what things you can learn when nobody knows you are in the room with them. I've even had some fun in the confessional box at the Catholic Church. Oh, and that story about how a spirit can't enter a church? It's a myth. And Christine - the bitch I didn't even know who came up with the "pacifier of death".

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You have to know already, getting to them shouldn't be too hard. When you kill someone, accident or not, the guilt will eat at you, and it is eating at them. Not only did they kill me, but then they tried to cover it up by cleaning up and lying to the police. Neighbors saw them at the house Friday night, but they just said they came to my house for a party, and whatever happened to me must have been after the party. They all vouched for one another's story. Not one of them cracked! If it weren't for the fact that I'm the one who is dead, I'd probably be proud of them.

The police suspected it was one of them, of course. They watched them, hauled them in for questioning, everything they could try. It never worked and being that there was no love lost between myself and the police anyway, the case went cold. Now it's all in a file box on a shelf somewhere.

Their guilt is at different levels. I may not be able to take over right away, so I'll have to play a few tricks. But I'm ready - and they... aren't.



Christine lives in a trailer park on the bad side of town. No big surprise there. She's also a lesbian - ain't that a laugh! Lots of negative energy out there, even I don't feel that comfortable around it. It's more the lair of some of the more... shall we say "riotous"... of my kind. I just like causing little disruptions (usually), but they are full-fledged on raising murder, crime ... the worst stuff you can imagine. They love it here with all that negativity swirling around.

So, I went there first. I'm working my way up tonight, starting with the least important and working up to the biggest betrayer. As I said at the beginning, I like Halloween, since it allows me to walk around among people and not be stared at too much. So,

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I left myself visible on the way there, but before I actually entered the trailer park I made myself invisible. It's not like any of these mortals can hurt me anymore, but I would look very out of place there.

Christine lives alone. She's had a few one-night stands, but no true relationships since she came out in High School. That was after she killed me. She came out to another one of the girls who were there, thinking she was the same way. She wasn't. From that time on the rest of them started to avoid her. Served the bitch right.

I waited until she was in the bathroom, then made myself visible in the mirror. Figured it would be good for a scare. I was in for a surprise.

She closed the medicine cabinet door, clutching a bottle of pills, and there I was.

*“You again,”* was all she said, very simply. I was so surprised by her lack of any emotion, I didn't say anything at first. *“I see you every time I take these damn pills,”* she said. *“But now you don't even have the decency to wait until I take them!”* She threw them across the room. It was obvious she was drunk as well.

Looks like she has her own pacifier now. This may be even easier than I thought.

*“You need to take more,”* I told her. She stared at me silently. One thing we can't do is read thoughts. I wasn't sure where her mind might be, or if she was really coherent enough to understand me at all. *“It's the only way to make me go away,”* I said, placing the bottle on the sink in front of her. One nice thing about being dead - I don't leave any fingerprints. Even if I did, who'd believe it, since I am dead?

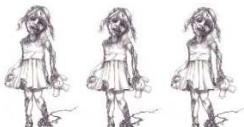
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“Only way...” she repeated, reaching for the bottle. She locked eyes with me in the mirror as she swallowed five pills, one at a time. I leaned forward and whispered into her ear...

“Moooooore...”

She swallowed another half dozen. I don't even know what they are, but that should be enough. I dialed 911 on her phone, then went outside and made a lot of noise to rouse any neighbors that might care. And then I made myself invisible and left.

She might die, but I suppose they will get there in time to save her. I can hear the sirens already. Most likely, she'll end up in a mental hospital. I hear they make some patients wear diapers there. I'll have to visit her to see if it is true.



Lindsay was next. She lived on the edge of town and worked in a hospital. Everyone thought she was such a good heart. Really she was just trying to atone for her past deeds. But that never works, especially not as long as I'm still around.

I don't talk much to the other spirits around anymore, but I used to at first. They were the only ones who could hear and see me until I learned how to project energy, and I learned that from them. I told them what had happened to me, and of course, they could already sense all the negative energy that would be surrounding those girls. They went after them and fed off it for a while.

As a result, Lindsay had her problems almost right from the start. Apparently, she felt really guilty, but not enough to come clean. Therefore, it ate at her and made her pretty easy prey. The other spirits were around her, and when someone else came along with a lot of negative energy, they would use them as well.

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Sometimes they could use them to hurt her, which caused more negative energy in her, making it even easier for them to get at her. It was a pretty ingenious little system they had going.

She got raped once. I found it hard to feel sorry for her.

