

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

MAX HARPER



BOOK TWO IN THE 'MY ADOPTION'
TRILOGY

My Transformation

My Transformation

Book Two

The follow-up to 'My Adoption'

by
Max Harper

First Published 2022
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My Transformation

Title: My Transformation – book two

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Editor: Rosalie Bent & Michael Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery © 2022

www.abdiscovery.com.au

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Preface

*I want to start this by admitting to you, the reader, and myself that what you are about to read is not your typical tale. This book, tentatively known as **My Transformation** is my recount of how I came to accept myself. It's filled with a lot of what you could call "downs". I hit some dark places on my journey and did things that I'm not really proud of, but I did them and because of my experiences, I am a different, happier person.*

I am, and forever will remain, a sissy baby.

I do feel, however, that the term 'sissy baby' needs a little bit of clarification. To some, a sissy baby is when a boy is regressed back to babyhood as a girl, whether by choice or by design. The baby girl is just that, a baby that is a girl, as literal as an interpretation can get. Because the person in mind is biologically a boy, the moniker of 'sissy' is applied so that others in the know can distinguish between a girl baby, and a boy made into a girl baby. A long-winded explanation but bear with me.

I, on the other hand, am not that. I'm a sissy baby. A man who understands that he is a man but does not deserve the title. Remember the phrase taking a man card away? That's me. I'm the guy who doesn't deserve to be called or treated as a man. I'm a sissy. I was made into such by my own perversions and by Patty, my Mommy. I let her lock up my boy parts and take the key back home with her to England. I let her plug my bottom. I let her put her dildo in me. I let her change my name to Chrissy. I think, beyond anything else, it's the sexual distinction that separates the two main sissy babies. The first is innocent and pure, sort of a reimagining of the self from boy to girl, lacking any sexual component. The second is purely sexual. Making a

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man into a girl by capitalizing on his submissive nature and throwing off the gender stereotypes. As Mommy put it, it's about trust. Well, that and power. Specifically, giving that power, that control, to someone else. Control for freedom. Sounds fucked up right? That's because it is. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

So, why then do I need diapers? Again, it's power and control. It's about taking everything away from a man so that he has a constant reminder that he's no longer a man. Men don't wear diapers. Men definitely don't use them. And men don't get hard thinking about them. I believe I've gone over the various reasons that I like them. While it sounds fantastic in your head, trust me when I say that wearing them all the time isn't a picnic, but more on that later.

*Diatrbe aside, I hope you find something you can relate to in this next installment of **My Adoption**.*

Sincerely,

Chrissy

Chapter 1

I took the wet diaper off the moment I got home. I took the plug out, washed it, and stuck it on my nightstand. I took a long, steaming hot shower in an attempt to clear my head. I didn't make any progress on that front as each time, I looked down at my caged manhood and shaven body. My legs needed a touch-up and the thought of spending an hour in the tub running a razor across them didn't appeal to me. It was hard to find the motivation to keep up with my new life without her. Patty drove me to start these changes and her absence made everything difficult. I dried off and walked around my apartment naked, feeling my cage flop against my body. I couldn't stand looking at it, so I went to my room to find some pants to wear.

My room reminded me of the week I just had. The empty box that the diapers came in sat near the dresser. I knew that there were several bedroom toys hidden somewhere around my room. I could practically feel her presence as I looked at the bed. The bed hadn't been made and my memory was ripe with our exploits. I thought of the fun we had and the pleasure she gave me. I remembered our various conversations and the advice she gave me, which reminded me of the messages she sent that I hadn't read yet.

It took a few minutes of frantic searching before I found my phone. The plug had lost its connection for her ability to control and there were a few notifications from my social media and from her.

Mommy loves you! I can't wait to talk to you when I land to see how your day went.

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I know that this first day will be one of the hardest so just remember to take it slow. Put the diaper back on and keep it on. The other things will come, I promise.

How did she know that I took it off?

Don't worry about the toys. Just enjoy being a baby. Play your games, go to the cinema, take bubble baths, anything that will make you feel like a kid again. You have a lot of great ideas in your stories and the memes you shared.

Use those for inspiration.

And most of all, remember that I love you!

I sat on my bed and scrolled my social media. There were plenty of the usual posts: people sharing pictures of themselves or what they did that day. A few questions for the community, but none of that interested me. What did interest me was one of the groups I followed that posted ABDL Hentai cartoons. It was where I got the inspiration for a lot of my fantasies. Today wasn't a particularly interesting day, a lot of diaper furry toons. I'd never found interest in that group, so I scrolled on by until something caught my eye.

