

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

A person is lying in a white crib, dressed as a baby. They are wearing a white lace bonnet, a pink dress with a bow at the neck, and long pink socks. They are crying with their mouth wide open. The crib has a white metal frame and a white blanket. A stuffed animal is visible on the top rail of the crib.

Sissy Baby
Stories

Vol 2

TERRY MASTERS

Sissy Baby Stories

Volume Two

By Terry Masters

This is the second in the Sissy Baby Stories series of collections. Stories were submitted by various authors to Big Baby World, then edited by Mikey of BBW and published by BBW. Now these have been re-edited by Terry Master and Mikey of Unicorn Tales, and published by AB Discovery.

These stories were originally published in the late 1990s but have been updated and edited for your current enjoyment.

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Sissy Baby Stories – Vol 2

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Christina's New Baby Girl



by Robin Sue Meyer

Published by BBW in 1995

“Hi Honey, I'm Home!” Rob said as he entered the house after a hard day at work.

“Don't give me that 'Honey' shit, not after I had to wash the sheets for the fourth time this week,” Christina replied.

“You know, you're nothing more than a big baby! And another thing, did you forget what I told you this morning before you left?”

“I'm sorry,” he replied nervously. “I forgot, what was it again?”

“I said... if you're going to wet the bed like a baby, then I'm going to treat you like a baby, and then that makes me your mother, *not your wife.*”

“I can't call you *mother.*”

“Oh, is that so? Okay, then Mommy it will be.”

“I can't call you that either.”

“You can and you will, do you understand?”

“And if you don't, I will tell everyone that you are just a little bed wetter.”

“Yes, Mommy,” Rob said in a low and humiliated voice. “I really am sorry, I just am so tired at night that I don't wake up.”

“I don't want to hear any more excuses. The fact is that you have been wetting the bed now, on and off, for several years. Now go change and take a shower so we can eat supper.”

“Okay...”

“Okay, who?” Christina said.

“Okay, mother!”

“Okay, *who*?” Christina said again.

“Okay, Mommy,” Rob said again.

“That's better, and don't you forget it.”

“Okay... I mean, okay, mommy.”

Rob went to his room and took off his clothes and then went to the bathroom to take a shower. He turned on the shower and felt the hard spray bouncing off his tired skin. It felt good, and he lost his sense of time, mesmerized by the heat and spray of the water. He was brought back to reality by Christina's voice.

“Aren't you almost done?”

“Yes... Ah Mommy, almost.”

“I have laid your clothes out on the bed for you to wear.”

“Okay, Mommy,” Rob said, almost naturally this time.

He felt a little silly but went along with her, figuring it would die down after a while. After he got out of the shower, he dried himself off with a big fluffy towel. It felt soft and soothing next to his almost hairless body. He looked at himself in the mirror and felt a

little 'unmanly' with his lack of body hair, but that is the way he was born, so there was nothing to do about it. After he was dry, he entered the bedroom and, looking on the bed and didn't see his clothes laid where Christina had said they would be.

“I thought you said you laid my clothes out?”

“I did, and didn't you forget something?”

“Sorry Mommy, but I still don't see anything but one of your sundresses.”

“I beg your pardon, but that is not one of *my* dresses, it's much too juvenile. It's *your* new baby dress, and you will wear it and that's what I laid it out for. And don't worry about underwear, I'll take care of that in a minute.”

“I'm not going to wear that!” he exclaimed loudly.

“Oh yes, you are, and don't you dare give me any shit either!”

“Yes, Mommy,” he replied glumly.

Rob picked up the dress and looked at it. It was cut very short, with rows of lace at the hem and around the puffed sleeves. It buttoned up the back and had a large pink satin sash around the waist which would tie into a large bow in the back. The dress was white with little puppies and kitties in pinks and blues. It was an adorable dress, for a two-year-old.

“Don't just stand there. Put it on,” Christina said firmly from the doorway.

Feeling totally humiliated, Rob lowered the dress over his head and down his body.

“You look adorable, Rob. My perfect sissy baby husband.”

