

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



the premie peter saga

BABY MIKEY

The Premie Peter Saga

The Premie Peter Saga by Baby Mikey

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The Premie Peter Saga

This is a work of fiction written by Baby Mikey of Unicorn Tales, based partly on Mikey's experiences with various mistresses or mommies, and mostly on an AB friend named Peter. Peter is a real person, and many of the events outlined are real, but then some are in the realm of fantasy or dreams that many ABs would enjoy.

CHAPTER 1

Introduction:

Hello, my name is Premie Peter. I am a submissive, diaper-dependent, sissified hypno-pet who has been a hypno-fetishist for over 35 years. Presently, I am the pet of Mistress J in a mid-size town in Ontario, Canada.

I was not always a sissified pet or submissive for that matter, but over the past 35 or so years I have been changed, programmed, and conditioned to be what I am today, a happy, obedient, hypnotized pet who exists to please Mistress or Master as they desire.

I was introduced to hypnosis back in the late '70s by my then-girlfriend, Amanda, who later became my wife and first Mistress. This chapter starts with the beginning of my life as a hypno-pet and my life as a hypno-submissive. Future chapters will detail different phases in my experiences that have created the person I am today.

Amanda and I met in our senior year of college through an S&M and D/s group off campus. We hit it off and both tended to switch, trying various forms of Domination and submission and some S&M scenes. We soon found we enjoyed the D/s scene much more with a little S&M mixed in for fun.

I was a business major with a market analysis minor, and Amanda was majoring in psychology and counseling and was also taking courses in hypnosis and hypnotherapy, and got her initial certification just before graduation. We both did our post-graduate degrees, and she began taking NLP courses and furthered her hypnosis and hypnotherapy training and credentials.

We moved in together during the last year of our post-grad studies and continued our D/s playtime, often mixing hypnosis with some S&M play. We soon discovered that while we both liked to switch, Amanda was more dominant and I was more submissive, so our roles soon became she as Mistress/Domina and I as her submissive.

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Following graduation, we got married and both landed fantastic jobs. I was an analyst for a major American investment bank, and Amanda was a psychotherapist and hypnotherapist at a large metropolitan hospital. Shortly after, she began working for a large private clinic.

I was making a good six-figure salary and almost double that in commissions and investments. Then we bought our home, a large secluded two-story home in the suburbs, and Amanda opened a private practice office in the city. Our home was huge and had a wonderful playroom downstairs and a private office for us to work in from home when we wanted or needed, as the commute was a bit tiresome in winter.

Our playtime began to involve more and more use of hypnosis as Amanda began implanting triggers and programming submissive behaviors into my subconscious. I was starting to become a hypno-junkie, really getting off on the surrender of control and having Mistress take control of my feelings, my desires, my body, and my mind.

Amanda programmed me to stay hard and horny for hours while we had sex so she'd have many multiple orgasms before I even came once. She implanted an obedience trigger that caused me to follow any request without thought or regard for what might happen. My pet nickname became "Petie", and all she'd have to say was "Petie, it would please me if ..." and tell me what she wanted, and I'd do it without question.

This little 'trick' led to many embarrassing, humiliating sessions as Mistress Amanda put me through my paces.

About 3 years after we married and bought the house, I was in a terrible car accident, ending up with a broken pelvis, major back injury to my lower back, and minor brain damage. As a result, I couldn't walk, had memory issues, and lost control of my bladder and bowels. I spent almost 6 months in the hospital, then 6 months in rehab learning to stand, then walk unsteadily, but mostly I used a wheelchair to get around the rehab center.

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With the loss of bladder and bowel control, I had to be diapered, as catheters did nothing to protect me from soiling myself. I hated being diapered, and it caused me all kinds of stress and led to depression. Amanda talked with the doctors, and they advised that eventually I'd regain most control of my bowels and bladder in a couple of years as my spinal cord healed, and with some 'occupational training' (potty training for adults), but until I had some control of my bowels, diapers were necessary.

Fortunately, we got a HUGE settlement from the insurance, and my disability benefits covered my full salary and two-thirds of my last year's commission income, so we still had a great income from work, and good income from our investments.

Amanda was becoming concerned about the depression over needing diapers and decided to put on her therapist hat and fix things. For several days, she'd put me under and implanted suggestions that diapers were a wonderful solution, and felt better than any other form of underwear, and that I loved wearing diapers and enjoyed how it felt when I wet my diapers.

It was something like this:

"Feel the soft bulk of your diapers, Petie. Feel how soft and comfortable they feel on your bum and crotch, and feel how secure and safe they make you feel. You only feel safe and secure when you wear diapers. You know your diapers contain all your wetting and messing inside the diaper, all safe and secure, so you don't embarrass yourself by wetting your pants or soiling your pants. Diapers are the best solution for you, and you only feel safe and secure in diapers.

"You know you can't control your bladder or your bowels and wet and mess just like a baby, and that's why you need diapers and want to wear diapers. Babies wear diapers because they wet and mess uncontrollably, and you wet and mess uncontrollably, so you need to wear diapers all the time.

"It feels wonderful to wear thick, soft diapers, and when you wet your diaper, it feels so nice, so warm and wonderful to wet your