

CHAPTER 3 BIRTH OF ALLIE

Before going into the house, Steven went to get the mail and his pacifier had arrived. He put the pacifier quickly in his pocket.

"Steven, I want you to shower, and put some dry clothes on, okay? We need to talk," said Amanda.

After Steven showered and was dressed, he saw Amanda sitting on the couch. "Come on, sit down next to me," she said. "I want to know why you're constantly wetting yourself."

Steven realized there was no choice but to tell his girlfriend the truth. He went for his phone to show Amanda a picture of himself in the white and blue gown.

"Wow, you look beautiful," said Amanda.

"Well, that's the problem really. That's not Steven, that's Allie," replied Steven.

"What are you talking about? That's you and who's this Allie you're talking about?" responded Amanda.

Suddenly two teardrops fell on the screen. Seeing Steven crying Amanda said, "Please tell me what's wrong? You look beautiful in this photo."

"I'm not Steven," Steven said.

Amanda was completely shocked and said, "What? Is this what you want?"

Steven through his crying said, "I'm Allie. Inside, I'm Allie and not Steven. I don't know what to do."

Amanda was relieved that Steven finally had the courage to tell her the truth but frustrated because she felt her relationship to be a lie.

"So, it's all one big lie, the poetry, the paintings, and how you felt about me?" she said.

Steven responded, "No, not at all. Actually, Allie felt that way about you. She did all those for you, she's the one who has always loved you."

After a long moment, Amanda said, "Allie, please go wait in the bedroom, I need to think about this."

Allie stood and walked out leaving Amanda alone in the living room to decide what to do in this relationship. Amanda still admired the paintings, poems, that she had discovered Allie wrote for her and not Steven. She appreciated the romantic relationship. Finally, Amanda walked into the bedroom.

"Allie, we need to get you cleaned up baby, let's take a bath."

Amanda took Allie into the bathroom and slowly took off Allie's wet pants, then her shirt and the rest of her clothes until she was naked. Amanda turned on the warm water, and the two began caressing and kissing each other. The two felt each other's bodies.

Allie whispered, "Amanda, can I have my paci? It's in my wet pants."

Amanda agreed and washed the nipple and put the pacifier in Allie's mouth. "You look cute, Allie," she said.

Amanda took a washcloth, rubbed soap in the cloth, and rubbed the soapy cloth all over Allie's body. All the while Allie was finding splashing and having fun giggling and laughing. Allie found scooping water into her hands and seeing the big splash and ripple in the tub to be fascinating.

Amanda took the pacifier out of Allie's mouth and began to romantically kiss her with her tongue in Allie's mouth and Allie responded with even more kissing. Finally, she stopped and Allie rested her head on Amanda's breasts and chest.

"Allie, you're going to undergo Estrogen therapy, and we're also going to find you new clothes for you to work, okay?" said Amanda.

"Thank you, Amanda," whispered Allie.

Amanda released the lever to empty the tub and took a towel to dry off Allie.

"Can we have pizza tonight?" asked Allie. "I'm kind of hungry," Allie added.

"That's my girl," said Amanda. "How about Sicilian pizza, with pepperoni and sausage?"

"Sounds good."

Both women decided to put on women's leggings and a T-Shirt. Chianti was the preferred beverage. Amanda in the meantime was grading papers and Allie was just watching TV with her pacifier in her mouth. When the pizza arrived, more wine was opened, and the pizza was feasted upon. The movie to be enjoyed during dinner was "Frozen."

When night came, Amanda took Allie by the hand to the bedroom and took off her pants and underpants signaling Allie to take off her pants. With the two of them naked, the two of them began to caress, kiss, feel their bodies, then engage in sex.

After the two had sex, Amanda said, "Tomorrow we see Dr. Edwards, the counselor at my school. We need to be referred to a doctor for your Estrogen therapy among other things."

"Absolutely," replied Allie. "I love you."

"I love you too."

"Can I have my paci?"

"What is it with you and your paci?" Amanda said as she put the pacifier in Allie's mouth, and the two went to sleep.

During the night, Allie once again peed the bed.

"Allie, Allie, wake, up, you wet the bed again!" Amanda exclaimed. "Once again, I'm sleeping in piss," said Amanda with a groan. "How long is this going to last, Allie?"

