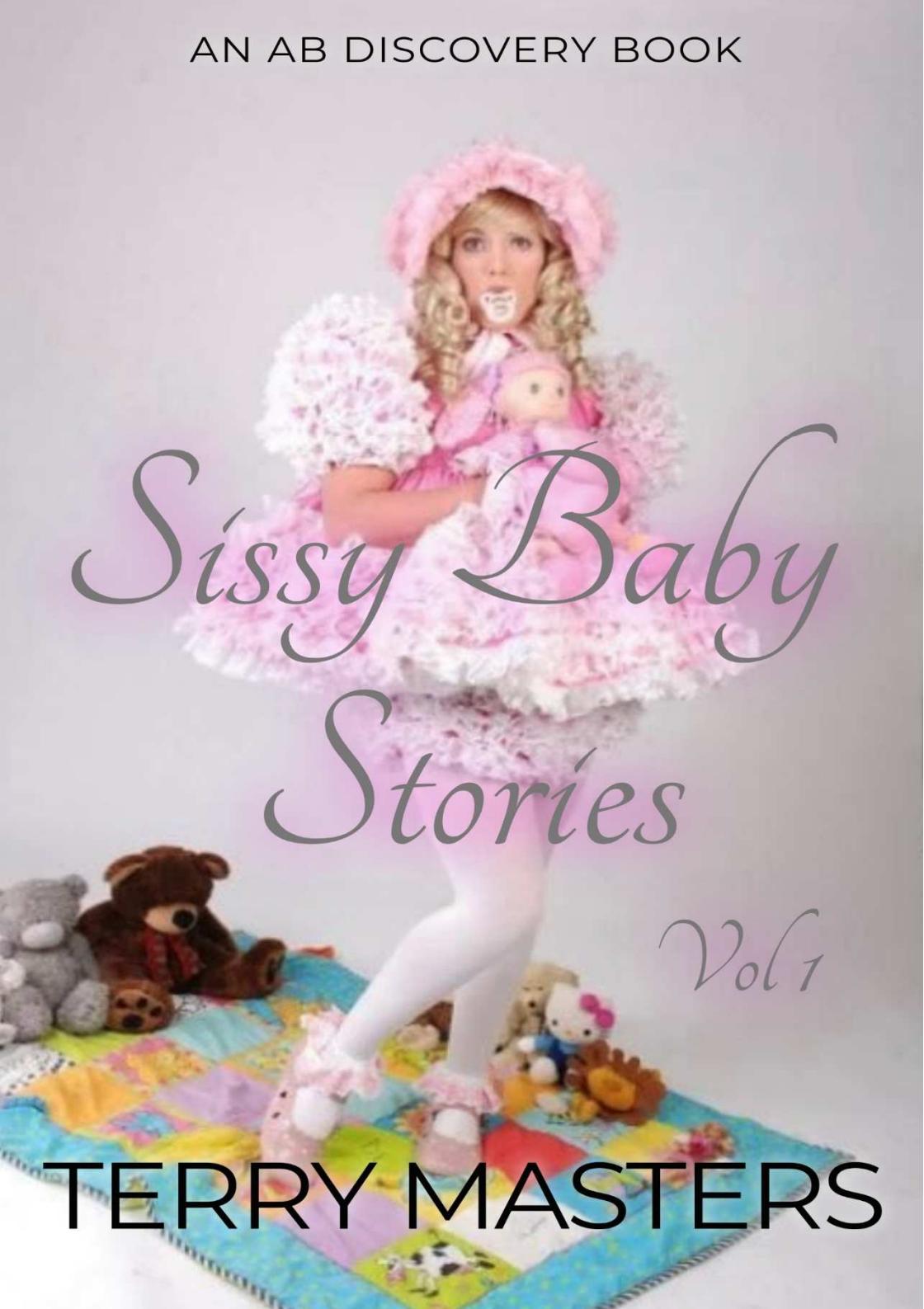


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



*Sissy Baby
Stories*

Vol 1

TERRY MASTERS

Sissy Baby Stories

Sissy Baby Stories

Volume 1

By Terry Masters

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Sissy Baby Stories

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Introduction:

This is a collection of some short stories submitted to BBW in the late 1990s and originally edited by Mikey of BBW and published by BBW. These have been re-edited by Terry Masters for publication by AB Discovery and for your enjoyment.