It was a picture of two people in diapers, both with them pulled down so that their butts were showing. One looked clearly feminine, with long pigtails and they had a furry tail coming out of their rear. It was held in place by a plug in her rear, I assumed, as it was something I saw often posted. The other person looked male, at least, they had a boyish haircut and what looked like a cage around his boy parts. From the angle it was drawn, it was hard to clarify. Behind them was a woman with a wooden paddle in her hand and they each had red bottoms from being spanked. In front of them, as they were on all fours, was a man with his pants down and his manhood erect. The connotation was that the two in diapers were

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servicing the man. I lingered on the toon longer than I normally would before I took a screenshot of it and saved it to my phone.

I felt my boy parts strain against the cage I wore, and my mind danced with the *what-if* scenarios. While the thought of performing on a man was repulsive, the setting wasn't. Being positioned in a way that could make that image a reality, spanked into submission... that was exciting.

I scrolled some more but didn't find anything as attention-grabbing as that one image. There were a few admission posts about people's first attempts at wearing or using diapers that were interesting and for a moment, I thought about writing one of my own.

"What would I say? That I let a strange couple into my home who babied me and turned me into a sissy?" I said to myself.

Even out loud, the words sounded stupid. I glanced over my shoulder to the middle of the bed. It didn't take much for me to recall the last time Patty had her way with me. I had buried my face in my pillow, biting it as she held my hips firm and pounded the life out of me. I felt myself strain even harder against my cage.

Without anything else to look at, I returned to my current situation of needing pants. I stood up and took one last glance at the bed. There was a part of me that yearned to go back to last night. A craving of sorts. It was as unexpected as the damp spot where I had been sitting. It wasn't large, and upon closer inspection, I realized what it was.

"Boy goo," I muttered, shaking my head. "There is only one solution for naughty boys who can't stop making messes."

I went into my dresser and pulled out a diaper. I felt a lump in my throat like I was about to do something wrong. My mind played out a fantasy of what Patty would say in a situation like this.

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“Tsk. Tsk. Tsk,” I said, trying to imitate her voice. “I dare say that it’s readily apparent that you need these, don’t you?”

I felt kind of stupid having a conversation with myself, but it helped ease my mind.

“I really ought to blister your bottom for leaving a mess on my bed, but as you are just a baby, you can’t really control yourself, can you? Lay down on the bed and let’s get you diapered.”

I unfolded the diaper, fluffed it, and spread it out on the bed. I positioned myself over, taking one last look at my manhood, before sitting down on it and securing it into place. As I stood up from the bed, I felt a wave of relief wash over me. The bulky padding between my legs was comforting and it put my mind at ease.

“And I’m to enjoy each and every one of these?” I asked the walls of my bedroom. The silence I received wasn’t convincing, but it wasn’t condemning.

“Fuck it! Let’s play some video games.”

I tossed on some sweatpants to cover my diaper and went out to the living room. I had the majority of my weekend left and as long as I kept my mind busy, I wouldn’t even notice that I was wearing them.

I made it to Wednesday before anything went wrong. I played games and enjoyed myself all weekend, texting Mommy back and forth. At her request, I sent her pictures of before and after each change, receiving praise for each and every one.

Work was going well. I wore my diapers like I was told to but wasn’t really feeling the same way that I had been the week before. There was a missing element that I couldn’t quite put my finger on. It ate away at the corner of my mind, but I ignored it like I

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did with all of my other problems. I was just trying to get by, but by day five without Patty, I was losing interest in the whole baby idea.

“Chris to the office, Chris to the office, please!”

Denise’s voice sounded over the PA system. From the warehouse, it would only take me a minute or two to get there.

“Probably wants something pulled off the top shelf again. Told her that the lift truck needs to be replaced before we put anything that high,” I said under my breath as I reached for her door.

“Ahh, Chris. Come in. And close the door behind you.” She had the tv for the security camera turned on and was watching the dock workers unload the day’s delivery.

“Is everything okay?”

“Why wouldn’t everything be okay?” she said. She wore a cardigan over her blouse and it looked like she was trying to hide something. “Have a seat.”

I sat, being mindful of the soft squish and shift of material from my diaper. Three big wets were as much as it could safely hold without changing my gait and I was working on number four.

She stood and walked around the room. “Are you happy working here, Chris?”

“Yeah. I mean, the new job is a lot different from working on the floor. But I like it.”