Amanda calmed herself, stripped the bed, got dry bed sheets, and remade the bed with Allie's help. They both had another shower and went back to sleep.

The next day, Allie and Amanda awoke, showered, and after breakfast, headed to see Dr. Edwards.

"Can I have my pacifier?" asked Allie.

"What is it with you and your pacifier? I guess you can."

Amanda clipped Allie's pacifier to her shirt and put it in her mouth then headed out to see Dr. Edwards.

"Good morning, Amanda," Dr. Edwards greeted them.

Amanda took Allie's pacifier out of her mouth, and Allie said, "Hello, my name is Allie."

Dr. Edwards spoke of many things - transgenderism, Estrogen therapy, that Allie would undergo, then she said, "Can I go to the bathroom?"

"Sure Allie, it'll be on your left," replied Amanda.

"I know, but can you come with me? I'm a little nervous."

"Allie, just go to the bathroom," Amanda reassured.

Finally, Dr. Edwards stepped in and called his secretary Kate. "Kate, will you take Allie to the bathroom?"

Kate responded, "No problem, Dr. Edwards."

At that point, Dr. Edwards took notice of the interaction between Kate and Allie.

"Come on Allie, you need to go potty, sweetie?" Kate said and Allie just nodded. "Oh, here is your paci Allie, let's not forget that."

Kate escorted Allie to the bathroom, but what Dr. Edwards found interesting was that Kate went into the bathroom with her to make sure the girl relieved herself without any problems and she also made sure to hold Allie's hand.

"I assume Allie is still having accidents? Wets the bed?" asked Dr. Edwards.

"She wet the bed last night, and on top of the accidents at work, my bedroom literally smells of wet bedsheets and wet clothes."

"Make sure Allie uses the bathroom before bed, and it would help if you were in the bathroom with her."

"Sure, that's just what I wanted to do," Amanda retorted.

Kate knocked on the door and entered, "Dr. Edwards, Amanda, Allie did a good job, she used the potty like a big girl."

"Thank you, Kate," and they watched as Allie, a pacifier in her mouth, began to put her arms around Amanda and rest her head on her chest.

"I used the potty, Amanda," whispered Allie. Amanda just smiled, "I know you did a good job, but we have to get your medicine, then when we get home, you're going to help me with laundry okay?"

"Bye, Allie", Kate said.

Allie with her pacifier in her mouth said, "Bye. Ms. Kate."

"Allie, you did a great job on the potty today, and I am very proud of you."

"Thank you!"

Kate kissed her on the forehead and saw them off.

"Kate, can you come here please?" asked Dr. Edwards. "What is this connection between you and Allie?" he asked.

"What? I don't have a connection with her," assured Kate.

"Then why did you feel the need to go into the bathroom with her and watch over her?" asked Edwards.

"Because she's a little one," replied Kate.

"Allie is 31 years old." Dr. Edwards retorted.

"Maybe, but why would a 31-year-old woman need assurance to go to the bathroom?" Kate asked.

Allie and Amanda filled prescriptions for Estrogen therapy, and Allie began taking the pills and medications immediately. On the way home, they stopped at the mall to pick up clothes for Allie's work. They bought three suits, some pants, and nice shirts, and most of all shoes, especially high heels. The two of them had to stop at Target for socks. Allie began looking at baby toys.

On the way toward the socks section, and underwear section, Allie, paci in mouth, said, "Amanda can I have a toy?"

"What? No, Allie, you're a full-grown woman, you don't need toys," said Amanda. Although disappointed, Allie let the thought go.

When the two women arrived home, Allie, helped with her laundry. The smell of pee was gone. When it was nighttime and the two decided to go to bed Amanda said, "Okay, Allie, let's go to the bathroom." Amanda lowered Allie's leggings and sat her on the toilet. Holding Allie's hands, she said, "Just relax, let it go. I'm here, I'm not going anywhere, you can do it." And Allie began to pee. "Good girl, Allie! See, in the potty." Amanda and Allie romantically kissed each other, Amanda took toilet paper and wiped Allie's 'vaginal' area and the two went to bed.

In a short time, Allie developed long black hair, pubic hair stopped growing, her face formed a more girl look, and her body became even more slender. Minor breasts emerged as well. On Allie's last day of vacation, she decided to visit her store and make her presence known.