We have all heard “boys will be boys” but we also know some boys will be sissy babies, and these boys are becoming the sweetest sissy babies you’ll ever want to meet, or maybe to be.

Tami – Sissy Baby



Discovery

It was about 3 am when I woke up with the discovery of being wet for the third straight night. In my confusion, I jumped out of bed in alarm, and in the process woke up my wife, who had not yet felt the wetness of the sheets. Being disturbed by the manner I got out of bed, and then feeling the wet mattress, she looked at me and yelled, "What the hell is going on here? This is the third night in a row that you have wet the bed. What on earth is wrong with you, are you a baby or something?"

I just stood there, with my head hung low, humiliated, and confused. I couldn't answer her, I didn't know what to say.

"You're not only ruining the mattress, but I'm not getting much sleep with your preposterous behavior. I think that from now on you are going to wear diapers and rubber panties to bed so at least I can get some sleep, and maybe we can save the mattress as well."

Then she said, "Now get cleaned up while I change the bed,

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again! We will talk more about this tomorrow."

I went to the bathroom and rinsed out my pajamas and hung them up to dry and put on a clean pair. As I got back into bed, I leaned over to kiss my wife, but she just turned away in disgust, not saying a word.

I laid there and smiled, thinking to myself, "If she only knew, I'd really be in trouble".

For the last several weeks I had listened to a hypnotic tape that was supposed to make the user incontinent at night. On my way home from work, I would park my car, put the seat down, lay back, and turn on the tape. As I drove the rest of the way home and on my way to work, I would listen to the subliminal tape. I was thinking that this tape was a waste of money when 1 night, three days ago, I woke up wet. Well, my plan had started to work, or so I thought...

I got up the next morning and got ready for work. As I started the car, I again put in the subliminal tape and went to work. I was thinking to myself that maybe I should get the 24-hour wetting tape next, but on second thought, maybe I shouldn't. It's okay to wet the bed, but I don't think I would want to wet and wear diapers 24 hours a day. No... this was just fine, I thought.

I arrived home that night and started making supper as I normally did because my wife usually came home about an hour or two after I did. I didn't really think about the events that had occurred the previous evening, just carried on normally. I heard my wife coming in the door, and as she did, she looked to see if supper was started. She entered the kitchen and walked right by me without saying a word, carrying a load of packages to the bedroom. I asked her what she had bought, but she just ignored me.

I thought to myself, "Boy she is really pissed off, maybe I should stop this."

She was in the bedroom for quite some time with the door

closed. I thought she was changing her clothes so I didn't say anything, but after about 30 minutes, and supper almost done, I knocked on the door to inform her that we would be eating shortly. She opened the door, and I told her that supper was about ready. She didn't say anything, and we walked to the kitchen. It was a very 'quiet' supper. After we had finished and cleaned up the kitchen, we sat down in the family room to watch tv.

"What on earth is happening to you?" she said. "You can't be wetting the bed constantly every night. I talked with a couple of the doctors today and they said you should get a checkup to see what may be wrong. In the meantime, I bought you some diapers and baby... I mean, incontinent pants to wear at night."

She seemed almost understanding, compassionate, and caring. It was like a 180-degree turn from before. I could not believe my ears. I didn't even think much about the 'baby' comment in her statement. I modestly told her that I would wear them, "at least until we could get the problem corrected."

We watched television and went about the evening in an almost normal manner. When it was time for bed, I proceeded to go to the bedroom to get undressed and then went into the bathroom to get cleaned up and finish getting ready for bed. When I returned to the bedroom, I was met with another surprise. My wife was sitting on the edge of the bed waiting for me with a thick cloth diaper laid out next to her. She told me to lay down and she would get me ready for bed.

I knew that I needed (and wanted) to be diapered, but I had to put up a little protest. I asked her if we could wait one more night and see what would happen. She told me that I had already agreed to wear them, and no one was going to know except her, and she wasn't about to tell anyone. "And besides," she said, "If you do wet, at least I won't float away, and we won't ruin the mattress more than it already is."

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I reluctantly laid down on the thick pieces of cloth which had been laid out for me. It was hard to look and act as though this was something I really didn't want, but I managed to act like this was a medical problem and not my personal wish. She rubbed baby oil all over me and then sprinkled a liberal amount of baby powder all over. She told me to lift my bottom so she could powder my bum.

