



The
BIG
Book Of
Sissy Baby
Stories

CHRISTINE KRINGLE

Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies Vol 1

The Big Book Of Sissy Baby Stories

Volume 1

By Christine Kringle

First Published 2020

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Bedtime Stories For Sissy Babies Vol 1

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~ Pickup Artist ~

It was a busy night at the bar. A pleasant spring breeze blew as the last vestiges of the vernal sunset hung in the cloudless sky. The patrons were loud and slightly raucous, but everyone was having a good time. At the bar sat a young man who was drinking alone, but not by choice, when a beautiful woman walked up to him. She smiled a beguiling smile and said, "I'm going to grab this seat right here, okay?"

The young man was taken aback. He was having no luck with the other female patrons that night - not that was different from most other nights for him - but at this moment, he was grateful for it. She was undoubtedly the most attractive woman in the house, and had just given him an opening.

"Uh... sure, gorgeous. Can I buy you a drink?"

His hopes crashed back to earth when she just chuckled and said, "Down boy. Haven't you had enough?"

His pride wounded, the young man insisted on defending his honor. "What are you talking about, I've just started to drink."

She just shook her head. "Three and... let me see... three and a half beers since I got here, but that's not what I'm talking about. I've watched you flame out more than a cheap gas grill in the last hour. Shot down by seven different women by my count, but to be honest, I had to stop watching at that point. It was just becoming too painful to bear."

It was clear that this wasn't going to go well for him, but the young man decided to press on nonetheless. "Well, you gotta be in the game to score."

All she had wanted was to grab a seat at the bar, but she was now becoming intrigued by the impudent young man.

"In the game? Oh, you're funny. You don't mean to be, but trust me, you're

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funny. Sweetie, not only are you not in the game, you're not even on the bench."

He was starting to lose his composure. Despite her obvious physical attributes, he didn't have to take this kind of abuse.

"Hey, I do alright."

The beautiful woman, her voice brimming with bemusement, responded, "Yes, I'm sure that you're a real lothario with the phone sex ladies," Turning to the bartender, she asked, "Hey Mike, a glass of the 2005 Chateau Pavi, please, and don't try and pass off the 2004 on me, you *know* I can taste the difference."

The bartender responded quickly, "Yes, mistress."

The young man caught himself in mid reply. He took a moment to consider what he had just heard, and then, gathering his nerve, found the courage to inquire further.

"Did he just call you *mistress*?"

The young lady, in a nonchalant fashion, simply replied, "Yes. Yes, he did."

He was surprised by her candor. It's not the kind of thing that you expect anyone to admit to in public. He racked his brain for a plausible explanation.

"So, are you like sleeping with the owner or something?"

She looked at him as if the mere insinuation was beyond belief. "Sleeping with.... ? Goodness, no."

He could have just let his line of inquiry end there, but now his curiosity was piqued, and he had to know.

"Then why did he call you *mistress*?"

In a tone that could only be described as perfunctory, she responded, "Because I'm a dominatrix, sweetie. I insist on being addressed as Mistress in the same way a surgeon might insist on being called Doctor. It's a title I've earned."

She didn't bother to look at him when she said it, and he found that that added to the gravity of her statement.

He was flummoxed. There were so many questions racing through his brain, each straining to be his next utterance when he finally stammered out, "Wow, I never met a dominatrix before, at least I don't think I have. Don't you usually try to keep that quiet?"

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He regretted his words the minute they left his lips, but it was too late. If she wasn't insulted, she would most certainly be put off by his naivete.

To his complete astonishment, she simply looked at him and said, "Why? I'm not ashamed of what I do. Other people don't seem to be afraid to say what they do for a living, so why should I be?"

At that moment, the bartender reappeared, placing the glass and its ruby red contents before her. There seemed to be a slight bow to his head as he said, "Your wine, mistress."

She patted his hand gently. "That's a good boy, Mike. Mistress is pleased with you." The young man sitting at the bar was dumbstruck.

The bartender, seemingly pleased by the comment, replied, "Thank you, Mistress," and then continued with his duties.

The young man, sitting on his barstool with his jaw hanging slightly open, turned to her to express his amazement. "Wow, you really know how to wrap a man around your finger, don't you?"

She picked up her glass, swirled its contents gently, and then inhaled its aroma pensively. While her eyes remained closed, still savoring the very essence of dark fruits that lingered there, she spoke again.

"Men, women, it doesn't matter, but yes, I do have that effect on people."

He was now obsessed with a single thought. One overriding desire now burned within him. He had to ask her.

"Could you teach me to.... to do that?"

In a dismissive fashion, she responded, "Order a glass of wine?"

He could tell she was toying with him, but he didn't care. If he could learn her secrets, there would be no need for him to ever sit alone at the bar again.

"No, you know. To er... to get people to treat me with respect. To get them to do what I want."

She pondered the question as she let the velvety texture of the wine coat her tongue. Then, in a clear and concise manner, she exclaimed, "Could I teach you? Yes, yes I could."

There was a long pause. He had expected her to continue, but it now

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seemed as if she had completed her response. He wasn't sure how to proceed from there and was desperate to gain this power, but it seemed as though he would be thwarted on the threshold of achieving it. He knew he couldn't allow it to end this way, so he found himself, driven by his desperation, forging on.

"Will you? Will you teach me?"

The woman scoffed. "Oh, *will* I teach you? Well that's another question, isn't it? No, I will *not* teach you."

The young man pleaded, "But why? Why won't you teach me?"

She turned and fixed him with her gaze. "Knowledge is power, and as such, it has value. I don't just give that away." She then returned her attention back to her wine.

The young man, ever more desperate to claim his prize, pleadingly said, "I can pay."

At this point, it was clear she was becoming annoyed, but she didn't cut him off completely. Again, she turned to face him, looked him square in the eye, and said, "You can pay. Do you have any idea of what my time costs? Not to mention that this is my night off. I came to relax, not start a prep school for the dating impaired."