"Hi Denise, I'm Allie, and I will be working with you," Allie said wearing black women's jeans and a blue-collar shirt.

Denise replied, "Steven? Allie? You look amazing. Girl, you look beautiful."

Allie was also wearing bright, red lipstick, mascara, and painted black fingernails. Denise and Allie hugged each other, and Allie went on and embraced everyone on her team, but she had her paci in her purse.

"See you guys tomorrow," Allie said.

Allie stopped in in the Target to see the baby toys, diapers, wipes, oils, lotions, foods, and her tea set. All of a sudden, she was greeted by Melissa.

"Steven, is that you?" Melissa asked.

"Actually I go by Allie now."

"Oh, girl you look beautiful. You look spectacular," replied Melissa.

"Thank you," replied Allie with pride.

"What's up Allie?" Melissa asked as the two of them walked out of Target. "Why were you in the baby section?" asked Melissa.

"Because I want a toy," said Allie in a disappointing voice.

"So why don't you get it?" asked Melissa.

Allie answered, "I can't because everyone will think I'm a baby."

Allie showed the toys that she wanted with such a strong desire. The pictures on her phone showed a large stuffed rabbit that she called Mr. Bunny, the tea set, and an activity set. Allie was getting upset, and Melissa finally interjected, "Allie, just take a breath, we'll talk about this tomorrow."

Seeing Allie's downcast face she said, "Hey, let's get some Chinese food." Allie agreed and that made her happy. When lunch was over, the two girls departed, but Melissa went back to Target. She bought the tea set, the stuffed rabbit, and the baby activity set.

Melissa was working a night shift, and she hid the toys in the bathroom. Denise saw Melissa with the bags of toys.

"Hey Melissa, who did you get the toys for?" asked Denise.

"Perhaps for somebody we know," Melissa responded slyly.

"I don't know of any three-year-olds do you?" asked Denise.

"I'm getting to know one," Melissa said.

"Who?"

"Allie," Melissa answered.

"Are you kidding? Allie's sales are through the roof," Denise said.

"Allie got upset at the fact that she did not have these toys. She's wanted them for a long time," added Melissa. "I caught her in the baby aisles too."

The next day went without incident. Allie's job performance was excellent. She made excellent sales in watches, bracelets, and other jewelry.

"Allie, you did a great job today. Welcome back!" Denise told Melissa.

"Yeah, she did good," Melissa said, but also with a skeptical tone.

With the new routine recommended by Dr. Edwards, Amanda and Allie enjoyed their relationship and most of all, a dry bed.

CHAPTER 4 BABY ALLIE DOES AN UH-OH

The next day, Allie woke up, showered, and ate breakfast. She put on white pants and a blue shirt with a black blazer. As she was doing her hair, she put her hair in pigtails then put the paci in her mouth, saw the baby in the mirror, which she quickly looked away, took the paci out of her mouth, and got to work on time at 10 am. Allie saw that Vanessa, Grace, and Melissa were getting the store set up.

"Allie, be on the lookout for customers," said Grace.

Allie just acknowledged and decided to sit in a chair and rested her head in her hand. Allie began to suck her thumb out of boredom, but then began to pee her pants, and she felt her stomach cramping up and with no effort began to poop her pants. Allie was doing a huge load in her pants, and she just sat there with little or no effort continuing to poop her pants. The pee just leaked on the seat which was plastic, and her pants just absorbed the wetness.

Denise was in the back going over balance sheets. Denise decided to come out and see if the store was set up.

"Hey, guys... what is that smell?" Denise inquired. By that time, Allie realized that had pooped herself and exclaimed, "Oh no!"

Denise saw Allie in her chair with her hands on her genital area. Denise approached her, took her by the arm, and said, "Allie, stand up. Did you? No, no, you're kidding, right? Tell me you didn't."

Denise saw that Allie pooped so much, her entire butt was black and brown, and the poop went up her lower back.

"I think I did an uh oh," said Allie casually.

"Alright Allie, that's it, I've had it with you," Denise, said. "Vanessa, you're now keyholder, congratulations! Grace, I need you to go to Babies Palaces, and tell the manager there, we need to borrow the playpen, and I want you to set up the playpen in the back near my desk. Vanessa, I need you to supervise the store today."