"We wouldn't want you to get a diaper rash, would we?" she said smiling. "Open your legs real wide so we can get your little wee-wee all tucked into your diapers, and your diapers all tucked into your widdle wubber panties. We wouldn't want you to leak now, would we?" she said as she pulled the thick diapers between my legs. It felt strange, yet wonderful.

When she pinned the diapers snugly around my thighs, she did it with 'pink' diaper pins, explaining that they were the only color they had and that we could not use conventional safety pins because they may open up and hurt my soft 'baby' skin."

She wasn't nasty or anything, but I couldn't help but notice the little connotations, 'wee-wee, poo-poo, 'widdle', 'wubber', 'baby' skin. It was exciting, yet scary like she knew something, but at this time, I didn't put two and two together. Maybe I didn't want to, I was in heaven.

She then produced a pair of Gerber plastic panties that looked exactly like baby pants, except that they were in an adult size. When she finished and made sure that my diapers were all tucked in, she helped me up and pulled the covers down from the bed. There was a 'pink' rubber sheet, on my side of the bed, again, '*the only color they had*'.

I could hardly move with all the bulk between my legs. When I did move, you could hear the rustle of the plastic panties. I pulled up my pajamas but with the bulk of the diapers, I feared that I would rip them. She suggested that I just wear my T-shirt and the diapers to bed, saying, "Lots of babies wear just a T-Shirt and

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diapers to bed. We will have to get you some more appropriate pajamas if this is going to continue." She then tucked me into bed, bending over and kissing me tenderly on my forehead, saying, "Sleep tight my little one. I'll make an appointment for you at the doctor's tomorrow."

I couldn't get over her change of attitude and the congenial way she was treating me. I told her I would call the doctor, but she insisted that *she* would make the appointment.

The next morning, I got up and was not disappointed. I was soaking wet and yet had one of the most enjoyable nights of sleep that I could remember. My wife rolled over and asked me if I was wet. I meekly told her yes and was told to put my wet diapers in the diaper pail that was in the bathroom.

"Diaper Pail?" I said.

"Well, where else would you put wet diapers?" she said very matter-of-factly.

I could not argue and when I went to the bathroom, there was a large pink diaper pail with little lambs on the sides. I thought to myself, "*I bet this was the only color they had,*" and smiled. I rinsed out my diapers and put them in the pail and after rinsing out my plastic panties, hung them up to dry.

I finished getting ready for work and listened to the subliminal tape on my way. About halfway through the day, I received a phone call from my wife telling me that I had an appointment with Dr. Whetmore at 4:30 and she gave me the address.

"Please don't be late as she is doing me a favor by getting you in this fast," she said.

"She... Dr. Whetmore is a female?" I asked.

"Don't worry, you have nothing she hasn't seen before," she said.

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I was a little apprehensive, to say the least. I had never seen a female doctor before, let alone for this type of thing. What was I going to tell her? Would she know that there really wasn't a problem? I guess I'll just have to go along with playing the role and hope for the best. It was too late to turn around now, I was in too deep, and besides, did I really want to anyhow?

I arrived at the doctor's office right on time, only to be met with still another surprise.

"Dr. Regina Whetmore"
"Child Physiologist"
& "Infant Behavior Specialist"

My heart was pounding as I opened the door. I wanted to run and forget the whole issue but knew I would now have to face whatever was in store for me or forget my fantasy forever, with perhaps even a worse fate. If I didn't go in, I would have to face my wife, and yet, the unknown on the other side of the door was almost enough for me to run, but I didn't and walked in.

As I opened the door, I saw a lovely young girl receptionist sitting at the reception desk. She smiled at me as I approached her and in a loud voice said, "Oh Hello, you must be Mr. Meyer. We've been expecting you. Are you dry now, or do you need diapers and rubber panties during the day as well?"

In a very soft and trembling voice, I told her that I was only having a problem at night and that my wife wanted me to see if it could be corrected. She told me to fill out the necessary papers for insurance reasons and to have a seat until she called my name. It was then that I turned around only to see several mothers with their little children, knowing that they had heard every word. They all kind of smiled at me after hearing all the receptionist had said. I meekly sat down in one of the chairs and waited for my name to be called. There were toys of all types lying around the waiting room and being played with by the children.

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One of the mothers looked at her little girl and said in a mocking tone, "Now don't hog all the toys Jane, maybe MR. MEYER will want to play."

I could have crawled in a hole.