“Don't you think you're carrying this thing just a bit far?” he questioned.

“No, and we are not done yet, come with me!”

Christina opened the door, and they entered the spare bedroom.

To Rob's astonishment, it was expertly decorated like a nursery, a little girl's nursery. In it was a large pink canopied crib, a large, long, counter which had shelves on the bottom and a plastic top, and looked like, and was in fact, a changing table. There was also a big adult-sized highchair, a rocking chair, a diaper pail, and a toy box. The room had been wallpapered in a juvenile print that was meant for a baby girl's nursery. There were pink canopy draperies, and a mobile hanging over the bed. The shelves on the changing table were full of diapers and rubber panties.

"How do you like your new room, 'Robin'?" she asked sweetly.

"This is ridiculous, utterly ridiculous. I put on this stupid dress, but this is totally absurd. I am not, and will not, be subject to this. I don't know how much you spent, but I'm not going to go along with this. Do you have a screw loose or something? Good grief, this is ludicrous. And what is this *Robin* shit?"

"Are you just about done with your little temper tantrum, Robin?" she replied with a steely firmness in her voice. "You *will* do this, and that is final. If you don't, I will let everyone know what a wimp you really are.

"I'll tell them about your bed wetting and, in case you think I forgot, how you like to dress up like a lady. I will make you the laughingstock of, not only the neighborhood but with all your friends and at work alike."

"How is this all being paid for?" Rob asked in a frightened tone of voice.

"Well, I sold your fishing boat since you really won't be needing it anymore, at least not for a long while. Now get up on the changing table and let me put on your underwear!"

Rob, walked over to the dressing table and laid down on it feeling totally subjugated and defenseless.

“Now that's my girl,” Christina said in a mocking tone voice. “I promise you that you'll like this once you get used to it. And if you ever change your ways, I might even let you grow up to be a big girl, but first, you'll have to be my little baby. And if I get any more grumbling out of you, you will endure the consequences. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mommy,” Robin said.

Christina proceeded to lift Robin's little dress up and took some baby lotion and spread it all around. Then she took several diapers and placed them under Robin's bottom and taking the baby powder, liberally sprinkled it all round his private area.

“We will have to get rid of this hair,” she said as she pulled the diapers up and through Robin's legs, pinning the diapers securely at the sides with pink diaper pins. She then pulled out a pair of pink rubber rumba panties and pulled them up his legs, making sure his diapers were securely tucked in at the legs and waist. Christina then put on a cute pair of pink ruffled stockings and a pair of white Mary Jane shoes. She then took Robin by the hand and helped him off the changing table.

“Here Robin, play with your dolly while I get your supper ready.” As she turned to leave, she put a pink pacifier in his mouth and left the room.

Unknown to Rob, Christiana came back and saw Robin playing with his dolly and sucking contentedly on his pacifier. She knew then that he was really enjoying this and that she had made the correct decision.

Rob in the meantime, looked at himself - *herself* - in the mirror and smiled. He liked what he saw, and he liked being a newborn baby again. He even liked his new name, Robin. Robin was really not sure about all this, not sure if he should stay a baby girl,

or if should he grow up and be a big girl. But either way, he – she – would be a girl.

Robin meets his babysitter - Stephanie

Christina walked back to the kitchen to finish making supper. She was happy that she had snooped and found Rob's secret hiding place and all the books and things that were in there. She learned that it was his secret desire to be a baby, a big sissy baby. She also found out that he had many books on humiliation. Although she didn't know all the whys, she figured it was a way for him to relieve the stress and tension he got from his work. She finished the roast and after cutting it up, placed a portion of it in the blender with a little gravy to make it 'mushy' for baby. She then made mashed potatoes, rinsed out the blender, and put the carrots in it to puree them like regular baby food for Robin.

He could be the baby he wants to be in every detail, she thought to herself.

She put all his food into the divided baby dish she had just bought, put milk into a baby bottle, and then went to get Robin.

“Hi sweetheart!”, she said.

“Hi, Mommy.”

“Robin likes being a little baby girl, a little sissy baby girl, doesn't she?” Christina said.