Where she worked made it even easier. Do you have any idea how many people with bad feelings end up in the hospital Emergency Room? And just my luck, that's where she was working tonight. I never got very good at Astral Projection, so I just walked there. Several times ambulances passed me as I walked. Once there, I made myself invisible and went inside.

A few people looked at me strangely, even though I had made myself invisible. That's how you can tell if someone is going to die - they can see into our dimension. Sometimes it is fun to play tricks with them, but tonight, I didn't have any time for that.

Surprise, surprise, it seemed we had a little reunion going on. Lindsay was working on a patient, and as I got closer, I saw it was Christine. Christine clutched Lindsay's arm and tried to talk.

"It was Wayne, Linds. I know it was him! He's back, and he wants to kill me!"

Of course, Lindsay knew Christine had OD'd, and figured it was the drugs talking. All the same, she tried to hush Christine, lest she give away a crime they had committed so long ago and thought they got away with. As I neared, I could tell there was nothing but negative energy going on there. This was going to be way easier than I thought.

In one quick move, I jumped inside of Christine, taking over her body. Ignoring the weird feeling that always comes with this, especially when you jump into a body of the opposite sex, I leaped up from the stretcher, breaking the belts that held the body down. You'd be surprised at what the human body can do with enough

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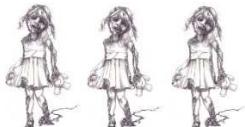
adrenaline, and there is plenty of adrenaline released when a spirit takes over a physical body. In a flash, I-in-Christine grabbed a scalpel from a nearby table, turned, and pulled it down Lindsay's face.

Lindsay screamed and pulled back, blood pouring from between her fingers as she pushed her hands against her face. I felt her warm blood as it spattered across Christine's face, and as it ran down the hand that still held the scalpel. I knew it wasn't enough to kill her. I didn't want to kill her. She didn't deserve anything as easy as that. I wanted her to be reminded for the rest of her life.

I jumped out of Christine, letting her body slump to the floor. She'd never know why she did what she just did. It seemed like orderlies came from everywhere now, and they easily disarmed her of the scalpel, while others rushed to help Lindsay. I kept invisible and yelled into Lindsay's ear, hoping she would be able to receive it.

“Every time you look in the mirror and see that scar, Lindsay, for the rest of your life! Every day, when you see that scar, you'll think of me!”

A few other spirits who were lounging around the ER laughed and applauded my act, but I left quickly. Jumping into someone's body just gave me the willies, so to speak. Besides, the night was not getting any younger, and I had one more person to get. I did not want to waste any time getting to it.



Heather. She's the worst of the three, the biggest betrayer. What's even worse, as her friends live with the guilt of what happened, she's living in the good section of town, married to a University Professor, and about to have a baby girl. Life was going

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very well for her, but I intended to change that! She didn't deserve a good life, having taken away mine!

I made myself visible once out of the hospital and hailed a cab. This was always good for a laugh. The cabbie stopped for me, and I gave him an address close to Heather's house, so as not to arouse any undue suspicion. He looked over my choice of clothing and said, "Going to a party, mate?" When I didn't answer, he shrugged and drove on.

When we got to the neighborhood, I of course just made myself invisible. The next time he looked in the rearview mirror, he cursed and almost drove his cab into a pole. He pulled over, got out, and opened the back door - whereupon I easily slipped out and walked away - unseen, unfelt, and unnoticed. All the better right now. As I turned the corner, he was still looking around trying to figure out where I had gone.

"Hey, Wayne!"

What the...?

I wondered who saw me, and how they knew who I was. When I looked up, I saw Trent, one of my "fellow spirits". He was killed in a gang war in the seventies and embodied - if you could use that word - the term "punk". I thought it was a bit hypocritical that while the punk culture buzzword was rebellion, they had so many things that made them all alike, just like any other fad. How can you be rebellious when you are doing what everyone else is doing?

He wore a T-shirt with an inverted cross and an anarchy symbol on it, torn jeans, and a leather rocker jacket. His hair was a mohawk, and a swastika (more irony) earring adorned his left ear. His face was bruised and beaten - part of the circumstances of his death - and a knife stuck through one side of his jacket, surrounded by a large bloodstain.

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"It's our night, Dude! What are you hidin' for?"

There's an endless argument among some as to whether it is easier to be visible, or easier to make yourself invisible. I don't think it makes any difference really.

A group of parents with kids out Trick or Treating crossed the road to walk on the other side from Trent. I wondered if they would have done the same if they could see me and how I was dressed. As far as they could tell, Trent was some older kid dressed overly gruesome, and yelling at someone who wasn't there.

I just shook my head and walked on, determined to fulfill my revenge before the night was through. I saw Heather's house and slipped through the wall into her Living Room, another skill I picked up in the early days after my death.