He pleaded his case. "Please, I really need this."

She looked at him with a mixture of mild contempt and pity. "Well, based on what I saw earlier, I can't argue *that* point. Fine. It's \$250 for one hour, cash. No checks, no credit cards, cash! That's my good deed for the week rate, too."

"You mean, good deed for the *day*," he foolishly corrected her.

"You don't know me, sweetie," she responded in an aloof fashion. "One good deed a week is about all I can handle. Now, there's an ATM over there. You have your instructions. Don't make me repeat myself."

He was beaming. "Yes, mistress."

She allowed a slight smile to grace her lips. "Well, *that's* an improvement anyway. Go ahead, toddle off, and don't come back without the money." She returned to her wine and paid him no further attention.

He quickly scrambled for the ATM and while he was gone, the bartender returned.

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The bartender began to wipe down the area near where she was sitting, and casually asked, "A new client, mistress?"

With a tone of resignation, she replied, "Charity case, Mike. For someone who has a collection of whips and paddles, I'm way too nice."

The bartender chuckled as he walked away. There was no denying it, she was definitely a complex individual, but at the same time, he couldn't help but wonder if there wasn't more to her interaction with this young man than she was letting on.

The young man returned with all the enthusiasm of a puppy who had just retrieved a ball in a game of fetch. With eyes wide from anticipation, he announced, "I'm ready, Mistress."

She continued to admire her glass of wine, and declared, "Yes, well I'm not. I'm going to sit here and enjoy my wine, and when *I'm* ready, I will tell you. In the meantime, you just sit there like a good boy. You can do that, can't you?"

Every fiber of his being was aching to launch his journey, but he wasn't about to do anything to ruin the deal at this point. So, struggling to contain his excitement, he blurted out, "Oh yes, mistress."

While never so much as glancing in his direction, she stated, "Good boy, now finish your beer."

She took her time to relish the flavors in her glass of wine, while occasionally glancing at the eager young man next to her. It amused her to watch him fidget in his seat like a grade-schooler needing to pee. As she finished her wine, she turned to the young man and simply demanded, "Money."

The young man sheepishly handed her the \$250 he got from the ATM. She took the cash, looked at him, and in a commanding voice said, "Tip the bartender."

The young man reached into his pocket and pulled out a \$10 bill, which he placed on the bar. She glared at him. "Don't be cheap. No woman will give you a second thought if she thinks you're cheap. Mike works hard, so show him you appreciate his efforts."

He picked up the \$10 bill and laid down a \$20 bill instead. "That's better. Good boy." He got up to leave when she stopped him. "That was for *my* drink. Now you may tip him for yours." The young man reached into his pocket and

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placed a second \$20 on the bar.

“Much better. Mike, keep an eye on our seats, will you dear?”

The bartender nodded. “Yes, mistress.”

She then turned to her young charge and stated, “Now we may leave. We will head to my workspace where we can have some privacy and work on your problem. I will drive, but we'll be back to get your car later.”

She led him to her 2020 Mercedes GT and they both got in. She fired up the engine. Its roar was nearly as intimidating as she was.

She glanced over at him. “Seat belt. We can't have you suffering brain damage before I've taught you what you need to know.” He complied quickly and she added, “Good. Now put these headphones on. It's a little instructional MP3 that will help get you ready for our work. At this point, we can't afford to waste any time.”

He did as she instructed, and placed the headphones over his ears. He listened intently as she talked on the MP3 about freedom and empowerment, or more specifically the freedom and empowerment that comes with surrendering all your power and submitting without reservation. There was pleasant music that played in the background, and the more he listened to it, the more he was able to accept the words as being completely true.

Eventually, she pulled her car into an industrial parking lot, put it in Park, and shut off the engine. She unfastened her seat belt, opened the door, and got out. He was confused.

This couldn't be the place, could it?

It was quite unlike anything he had expected. Too many bad movies had left him imagining her workspace as a large Victorian mansion in the country, with dim lighting. This, however, turned out to be just an industrial building and a rather nondescript one at that. He was a little disappointed, but then he wondered briefly to himself if this might not just be an interim stop on their way to their ultimate destination. As he sat there, uncertain of what he should do next, he awaited her instructions. Soon enough, she came around to his door and opened it for him.

She looked down at him, somewhat bemused by his quandary, and simply stated, “You may get out now. Follow me in.”

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He scrambled to do as he was told, finding the experience oddly exhilarating. She led him through the building's front door, but as soon as the large steel door had shut behind them, she stopped him immediately.

She turned to him, and in a somewhat instructional tone, stated, "You have come to me seeking a transformation, therefore we will need to strip away all of what you attempt to be, so we can find the essence of what you *can* be at your core. To achieve this, you will need to remove all your clothes and pile them over there. They represent all that is holding you back from attaining your stated goal."

With a commanding gesture, she pointed to a corner of the entryway, and he started to feel some doubt creep in.

Maybe he wasn't really ready for what she had in mind. Maybe he should just return to the bar and forget the whole thing.

As his mind raced, he thought of speaking up, but instead, he accepted he would have to simply comply. He knew one thing for certain, there could be no going back. If he backed out now, he would never be afforded this opportunity again. He slowly stripped his clothes off, piled them in the corner, and then returned to her side to present himself, totally naked.

She slowly looked him up and down, studying him, and it made him feel more than a little self-conscious. It was more than just a feeling of being judged. It was the sense that he was being examined like a lab specimen.

When she had finished her appraisal, she declared, "We will now help you discover your true identity. You whined back at the bar that you wanted to know how to command people. It's simple really. All you need to do is recognize the truth about them. Once you can see their truth, it's easy to get them to do what you want, because it's what *they* want. The thing is, how can you see the truth of someone else when you can't even recognize the truth about yourself? People won't trust you if they don't think you're being honest, so you must start by being honest with yourself. That is why we're here. We will reveal *your* truth to you, and in so doing, set you free. Follow me."