"Yuck, Allie, you smell disgusting, you stink," Denise said. "Okay, Allie you want to act like a baby, I'll treat you like a baby, let's go. Melissa, I'll need your help,"

Denise grabbed Allie by the wrist to walk her toward Target. "You were right, Melissa," Denise said. As they walked, pedestrians and retail salespeople either pinched their noses or laughed or did both. Denise in an angry state of mind said to Allie, "We're going to get you into diapers."

Allie in a baby-like voice said, "Stop it, let me go."

Denise strengthened her grip around Allie's wrist and yelled, "Allie, you better stop it right now, or once I have you clean, I will spank you so hard, you'll have a very sore bottom."

All Allie could do, was to suck her thumb. Once in Target, they approached a sales associate named Tammy. "Hi Tammy, my little friend here, did wee-wees, and poo-poos in her pants. Do you have any diapers for her?"

Unfazed, Tammy took Allie by the arm to see for herself the state she was in and saw Allie's butt and lower back covered in black and brown poop and smelling truly awful.

Covering her mouth, Tammy said, "Oh yeah she's going back to diapers, big time! Lucky enough we have some Abena M4 diapers that came in today. You'll be able to find thicker diapers online. For now, the Abenas will hold up just nice."

Denise replied, "We'll take three cases."

"Now do you have anything *age-appropriate* for the Little One here like onesies, dresses, or pajamas?" asked Denise.

"Once again, you'll have to go online to get these items, but in the meantime, let's take a look in the clothing section." Tammy also retrieved a shopping cart for Melissa and Denise. "Okay, I do have some pajamas with cute little duckies, found some Mary Jane shoes and a bonnet that could fit her," said Tammy.

"What about the shoes?" Denise asked.

"Well, what's her size?"

"About a size ten, I'd think," Denise replied.

Tammy came back with the size ten Mary Jane shoes in black, and Johnson and Johnston Baby Lotion. "I thought you might need this when you change her. I can't wait until you get her in a fresh diaper," Tammy said.

"Oh yeah," Denise said with a sigh, still holding Allie by the wrist and all the while Allie was still sucking her thumb.

Denise put the diapers, pajamas, in the cart. Melissa retrieved wipes, powder, baby oil, but also diaper rash cream, and a diaper bag. "Oh, here are some nice princess, sissy socks for her, and a Frozen T-Shirt," said Tammy.

"Thank you," Denise said.

"Oh, we also have a baby reins adult size. Would you like them? I imagine your grip is getting tired," Tammy said.

"Yes, I would, thank you," replied Denise.

"I recommend a toy, that when you change her, the toy will hold her attention," said Tammy.

"Okay, let's cash out," said Denise.

Denise and Melissa kindly asked a fellow customer, "Can we go ahead of you? The Little One here needs a fresh diaper."

The customer said, "Oh absolutely," holding her nose.

The three packs of diapers, wipes, baby oil, Johnson & Johnson lotion, the toy keys, shirt, shoes, pajamas, diaper bag, baby reins were all purchased.

Denise and Melissa went into the changing room. "Okay kiddo, time for a fresh diaper. Denise saw that Allie was upset with tears in her eyes, and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I don't want to wear diapers, I'm not a baby," said Allie.

"Well, you shouldn't have gone poo-poo in your pants, should you?" replied Denise.

Denise positioned Allie in front of her and felt something, in her pocket. "What's this?" Taking out the item, Denise revealed her binkie. "Oh, is this your binkie, honey?" Denise told her to open her mouth. "Let's put your binkie, in say Aaaa!" Allie took the pacifier in her mouth and then promptly began to cry. "What's the matter, Allie?" Denise asked.

"I don't want to wear diapers," Allie cried.

Melissa interjected, "Hey, Allie, sweetie, you're going to feel so much better I promise. Don't you want to be comfy? Don't you want to smell nice, and not stinky?" Melissa said fanning her nose.

Melissa and Denise took off Allie's shirt, then her shoes, finally her pants which were soaked with pee, and her rear area of the pants covered in brown poop. Her butt to her lower back was just smothered in poop.

"Oh yeah, you're a mess, darling," Denise said. Denise took some paper towels to wipe off Allie's butt of access poop then ushered her onto the changing table. "Melissa, can you grab some wipes?"

"Allie, if you're good while we get your diaper on you, I have a surprise for you when we get back," Melissa said.

Allie took delight in shaking and rattling her keys and examining the colors of the keys.

