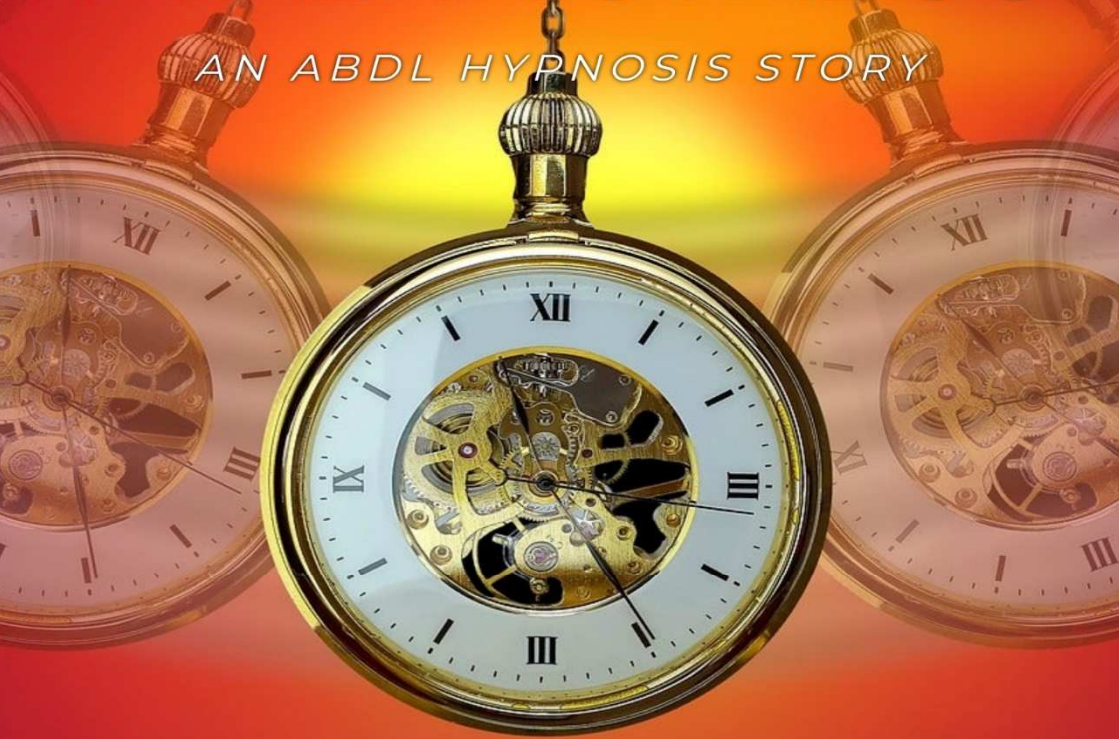


AN AB DISCOVERY/UNICORN TALES STORY

SHELAGH MIND MISTRESS

AN ABDL HYPNOSIS STORY



TERRY MASTERS

Shelagh: The Mind Mistress

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by
Terry Masters

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THE BEGINNING:



It wasn't until 1979 that I really had a chance to re-experience the joys of actually becoming a baby and feeling and acting like a 'real baby', due to hypnosis.

In early '79 I was working in New York and came across an ad for a dominatrix named Shelagh. I'd heard about her from some friends in England, and in the mid-West, but never really seen her. Since I had finished my contract with the bank and had lots of cash in the bank to last me to my next contract in six months, I figured 'what the heck', and decided to take off and move to upper New York state, near where she was working from. I had a friend who had a spare bedroom in his apartment and knew about my baby fetish. He was a transvestite and didn't disapprove, but his girlfriend thought it was strange I'd want to wear diapers and be treated like a baby.

One Friday evening, a friend and I were invited to a private club, in upper N.Y., which was usually pretty wild, and featured some unusual entertainment. I'd heard Shelagh was to be there with a couple of her 'love slaves'. Her billing claimed she used hypnosis to turn them into mindless, helpless slaves, bent to her will. With my experience, I knew this to be so much bunk, but was curious.

Sean and I were invited by his girlfriend, and I had a blind date, who didn't show up. (Maybe she wasn't that blind, eh?) After a few wild strips and a fairly disgusting act, Shelagh was announced.

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She came on and explained that she was a hypnotist, and what hypnosis was about, then asked for volunteers.

This was a small, exclusive club, so there were only about sixty-five of us in the room, but eventually, she got fifteen people on stage - eleven men and four women. After about fifteen minutes, she let all but five men and two women leave the stage, then spoke to the remaining seven for a few minutes. After a bit, she began having her subjects perform for her and the audience, and I could tell two of the men and one woman were excellent hypnotic subjects by the way they accepted her suggestions and carried them out.