He felt his heart pounding in his chest and his breathing became more labored. She led him down the hallway. Her steps were measured and precise, and there was a power to her stride that pulled him forward like some unseen chain. All at once, she stopped at the first door. It was painted black and had a large steel handle.

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“Open it,” she commanded.

He felt a sense of trepidation as he reached for the handle, but he turned it nonetheless and opened the door. Inside he saw a cross, bondage chair, paddles, whips, chains, masks, and restraints. His anxiety grew. He had not prepared himself for this, but he now realized that he should have. She had a wicked smile on her lips as she placed her index finger under his chin.

“Impressive, right?” His knees felt weak. “There is a truth to this room. It speaks to the need some people have to have their power forcefully taken from them. They seek to be freed from the burdens of choice and experience the bliss that comes from total servitude, and in accepting that truth they find true freedom. Still, this truth is not *your* truth, so you may close it.”

He did as he was told, and felt a huge sigh of relief escape his lips. He then followed her further down the hallway, hoping that things would be less intense as they moved forwards. She then stopped at the next door. This one was pink and had an ivory handle. She looked at him, and he reached for the handle. He opened the door and inside he saw a bedroom. It was the exact opposite of what he had seen in the last room. Where that room was harsh and severe, this one was soft and inviting. There was a Four post bed with white sheets and pillowcases, a light pink comforter, and throw pillows. There was a vanity with brushes and make-up. There was a rack with dozens of dresses in all sizes, and there was a shoe rack loaded with high heels in a multitude of colors. There was a dresser with open drawers loaded with panties and bras. Whereas the last room had evoked a feeling of fear in him, this one was welcoming. He turned to her as if to ask the purpose of the room when the truth was that he understood it instantly.

Once again, she explained what he was looking at.

“This room reveals another truth. This room allows for the release of a pent-up feminine energy some men experience. The energy is good. The energy is power, but without allowing for its safe release, it can destroy, like a dam bursting, and cause great harm. In this room, that energy is allowed to be expressed in a positive manner and in a safe environment. You find this room enticing, do you not? Still, it’s not quite *your* truth, is it? Close it.”

As opposed to the first room, he felt a little sad to leave this one behind. She was right, he wasn’t a transvestite or a transsexual. At least he was pretty sure he wasn’t. Still, he had to admit that there was something about that room that resonated with him. He closed the door and they continued down the

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hallway.

Stopping at the third door, he looked at her and she guided his gaze to the door handle. This door was grey and had a bronze handle. He reached out, turned the handle, and opened the door. Inside, he saw what looked like a doctor's exam room. There was a medical table with stirrups, a scale, a wheelchair, gloves, gowns, stethoscopes, and a wide variety of medical equipment. This room confused him, so he looked to her. Without prompting, she began her explanation.

"The truth of this room lays in the surrendering of one's self to a greater power. Not like the first, in that this is embracing vulnerability to a benevolent power. Weak and helpless before the power that will heal. Again, this is not *your* truth. Close it."

He began to question what his truth might actually be, and wondered if she really did know it. How could she, a total stranger, know what he himself was so uncertain of, at this point? Still, it didn't seem prudent to question her at this juncture, so he did as he was told, closed the door, and they proceeded down the hallway.

They next stopped before a brown door with a brass handle. She again directed him to open the door, and he once again complied. When he did, he saw a classroom. A large blackboard, a teacher's desk, a student's desk, a globe, books with pens and paper, and a map on the wall. From a pair of hooks were hanging two outfits. The first was a short-sleeved button-down shirt, short pants with suspenders, and a small cap. The second was a tartan patterned jumper like Catholic school girls wear with a blouse. Both outfits, despite their appearance, were clearly sized for adults. It was then that he noticed, hanging on the wall opposite to the outfits, was a rather substantial-looking wooden paddle with holes drilled into it. Again, he didn't understand the relevance of such a setting.

She began her presentation.

"This room is similar to the last, in that it again speaks to surrendering to a greater power, only this time it is the power of knowledge instead of healing. Think back, and I'm sure one of the first crushes you ever had was on a beautiful teacher. She was so commanding and yet helping. The ultimate dichotomy. Stern disciplinarian combined with nurturing educator. You couldn't wait to be with her every day and yet you feared her disapproval. A titillating experience for you, no doubt, and although I'm sure that this still resonates with you on a very basic level to this very day, it still is not *your* truth."

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He closed the door and they proceed down the hallway. He began to feel the pounding return to his chest, along with the shortening of his breath. That was because he could see that only a single door remained in the corridor. That surely meant that right or wrong, *his* truth was about to be revealed to him, and he wasn't sure if he was ready for that kind of revelation anymore. Everything he had seen so far represented aspects of actual people's lives, and they didn't seem like happy insights. He feared what awaited him behind that last door in the hallway. She looked at him and smiled a wry smile.

As they stood before the final door, he could only stare silently at it. It was white, and the handle was antique porcelain that was decorated with flowers. It should have been inviting, but his hand trembled at the very thought of reaching for the handle.

"This room contains *your* truth, my dear. Inside lies the answers you asked for, but that knowledge will come at a price. Once you've seen your truth, you will never be able to unsee it. They say that ignorance is bliss, and in that vein, you are free to leave now and return to your previous life, but if you open that door, there will be no going back. Knowledge is power. Are you sure you're ready to release that power?"

He tried to calm the tremble in his hand as he reached for the handle. He had briefly thought about accepting her offer and leaving, but he knew he couldn't. What's more, he knew that *she* knew he couldn't. He was frustrated by the realization that she was simply playing with him, like a cat batting at a ball of string, because he also knew that despite that knowledge, he wasn't going to be able to alter the outcome. She was, beyond any doubt, in total control of the situation, and he was going to do her bidding in the end, whether he liked it or not. He steeled his nerve and opened the door and upon seeing the contents, let out a slight, but audible gasp.