“Good. I only bring it up because of something that has come to my attention,” she said, making her way from behind me to her desk.

She turned the security screen so that we could both see it clearly and brought up some footage from last week. It was an angle of the warehouse that I didn’t know about and the footage was of

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me. It caught me pausing my work to check my phone and look around to see if anyone was nearby before I pulled my pants down and took a picture of my diaper. She paused at the picture-taking part and zoomed in. The image was startlingly clear and the pink Bunny Hops that I had been wearing were clear as day. I gulped and flushed red, embarrassed at the exposure and ashamed by my actions.

“I, uh, I can explain.” I stammered.

“Oh really? Well, I’d love to hear your reasoning for exposing yourself in such a graphic manner.”

“Y-you see, I, uh, have this condition.”

“A condition? What condition makes you behave like that?”

“It’s, umm, pretty rare...”

“Is it called bullshit? Because that’s what it sounds like,” Denise said, cutting me off. “Look, I don’t care what you wear under your clothes. What I care about is you taking your clothes off in a place that’s not the bathroom. Had a female employee seen this sort of behavior, it wouldn’t be hard to terminate your employment because of sexual harassment.”

“But they wouldn’t see anything.”

“Irrelevant,” Denise said. She closed the recording and looked at me, winced for a moment, before continuing. “By all rights, I should fire you right now. In this state, I can without needing a reason. But you’ve been doing good work and good workers are hard to find.

“However... I think I have a better idea. An agreement of sorts. You help me with a little issue I have, and I delete all traces of this behavior from the films before I send them to corporate.”

“F-films?”

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“This wasn’t the first time you exhibited this type of behavior. Several times across several days last week. But I can make all of this go away...”

“H-how?”

“Can I ask you a personal question? Completely off the record, and you don’t have to answer it.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

“Why are you wearing diapers to work? Are you afraid of the bathroom or something?”

“No. I, uh, I have to. For... reasons... that are personal.”

“Fair enough. Is it like a medical reason or a kink kind of reason?”

“It’s not medical,” I said, doing my best to not confirm that I was wearing it for pleasure.

“I see. Are you... you know... a lover of that kind of thing? Or like an adult...” she trailed off.

“I... a little of both, I guess.” I was getting increasingly nervous and squeamish having to explain my actions to my boss.
“W-why?”

“Have you heard of a condition called galactorrhea?”

“No.”

“It’s a condition where... and I can’t believe I’m saying this to you...” She paused, looking around the room as if someone was eavesdropping. She composed herself and reverted back to the boss bitch she acted like normally.

“Here’s the deal. You are going to do what I say and help me with this issue I have and in return, you can keep your job. Breathe

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a word of what's going on and I will post pictures of your diaper-wearing ass all over the building. Do I make myself clear?!"

There was a tone in her voice that I couldn't argue with. She got up from her desk and went over to the couch that sat along the wall. She took off her cardigan and started undoing her blouse.

"Come here." She commanded.

My legs felt like jelly as I shakily stood up. Pee number four was nearly primed and ready. I felt my legs wanting to spread slightly due to the sagging bulk between my legs. She peeled her shirt back and unsnapped the front of her bra.

"Lay your head in my lap and let's get this over with."

"W-what?"

"I'm sure you understand what's going to happen. You're wearing a diaper like a baby, so I'm going to feed you like a baby."

She reached up and grabbed my arm, pulling me down into her lap. I didn't really have time to react before she used the crook of her arm and her other hand to hold my head still and push her nipple into my mouth. There was a weird taste to her skin and as she squeezed her breast, something warm squirted into my mouth and the shocking realization hit me.

I gagged and tried to pull my head away but she was strong and fast. She tightened her arm and held it still with her other hand.

"Just let it happen. Just let it happen," she growled. I struggled against her grasp and after a struggle, she reached down and grabbed my balls with a cask iron grip through my pants and my diaper. She squeezed enough to send shockwaves of pain coursing through my brain. I stopped squirming immediately.

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“Now that we have an understanding, let me make this perfectly clear. You will be my thirsty baby whenever I need you and I’ll not rip this off. Capiche?” I nodded.

“Now drink, and don’t forget who’s in charge!”

I resumed sucking as she squeezed a little harder. She kept a firm grip on me until I had drained her breast. When she finally let me sit up, I gagged and burped but had little time to react to anything before she pulled me back down into her lap to latch onto the other one.

