

A N A B D I S C O V E R Y B O O K

CISSY'S DIARY

A N A B D L / F E M D O M S T O R Y

TERRY MASTERS



-DIAPER TRAINING IS NOT JUST KIDS STUFF! -

It all started when Mistress Monica got the letter and brochure from Queen Margaret's Institute. She had me read the letter aloud to her. It opened "Is your male slave awkward and clumsy? Does he lack grace? The Institute has the answer. Train him to be your Lady's Maid. Our Mistresses will take your inept, bumbling male slave and turn him into a graceful, feminine, submissive Lady's Maid who will be a source of pride and delight serving you in her pink, frilly uniform, with perhaps just a bit of lace-trimmed panty showing as she curtseys in obedience to your latest command."

After I read the brochure, Mistress decided to send me to Queen Margaret's Institute. Since it is such a great privilege for me to attend the Institute, Mistress has ordered me to keep this daily diary, so she can review my progress during the course.

When Mistress and I entered the building, the receptionist wrote my name on a pink band and snapped it around my wrist. Then she called Miss Molly and told her to take charge of me. Miss Molly took my hand and led me to another room. She said, "Take off your clothes while I explain the rules to you. First, until you get out of Kindergarten, you are not allowed to go anywhere by yourself. Someone must always lead you. Rule two is do not speak unless spoken to. Later you will be taught how to initiate conversation."

Then she sprayed me all over with some kind of foam. She put my clothes in a box, sealed it, and wrote my name on it. We waited in silence for several minutes. Finally, she told me to take a

shower. I did and all my hair came off. I was completely naked and hairless. Miss Molly sat me in a chair and cut my hair short--only one-quarter inch long.

She took my hand again and led me to another room. She curtsied and said, "This is Baby Cissy, Mistress Nurse."

The Nurse took my height and weight and measured my bust, waist, and hips. Then she measured my limp penis, which was really embarrassing. She took a feather from her desk and tickled my penis until it was hard and then measured it again. When she looked up from writing down the measurements, she saw that my penis was still hard, so she took a ruler from the desktop and slapped it. Boy, did that hurt! My penis went limp at once. The nurse handed my chart to Miss Molly and said, "Take her to Queen Margaret."

"At once, Mistress."

She led me to the room I learned later was the Throne Room. Before we went in, she advised me, "When I release your hand, clasp your hands behind your back. Answer all questions promptly and truthfully. Do not stare at Queen Margaret. Look at her feet. Remember to always address her as 'Your Royal Highness'".

She led me into the room to a spot in front of the Throne, where Queen Margaret was sitting. Miss Molly handed her my chart and said, "Humbly beg to report, Your Royal Highness, this is Baby Cissy." She let go of my hand and I clasped both hands behind my back, according to her instructions. Then she went to stand along the wall. I remembered instructions and kept my eyes downcast. I noticed Mistress sitting nearby.

"Baby Cissy, your Mistress tells me she is very dissatisfied with your performance," said Queen Margaret. "She says you are clumsy and awkward when you eat and that when you go potty, you make the most embarrassing noises and most horrible smells. Is

that true?"

"I guess so," I mumbled.

"Speak up!"

"I guess so". I said louder.

"She says that you give poor service as a sex slave and that is why she brought you here. She says that on a number of occasions, she has caught you playing with yourself. Is that true?"

"Yes, Your Royal Highness."

"Which hand do you use to play with yourself, Baby Cissy?"

"The right one, Your Royal Highness."

"What do you do with the stuff that comes out when you play with yourself?"

"I catch it in my hand or in a napkin."

By this time, I was very embarrassed, but she kept on asking questions.

"Do you know why you are such a failure as a sex slave, Baby Cissy?"

"No, Your Royal Highness."

"What do you call that thing that dangles between your legs?"

"That is my cock, Your Royal Highness."

"How dare you call that filthy, disgusting thing, a cock? Don't you ever call it that again! After you've sucked your first cock, you'll know what a cock is! Miss Molly, how long is a cock?"

"At least six inches, Your Royal Highness."

"And how long is that Nasty Thing of yours, Baby Cissy?"

"I don't know, Your Royal Highness."

"It says on your chart that it is one and seven-eighths inches long. Not even two inches. Aren't you ashamed that it is so small?"

"Yes, Your Royal Highness."

"Even when it is hard, it is only four inches long. Are you proud of that?"

"No, Your Royal Highness."

"That's why you are a failure as a sex slave, Baby Cissy because your Nasty Thing is too small. I want you to apologize to your Mistress for being so small and to me for daring to call such that little thing of yours a cock!"

"Mistress, I am very sorry I have such a small thing. Your Royal Highness, I am very sorry I dared to call it a cock."

"From now on, Baby Cissy, whenever someone asks you what that thing is, you say that it is your Nasty Thing and that you are very ashamed because it is so small."

"Yes, Your Royal Highness."

"Tell me, Baby Cissy, have you ever sucked a cock?"

"Mistress made me do it once, and I hated it, Your Royal Highness."

"Well, you will learn to like it. Have you ever taken a cock up your ass?"

"No, Your Royal Highness."

"Have you ever performed cunnilingus?"

"Yes, Your Royal Highness, Mistress has me do it often."

"Have you ever licked your Mistress's bottom?"

"Yes, Your Royal Highness, once."

"Have you ever drunk your Mistress's Golden wine?"

"No, Your Royal Highness."

"Enough of this. Miss Molly, has she been cleansed?"