It was a nursery, only everything was done up to adult size.

There was a crib, a changing table, a playpen, a highchair, and baby toys stacked in a toy box. The walls were done in pastel colors and had cartoon characters painted on them. There were baby food and formula, baby bottles with extremely long nipples, pacifiers, baby dishes, and baby spoons. There was a rack loaded with baby clothes and plastic panties, and there were diapers... oh, so many diapers. They took up an entire wall. His jaw hung open slightly, and he just looked at her in stunned amazement.

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She looked him squarely in the eye and stated in a bemused fashion.

“This, my love, is *your* truth. I spotted it in an instant. That's the reason you were so inept at connecting with the women in the bar. You were trying to convince them that you were this confident, virile man, but that was a lie, and they all sensed it. Women can always tell that about you, even if they can't always say exactly why precisely, and starting a relationship, any relationship, with a lie is a very bad beginning. You must realize that, if you want to have a woman in your life, then you need to show her that you are coming from a place of honesty and sincerity, and for you, that place is the nursery and it means wearing diapers.

“Well, not just diapers, but plastic panties and baby clothes too. And here's the kicker, baby. You see, you're not *just* a baby either, are you? No, no, my baby is actually a little sissy baby *girl*. That's right, my baby needs to wear dresses and bonnets, ruffled panties and socks, and all the prettiest little baby shoes.

“My pretty little sissy baby needs to waddle and crawl. She needs to nurse on big beautiful breasts and drink from baby bottles. She needs to be spoon-fed her meals and burped afterwards. She needs to suck on pacis and go potty in her diapers.

“Yes baby, you will use your diapees constantly just like the sissy baby you are. Free yourself, my love, by losing total control of your bladder. Know that every time you wet yourself and feel that warm wetness spreading through your diapers, you will feel so much more comfortable being you, until you will look forward to wetting yourself, and wonder why you ever tried to fight it.

“As I told you, baby, this is a truth you cannot *unknow* at this point, so it is best for you to just accept it, or better yet, embrace it. Go ahead, my sweet baby girl, revel in the deliciousness of your new existence. Feel your heart take flight at the very thought of it. Show me now, and get down on your hands and knees and crawl to the changing table for Mistress. It's time to diaper you up, baby girl.”

Raw, naked emotions, began bubbling to the surface, overwhelming him. He felt so totally out of control, so much like crying, but he wasn't sure if they were tears of humiliation or joy. How could she have known? How could she have seen so clearly into his soul? He didn't even understand his own feeling before she held up this mirror and showed him who he was. Now everything was all so incredibly clear.

She placed a pink pacifier in his mouth and motioned for him to get down

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and crawl for her. He felt an odd exhilaration from this act of subservience and docility. It was strange to feel so empowered by being so submissive. Why did he not recognize this in himself before? She was right, this *was* his truth, and he was anxious, even desperate, to embrace it now fully.

She laughed at the sight of him crawling across the floor.

“Come on baby, up on the changing table for Mistress. Somebody needs a diaper!”

Those words, the ones that just 24 hours ago might have riled him by belittling his manhood, were now sweet music to his ears. He did as she instructed and reveled in the submissiveness of the act. As he laid there on his back, staring up at the mobile that hung over his head, he couldn’t remember ever feeling quite so comfortable in his own skin. He smiled up at her, and she beamed back down at him.

She took her time preparing the first diaper of his new infancy. She wanted to make sure that the sensation would be a constant reminder to him of his new status. She chose to use three cloth diapers, with the first and third laid flat while the middle was folded in thirds lengthwise.

“Okay, now up with the bum, so Mistress can slide your diaper under you, baby girl.”

He did as he was told, and as he brought his bottom down, it was nestled in the soft caress of those cloth diapers. He reveled in the sensation.

She marveled at the speed of his conversion from man to baby girl. She tickled his belly and said, “Soft, isn’t it baby? Here, why don’t you hold this one up to your face while Mistress pins your diapers on you? That’s a good girl!”

As he held the diaper to his face, he could smell the scent of baby powder that lingered on it. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply as he gently rubbed the soft diaper against his cheek. The scent of baby powder grew more intense as he felt the cool silky sensation of it being applied to his bottom.

“I’m just going to sprinkle some powder on your bum. That feels nice, doesn’t it? My baby girl loves the feel and scent of baby powder. And of course, some baby oil for her little clitty. Would you like some baby oil for your little clitty, baby?”

He was transfixed by the sensation of her skilled hands rubbing his penis,

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no, rubbing his *clitty* with the baby oil. He sucked his pacifier faster and harder as he felt himself approaching a climax. She lightly draped the diapers over him and he exploded with delight. She smiled, wiped her hand on the diaper, and proceeded to secure him into his infantile apparel.

When he finally opened his eyes he could see that she was holding a very large diaper pin between her teeth while using a second one to secure the side of his diapers. The pins had large pink ducks for heads, and the sight of the one between her teeth reinforced his new station as a baby girl. Then he heard the click. She smiled down at him.

“That's one side, now let's get the other.”

She took the pin from between her teeth and pulled the diapers tight across his waist. As she did, he became aware of the great bulk that now existed between his legs. It felt odd, and yet strangely comforting to be locked into such bulky chastity. He looked up at her and found a reassuring smile beaming back at him.

She had now adopted the sing-song speaking pattern that mothers tend to use with babies, and told him, “Yes, baby, this is how you will be dressed from now on. It's not so bad, is it? I have placed you in three diapers so you can experience the true sensation of being a baby girl. It also provides you with enough protection that you can wet repeatedly for hours without needing to be changed. Speaking of that, we better get you into some plastic panties to prevent leaks.”

She reached over and picked up a pair of pink rhumba plastic panties. She shook them out, placed his feet in them, and then began sliding them up his legs.

As she secured him into his rhumba panties, she continued with her motherly banter. “These are a little fancy, but it *is* your coming out party, so why not?”