In conclusion, the finale had the two women giving each of the guys a blowjob, with one guy being told to hold off until Shelagh said, "Come and get it", which he did to the frustration of the women. Then she had the guy eat each of the women until they were multi-orgasmic, due to her suggestions, and just kept cumming like there was no more tomorrow, and with each orgasm, they became more and more willing to do Shelagh's bidding.

After a while, she told the three to sleep, and they did, then she had two guys come out of the audience in response to her command. I could tell they had been hypnotized by her before by their responses to her suggestions, and soon, she had five highly hypnotizable people on stage in deep hypnosis.

She ran the gamut, having the three guys in a daisy chain, then the three girls, then all five, and finally all five sat on the stage and diddled themselves to mind-bending climaxes, with each climax putting them further under her hypnotic control.

As they were cumming, she began saying, "Look at you, you're all bad boys and girls playing with yourselves like that. In fact, I think you're all just greedy little babies, looking only for pleasure. Let's get you dressed more appropriately, as the babies you are."

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With that, her assistant diapered all five, putting baby dresses on the two girls and one of the guys, and diaper tops on the other two guys.

Shelagh explained that as they drained their bottles, they would regress to act and feel like babies again, and would use their diapers, cry, and generally act like little babies. The diapers had been soaked in something Litmus-like so that when they wet, they would change color, and we could see them wetting like babies. Sure enough, in about fifteen minutes three of them had wet their diapers, and we could see the soft yellow staining from the Litmus and urine.

She had all five play around on the stage like babies for about half an hour, then sent them all back into the audience feeling and acting like two to three-year-olds, still in fresh diapers. Whenever one of them wet, they would start crying until their mate or whoever they were with changed them, gave them another bottle of water or juice, and settled them down.

It was quite hilarious.

At the end of the show, I went backstage to see and talk to her and heard her say, "Thanks for coming tonight. You guys were great. Here's the \$50.00 I promised. It should keep you in diapers until next week."

So, I figured, "She's using shills or plants. What a fake."

The next night, I was invited back by the girl who'd stood me up. Sure enough, the two guys were in the audience and came up on stage on cue. This night she only had one girl in diapers, but the act was pretty much the same.

I started yelling, "Fake. These guys are plants. They're just acting."

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Shelagh handled it quite well, explaining that, yes they'd been here last night, and with her in other shows, but they were just good subjects. She often would ask local people she'd worked with before to come to a show, in case no one in the audience was willing to come up or those that were not good subjects for a 'really good show'.

The audience was appeased, but I wasn't.

I went backstage after the show, and she nearly took my head off. "Who the hell are you, you little shit. Trying to ruin my show like that. I ought to get you up there in diapers."

I explained who I was, and why I'd said what I had, and explained my experience professionally with hypnosis and parapsychology.

We left and had a few drinks after (my date went with a girlfriend. She wasn't blind after all). She told me she'd been trained in Europe and had university and post-graduate study in parapsychology, specializing in hypnotherapy, hypnosis research, and some 'brain-washing' studies sponsored by her government.

When the communists started taking control in her country, she decided to get out and wound up in the States. The States wouldn't recognize her studies and insisted she take additional courses to practice in the USA, so she decided to go professional as a stage hypnotist. She also began practicing as a dominatrix to support herself between shows, and to pay for some of the courses she wanted to take. She used hypnosis to enhance her subject's fantasies and domination sessions.

The two fellows I'd seen were both domination subjects as well as excellent hypnotic subjects, which was why she used them in her act. They were both very submissive and liked wearing diapers, so it was easy to get them in diapers on stage and have

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them act like babies. I still figured she was a charlatan, and foolishly told her so. (I knew I shouldn't have had that last rye).

She then issued a challenge.

Move in with her for ten days and let her hypnotize me and see if she could get me into diapers and using diapers like a baby. If not, then I'd have ten days to work on her. It'd let us test our techniques and see who was best.

Naturally, I agreed.

When I told my friend, he said, "Are you nuts? She'll have you up on stage next week, crawling around like those other guys in pissy diapers. She's no fake, Mike. She did me one night and had me blowing three guys on stage, then the guy next to me at the table, and I'm not gay, I just like to wear women's clothes." Nonetheless, I'd accepted the challenge and wasn't about to back down.

Besides, I figured my experience with hypnosis, and especially my military training would easily protect me, and then I'd have my turn at her.

THE CONTEST BEGINS:



When I arrived at her home, I was quite impressed. It had a spacious living room. Three large bedrooms, one of which was made up like a nursery, the other was I guess her 'dungeon' from the straps and mirrors and stuff, and the other a regular bedroom. She said there was a fourth bedroom that was hers in the rear. She also had an impressive den, with hundreds of books on hypnosis and books on various sexual practices mostly related to punishment or domination-type things.