“Good boy. Thirsty boy,” she cooed at me as the pain faded from her chest. “I think this will work out rather well. Hell, I think I might have to make this a regular thing.

Would you like that, baby? Hmm? Do you want to be my thirsty little diaper boy?”

I couldn’t respond with my mouth full, but I doubt I had any options. It felt like I didn’t have any options as of late and that reality stroked that submissive sissy side. I twitched in my cage. Little did I know what Pandora’s box I had just opened.

I went back to work with a full diaper and a belly full of breast milk. My mind was blank, and my body was numb but for the first time since Patty left, I finally felt like a baby.

Chapter 2

I got home to several DMs from Patty, a strange feeling of guilt, and the need to change. I took care of the latter first, stripping down naked, wiping myself clean, and throwing on a pair of shorts to let myself air out. The more I thought about what happened to me, the more nauseous I became. I could still taste her. It was kind of an almond taste, not too unlike that milk I'd see advertised on tv. It wasn't the same, but it was the closest comparison I could make. I brushed my teeth and gargled mouthwash to resist the urge to throw up. I didn't know if I could handle doing that again, but I wasn't sure I was going to have a way out. She was desperate for relief and had me dead to rights with the indecent exposure at the workplace. I knew I was being blackmailed but didn't know what to do about it.

I sat at my computer and opened my social media while I scrolled my messages.

I struggled to relate to the posts on my feed. One, because I wasn't in the right mindset. Two, because of the guilt of having done what I did with Denise, which felt like a betrayal to Patty. And three, because I wasn't in a diaper. Not that being in one kept me in the mindset, but the crinkle helped.

"Might as well bite the bullet," I said, tapping on Patty's number. She had renamed herself as *Mommy* on my phone and I felt my stomach turn from guilt.

Good morning my sweet baby! I want you to know that I miss you already!

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I hope you are staying the course. With each one you wear and use, the easier it'll become to stay with it.

I really miss you. I hope that you miss me too.

Her words were kind but did little to comfort me. I felt like I had to confess to her what I had done. Or at least, confess something.

I miss you too.

She responded immediately.

Baby boy!! I am so happy to hear from you! How are you?

I'm doing okay.

Just okay?

Yeah. I had a long day at work.

Aww, I'm sorry to hear that. Did you have a good weekend at least?

Yeah. I played some games and relaxed.

That's good. Are you still my baby?

Yeah...

Are you sure?

I... I took it off for a while.

How long?

Enough to shower.

Okay. Are you wearing one now?

No.

Why?

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I just got home from work and I needed to air out.

You wore it to work?

Yes.

Good boy. I'm okay with you taking it off to shower and to air out, but I do want you to be in them more than out of them. From now on, I want you to ask me to take them off. A change is fine, you can do that yourself, but to be out of one for longer than a few minutes isn't acceptable. Am I understood?

I didn't know what to say. She was half a world away, but it felt like she was standing in front of me, her breasts barely held in place by her blouse, looking disapprovingly.

Yes.

Yes?

Yes, Mommy.

Good boy. Now, turn on your video chat. I want to see your face.

Okay.

I turned on the video call and her face popped into view.

“That’s better. Now I can see my baby,” she said, brushing her hair out of her face. “Have you eaten yet today?”

I felt ashamed to nod my head but I did.

“Good. Now, March your little butt to the bed, and let’s get you diapered.”

I got up and went to my room. Out of my peripheral vision, I could see her watching my every move.

“Set the phone down so I can see you.”

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“Yes, Mommy.”

“Drop your shorts so I can see you.”

I slid my shorts off my hips and blushed as my caged manhood flopped into view.

“You need to shave those legs,” she said, “Tonight if you want but for sure tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

“Get your supplies ready,” she ordered. “And don’t forget the baby oil. You need to protect your skin if you are going so long between changes.”

I went to my dresser and pulled out a diaper and the oil. I could feel her eyes watching my every movement. I dropped the oil on the bed and opened the diaper, fluffing it. I laid it down and turned around to position myself on it.

“Not yet,” she said.

“Why?”

“Because bad boys get punished when they disobey Mommy’s orders,” she added without hesitation. “Get your plug.”

“But-“ I whined.

“That’s where it’s going, and don’t make me tell you again.” I whined again but begrudgingly pulled it out from the nightstand.

“Drizzle some oil on it. And turn around so I can see.”

To say I was twitching in my cage was an understatement. I was aching, my useless boy parts straining against the hard plastic. I held the plug for her to see as I drizzled baby oil on it.