After everyone else was called and what seemed like an eternity, a very attractive nurse, in her late 20s, called my name. I got up and followed her to a small room. She took all my vital signs, height, weight, and blood pressure, and then asked me what my problem was. I told her that I was having trouble with wetting the bed at night and that I wanted to find out why. She asked me why I requested to see Dr. Whetmore, and I told her I hadn't, and that my wife had made the appointment and I didn't know why she made it with Dr. Whetmore either.

She had a knowing little smirk on her face but didn't say anything and continued in a very professional manner. I was told to disrobe as she handed me a pink smock to put on, apologizing for the color, but saying that they were not equipped for men and that this was the only thing that might fit me. I went behind the curtain and sheepishly put on the smock. I didn't want to come out with her still in the room, but she told me not to be embarrassed and insisted that I come out. I did, and I can't remember which was a brighter pink... me or the gown. She then left the room and told me the doctor would be in shortly.

After what seemed like more hours, but in reality, was only a few minutes, Dr. Whetmore came into the room. She had to be one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. She had long blond hair that was pulled together in the back with clip combs and then continued down to just below her shoulders. Her make-up was flawless, and her hands were delicate and well-manicured. She wore a white smock over a skirt suit. The skirt was just above her knees and displayed the high-heeled boots which came to just below her knees and which had at least 6-inch heels. She reminded me of the type of women that you would find in a B&D magazine

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and one that you would willingly do anything she commanded. I was speechless. My eyes followed her every move.

She smiled at me knowingly and said very matter of fact, "I understand you still wet the bed like a baby."

I told her that I did have an accident now and then and my wife wanted me to find out what was wrong.

She told me that she had spoken to my wife and that it seemed like more than just an accident now and then. In fact, she told me that my wife said I had wet the bed for the past several nights. She also told me that my wife mentioned to her about my desire to wear women's clothes before we were married and that she was wondering if this may be a direct result of my suppression of that idea or if it was truly medical. She matter-of-factly told me that before I left, all these and more questions would be answered.

"Now," she said, "I want you to answer several questions for me. How long have you been a transvestite?"

I told her that I have had the urge to dress for as long as I could remember and that even though the urge to dress was still there, I didn't do it because of my marriage.

"Do you have a secret desire to be a baby?" she asked.

"Of course not!" I lied.

"Do you have a desire to be a sissy baby, to be controlled by a dominant woman?"

"These are stupid questions! I wet the bed a couple of times and you think I'm some kind of pervert!" I exclaimed.

"Look," she said, "I only want to find the root of the problem. If we have to be here all night, then that is what we are going to do. Furthermore, I personally think that wetting the bed was more of a mental than a physical condition. Now just answer the questions, and don't speak to me in that tone of voice again. Do you

understand?"

I was taken aback by her powerful and authoritative tone of voice. About this time, the nurse walked in with what appeared to be the necessary items to draw blood. She put a tourniquet around my arm and inserted the needle into the vein. After she took the first container of blood, she took another, and then when I thought she was taking a third, she placed another tube in the holder, but this was full of a clear liquid.

After she injected the solution into my system, I found out that it was not only a tranquilizer to relax me but was really a truth serum. My head began to whirl, and everything went kind of blurry.

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you know who this is?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "you are Dr. Whetmore."

"Do you know why you are here?"

"Yes Dr. Whetmore, because I wet the bed like a baby."

"Do you like to wet the bed like a baby?" Dr. Whetmore Asked.

"Yes Dr. Whetmore," I said.

"Tell me, would you like to be a boy baby or a girl baby?"

"I would like to be a girl baby, a little sissy girl baby," I said.

"Do you have a name when you are a little sissy girl baby," Dr. Whetmore said.

"Yes Dr. Whetmore, I would like to be a sissy girl baby and my name would be Tami."

"Okay Tami, it is alright that I call you Tami, isn't it?"

"Oh Yes! Dr. Whetmore."

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“Would you like to call me Mommie?”

“Oh Yes, Mommie. I would love to call you Mommie,” I said.

“Tell me Tami, how do you feel when you wake up all wet like a little baby? How do you think you started to wet the bed?”

“I am so humiliated, but I love the warm feeling. I would love to be securely diapered so I wouldn't make the bed all wet. I listened to a hypnotic tape to make me wet the bed at night. I thought it wouldn't work, but all of a sudden, I started to wet again. I didn't know I was wet until after it happened.”

“Why do you desire to be a baby and further, why would you like to be a little sissy girl baby?” Dr. More asked.