Denise made sure to clean Allie's genitals. "Okay, let's get her lotioned," Denise said.

Melissa added, "This will help her sleep too."

Denise applied diaper rash cream to Allie's private area then powder. Denise took a diaper out of the packages, opened the diaper, secured it on Allie then put her in an upright position.

"Arms up. Good girl," Denise cooed. Denise put on the Frozen T-Shirt. "Do you like the Elsa and Anna t-shirt, Allie?" Denise asked. Allie nodded. Finally, Denise put on Allie's bonnet, and Melissa put on Allie's sissy socks and Mary Jane shoes.

Denise looked at Allie in just her diaper, socks, shoes, and shirt and said, "You look very cute Allie, now give me a hug."

Melissa hugged her as well and said, "Now don't you feel better? Isn't this better to be clean than stinky?"

Allie nodded.

"I have to wash my hands, I have poop everywhere," Denise said and washed her hands, packed the diaper bag, put Allie's soiled clothes in a plastic bag, and tied it up tightly.

"Arms up, darling," I need to get your reins on to make sure you're safe and don't get lost," Denise said. Allie began to cry again.

Melissa said, "We just want to make sure you're safe, baby."

"There's no need to cry, sweetie." Denise then had another thought, "I also need to get her lunch, she must be hungry by now."

Melissa and Denise walked Allie to the baby food aisle in her reins, shirt, bonnet, paci in her mouth, clipped to her shirt, baby socks, and shoes, and just a diaper.

"Okay, formula, and let's go with pureed green beans, carrots, bananas, and mangos. For your lunch," Denise said to Allie.

Denise also bought an assortment of Spaghetti-Os and other baby foods and bottles and bibs that happened to be in adult size. After the last purchase, Melissa and Denise decided to head back all the while watching Allie in nothing but a diaper, her outfit, and holding her toy keys. On the way, Allie peed in her diaper. She peed so much the yellow line on her diaper did not even turn blue but dissolved.

Allie saw the Burger King take-out center and wanted to walk toward the take-out center. "I want Burger King," she exclaimed.

"No, you're not getting that. I have your lunch," Denise stated.

Allie threw her keys on the ground and crossed her arms. Denise stopped, gave the reins to Melissa to hold, picked up the toy, and gave it back to Allie who just threw them on the ground again. Denise just found a resting chair to which she just grabbed Allie by the forearm sat down, put Allie over her lap, secured her tightly, and began to spank her relentlessly and with as much force as she could muster.

Allie began to cry, "Stop it!"

"No, I won't stop. You're a baby now, and you need to start listening to your babysitter and your Mommy when she comes to pick you up!"

Allie was just wailing, crying, trying to break free, but could not.

"This hurts me," cried Allie.

Denise replied, "Sweetie, this is called a spanking. This is what bad girls get when they don't behave." As Denise continued to spank her, she yelled, "Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!"

Denise stood Allie up and asked, "Are you done having your little fit?" Allie nodded. Denise raised Allie's diaper back up but mentioned, "You need changing when we get back."

Pedestrians were just laughing the whole time, mocking, and making remarks like, "Uh oh, a naughty baby is getting spanking."

Denise put Allie's pacifier back in her mouth. "Now, we'll try this again, do you think you can hold your toy?" asked Denise.

Allie nodded with a paci in her mouth with teary eyes.

When Melissa and Denise returned Allie back to the store, Grace and Vanessa just laughed but nonetheless said, "Aw, what a cutie-pie." Vanessa simply walked over and hugged Allie

"You look so cute in your diaper," she said. "You're a very cute baby."

"Well, that commotion you probably heard was a naughty baby girl having a spanking because she threw her toy on the ground," said Denise.

"Oh, Allie, you know better than that," Vanessa commented.

Denise asked how sales were performing, and they were still outstanding.

Grace told Denise, "Her playpen is all set up with a pillow and a blanket."

"Good job, Grace. Now, I think I really need a bit of comfort food so could you get me a Number Two, with large fries, and large Dr. Pepper?" she asked as she handed her credit card over.

"Sure thing."

Denise removed the baby reins from Allie, took her by the hand, and said, "Lie down." Denise put the changing mat under Allie's butt, untaped the wet diaper, and began to wipe her down with baby wipes.

"I have your lunch, Denise," Grace said.