“That’s enough. Turn around and bend over.”

“Mommy, please...”

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“Begging me only works when I’m there. Keep it up and I’ll increase the size.”

I whined again and slowly turned around. I bent over slightly, feeling so embarrassed, ashamed, and perverse about it all.

“Start slowly so you don’t hurt yourself.”

I pressed the tip to my body and tried my best to relax. I was excited at the sheer humiliating degradation that I was going through and although I wanted to stop before it went any farther, I knew I needed to see it through. It went in slowly and she coaxed me along every inch of the way. I no more got it all the way in, which elicited a groan/moan from me, when I felt the motor spring to life inside, causing vibrations to radiate through me. I moaned again as the vibrations varied, sending waves of pleasure erratically coursing through me. I leaked and dribbled from my cage as I stood up.

“Turn around, she said.

I did so and I could see her grin stretching wide across her face. I didn’t know if she was happy at the torment now buzzing in my bottom, or the look on my face. “It seems that my little sissy is making messes. Onto the diaper, baby.” My legs were shaking as I positioned myself on the diaper.

“Lather your diaper area with oil and tape yourself up. Use liberal amounts.”

I complied, gingerly applying the oil to my swollen parts. I wanted to orgasm so bad but had no access to them. I taped the diaper closed and twitched as she increased the intensity.

“Mhhh,” I moaned, moving my hips in an attempt to get the plug to hit a spot it couldn’t reach.

“That’s better,” Patty said. “Now roll over and put a pillow under you.”

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“W-why?”

“You will see.”

I did as she commanded, feeling incredibly awkward having my butt in the air. “I want you to hump your pillow.” I turned and looked at her.

“You heard me. Hump your pillow. But don’t you dare cum without asking me first.”

The look on her face and the tone in her voice told me she wasn’t joking. I started moving my hips, grinding my caged and padded boy parts into the pillow. I wasn’t expecting to feel anything but a combination of the plug buzzing away inside me, my arousal at my humiliation, and the oil covering my parts made for a powerful sensation. I had masturbated before, like every guy on the planet, but never like this.

“Does that feel good, baby?” she teased. I moaned in response, trying to thrust and grind faster.

“Mmm, slow down. Don’t rush it. Work up to it like I did with you. Enjoy it. That’s it. Slow but steady. Wow, I could watch you do this for hours. Just seeing that bum of yours moving like that. Makes me wish I was there so you could ride me. Would you like that?”

I nodded, slowing my pace. I could feel the anticipation begin to build inside me.

“Of course, you would. You’re such a little slut, aren’t you?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Dirty slut boy.”

“Uhhh.”

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"I love listening to your little sissy moans. I can't wait to see what depraved things you will do for me. But for now, just watching that diapered butt rise and fall is enough. Well, that, and this."

The plug went full bore and my eyes rolled into the back of my head. My mind melted as my body acted on its own. I could feel the pressure building within. My hips gyrated at a near-feverish pace and the climactic moment was upon me.

"M-mommy? M-m-may I c-cum? P-pwease?" I panted.

"No," she said and everything stopped. The plug shut off and my thrusting wasn't sufficient to keep it going. Unable to orgasm, my body ached with denied release and my moans turned into pathetic, whimpering cries.

She let me pitifully twitch and whine for a few moments to let me calm down. When I had stopped trying to make something happen and was looking at her with desperation, did she finally speak.

"When you agreed to be mine, you agreed to do as I say. If I tell you to wear diapers around the clock, you will wear your diapers around the clock." I felt the plug come alive again and my hypersensitive body convulsed.

"I could lecture you more but I'm sure I've made my point. The diapers stay on or the cage does and all the pleasures you could derive from having your little thing free will be denied. Do I make myself clear?"

"Y-yes. Mommy."

"Normally, I'd just redden your arse and we'd be done with all of this, but sometimes drastic measures are needed. None of this means that you should be lying to me and taking them off behind my back. Trust me when I say that I don't want to punish you. I

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want you to be happy as my baby. There will be rewards for good behavior, I promise.”

The pain emanating from my nether region was a constant reminder that she had full control over me.

“It hurts...” I felt like I had been kicked in the balls.

“I know. And it will for a while. But push past the pain, baby. Give into the life you want and you won’t ever feel that way again.”

“How? How do I feel like a baby all the time? It’s so hard when you aren’t here.”

