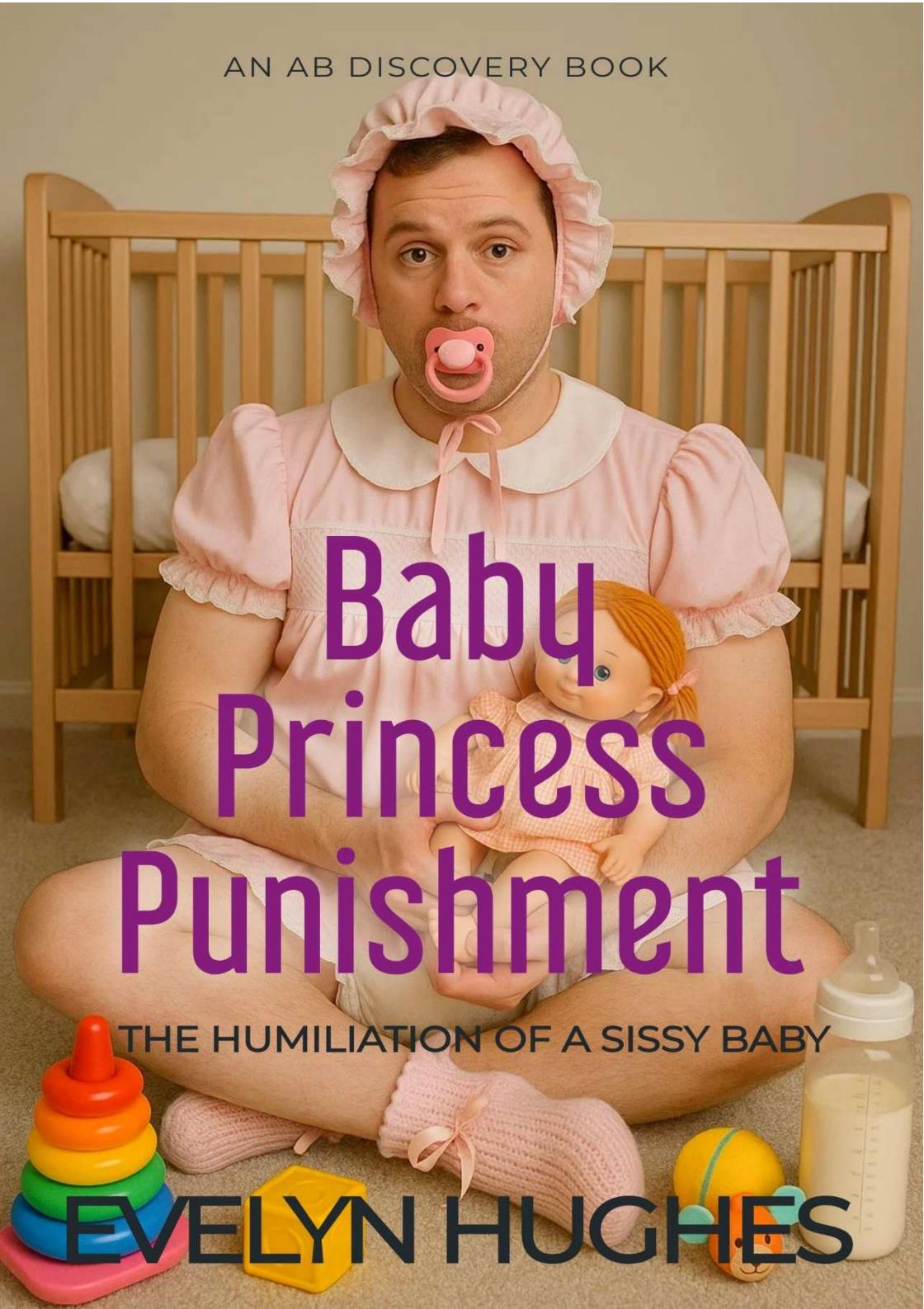


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



# Baby Princess Punishment

THE HUMILIATION OF A SISSY BABY

EVELYN HUGHES



*Baby Princess Punishment*

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by  
Evelyn Hughes

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# Chapter One: The Phone Left Unlocked

Carla didn't mean to find it. Not really. She'd picked up Ethan's phone from the coffee table on autopilot, the same way she always did when he left it buzzing next to her, face-up, screen glowing. Just to silence it, but the message thread was open. The name at the top read simply: Sir.

She frowned.

Not "Dom." Not "Nick." Just... Sir.

The preview of the message below was enough to freeze her hand in place.

I wore the white ones tonight. They're soaked. Can I please be your good girl again?

Carla's thumb moved without permission, scrolling up. There were photos... dozens of them, selfies of Ethan in satin panties, or bent over the bed in a pink garter, or holding a dildo between his trembling fingers. One video showed him sucking on it like it was real.

"Be a good girl and earn your bedtime." "Say 'yes, Sir.'" "You belong under me."

And Ethan's replies:

"Yes, Sir." "I'll be a good girl, Sir." "I want to be used. Please."

Carla didn't blink. She kept scrolling. She found the name: Dominic. They'd met up multiple times. There were hotel receipts, Uber logs, and snapshots of Ethan's thighs spread open in front of a hotel mirror, but there was something missing. One thing Dominic hadn't seen. Carla set the phone down quietly and walked into the bedroom.

Their bed was made, neat, and untouched. She knelt and reached under Ethan's side. The plastic crinkle was exactly where she expected it. She pulled the shoebox out from beneath the frame.