"Oh thank you. Just put it on my desk. And by the way, can you throw this diaper away too please?"

Grace carefully took the soggy diaper while Denise added baby oil and powder to Allie's butt then put on a fresh diaper.

Denise sat Allie in an extra chair. "Arms up, I don't want you getting food on your shirt," she said as she removed the t-shirt. She poured the contents of pureed peas, carrots bananas, and mango into bowels and also put a bib around Allie's neck. She began to spoon-feed Allie, who of course, spat it out or dribbled all over the bib. Denise just relentlessly scooped the food off her chin and put it right back in her mouth then scooped up more food from the bowls for her to eat and forced her to swallow.

Allie reached for Denise's French Fries but Denise blocked her and said, "No you can't have this, Allie. This is yucky food for babies. This is yucky big girl food. You don't want that."

Denise was also eating her lunch at the same time as feeding Allie, and Allie found talking difficult with constant spoonfuls being driven into her mouth but did manage to say, "I have to..."

"Not anymore, Allie," Denise responded. "The only thing you need to be concerned about is finishing your lunch, ba-ba, and your nap."

"Why do I have to take a nap?" Allie said.

"Because babies take naps, and I have a lot of things I have to do for your mommy including finding a Day Care for you," Denise responded. "I know this is not easy for you, but you left me no choice. I think you make an adorable baby girl. You'll have fun as a baby, make new friends, play, and your Mommy will know that you're being looked after. Don't you want to have fun?"

Allie nodded.

"Good girl, now open, here comes the train. Choo-choo! Here comes the airplane, RRRRR!" Allie ate up her food with cooperation. "Good girl," Denise complimented. "Now we have bananas and mangos here. Would you like to use a spoon?"

"Show me how big girls eat?" Denise said.

Allie took the spoon and put it in her mouth sideways. By now, her bib was messy from all the dribbles and the contents she spat out.

As Denise held the bowl, Allie simply took the contents out of the spoon and hand-fed herself, and then with her hands began to scoop up the contents and shovel the food in her mouth. Denise began to laugh until Allie took her hands and smeared banana and mango baby food all over Denise's light blue Perry Ellis shirt.

"Allie, look at what you have done!" then sighed and said, "I can't wait until you're in Day Care. Allie continued to take the contents and smear Denise's shirt and herself.

Allie laughed and started clapping her hands, splattering baby food all over the floor. Denise began the process of gathering baby wipes and cleaning Allie as she continued to take the remaining baby food contents and put it on Denise's light blue shirt. Melissa walked into the backroom. She figured Allie would be getting tired, so she retrieved Mr. Bunny hidden away in the bathroom, removing the stuffed animal from the package.

By now, Allie was clean of baby food, her shirt was put back on, and the pacifier clipped to her shirt. Melissa came to see Denise and Allie with the stuffed animal behind her back.

"How's Allie doing?" inquired Melissa.

"She ate up all her lunch, but look what she did to my shirt! I'm covered," answered Denise.

Melissa covered her laughter.

"It's not funny, this little baby is going to Day Care, yes she is," Denise said wiping Allie's face.

"Allie, I have a surprise for you," Melissa said as she brought out the bunny from behind her back.

Allie was hopping in and out of her seat, clapping her hands, squealing, and exclaiming, "Mr. Bunny! Mr. Bunny!" Melissa gave the stuffed rabbit to Allie and she immediately took Mr. Bunny into her arms, hugging the rabbit with all her love and might.

Denise had to resort to taking off her shirt and just wearing her bra. "Okay Allie, nap time! Let's get you into your playpen."

"Melissa, could you make a bottle of formula?" Denise asked. "Can you give me four scoops, eight ounces?"

"Sure!"

Melissa put four scoops of mix into the bottle with eight ounces of water, shook the bottle, and warmed up the bottle for a minute.

Meanwhile, Denise, in just a bra and slacks took the blanket that was in the playpen, covered up Allie, and began to rock her trying to get her to sleep. Allie wanted to touch and explore her chest and Denise simply took Allie's hand away from her breast. She then took Allie's hand into her hand, then aligned her fingers with the girl's fingers. Denise finally rested Allie's hand on her own shoulder, and she was already falling asleep.

Melissa handed the bottle of formula to Denise. "Wow, Denise, you got big boobs! Do you work out?"