“Buy some baby things. Bottles, pacifiers, toys, or anything like that. Wear just your diaper around the house. Touch it but don’t take it off. Think of what it’ll be like to have me change you again. Or to be on my breast. Think of how it feels to have your Mommy love you. I told you this part would be hard, but there are ways you can make the transition smoother, you just need to be willing to step outside of the societal normalities.”

There was a lot of good advice there and I couldn’t help but fixate on one thing she said. Was it because of my fixation on breasts? Or because I’d just been blackmailed into being breastfed by my boss?

“Either way, I want you to understand one thing.” She jangled the key to my cage in front of the screen. “This key is unique, and it would take at least a month to ship it back to you.”

I gulped audibly.

“There is no threat here or implication of one. I’m merely stating the fact that you gave me this. You gave me control. You still want this, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

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“Then enjoy the ride. And I will do what I can to keep you in the mindset. For now...” She adjusted the plug’s intensity, “let this be a reminder that I own your cute little bottom. Now, go be a good boy and enjoy the rest of your night. The plug can come out in the morning if you’re good.”

“Y-yes, Mommy.”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Let me tell you that spending a night alone with a butt plug randomly stirring within you is a maddening affair. I couldn’t get off, but thankfully the pain subsided not long after she hung up with me. It led to me having little focus on anything but my pent-up desire and time seemed to drag by. I was allowed one change before bed, and she cruelly cranked up the power on the plug while I was trying to change. By the time I went to bed, I was beyond exhausted, my body unable to take anymore denied arousal.

I had learned my lesson. She allowed the plug to come out first thing in the morning and I was tender from its prolonged presence. I showered and immediately put on another diaper. I sent her pics in hope that it would make her less inclined to punish me and headed off to work. I hadn’t been able to think about anything but the intruder and was blindsided by Denise, who was standing by the time clock waiting for me.

“My office. Now.”

She shut and locked the door behind us. “How’s the baby today?”

“Denise, about that...”

“Oh, don’t worry, your secret is safe with me. You keep mine and I’ll keep yours. But we don’t have to worry about that, do we?”

My Transformation

"I... uh..."

"Didn't think so." She moved to the couch, taking her shirt off as she did. "You'd better be hungry. They are so full that they hurt."

She motioned for me to lay next to her as she fiddled with her bra.

"Do you have any idea what it was like shopping for maternity bras in my size? It's like the only place you can find them is online."

"I-"

She pulled me back into her lap and held her swollen breast to my lips.

"We aren't going to have the same problem as we did yesterday, are we?" she said, glaring down at me.

Be on my breast. Patty's words were in my head.

I let my lips slip open and I latched onto Denise's breast.

Give in to the life you want.

The milk flowed and I tried to think about anything other than what was in my mouth. I wanted to be a baby. More than anything else, I wanted to be anything but an adult. I hated the pointless life that I had. Purposeless. Wasted time. Doing nothing and going nowhere. Aimless. Without agency.

"God that feels so good," Denise said with a sigh. "You have no idea how hard it is to be a rational person when your boobs hurt all day long. I've been trying to get a breast pump but can't afford one right now. Guess it's a good thing that you are a diaper-wearing man-baby."

She reached down to my belt. "Speaking of which, I just have to see this."

My Transformation

She undid my pants. Any rational person would have covered himself with his hands. But I wasn't rational. I was an adult in an adult diaper, being breastfed. Rationality wasn't even close to reality. She peeled them open far enough to get a peak and slide her hand down the front of my diaper.

"Crinklz huh? We don't carry those anymore. I'll have to find something similar. We have some MegaMax styles in your size."

I choked and pulled off her nipple. She looked down at me for a moment before bringing her breast back to my mouth.

"Can't have you leaking in front of everyone from all the extra liquids, can we? I think a change after lunch will keep any accidents from happening. Babies need to be changed and fed often otherwise they get cranky." She rubbed her nipple across my lips and I latched back on. She murmured in approval.

We soon changed positions and I latched onto her other breast. She went on and on about how good it felt while I tried to find the best way not to taste it. If I held her nipple around the middle to the back of my tongue, I could direct the flow enough for it to pass by most of my taste buds. Since she wasn't going to give me a chance to say no, I had to find a way to make it more tolerable.

Sufficiently drained, she sent me off to work. I had to remember to do my pants back up before walking out onto the main floor.

"See you for lunch, baby," she said as I walked out of her office door. No one was around to hear it, and for that I was thankful. I was certain that the rumor mill would start up at any time when people found out that we were spending so much time together.

I was in the warehouse away from everyone when she sent me a text.

My Transformation

Thank you.