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Inside was a pack of adult nappies, already opened, a baggie of wipes, two pairs of plastic pants and at the bottom, a folded sleeper, yellow, in duck print. A second box beside it, taped shut. She opened it and found several used nappies, rolled up and sealed in plastic grocery bags.

The smell was faint, but still there. She stood slowly, held one in her hand, and looked at it.

*So, he wants to be a little girl for his man... But he is still pissing himself in secret.*

Carla wasn't angry. She was calm, colder than she expected.

She walked to the mirror, straightened her hair, and smiled. Then she picked up her phone, opened the thread, and typed:

Hello Dominic. I think we should talk.

She hit send, then walked back to the closet, pulled out a pair of her silk panties, and laid them on the bed.

Ethan would be home in an hour, and he wouldn't be going anywhere again without permission.

## Chapter Two: Mistress Meets Sir

The café was quiet, a little upscale, with private corner tables, polished cutlery and clean lines. Carla chose the seat facing the door and ordered a black coffee. She didn't fidget, and she didn't glance at her phone. She simply waited.

At exactly 11:03, Dominic arrived.

He was tall, mid-40s. Clean-shaven with sharp features and a thick leather band around his wrist. He spotted her instantly and crossed the room without hesitation.

"Carla," he said.

"Dominic," she replied.

He sat. He didn't apologise, and didn't explain. She liked that. For a full minute, neither of them spoke. Then she folded her hands.

"So," she said, "you've been fucking my husband."

Dominic gave a slow nod.

"I have."

She raised an eyebrow. "No excuses?"

"None needed."

Carla smirked. "Good."

Dominic leaned back in his chair.

"I didn't seduce him. I trained him."

"Did he beg for it?"

"Eventually."

She took a sip of her coffee.

"You know he wears nappies at night?"

That made Dominic pause.

"No," he said at last. "He hid that from me."

Carla pulled out her phone. A photo of Ethan's nappy drawer. Then another of his soaked sheets. One more of him asleep, thumb in mouth, a bonnet sliding off his head.

Dominic let out a breath. Something between a laugh and a sigh.

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“I knew there was more in him,” he said. “But I didn’t realise it was this deep.”

“It is,” Carla said. “And I think it’s time we stop playing games.”  
Dominic nodded slowly. “What are you thinking?”

Carla sat forward. “You enjoyed feminising him. Teaching him to say please. Making him wear panties.”

He smiled. “I still do.”

“Good. Because I plan to go further. I’m taking his adulthood away from him. His words, and his clothes. He’s going into full regression... nappies, dresses, bottles, the works.”

Dominic raised an eyebrow. “And you want me out of the picture?”

She smirked. “No. I want you in it.”

He blinked. “You’re serious?”

“I’m not going to fight over him. I’m going to claim him. So are you. Together.”

Dominic was quiet for a long moment. Then he leaned forward.

“When I had him in that hotel room,” he said, “I made him kneel in a dress and ask to be used. He cried the first time. But after that, he begged.” Carla’s expression didn’t change. “I made him wear lipstick and tell me he was my little girl. I took him apart. Piece by piece. But I never saw the baby in him.”

He gestured to the photo on her phone. “You did, though.”

She nodded. “I’m his wife. I’ve seen everything. Every bedwetting accident, every lie, every panty he’s ever stolen from my drawer.”

He leaned in, voice low. “Then let me help you break him, but differently this time. Not just a sissy slut...” He paused. “...but a baby girl.”

Carla didn’t hesitate. “You’ll need to follow my lead.”

Dominic smiled. “You’ll need to trust me with discipline.”

“We’ll alternate.”

“Spankings?”

“Shared.”

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“Feeding?”

“Whoever he misbehaved with the least.”

Dominic chuckled. Carla stood and set a small pink envelope on the table.

“What’s this?”

“The house key. Come over tomorrow. I’ll have him changed and waiting. He still calls you *Sir* in his sleep.” Dominic stared at her for a moment, then reached for the envelope.

“You’re incredible,” he said.

She smirked. “I’m not just his wife anymore.” She paused, leaned close. “I’m his Mummy.”

## Chapter Three: The Reveal

Ethan opened the front door and stepped inside, humming to himself, grocery bag swinging at his side. The house was too quiet.

"Carla?" he called out.

No response. He slipped off his shoes and padded into the kitchen. Then he froze. Dominic was sitting at the kitchen table, calm, relaxed, with his legs crossed, and a mug of tea in his hand. Across from him sat Carla with her arms folded and her expression unreadable.

Ethan's breath caught in his throat. "W-what...?"

Carla smiled. "Hello, princess."

He turned pale. "I... I can explain—"

"No," Dominic said firmly. "You really can't."

Carla reached beneath the table and slid something across the surface. Ethan's eyes followed it. It was his dummy, and then his bottle.

Then, slowly, she stood and walked to the sideboard... and opened it.

Inside sat the entire stash: A dozen pastel nappies, frilly plastic pants, a pink onesie with "Little Sissy Baby" stitched in glitter, his bonnet, his used panties, and a pack of photos.

Carla held them up, the selfies he thought were deleted, the videos of him crawling. There was one still from the baby monitor she'd installed two weeks ago, of him asleep in his sleeper, thumb in mouth, soaked nappy fully visible.

Ethan's knees gave slightly.

"I didn't mean—"

Carla stepped closer, holding up the bonnet. "Is this not yours?"

He stared at the floor. Dominic rose slowly and walked behind him.