"Every chance I get." Denise began to feed Allie, and she began to play by twirling her hair. "Are you playing with my hair?" Denise asked in a playful voice. Denise was surprised at how fast Allie was drinking her ba-ba. "You are a very hungry baby."

When Allie was finished, Denise said, "Okay, Allie, time for a burp." She took Allie into her arms and began to pat her on the back and Allie burped, spitting out some excess formula. Denise did not have a burp cloth, so she sighed and just accepted the mess from Allie's mouth. "Okay, Allie will you be a good girl and go to sleep?"

"Why?" replied Allie.

"I need to do some work for your Mommy. I need to get diapees, baby foods, and ba-bas for her baby, okay?" Denise said.

"Okay," Allie replied, who was already very sleepy.

Denise guided Allie's head onto the pillow, put her paci in her mouth, and covered her in the blanket to let her sleep.

Vanessa came in to check on Denise and saw that Allie had spat on her back. "Hey Denise, what's that stuff on your back?" asked Vanessa.

"Can you get a baby wipe and wipe my back, please?" It's Allie's burp from the formula." Vanessa wiped down Denise's back.

"Denise, do you know you've got the smell of baby all over you over you?" Vanessa said.

"Yup it's the smell of baby food, lotion, wipes, and diaper changing. I'm going to need a bath not a shower tonight. Meanwhile, I have some important business, and I need to finish my lunch, so can you do me a favor? Can you stay here and watch the baby?"

Vanessa answered yes.

Denise then heated up her lunch and headed to the Starbucks for better Internet access, but first, she took pictures of Allie sleeping in her playpen, her playpen, and her Perry Ellis shirt covered in orange-colored baby food. That done, she then put on her suit jacket to cover her breasts.

At Starbucks, Denise set up her laptop. The first call she made was to her Regional Manager Rosa. The call was made via Skype.

"Oh, hi Denise, how are you? Hey, what happened to your shirt?" Rosa said.

"This is why I'm calling you. I need you to route Allie's 401k into my account," said Denise.

"Why?" asked Rose in surprise.

"I need to get Allie enrolled in Day-Care," Denise replied.

"Day-Care, what are you talking about?" Rosa asked with intensity. "Allie is one of our best salespeople. What are you talking about?" Rosa asked.

Denise forwarded the pictures of Allie sleeping in her playpen, her discolored shirt, and said, "Not anymore, she can't be with us anymore. She's a baby now."

"Are you sure about this?" Rose said.

"Okay, Rose, you want more details? Fine! This morning, Allie, with little effort took one hell of a dump in her pants, she pooped so much that there was poop all over her butt and up her lower back, I literally needed the help of Melissa to wipe her down and clean her and put her in a diaper. My hands were covered in shit."

"Fine, fine, okay, enough with the details," Rosa said, holding up her hands in horror.

Denise finished lunch quickly. As she was eating, she ordered everything she could think of. Huge quantities of diapers, Princess diapers, Teddy Bear Diapers, diapers with baby designs, thick white diapers, pacifiers, wipes, bottles, lotions, baby oils, and baby foods as well as formula.

The next call was made to Amanda. Amanda slumped as she recognized the caller. "Don't tell me Allie had another accident?" she said, answering the phone.

"Not exactly."

"So do you want me to pick her up again?"

"No, it's alright, finish your classes, but yes, you do need to pick her up, but when it's convenient."

"Okay, fine, thank you."

Denise then found a Day Care for Allie right across Northeastern University that was run by a woman named Bethany. "Is this a Ms. Bethany?" Denise said over the phone.

"Speaking," said Bethany.

"Hi, my name is Denise and I have someone who I would like to enroll in your Day Care."

Bethany told her all expenses covered diaper changing, feeding, nap times, and full quality nurse care.

"So, tell me about the baby? How old is she?" Bethany asked.

"Well, she's about three, she's transgender, though," Denise said.

"Tell me more."

Denise continued, "Well, today has been a long day, Allie pooped her pants, she got her lunch all over my shirt, she burped all over me, so I'm trying to do ten things at the same time," Denise responded.

"Well, I guess that makes you Aunt Denise now huh?" Bethany asked.

"Yeah," Denise replied. "From what you're telling me, Allie is definitely a baby."

"Where is the baby now?" Bethany inquired.