She then sat him up and went over to the rack of clothes. She picked out a pink baby dress that had a matching bonnet. She returned and had him raise his arms while she slipped the dress onto him. She then reached behind him and zipped the dress up and placed the bonnet on his head tying it with a big bow. She looked at her creation and beamed with satisfaction.

“That's much better. No woman will ever have any trouble recognizing

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you now, baby girl. Come here, baby, I want you to look in the mirror. I want you to see yourself as everyone else sees you. As everyone else has always seen you. I want you to see your truth."

He looked in the mirror and couldn't deny what it showed. There was no mistaking that everything about his appearance screamed baby girl, just as there was no denying that this is who he truly was deep inside.

Mistress then reached over and picked up what appears to be a small pink strap and said, "Let's have that paci now, baby."

She removed the paci from his mouth, situated it in the strap, and then stuck it back in his mouth. She then reached behind his head and secured it with the buckle. She stroked his cheek with the back of her hand, and then placed a pink collar around his neck that had "sissy baby" dangling from it. She buckled that into place next. She then produced several small padlocks and proceeded to lock his paci, collar, dress, and rhumba panties all in place. She placed some white socks with pink ruffles on his feet and then strapped on a pair of white and pink Mary Jane shoes. She then walked over to a very large diaper bag and began to pack it with more diapers, baby food, baby wipes, and several filled baby bottles. She slung the diaper bag over her shoulder and returned to him. He looked at her, unsure of what she was doing.

With all the items she would need secured, she looked at him and said, "Okay baby girl, let's go."

He froze. He was just coming to terms with being a baby girl in this one-on-one setting, she wasn't actually suggesting that this should extend beyond that, was she? Where could he possibly ever go dressed like this?

She took hold of his wrist and pulled. "Come on, baby girl, they're waiting for us back at the bar and we can't keep them waiting."

Panic filled his eyes as he tried to resist. The bar was the absolute last place he could ever be seen dressed this way. She had to be made to see reason on this. The pleased and smiling look she had been giving him up to this point vanished in a flash and was quickly replaced by a look of stern determination.

"Look, you can be a good girl for Mistress and do as you're told, or you can be a bad girl, in which case Mistress will take down your diapers, blister your backside with that paddle there, and *then* you will do what you're told."

She directed his attention to the large pink paddle that had "sissy"

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spelled out in metal studs that were hanging from the clothes rack. Faced with the inevitability of his situation, he got up immediately.

Flashing a cruel smile this time, she looked at him and said, "That's my girl."

She took him by the hand and he waddled back out to her car. She opened the door and had him sit down, and then proceeded to buckle him in. She smiled, kissed his cheek, and then placed the diaper bag right next to him.

She then resumed her motherly tone and noted to him, "Nice thick cloth diapers make it hard to walk like a grown-up, don't they baby girl?" All he could do was nod in agreement.

The entire drive back to the bar, he thought about ways to escape, but he was dressed as a baby girl and had no money. Not only that, but the image of that pink "sissy" paddle kept flooding back into his mind. He knew she would relish the opportunity to introduce him to the business side of that paddle if he dared act up, and that was not a situation he relished experiencing.

When they got to the bar, she got him out of the car and placed the diaper bag over her shoulder. As they re-entered, she walked, he waddled, and the entire bar erupted into laughter. He looked to her for some morsel of comfort, but she just smiled, proudly showing off her creation to any and all who wanted to see. Tears welled up in his eyes. He was mortified and wanted to run screaming from the place, but she grabbed him by the ear and twisted it.

"They've been laughing at you all your life, baby," she explained. "They just aren't doing it behind your back anymore. This is progress."

She sounded sincere, but seeing as this was clearly the end of his social life, he had a different view of the situation. He continued to whimper. She led him back over to the bar and their seats from earlier. While they sat at the bar and the bartender returned. She smiled at the bartender as he cleaned the area for them.

"I see you kept our seats for us, Mike. Good boy. I'll have another glass of wine, and could you run this under some hot water for about five minutes?"

She reached into the diaper bag and produced a pink baby bottle with a long, long nipple.

The bartender looked at the bottle, and then looked back at her. "What's in it?"

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She smiled coyly at him. "Do you *really* want to know, because I'm sure I could make that happen for you, Mike?"

The bartender simply shook his head, took the baby bottle from her, and said, "No, mistress. Thank you. I think I'm just going to run this under hot water for five minutes instead."

She laughed, "Oh Mike, you're just no fun!"

As she settled in quietly and sipped her wine, a slightly drunk man walked up, looked at the young man, and then demanded, "Hey! What the hell's the deal?"

This is what the young man dreaded happening. He was sure that this was going to end badly.

The Mistress turned, looked him up and down, flashed a wicked smile, and said, "Do you really want me to tell your wife what you do when she's not around?" She patted his bottom and he got a funny look in his eyes and walked away.

A young blonde woman who seemed to be in her late twenties then approached them and smiled. She spoke to the Mistress and said, "Excuse me for being forward, but I was standing over there with my girlfriends, and I just have to tell you, I love those shoes your baby is wearing. Wherever did you find them? They are so cute!"

The Mistress put her wine down and smiled pleasantly back at the young woman.

"Oh, I agree completely. They are such an improvement over what he was wearing earlier tonight, don't you think?" The young woman looked perplexed, as the Mistress continued. "You know... when he was sitting right here trying to buy you a drink."

The young blonde stared at her briefly and then turned her gaze to the baby girl seated next to her. In a matter of moments, amazement followed by recognition crept into eyes. The young blonde then began to openly laugh at the young man.

"Oh my God, it *is* him. Girls! Girls! You've got to come here. An old acquaintance of ours has returned."

Upon her summoning, the four other young women in her party join the

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first at the bar. As they approached, a tall brunette asked, "Who is it?"

The young blonde, still laughing at what she had discovered, said to her friends, "Don't you remember our little pick-up artist from earlier tonight?"