“When I was young, I always envied my sister. I like the way she always fussed over when she got into a pretty party dress. I was dressed in a plain suit, and nobody cared. I wanted to be the center of attention and was always left behind. I always had a problem at night, and one night my mother put me back into pink rubber panties and diapers. I received all kinds of attention, and I loved it. They actually knew I was around. From then on, I have always wanted to be able to be dressed in frilly, sissy outfits.”

“Okay Tami, now at least we know the truth as to why you want to be a baby and a sissy baby at that. Your wife is in the next room and has heard all that has happened here. Now little Tami, sit on the floor and I want you to suck on this pacifier while I go and talk with your wife.”

Dr. Whetmore left the room, and I sat there in the middle of the floor with a pacifier in my mouth, contentedly just sitting and sucking it. A short time later Dr. Whetmore and my wife came back into the room. My wife had been crying and came over to me and gave me a big hug, telling me how sorry she was and all would be better soon.

Dr. Whetmore started talking. “Tami, you will not remember

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what was said and done when you wake up. But from now on when your wife says, and only your wife, "*Tami is a baby*" you will regress back to being a two-year-old baby girl. You will have no control of your bladder, and you will not be able to talk like an adult. You will only be able to talk baby talk. You will, in your mind, be a two-year-old baby girl and act accordingly."

"When your wife says, "*Tami likes being a baby*," you will have no control of your bladder and wet freely. You will have an uncontrollable urge to dress like a baby girl and want to suck on a bottle or pacifier. You will, however, know that you are a 43-year-old man and will be able to talk like and act like a 43-year-old very effeminate man and freely admit to anyone, that you like being a sissy baby.

"If someone were to ask you or tell you that you are wet, you would tell them that you are a sissy baby and have to wet. When your wife says "*Tami is a big girl now*" you will have an uncontrollable urge to do anything that your wife wants. You will have complete bladder control. You will be in her complete control and do anything she tells you to do. If she told you to walk around the block in panties and a bra, you would do so without question.

"When your wife says "*Tom's Home*" you will be able to be your complete and normal self. You will have complete bladder control and be able to act and feel like a 43-year-old man, but you will remember and love all the humiliating things you have done, be sexually aroused by thinking about them, and also always know and want your wife to let Tami take over. Do you understand all the directions?"

"Yes Mommie, I understand."

"No Tami, this is Dr. Whetmore. Your Mommie is right here."

With that, I was given an antidote and in a few minutes was once again, Tom, wide awake, and did not remember what had happened, if anything. It was like I had a total loss of time.

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"I'm sorry Dr. Whetmore," I said not realizing what had transpired, "I won't use that tone of voice again."

I then noticed that my wife was also in the room. Dr. Whetmore then told me what had happened and played the recorded session. I was totally humiliated. My wife hugged me and said everything would be alright and that she now understood. She said that she would take care of her little sissy baby. I was in heaven.

Dr. Whetmore then went on the intercom and told the nurse it was alright. I was told to get on the examination table. Within a second or two, the nurse came back into the room carrying some thick diapers and some pink rubber panties.

I was about to protest when Ann, my wife, said, "Tami Likes Being A Baby."

Without question, I laid down and let them diaper me. As they pulled up the pink rubber panties, I freely wet myself. You could see the wetness against the rubber panties. Dr. Whetmore, my wife, and the nurse smiled. I was totally humiliated but freely wet. Ann tied a pink pacifier on a pink ribbon as we were about to leave. I was Ann's baby sissy girl. Ann still had some questions for Dr. Regina Whetmore before they left.

"Doctor, I have just a few questions before we leave," Ann said. "How does he feel at the moment? Will he ever be able to function as a normal male again? If I were to say "Tom's Home", what will happen?"

Without knowing it Ann had said the magic words, "Tom's Home"

Immediately Tami became aware of his state of dress and tried to cover himself up. He looked down and saw that he was not only wet but was dressed in only pink rubber panties and wet diapers. He also saw the pink pacifier in his wife's hand.

"Please Ann, can I take off these rubber panties and wet

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diapers... please? I can't go out like this! Please?" Tami stated in a very docile manner.

Both women smiled at each other when Dr. Whetmore said, "I think you answered part of your own question Mrs. Meyer."

"Tami Likes Being A Baby," Ann said.

Immediately Tami didn't bother to cover himself and lowered his head for Ann to put the pink ribbon with the pacifier around his neck. She placed the pacifier in Tami's mouth, and he fervently started to suck on it.