I didn't really know what to say to that so I ignored it. I could almost feel her eyes on me as I set about my work. Especially when I stopped for a moment to pee. I tried to rationalize how I would explain to Patty that I was wearing a different diaper from the one I went to work in. Realizing that it wouldn't work, I had to find a way to convince Denise to not try to change me.

I have to stay in this one. I can't change at work.

You won't be changing. I will be. Changing you that is.

I'm being serious.

So tell me why.

It's complicated.

Everything is complicated. Don't be a brat about it and tell me.

I felt like I was in a confessional. At some point, the truth had to come out.

I'm not allowed to change without permission.

She didn't respond immediately because I could hear her yelling at the sorters. When she was free from her responsibilities, my phone went off.

Says who?

It was a while before I responded. I didn't really know what to say. My hope was that by admitting Patty's existence, Denise would give up this need to blackmail me into whatever you would call this.

My Mommy.

Like, your mother? Or someone you call Mommy?

The second one.

Did she put you back in diapers?

Yes.

To be a baby?

Yes.

Are you supposed to wear them all the time?

Yes.

Those ones specifically?

No. But I sent her a picture of them this morning and she will expect to see the same one this afternoon.

I see. Get back to work.

We didn't talk for the rest of the morning. I worked through my break to make up for lost time and tried to put it out of my mind. When lunch rolled around, I followed the crowd and went into the break room. I had no more than sat down when my phone vibrated in my pocket.

Forgetting something?

I groaned.

Come to me, baby.

I furiously typed a response.

I'm not a baby!

Isn't your diaper wet? Didn't you suckle from my breasts this morning?

That's not the point.

My Transformation

I think it is. I think the only thing preventing you from being a baby is your inability to accept it. I'll put it this way. Come here, crawl into my lap, and be a baby, or I'll release the videos of you showing off your diaper and you can explain to everyone how you are not a baby. Tick tock. Better act fast. Lunch is half over.

Do you ever feel helpless? Like no matter what path you take, you will lose? Do you ever feel like the choices in front of you are predetermined, rendering said choices moot?

That was me. There was no way I could explain to the forty-some people that worked there why I was wearing diapers. I wasn't smart enough or clever enough to come up with a believable medical condition to satiate their curiosity. Even then, I would be subject to great amounts of scorn and ridicule. Every post I had ever read on "coming out" ended with the same sentiment. It was no one's business what you wear. If it's not hurting anyone, then there is no problem. However, I shouldn't unwillingly subject my coworkers to my kinks or perversions. It was a double-edged sword, and I was going to be cut regardless.

I can't recall at what point my body moved of its own accord. Probably when my mind was melting from yet another existential crisis. When my brain finally realized what my eyes were looking at, it was too late to stop my hand from knocking on her office door.

"Come in," she said from behind the door.

I walked in to her setting her phone down in her lap. She was sitting in her usual spot on the couch as if she'd been expecting me. She raised an eyebrow at me in mock surprise and her eyes darted to the door. I turned around to lock it and when I turned back, she had already taken her shirt off.

"Come here, baby. Come drink from your new Mommy."

My Transformation

I complied, though this time she had me lay on my side so that she could pat my butt.

"That's a good boy. Mommy will take good care of you. I will feed you and change you and help you transition from this crappy adult life into your new, happy baby life. And before you try to say that it won't work. It will. You need to bring five diapers to work each week and I will change you after you've had your lunch. How does that sound?"

The rhythmic pat on my padded butt was soothing and the warm milk was calming. It sounded good. Real good. I had no idea how I was going to tell Patty that she'd been replaced, but at that moment, it didn't matter. I was happily accepting my babyhood. I felt my eyes roll back in my head and I let the world fade away. My new Mommy hummed to me, alternating between patting my butt and running her fingers through my hair. There was much I would have to explain to her. Like the shaved legs and the cage, but those were worries for another time.

My mind finally shut off when I moved over to her other breast. Blissfully unaware, I felt my most detached from everything. My worries. My fears. My walls. She barreled through them, removing any opportunity for overthinking. She forced me to just go with it and I was far more accepting. Ahh, the joys of being your own worst enemy...

Chapter 3

The days that followed were strange. I didn't say anything to Patty about Denise being my second Mommy. She asked how my workday was, and I just said that it was fine. She asked about my diaper and how full it was, and I went through the motions of sending her pictures of it before she allowed me to change it. It was at that moment, on the video call so she could watch my progress, that I got bold.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, baby?"