She was on the phone. I only caught the tail end of the conversation. "Yes, of course. I'll be there right away!" She sounded worried, as she hung up the phone, and began to hurriedly write on a notepad. I peered over her shoulder. "Lindsay injured at hospital. I've gone to see her, Love, Heather." Must be a note for her husband, I thought, as she put it on the refrigerator.

It is interesting how one event can start a chain of events that in the end affects dozens, hundreds, or even thousands or more people. It becomes something very large, almost impossible to trace back, but if you could go back and change one tiny thing, you would change all of history. For instance, what if Isaac Newton never got conked on the head with that apple? What if Fleming had never noticed the mold on his culture plate and how it appeared to inhibit bacterial growth, which led to the discovery of Penicillin? A chocolate bar melting in some scientist's lab coat pocket led to the invention of the microwave oven.

My visit to Christine early in the evening had started a chain of events, which was now working heavily in my favor. Through her

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being taken to the hospital, I was able to use her to attack Lindsay. Now, that was contributing to my ability to get my revenge on Heather.

I followed Heather to her car and jumped through the side of the car into the passenger seat. I waited until she was turning onto the Interstate before making myself visible finally.

“Hello, Heather...”

“What the...?” The car swerved, narrowly missing an SUV coming from the opposite direction. To her credit, Heather didn't crash the car like I was hoping she would. “Who... what...? WAYNE?” She kept glancing from me to the road. “How?”

“Very good, considering how much you've done to forget me,” I said.

“This isn't happening. This can't be happening...” Heather appeared to be losing it, which would be okay in the long run, but not yet.

“Oh, it's happening all right, Heather. You're my third visit tonight.”

“All that babbling Lindsay said Christina was doing about you. It wasn't just the drugs?” She was putting it together.

“That's right, Heather. Christina's going to the mental ward, Lindsay's got a nice big scar to remember me by, and now it is your turn. Your turn to *die!*”

I concentrated my energy on her tire making it blow out loudly.

“Oh, God!” Heather got the car back under control, pulling it off the road.

Damn, I wanted this to end!

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“But... why, Wayne? Why would you hurt them, why would you want to kill me?”

Was she serious?

“Why? Because that's what you did to me! You humiliated me and left me there to die! I choked on that damn pacifier...”

“No, I didn't, Wayne!” Heather looked surprised. “Don't you remember?” I stopped my anger long enough to hear her flimsy excuse. “Wayne, I only did what you wanted!” she said. “You liked being diapered and humiliated. You asked me to make those girls think that I was getting back at you for a fight we had. You set the whole thing up, all I had to do was get them to the house and suggest we treat you like a baby.”

She paused, getting her emotions under control. I couldn't believe the lies she was telling! However, something was nagging at the back of my mind. All the events leading up to that night were fuzzy in my mind, as were the next few days after my death. I was still trying to learn where I was and everything then. I had just seen snatches of things and filled in the rest with my mind.

“When... when I came back later to untie you, you were already gone, Wayne! The coroner said you had a heart attack. We didn't do anything wrong! You were consenting.” Tears started to roll down her face. “I couldn't tell them you wanted this, even if you were gone, so I let the other girls believe what they wanted about the whole thing. I loved you! I was only doing what you wanted!”

With this, she broke down completely.

I was having my own problems. It was the anger and my seething for revenge that kept me here and kept me strong for so long. If what Heather said was true, I had nobody to blame for my death but myself. Fleeting images were now coming to my mind, confirming what she said. They were all so fuzzy, like ghosts

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themselves... ghosts of my past. My anger and my earlier feeling of triumph began to fade, being replaced only by despair. As the despair built, it only felt like pain, the only real pain a spirit can feel, and it felt like chains holding me down. As I looked again for Heather, all I could see was a swirling cloud of darkness, pulling me down...

### Epilogue

I bet you thought I had gone to Hell, didn't you?

Well, I don't think so. Not yet, anyway.

Did you know that a baby does not get a soul until it is born? My last-ditch attempt, with my power running so weak, had to be to get myself into a body. I knew once in, I would not be able to come back out as I had before. I knew it couldn't be anybody who already had a spirit. Animals would have worked, but I didn't know where any might be. I jumped into Heather's unborn child and was reborn a couple of months later.

So now here I am, a baby again. If what Heather said about my past life was true, this must be a fantasy come true for me. Nothing to do but lay around and be a baby, with Mommy Heather feeding me, changing my diapers, bathing me...

God, it's boring!

Then again, in 13 years I'll be a teenager, and then my real revenge can begin!