We had lunch and agreed we'd have two sessions per day during the week and three on the weekend. Once I wet my bed, I had to start wearing diapers at bedtime. When (I said "if") I wet my pants, I had to start wearing diapers during the day. If I wet my bed more than three nights in a row, and my pants or day diapers for more than three days, she would have won.

We had the first session that afternoon, and another that evening.

During the fifth session, I wet my pants during the session, but that didn't count. That night, Wednesday, I wet my bed at about two am and had to change the sheets. I woke up Thursday morning just as I started to wet my bed again and was so groggy I couldn't stop.

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As I carried my wet bedding to the laundry Shelagh said, "I guess it's night diapers for you from now on, pissy pants."

I said something smart like, "One night doesn't make me a baby. Let's face it, we had a few drinks last night, and I guess I forgot to go to the bathroom before I went to bed."

That afternoon, we went shopping at a huge mall for her to get some stuff she said she'd need for her upcoming shows next month. She also picked up a huge parcel from some place in Massachusetts. It was very bulky but didn't weigh all that much as I carried it out for her. On the way home, we got horribly caught in traffic, and I had to pee something fierce. The two coffees and beer were really making themselves felt.

I asked her to pull over, but she said, "Come on, we're less than ten minutes from our exit and then just five minutes to home. Surely you can wait that long. Most three-year-olds could go fifteen minutes."

I foolishly agreed. As we turned off the ramp, I couldn't hold it. I flooded my pants, the seat and left a puddle on the floor. Shelagh was so mad, she stopped the car four blocks from the house and made me walk home in my wet khaki pants.

Friday morning, I woke up dry, thinking "Aha, that means we start counting over for the three nights, and she's only got one more week to go."

That afternoon, we were fooling around, and she started tickling me on the stomach, and I wet my pants before I made it to the bathroom.

Shelagh said, "That's it. You pissed your pants in my car, and now you're pissing on my expensive carpet. It's into day diapers for you now."

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I started to argue, but she said something and I decided, "What the hell?" Both times I'd wet my pants, any grown man would have done the same. On the freeway, you can't just get out and she had had me pinned and tickling me.

Finally, on the morning of the eleventh day, I woke up just as I was wetting my diapers. I must have really had to go because, by the time I was fully awake, they were soaked. Ah well, I figured. That's only two nights and two daytime accidents in the ten days. Now it's my chance to turn Shelagh into my little slave for a while. I already knew how I'd handle her, and ten days were lots of time for my revenge.

By the end of her training, she'd be calling every man she met 'Sir' or 'Master' and wetting herself helplessly as she'd planned for me.

As I carried my bedding and wet diapers to the laundry, she said, "My, my. Wet the bed again, did we? What a pissy pants you've become."

I replied, "Maybe last night, but that's still not every night and all day like we agreed. Now it's my turn, and you'll learn a little more respect for men."

"We'll see," was all she said.

After a good hearty breakfast, we settled in the living room to discuss the past ten days. She asked what I planned, since I seemed to think I'd won, and after I told her she said, "So you think you can make me a little, pissy baby like you, *and* a submissive little girl to men do you? You really think you won the bet, don't you??"

"Well, pissy pants, just try and remember the past ten days now!"

All of a sudden, it was like someone had turned on a light in a dark room. The events of the past ten days came back crystal clear.

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I'd wet my bed the third night and wet my pants the next day. But not only that, I'd wet my bed (or my night diapers I should say) every night thereafter. And I'd wet my pants regularly since the first time until I accepted being put in diapers on the fifth day.

In fact, on the fifth day I'd messed in my diaper after lunch and started doing it regularly after breakfast or lunch each day since then, and had had to have a messy diaper changed the last three nights.

Shelagh had removed the messy diaper liner last night after I messed myself but put the rest of the wet diapers back on me so that when I woke up in the morning I'd be soaked. She had been changing me at least once a night since the fifth night, I was wetting so heavily. In fact, she had started changing me around seven am, and telling me to sleep while she changed me and I did for about fifteen minutes, so I would think I was waking up dry, even though I'd been wetting like a little baby all night.

In just five days she'd had me wetting AND messing like a baby.

I was mortified and actually started to cry. I couldn't believe it. With all my knowledge and training, I'd still submitted completely to her and become completely incontinent as a baby.

She explained later, that not only had she been well trained in Europe, but she'd also continued to study in the States at two universities, despite her inability to get accredited here as a practitioner. At one of the universities, her professor asked her to take some special tests, and as she'd suspected for a while, she also had some telepathic abilities.