The tall brunette hesitated for a moment and then began to laugh as well. "Oh my God, you're right! I didn't recognize him at first, but I recognize him now. Hello sweetie, do you still want to buy me that drink?"

The poor young man's cheeks burned with shame. This was the nightmare he knew it would be. What was the point of embarrassing him any further? He would never be able to show his face in town again. He was ruined. They all began to laugh and he began to cry.

Seeing his tears, the tall brunette smiled and said, "I'm sorry baby, we didn't mean to make you cry."

Her words were like a knife tearing into him and the humiliation caused him to cry harder. It was at this time that the bartender returned with the warmed bottle.

He handed it to the Mistress and said, "Your baby bottle, Mistress."

The Mistress took the bottle from him and said, "I'm going to test this on my wrist, and if it's not right, I'm going to make you drink it, Mike. He swallowed hard and awaited the verdict. She smiled, "Maybe next time."

She turned to the sissy baby next to her and proceeded to place a bib around his neck. She was about to start feeding him his bottle when the young blonde declared, "That's what the little cry baby needs. May I?"

The mistress glanced at her briefly, nodded her head, and said, "Be my guest. There's an extra diaper in the diaper bag if she needs burping later."

At the clear indication that there was fun to be had, the tall brunette chimed in, "Here, let me feed her."

The young blonde was having none of that though. "No, I've got it."

The tall brunette then became insistent. "Why should you get to feed her?"

At that, all five women began to argue over who should get to feed the baby her bottle. The debate was quite animated and only served to draw even more attention to the sissy baby sitting there awaiting his feeding.

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As he sat there and wondered how it had all gone so wrong, the Mistress leaned over to him and whispered, “Five gorgeous young ladies are fighting over you. It’s just what you wanted. Thus ends the lesson.”



~ Double Identity ~

It was a warm summer afternoon. The sun occasionally poked through the puffy clouds that seemed to slowly meander across a beautiful blue sky. The scent of freshly cut grass hung in the air as sat down to read the paper and enjoy this chance to truly relax.

“Mark, we need to talk.”

Nobody in the course of human history that ever had that statement directed at them ended up enjoying the conversation that followed.

With some trepidation, he responded, “What is it, dear?”

“Are you having an affair?”

He was shocked by the very insinuation. “What? No! God no! Why would you even ask such a thing?”

Debbie slung down the most recent bank statement into his lap. “You’re spending money, quite a bit of money in fact, and I can’t tell what it’s for. You’ve grown distant and our sex life has become perfunctory. You’re keeping something from me, and I want to know what it is!”

Panic began to rise in him, and he queried, “Don’t you trust me?”

“Yes... well... no, not if you’re keeping things from me, I don’t. I want to know what’s going on.”

He thought for a moment, it was clear that this was going to happen now, but he still wasn’t sure just how to explain things to her. He cleared his throat and started.

“Okay, you’re right, you deserve an explanation. Before I give it to you though, I want you to tell me your deepest, most closely held sexual secret.”

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“This isn't a game, Mark.” Her annoyance with his response was almost palpable.

“I know, sweetie. Believe me, I know, but if you expect trust *from* me, it's only fair you show some trust *in* me.”

She looked at him and found herself in a quandary. She had had her suspicions confirmed. He *was* hiding *something* from her, but at the same time, he seemed so timid and vulnerable right now, that she felt a little less angry and a little more concerned for him than before. Still, she was unsure she was ready to share this aspect of her past with him.

“This is stupid. You're just trying to distract me.”

“No! No, I'm not.” He was at the crossroads now and felt he had to push her for an answer if he was ever going to be able to muster the courage to share his secret with her. He summoned all the resolve he could and stated, “If this is important to you, prove it. What is your deepest, darkest, most closely held sexual secret? Something you've never told me, or anyone else before.”

She looked at him, carefully considering what she would do next.

“I don't have one,” she stated defiantly.

“Really? I have to say, I find that hard to believe. There's nothing, nothing at all?”

He began to lose hope. He was seeking a counterbalance to his own revelation, but it seemed he was going to be frustrated in his quest. Then she started back in, and the clouds parted for him.

“Well, there's one thing, but my sister Jenny knows about it, so it doesn't qualify.”

He smirked and said, “You're splitting hairs. What is it?”

She looked slightly perturbed, but announced, “I was a lesbian in college.”

He broke in, “*A lesbian?*”

She looked even *more* perturbed now.

“Do you want to hear this, or not? I met a girl, Sophia, during my Sophomore year. She was a Greek art student and very pretty. She approached me in the library one day and started flirting, and I, much to my surprise, flirted back.

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It was just a game, I told myself, and it didn't really mean anything, just a bit of fun, that's all.

“Casual flirting eventually led to a date, which in turn led to a second more intimate date and things just kept building from there. I was still telling myself that it wasn't real, and I could end it any time I wanted, but what I hadn't counted on was that the longer I let it go, the more meaningful it became to me until I had to finally admit to myself after several weeks that I was actually and truly in love with her.

“That was the start of a very intense and meaningful two-year relationship between us. She had been open about her sexuality with her family since she was twelve, so they were very accepting of our relationship, really lovely people, but you know my parents, there was no way I could ever explain this to them, so I kept it a secret. I eventually ended up telling Jenny, just because I had to tell *someone*, and she agreed with me that it was a bad idea to tell my folks, so she's kept my secret all these years.”

He hadn't counted on anything like this. He had hoped for something more pedestrian like she had made a sex tape with an old boyfriend or something, but this was so much more than that. He felt slightly ashamed for having pried it out of her.

“What happened to her?” he asked apologetically.

Wistfully she responded, “She graduated and moved back to Greece. We both knew we couldn't sustain a long-distance relationship like that, so we broke up.”

He felt a deeper connection to her now. Deeper than he thought was even possible. As much as he loved her, this made all the difference.

“Was she your only lesbian girlfriend?”