“Yeth, Mommy. Robin likes to be a baby girl.”

“Do you want to wet your diapers too?”

“Yeth, Mommy, Robin is only a little girl and wets her didi.”

“Okay, Honey. Let's go get you something to eat,” she said taking Robin by the hand and walking her to the kitchen.

She helped Robin get in a large highchair and put the locking tray in place, putting his food in front of her.

“Mommy, I love you. Thank you.”

Christina knew now, and so did Robin.

“I am going bye-bye tonight, Robin, and have gotten a babysitter to watch you. Her name is Stephanie, and she is 18 years old.”

Robin got apprehensive and said, “But Chris, I don't mind this being our little secret, but for heaven's sake, not an outsider. Please don't do this to me.”

“Don't worry Robin, Stephanie is really a boy and is going to have her sex changed with the help of her mother who use to be 'his' wife. Stephanie is really older than 18, but wants to experience what a teenage girl experiences, and grow up from there.

“I met her wife, I mean... *mother*, and she is the one that convinced me to let you be the sissy baby you need to be. I have been thinking about doing this for a long time. You'd be surprised. There are a lot of big babies, just like you, and maybe we will be able to meet with them and you will be able to play dollies and other sissy baby games with them. Wouldn't that be nice?”

Robin just sat there, not quite sure of all that happened since he had left for work in the morning. He left as a man, and when he returned, was being 'forced' to be a baby girl. Now he was going to have a babysitter. It was all happening so fast. Did he like what was happening?

“What time Steppi... going sit Robin, Mommy?” Robin said with a half-smile on her face.

“Oh... she will be over in a little while and then Mommy is going to go to this special lady who will make Robin some pretty dresses and bonnets and other little girl outfits.”

While she was talking, she continued to feed Robin her 'baby' food. Robin felt happy and secure.

“Mommy, Robin has... go potty...”

“Well honey, use your diapers, that is what you have them on for. Remember, you’re just a little girl and are not potty trained yet, and you won’t be for some time to come, I might add.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

While Robin continued to eat her supper, she went potty in her diapers at the same time. Christina knew by the look in her eyes that she was in seventh heaven when she heard the soft hiss of his urine filling his diapers and rubber panties. She smiled, he smiled, and Mommy and Baby Robin were both very happy.

They were suddenly interrupted by the sound of the front doorbell.

“Sounds like Stephanie is here, Robin,” Christina said as she got up to answer the door.

“Well, aren't you a lovely young lady,” Christina said, looking at Stephanie who was dressed in a pink halter top, a short jean skirt, tennis shoes with white socks, and her hair in pigtails with pink ribbons that matched her top.

“Thank you, Ma'am,”

“You can call me Tina, Stephanie, if that is okay with you.”

“It's fine with me, ah...Tina. Where is the baby?”

“Oh, she is just finishing her dinner, but she still has her bottle to drink, and then I think she may need her diapers changed. I hope you won't mind changing her diapers, I don't think she will give you any problems.”

Stephanie and Christina walked back to the kitchen.

Robin, just like a regular two-year-old, was trying to feed herself, using her fingers, and getting everything all over the place including her face and hands.

“Now look at the mess you made, Robin”, Stephanie said as she took a wash rag and started to clean up the highchair and Robin.

“Hi, Steppi... you pretty.”

“Why thank you, Robin. If you eat all your vegetables and drink all your milk like a good little girl, you'll grow up to be as pretty as your Mommy and me.”

“I see you two are getting along just fine. Guess I can leave you alone and be on my way. I won't be too late, Stephanie, but if I'm not home in time, you can put Robin to bed at about 9:00 pm. She has to get up early and be 'himself' in the morning.

“Her toys are in the nursery if you have time to play, and there are fresh diapers and rubber panties on the dressing table. Make sure you triple-diaper Robin when you get her ready for bed so she will be secure for the night. Her new nighty is in there also, it's the pink frilly baby doll top. I don't think she will need the bottoms seeing as she will have her diapers and rubber panties on. See you both later.”

“Bye, Tina.”

“Bye, Mommy.”