She couldn't really read minds or transmit thoughts, but she could project 'mind pictures' to her hypnotized subjects and often could get mind pictures back from them when they were under hypnosis. Oddly, this is not a strange phenomenon. I've read about it

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in many intelligence articles, and studies and seen it myself in Europe. Usually, it is women who have this ability, but some men can develop it if they are aware of it. Kind of gives a new meaning to the phrase 'woman's intuition', doesn't it?

After the third or fourth 'session' she had been receiving pictures of what I was trying to do to block her suggestions, and then planned to turn this against me, by projecting them back to me, so I would subconsciously begin following her verbal suggestions. During the first session where she tried this, she was amazed at how quickly I entered a deep trance state and then began accepting her suggestions readily. She told me to stop trying to resist and allow both her images and words to take full effect as quickly as possible.

That night, I wet the bed, and the next day my pants. She knew she had me hooked. She said it only took two more sessions for me to completely give up voluntary control of my bladder and bowels, as she sent me pictures of myself taking all my control and handing them to her completely, then saw her throw them away. She'd also given me suggestions to forget the session and incidents about wetting or messing my pants and diapers until she said, "Well, pissypants."

As I remembered this session, I did recall the scenario, and remembered thinking, "Now I have no control at all. Even Shelagh threw it away. Now I have to wear diapers because I have no more control than a new baby," and as I wet my diaper it confirmed that I was helpless to stop myself from now on.

At the same instant I was remembering this, I felt a warm wetness spreading through my crotch and realized I was wetting my pants. In my smugness, I'd put on my regular underwear, not realizing I was dependent on diapers for protection now.

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Shelagh said, "You little twerp, I forgot I'd blocked your memory of what happened until this morning. For goodness sake, get up and put on a diaper like the baby you've become."

I did as instructed and came back with my diaper and plastic pants on under my jeans. Shelagh told me to remove my jeans and let her see me in my cute new 'underwear'.

I didn't want her to see me in just a diaper, but she insisted and started talking sternly to me. I found myself standing up, pulling off my jeans, and sitting cross-legged on the floor on a waterproof pad in just a diaper, plastic pants, and a polo shirt.

She said, "Get used to it, sweetie. A lot more women are going to see what a pissy pants baby you've become when they have to change your wet or messy diapers."

Shelagh and I talked for a while longer, and she explained exactly how she'd managed to render me the way I was. She said that once she figured out what I was up to, and corrected my foolish efforts, she was surprised to learn I usually entered at a level five trance state, then quickly seemed to progress to a level six. Without getting too technical, this meant I entered at a very deep level of hypnosis, one where I would readily accept hypnotic and post-hypnotic suggestions, and then went even deeper into an almost zombie-like state, where I believed and agreed to almost anything Shelagh said or told me. While I wouldn't go out and commit an axe murder or something, or something completely against my deeply held beliefs, my self-image and awareness of who I was and what I was, was completely vulnerable to her manipulation, and even my belief structure was subject to being altered with repetition. These are the techniques used in 'brain-washing' or reprogramming, something I'd had quite a lot of experience with, and thought I'd been trained to easily resist. I knew I was high on the hypnotisability scale, from past experience, but was a little surprised at her estimate.

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As we talked, Shelagh said she needed a research assistant and someone to handle her bookings and appointments for her, especially since she was becoming more in demand for 'private' parties and such. She was still going to take the next two or three weeks off, to catch up, but would have to return to her shows soon.

Since I was between jobs, why didn't I take the job, and I could move in with her to work out of her home?

"Who knows, we may be able to really let you live out your fantasies. I know about your 'hidden' little secret to really be a big baby some time. I could certainly help you there."

As she said this, I remembered how we'd talked one night after a session, and I'd openly admitted my baby desires to her. Other than a very few close friends, most of whom were also adult babies, or involved with us, I'd never told anyone about my hidden desire. I hadn't even told Shelagh about it when we met or were talking about some of her subjects the first night. We continued to talk, and as she made her points, I was more than convinced we could really have fun together. I would handle her bookings for 'slave sessions', and could watch if I chose to, and her professional stage bookings. I would travel with her when we were out of town.

At other times, I could use her library to help her complete her research to get into her Ph.D. program and use whatever research I wanted for myself. She'd also buy a good computer for me to 'play' with and do any research via the internet I wanted, and let me write the stories and articles I'd told her about during a couple of longer sessions.

If I wanted to stay in diapers, that was fine with her, and she'd change me sometimes. She didn't want to be a mommy but didn't mind babying me some of the time. If I wanted, she said she had a young girl subject (about twenty-three or twenty-four) who would be my babysitter or nanny under Shelagh's control and lived