“No,” she sighed. “After she left, I tried again with some other girls, but it was just never the same as I felt with Sophia. It was like trying to capture lightning in a bottle, I'm afraid. Everything else just suffered by comparison.”

Oddly, by unburdening herself in this manner, she instantly felt better. She hadn't thought of or spoken of Sophia in years, and it was a pleasant memory to revisit, and liberating to share. Still, feeling like she had now regained the advantage, in the conversation, Debbie pressed on.

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"There, *now* will you tell me what the *hell* is going on with you?"

Mark stood and took her hand and said, "Please, come with me."

He walked her up to the spare room. He sat her on the bed and went into the back of the closet and pulled out a large gray storage container.

Debbie looked puzzled. "What's that? I don't remember putting that there."

He swallowed hard. This was his Rubicon, the point of no return, but recalling the courage and honesty she had shown in him just minutes before, he was determined to follow through.

"I'm going to show you what it is, but I'm asking you to please keep an open mind, and know that I love you."

With that, he lifted the lid and began to unload the contents. His words filled her with great trepidation, and she watched in confusion as he first brought out what looked like folded cloth of some sort and placed it on the bed. Next, he produced enormous pins. They had pink ducks on them, like the ones used for babies' diapers, but they were proportioned to match the rest of the pins.

"Mark, what's going on here?" she demanded.

He remained silent and continued with his task. Next came a pink pacifier, far too big for any baby to use, and a pink baby bottle with a silicone nipple that was 3-4 times longer than any she had ever seen. He followed that with Johnson's baby powder and baby oil, and finally, the coup de grace, a folded pair of pink rhumba panties.

Her confusion only worsened with each new arrival, and she demanded, "Mark, what the *hell* is going on here? I don't understand. What is all this crap?"

Her words stung. This was the rejection he had feared from the start, but it was too late to back out now.

"These are *my* things," he said sheepishly.

"*Your* things? Mark, correct me if I'm wrong, but these things look like they're meant for a baby, a *big* baby, and a baby *girl*, at that. How can these be *your* things?"

Debbie was becoming concerned.

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He hung his head, not having the courage to look her in the eye, and just started trying to explain.

“You’re not wrong, but let me explain. You shared your story with me, now it’s only fair that I share mine with you, and I hope you can still love me after I’m done.”

“Ever since I was a young child, four or five years old, I’ve had this desire to have a strong woman, or group of women, take me, and make me into a baby. I don’t know why, but that feeling has been a part of me ever since. In my imagination, I would struggle to get away, but they would always catch me and put me back in diapers, and treat me like a baby.

“As I grew older, that desire grew with me as well. At times, it was simply overwhelming and I would steal diapers from babies’ nurseries and try them on, and even though I *knew* they wouldn’t fit, I *had* to try. I found that having a diaper between my legs was somehow cathartic, even though it was often followed by a sense of guilt and shame for what I had done. Sometimes, when I didn’t have access to diapers, I would put on several pairs of underwear at the same time just to try and recreate that effect of being put in diapers.

“Finally, when I was in college, and away from my family, I bought some diapers and baby supplies off the internet. I had struggled with that decision for weeks, vacillating between a desperate need and an intense shame. I was actually relieved when the order was finally placed because I was committed at that point. The way I felt when they finally arrived was beyond description. A sense of extreme excitement combined with an almost Zen-like sense of peace.

“It was awkward trying to diaper myself the first few times, but even then, I found such a sense of balance when I felt the sensation of a diaper between my legs. For perhaps the first time since I was a baby, I felt like I was in the right covering. I felt like I was *meant* to be in diapers. Despite any anxiety that being in a diaper might bring, I knew that there was no going back for me. I was a diaper-wearing baby, even if I was the only one who knew it.

“I started just using them just in my apartment, but I eventually would take short trips outside. I didn’t *want* to be discovered, but I can’t lie, the risk added something to the whole experience. To have some pretty woman discover my secret and accept me for who I was, seemed like the ultimate relationship to me.”

He stopped and looked up. He didn’t know what he’d find, but he knew

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he was going to have to look eventually. He was surprised to see she was crying. He didn't know if this was a good or bad thing, so he just continued with his story.

"It was a lonely way to live, I can't lie. Hiding this part of who I was to everyone I cared about, I didn't see how thrusting my burden onto them was going to help anyone. As I indulged my desires more and more, I made an odd discovery, however. I found that I not only craved being babied but that when I *was* in baby mode, I felt more comfortable being a baby girl. What had never occurred to me when I started my journey, now seemed so inevitable. I started to change how I viewed myself. I started purchasing more and more items that appealed to my feminine aspect. It all kept building until the thought of being a baby boy just seemed unnatural to me anymore. It wasn't who I was. As an adult, I was totally male, but I didn't feel the same as a baby."

"You should know, I've been through several binge and purge cycles, throwing away hundreds of dollars worth of items, only to turn around and buy them again. I've talked to several psychiatrists who simply told me that as long as it wasn't adversely affecting my daily life I shouldn't let it be a problem. I've done it all, but in the end, it always leads back to here, a sissy adult baby girl living a man's life."

He waited for a response, but she just kept crying. He felt that he had just made a huge mistake. Why did he have to open his big mouth? Why couldn't he have just left things alone? Was she going to tell everyone what a weirdo he was? Her silence was deafening.

Just then, she got off the bed, walked over to where he had placed his things, picked up the pink pacifier, and placed it in his mouth. She put her arm around him and whispered, "Oh you poor baby. You don't have to be alone anymore. Mommy's here."

He didn't know why, but he started bawling as she held him in her arms. The pressure of years of secrecy burst through his emotional defenses and he simply wept helplessly in her arms. He felt so safe, and yet simultaneously vulnerable. It was a mix of conflicting emotions he was unprepared to deal with, so he just stopped trying and sucked his paci. After what seemed like an eternity, she walked him over to the bed and sat *him* down this time. She caressed his cheek, and then put a finger under his chin.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

He took the paci out of his mouth and said, "I didn't know when I could,

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or should. It's not something you bring up on a first date, not if you want to have a second one that is, and the longer I waited, the harder it seemed to get. When would have been the right time? When I proposed, the day of our wedding, the honeymoon? I knew I was in love with you, and I couldn't bear the idea that you might reject me because of this, so I just tried to manage instead. You have to understand, I never wanted to hurt you, or be a burden."