"Tami, why don't you go into the waiting room and play with some of the toys while I talk with your Mommie? There are cute little girl dollies for you to play with," Dr. Whetmore said smiling.

Tami looked at his Mommie and was given a nod of approval, and without reservation, waddled down the hall in his pink rubber panties and wet diapers sucking on his pacifier.

Ann looked at Dr. Whetmore and said, "What happens if someone comes into your waiting room?"

"Don't worry Mrs. Meyer, the door is locked and the only one in the waiting room at the moment is Robin and his mother. He too is a big baby, but his mother usually gives him the command, Robin is a Baby when she brings him here for his checkup. He actually thinks he is a two-year-old baby girl. Let's go watch..."

Ann and Dr. Whetmore went to the window at the reception desk to observe. Even though there were many dollies to play with, the two babies sat on the floor pulling and tugging and fighting at one of the dolls just like two-year-olds. Robin started to cry as Tami won the tug of war with the doll. He crawled over to his mother and put his head in her lap. His mother soothed his broken ego by stroking his ear. Within moments, Robin was sleeping like a baby.

Robin was dressed in an adorable, very short, yellow party dress, with rows and rows of dainty white lace around the skirt and

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sleeves, a full petticoat to accent the dress and to help display the fact that he too had thick diapers, and yellow rubber panties, white ankle stockings with yellow lace trim and pink flowers, and white Mary Jane shoes. His hair was rather long, and he had a yellow ribbon tied in a big bow on the top of his head. He looked simply adorable.

Robin woke up when Dr. Whetmore called both ladies over and asked them to put both babies in a very humiliating situation. Ann was to say, "Tom's Home" and Robin's Mother would say, "Bob's Home".

Both ladies said their commands and both babies didn't know where to go or what to do to the amusement of the ladies. Tami, realizing his state of dress, threw the doll down and tried to hide behind a chair. Robin on the other hand couldn't get his dress down far enough to hide his rubber panties. Both babies just stared at one another, again, to the amusement of the ladies.

Both babies quietened as soon as they were issued their respective commands, "Tami likes being a baby" and "Robin is a baby". Tami immediately sat down in the corner and put his pacifier in his mouth and eagerly sucked on it. Robin crawled over to the toys and picked up an entirely different doll, not the one they had fought over.

Both ladies seemed to get great pleasure in their two babies. They learned that they did not live far apart, and they promised to call each other and keep in contact. Notes were exchanged between the two, Robin's Mother giving Tami's Mother many, many suggestions.

Tami's mother called the baby back to the examination room to finish getting dressed while Robin was taken to another room with his mother and Dr. Whetmore for his check-up. Ann talked baby talk to Tami while she dressed him for his outing home. She had not driven to the doctor's office but had taken a cab so that she

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would be able to drive baby Tami home. He put his pants on over the bulky, and now very wet, diapers and rubber pants. She helped him put on his shirt, socks, and shoes. Ann let Tami keep the pacifier in his mouth for the trip home.

Ann opened the door of the doctor's office to leave with Tami right on her heels. It was late in the evening, but there were still many people in and about the halls. Most of them just smiled at Ann and Tami as they walked to the car, Tami with his very thick, very obvious diapers, and sucking on his pacifier. Not too many accidents happened on the way home because of the stares at Tami sitting in the back seat, looking out the window, and sucking on his pink pacifier.

He was happy, very happy, to be a sissy baby at last. He couldn't wait to get home. It was very humiliating to have people look and stare at such a big sissy baby, but Tami loved every moment. Maybe he and "Robin" would become good friends.

Tami was on his way home from the doctor's office where the doctor had just given him several hypnotic suggestions, from being a complete baby to being himself with only a *want* to be babied. Even with the humiliation of being stared at by each passerby, he could not help himself and continued sucking on the pink pacifier his wife had put around his neck with a pink ribbon. Ann had given him the command "Tami likes being a baby". He was totally aware of what he was doing, knowing that he was a 43-year-old man, but could not refrain from acting like a 2-year-old.

"My goodness", he thought, "how could she put me through this? I can't even ask her not to. I don't have the will to do it. I know this isn't the norm, but I don't want to stop either. What did I get myself into?"

About two blocks from the house Ann stated, "Tom's Home". It was then that Tami noticed the pacifier around his neck and in his mouth. He took it out immediately and saw the two girls in the car