“Goodbye you two, have fun, and Robin, you be a good girl for Stephanie or Mommy will give you a spanking when she gets home.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Okay Robin, let's finish eating and after I clean up your mess, I will give you your bottle, okay?”

“Yeth, Steppi...” Robin said as babyish as he could talk.

Stephanie finished feeding Robin and helped her out of the highchair.

“Now you sit here with your dolly while I clean up a little, and then we will give you your bottle.”

“Yeth, Steppi...”

“Can you say Steph-a-nie, Robin?”

“Step-pee-nee”

“I think we’ll drop that for now, you’ll be able to say it one of these days.”

She sat Robin down on the floor with his dolly where she could watch her while she cleaned up the kitchen, and after she finished, took her by the hand and led her into the living room. They sat on the sofa and Stephanie had Robin cuddle next to her, resting her head next to her breasts while she fed her her bottle. Robin contently sucked the milk from the bottle while she nestled her head next to Stephanie's soft breast.

“Do you like my boobies, Robin? When you get big like me, you’ll have boobies too.”

All Robin could do was snuggle a little closer, they were so soft, so warm.

After Robin finished her bottle, Stephanie took her by the hand and they went into the nursery, where she helped the baby onto the dressing table and changed her wet diapers. After she finished, she took out some blocks, stacked them high, and then pushed them over, watching them fall. Robin giggled every time Stephanie pushed them over, and then she wanted to knock them over too. They both were giggling happily, and it wasn't very long before it was time for Robin to be put to bed. Stephanie took the baby by the hand and helped her back up onto the changing table.

“Is widdle Robin SO wet, again?”

Stephanie teased.

“Steppi... Robin wet her didi... Robin sorry...”, Robin said in her most babyish voice.

“That's okay, Robin. Steppi used to wee-wee too, many years ago. You'll grow up someday and be a big girl, just like me, and be able to wear pretty panties and other things instead of those diapers. Wouldn't you like that, Robin?”

Stephanie took off Robin's very wet diapers and after cleaning her up and putting baby powder on, took three thick night diapers, laid them under her and pulled them snugly between her legs, pinning them securely, and pulled a clean pair of pink rubber rumba panties over them making sure everything was tucked in so Robin wouldn't leak during the night. Robin just laid there very contentedly. Stephanie then found her nightie and put it over her head.

“Robin,” Stephanie exclaimed. “You look so precious in your nightie, with your pink rubber rumba panties sticking out in the back. I just love it!”

Robin just blushed as she walked her over to the new crib, lowered the side, and put Robin in it. She placed Robin's pacifier in her mouth and told her that she would be right back with a fresh bottle of warm milk and went to the kitchen. After several minutes, she returned and put the nipple between her lips. Robin sucked its contents while Stephanie sang her a Brahms lullaby. Within moments, Robin was fast asleep, still sucking on the nipple, dreaming sweet baby dreams, sweet sissy baby dreams.

Stephanie propped Robin's bottle up so she could finish it, turned off the light, and left the room, just in time for Christina's return.

Christina showed Stephanie some of Robin's new wardrobe which consisted of some rompers, party dresses, petticoats,

sleepers, and more. Then the babysitter left as she had to get up early the next morning for school.

Christina went into the nursery, and seeing the bottle was empty, replaced it with her pacifier, lowered the side of the crib, and kissed her husband goodnight.

“I love you my sissy husband, and I will be a good Mommy and wife for you. Sweet Dreams.”

She then reached into Robin's diapers and smiled. Robin was already wet, but she knew he was well protected with three thick diapers. She patted her seat as she raised the side of the crib and then went to bed herself.

Robin opened her eyes and winked at the good fairy princess who was the only one left in the room with her.

“I wove you, Mommy.”

The next day

As soon as Stephanie left, Christina remembered that it was Friday and that Robin did not, in fact, have to be 'himself' in the morning.

I hope Stephanie didn't think me rude by pushing her out like that. Christina thought to herself. Oh well, it's better she got home a little early anyway, I'd feel terrible if something happened to her as she walked home.