She smiled a soft smile, put the paci back in his mouth, and said, "Well that's just dumb. Couldn't you tell I was in love with you too? Do you really think I would reject you just because you have a soft and vulnerable side to you? What a silly little baby you are. Who's mommy's silly little baby?" She tickled his chin.

He got so excited. Through his pacifier, he mumbled, "Then you're okay with this?"

"Uh uh. Then you're okay with this, *mommy*? From now on, it's always mommy, do you understand?"

There was a sense of delight in her voice that he hadn't heard in quite a while, and he had really missed it.

"What if there are other people around, mommy?" He wasn't sure just how far this was going to go.

"Hmm. That's a good question. I hadn't considered that. I guess I'm going to have to give that some thought. In the meantime, what you are wearing is totally inappropriate. I will insist that *my* baby girl be kept in diapers and pretty baby clothes from now on, or at least until I've had time to plan this all out."

She kissed his forehead and guided him down onto the bed. "Time for baby to have her diapie put on. Oh, I just thought of something, I need to name you, baby girl. Mark just won't do for a baby girl of *mine*."

He started to tell her of his preference for the name Jennifer, but she stopped him.

"Don't be ridiculous. Baby girls don't pick their names, mommies pick their names. Besides, my sister's name is Jennifer, and she had it first, so you will simply have to get used to whatever name I come up with sissy. Sissy....sissy.... I've got it! Sissy Baby Missy. Oh, I just *love* the sound of that! Sissy Baby Missy. Sissy Baby Missy. Who's mommy's little baby girl? Sissy Baby Missy is!"

As he lay there, she began to unbuckle his belt and undo his pants. He

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reached down to help, but she slapped his hands away. "You leave this to mommy, Sissy Baby Missy." She was clearly getting into her role and enjoying it immensely.

He soon found himself laying naked before the woman, who until recently, was his wife. Now, she was *so* much more. Now she was mommy, and with that title, came a diametric shift in their relationship. They were no longer equals, or anything even close. He relinquished all his power, all his autonomy, the first time he called her mommy. He was now helpless, submissive, and obedient before her. He could no more challenge her authority at this point than he could change his own diapers. Mommy was the only power in his baby world.

She looked at him, put a hand to her chin, and made a face, almost like something was missing or askew. He wasn't sure what it was, but he was sure that she didn't need or want his help in figuring it out. He sucked his paci and waited for her to decide her next move. It surprised him when she left the room.

"Was that it?" he thought. "Had she already gotten tired of this scenario?"

He waited silently, hoping that was not the case, but she wasn't returning. He finally decided to get up and see what was going on. Just as he started to make his move, she re-entered the room.

"And where do you think *you're* going, little lady? Back down on that bed, unless you want mommy to give you a spanking."

Her tone was firm but playful. He, of course, complied instantly.

In her arms, she was carrying a large bath towel, a washcloth, a basin of water, shaving cream and a razor. Upon seeing her collection, he knew immediately what was about to happen.

"I'm very disappointed in you Missy. A *baby* has no need for hair down there. But don't you worry, mommy is going to have you smooth and clean in no time."

He wasn't sure about this. He had thought about doing it on occasion, but he always feared trying to explain it to anyone who might see by accident when he was in the men's room. He was thinking that he should voice his concerns to her but then thought better of it. If she was willing to commit to this lifestyle to *this* degree, he wasn't about to do *anything* to upset the apple cart.

She had him lift his hips and then slid the towel under him. She wiped

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him down with the washcloth she had soaked in the warm water from the basin, and then applied the shaving cream. He was nervous to have someone with a blade working near his genitals, but all he could do at this point was lay as still as he could, suck his paci and pray she maintained a steady hand. She was quick and efficient, wiping the remainder of the foam off him as she finished and he was soon looking at his hairless groin. He found it was an odd but not unpleasant experience. In fact, he thought he could grow to actually like it, given time.

He was surprised though when she decided to repeat the process on his abdomen and chest. She next removed the hair from his underarms and upper thighs. He was starting to wonder if she intended to leave *any* hair on his body at all.

What followed next surprised him the most, though. She grabbed both his legs and pulled them up over his head. She then wiped and lathered his butt. There was no doubt that she intended to be *very* thorough in her hair removal plan. With the same efficiency she had shown everywhere else, she had his butt as hairless as it was the day he was born.

She proceeded to tell him that they would be repeating the process 2-3 times a week from now on, because she didn't want him to *ever* forget that he was *her* sissy baby girl, and she knew that each time he saw his hairless crotch, he would be reminded of that fact. She then told him he would be permitted to keep the rest of his body hair if only so it could act as camouflage for anyone who saw him in shorts or a T-shirt.

"There, now Sissy Baby Missy is ready for her diapie."

She looked at the cloth diapers he had laid on the bed and was a little intimidated. She had never put cloth diapers on a baby of any size, let alone a baby girl as big as hers, but she was confident she could figure it out. She had him raise his hips again, removed the towel, and slid a cloth diaper under his bottom. She proceeded to powder his bottom, chest, and abdomen, but she chose to wipe his little clitty and diaper area with oil. He began to moan slightly and move his hips in time with her rhythmic motions. He *loved* the constant stream of baby talk she showered him with and it wasn't long until he was erupting in her hand.

"What a good girl you are, Missy, but now it's mommy's turn."

She took the pacifier out of his mouth, climbed up onto the bed, and threw one leg over his head. Now buried under her skirt, he could see she wasn't wearing any panties. The message was clear, and he began to perform oral sex on