"Would it be okay if I changed at work?"

"Why would you need to do that?"

"Well, it's been hot in the warehouse and I'm drinking extra fluids, so I'm going more often and I don't want to leak."

"I'm sure that your diapers can handle it. More changes are nice, but they risk exposure and cheating."

"I won't cheat. I want to wear them. I just don't want to have any problems."

"Like what?"

I had to think fast because I hadn't anticipated her telling me no. I had figured that wanting to change more frequently would translate to wanting more diapers, which would in turn make her happy that I was wearing them all the time.

"Well, I've been holding in..." I trailed off. I put on my most desperate face as a way to explain what I couldn't say.

My Transformation

“I told you that you are to use your diapers fully. Not letting you change is how I ensure that you do.”

“I know. But if I have to go in the morning while at work. I have to be in it all day and people will notice.”

She was quiet for a while as she watched me wipe myself and sprinkle some powder.

“You do have a point. And I do want you to be able to change more. Consistency is how you will develop your need for them. We will try on a trial basis. One extra change per day, but I want to see you fully using your diapers. And you need to show me each time you need to change. I will decide if you need one.”

“You don’t trust me?”

“I want to, but this is one of those times when too much distance and too much freedom can lead you astray. It would be a different story if I was there to change you. I want you to be successful and enjoy being my baby. Speaking of, have you gotten any toys or bottles? I see you haven’t shaved yet. I want that done tonight.”

“No, I haven’t. I’ve been busy with work.”

“Busy with work or busy making excuses?”

I looked over at my phone and she was glaring at me.

“I’m sorry, Mommy. I just don’t want to be seen buying something like that.”

“Why? Are you embarrassed to be my baby? Is it shameful?”

“No. I’m just not super comfortable yet.”

“Do you have a Bluetooth headset?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Get dressed. We are going to the store.”

My Transformation

“For what?”

“It’s not your place to question me. And I’d suggest you get a move on before I lose my patience.” She used that familiar tone, the one that made my blood run cold.

“Yes, Mommy.”

I put my pants on and grabbed my things. We switched from video calling to normal so that I could drive safely. She directed me to the nearest big box store and straight to the toy section.

“Your problem is that you think too literally. When I say *buy some toys*, I don’t mean from the infants’ section. I understand that you are an adult with a developed mind. A baby’s toy wouldn’t do you any good. It would be more an insult to your intellect than an aid to your regression. There are more grown-up toys that you can buy. Call me back on video and let’s start with the dolls.”

Holding the phone in one hand, I slowly walked through the toy section. There were a few customers, mostly moms with little kids and they paid me no mind.

“Let me see those,” Patty said, and I showed her the ever-popular Barbie display. I felt uneasy from the onset as we weren’t alone in the aisle. There was a lady with her young daughter also looking at the selection. The woman had a look on her face, a kind of curious disgust. Patty must have seen the woman as I turned the phone because she spoke deliberately.

“We need to find something that Chrissy would like.” I slowly moved the phone around so that she could see. “No, not that. Not that either. This would be so much easier if I were there. What do you think she would like?”

“I... uh... I don’t know. I’m not sure Chris-sy would like these.”

My Transformation

The little girl with the woman stepped in front of me to grab the Anniversary Barbie.

“Blake! It’s rude to step in front of someone like that!”

“Sowwy.”

“Speak properly, you are not a baby anymore.”

“I’m sorry,” Blake said to me.

“Buying for a niece?” the woman asked me.

“Wha? No. I’m just shopping,” I stammered.

“He’s buying for a very special little girl that doesn’t have any dolls of her own yet,” Patty said for me.

“How old is she?” The woman asked. I was nervous and close to blushing. She was close enough now, having taken a few steps towards me with her cart, that if she had looked close enough, she could make out the shape of my diaper under my pants.

“Two or three, I would say. We are friends of the family and just wanted to help her out,” Patty said.

“I’m not sure this is what s-she would like,” I chimed in.

“We weren’t asking for your opinion.” Patty snapped. I felt like the odd man out. Like the parents were talking and the kids had to be seen and not heard. I squirmed a little in my shoes, both excited and embarrassed to have been reprimanded like a child.

Blake looked up at me as if she understood what it felt like.

Little does she know... I thought. That we are far more alike than you will ever know. And maybe that's the point. I feel like a total pervert dressed like this, but she has no idea. No one here does. I'm all worried about what everyone might think or say. How'd they react? How'd I react? But why? Why would anyone care?