With these thoughts in mind, and after Robin was fast asleep - or so she thought - and with the next day being Saturday, Christina put an auto-reverse subliminal tape in Robin's nursery player that would play throughout the night. Not only would it suggest that she become a complete baby, but also a complete sissy girl baby, and the only thing that would bring her out of it would be the command, *"Robin, it's time to grow up."*

With the command, "It's nursery time", Robin would once again regress back to a two-year-old baby girl. Not only would he regress, but he would also be subject to any post-hypnotic suggestions that Christina would give him when he was brought back to adulthood. Of course, she was going to let Robin be a baby most of the weekend if not actually *all* of it.

There could be a few problems, however, depending on how you looked at it. One was that the longer Robin was regressed, the longer it would take for him to grow up, and two was that the more times he was regressed, the sooner he would end up being totally incontinent, even when he was in an adult state because her bladder muscles would become so weak and so uses to not 'holding' back that he would just wet himself all the time.

If the time ever came -and that is a big if - that Christina would ever want him not to use his diapers, she would have to be

potty trained just like any other toddler. Christina smiled at the thought and after starting the tape, she went to bed, knowing that Saturday would not be a normal Saturday.

Christina woke suddenly to the sound of crying. At first, she thought she was dreaming, but then reality set in and she knew it was Robin.

“The subliminal tape must have worked better than I thought it would,” she said thinking out loud. She got out of bed, put on her robe, and went to the nursery.

As she walked into the nursery, she saw Robin's sad face and big crocodile tears streaming down her face. She felt and found that Robin was very wet and must be very uncomfortable. When Robin saw her mommy, her crying subsided to a snuffle and a pout. Christina patted her on her wet diapered seat as she put a large pink pacifier in her mouth.

“Good morning my adorable sissy husband. Guess what day it is?” Christina said, without giving Robin a chance to answer, not that he could.

Robin gurgled and sucked on the pacifier while Christina laid out fresh diapers and pink rubber rumba panties, then continued. “My sweet sissy baby husband, it's Saturday, and you don't have to go to work. You can be a baby all weekend.”

She then proceeded to lower the side of her crib and helped Robin to the changing table. Robin could walk but was very wobbly and was not really steady on her feet, very similar to a one-year-old toddler. There was no resistance on her part and Christina guessed that the tape must have worked better than she had even previously thought.

Robin, in the meantime, was dying inside. He knew what was happening to him but couldn't do anything but babble and act like a two-year-old. He smiled at Christina as she stroked her cheek and

made goo-goo sounds at her new sissy baby husband. Robin dropped the pacifier out of her mouth.

“Ma-Ma... Robin all wet... I wet my di-di mommy... Robin baby mommy.”

Christina smiled knowingly as Robin raised her bottom and lifted her legs so she could remove her rubber panties and wet diapers. After she had cleaned her up, Christina rubbed baby oil all around the diaper area, and then liberally powdered her before she re-diapered her and put on a pair of pink ruffled rubber rumba panties.

She brought out some of her purchases from the night before and put on a cute, ruffled T-shirt, white socks with lace trim, adorable white patent leather Mary Jane shoes, and last but not least, a very short pink chiffon dress, complete with puffy sleeves, and a pinafore front trimmed in lace, with a wide pink sash to tie in a large bow in the back. She then proceeded to put a soft shade of pink nail polish on Robin's fingernails. After she was done, she stepped back to admire her sissy baby girl husband.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” she said out loud. “Your earrings. I know this will hurt a little, but it needs to be done.”

She then proceeded to poke the post of a little gold earring through each of Robin's ear lobes. She began to scream, kick, and cry, but Christina put in the other one and then held Robin's head to her breast until the initial pain subsided, stroking her ears tenderly.

Within a short time, Robin's cry became a snuffle, and soon she stopped altogether. Christina then had the baby girl sit up while she put on the crowning glory, a blond Shirley Temple Wig with a large pink bow on the top and in the back to match the pink sash around her waist. After helping Robin off the changing table Christina took her by the hand and walked with her to the kitchen and helped her into her highchair, then buckled the safety belt