"Only on the outside, Your Royal Highness," said Miss Molly. "You may take her to Mistress Delight."

"At once, Your Royal Highness."

She retrieved my chart, took my hand, and led me down the hall to another room. She knocked and we entered. She handed my chart to Mistress Delight. "This is Baby Cissy, Mistress Delight."

"Prepare her uniform. Then wait in my office until I call. You may read a magazine if you wish."

"At once, Mistress Delight."

Mistress Delight turned to me. "Do you know what my purpose is here?"

"No, Mistress Delight."

"I am here to discipline naughty girls. Today, I will give you a sample of what to expect if you are naughty or disobedient. First, I will perform your final cleansing, with which I will flush out the last traces of your maleness. You may be clean outside, but inside you are still filthy. Remember what I said. I will give you a series of enemas, ever larger, which must be retained for ever-longer times, or you must start them all over again. Your first enema will be eight ounces and must be held for five minutes."

She measured eight ounces of hot, soapy water into an enema bag, sealed it, greased the tip, and inserted the tip into my bottom. She made me hold the bag above my head.

"Remember, Time doesn't start until the bag is empty." Finally, it was empty and she started the timer.

"While you are waiting for the time to expire, you will clean and dry the enema bag, hose, and tip. And I want them clean, or you'll be licking them clean." She pointed me to the sink.

"While you are cleaning, you will thank me for the enema, and for taking my valuable time with you. You will also beg for the next one. Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Delight." I started cleaning.

"Thank you for giving me this enema. I am very grateful to you for taking the time to cleanse me. I am sorry I am so filthy. Please, please, give me the next enema, I beg."

Finally, the timer went off and I was allowed to expel my enema. The next one was 16 ounces and I had to hold it for ten minutes, while I cleaned the apparatus and alternately thanked Mistress Delight and begged her for the next one.

Then came 24 ounces for 15 minutes. I didn't think I could hold that much for so long, but I did. But it got worse. The next one was 32 ounces for 20 minutes. Then came **48** ounces for 25 minutes. Then 64 ounces and 30 minutes. When I begged Mistress Delight for the next one, she said there were no more, and I should thank her for finally cleaning all the filth out of me.

"Thank you for cleaning all the filth out of me, Mistress Delight. Thank you for taking so much time with me and I'm sorry and ashamed that I was so filthy."

By this time my bottom was so sore it hurt, and I felt as if everything had been flushed out of me. Then Mistress Delight told me to beg for a taste of discipline.

"Please, Mistress Delight, please give me a taste of discipline."

She blindfolded me and had me bend over a bar and clasp my ankles. "Now you must count each stroke, thank me for it, and beg for another. We will start with the paddle."

Smack! She hit my bottom. It hurt, but I remembered to count, "One! Thank you, Mistress Delight, please may I have another?"

She gave me ten in all and then switched to another instrument, I think it was a riding crop. It hurt really bad, and I cried out several times. She added on a stroke for each time I cried out and I got 16 strokes in all.

She switched to the cane, and I got ten more, plus five for crying out. "Now comes the whip," she said. The whip was really painful. She gave me ten strokes and didn't add on any when I cried out. By the time she was done, I was crying like a baby.

"Now you've had a taste of what happens to bad girls. You will thank me for wasting my time on you and for giving you some discipline."

"Thank you, thank you," I said through tears. "Thank you for wasting your valuable time with me. Thank you for giving me some discipline."

She called in Miss Molly, who had me lie down on the floor and pinned a diaper on me. She put a pink Bonnet on my head and pink booties on my feet. She put a penis-shaped pacifier into my mouth and led me to Queen Margaret again.

"So, now, Baby Cissy, you've been properly cleansed, and you know what happens to bad girls. Now here's what's going to happen to you. You will go into the nursery. You will be there for at least five days. If you try hard to act like a real baby and succeed in becoming one, you will graduate into kindergarten in five days. If you are a bad baby and don't try hard, you will be in diapers indefinitely. Do you understand? Since you can't talk, nod your head." I nodded.

"Good. Now here are the rules. One, you already know you can't say words. You can say 'goo- goo' and 'gee-gee'. Two, you will have a nanny. You will eat and drink what she gives you. Three, since you are wearing diapers, you will use them. When your diapers are wet or soiled, you will cry to have them changed. Four, you may learn new words as nanny teaches them to you. Understand?"

I nodded again.

Nanny Joan is my Nanny. She led me to a highchair and had me get in.

Then she opened a jar and fed me some strained peas. Then some apple sauce. Then to my crib where she gave me a bottle of milk and tucked me in for my nap. I sucked my bottle until I fell asleep. When I woke up, my diapers were wet and I was really embarrassed. I remembered what Mistress said, so I began to cry. No one came, and I cried louder.

"All right, I hear you, crybaby. I'm coming. Did Baby Cissy wet her diddies?"

She removed the wet diddies, wiped my bottom, oiled and powdered it, and put a dry diddie on me.

Then I had to play for a while. I played with my blocks, my rattle, and my teddy bear which I had brought from home. It was really boring, and I was glad when supper came, if only for the diversion. Back in my highchair, I had mashed potatoes, strained peas, and apple sauce. Then Nanny tucked me in my crib for the night, with my teddy bear and my bottle.

This morning, I woke up wet again and had to cry to have my diddies changed. It was very embarrassing, and I don't know why I wet myself.

We learned to say a few words today, mostly nursery words, like teddy, diddie, bottle, nanny, and so on. Today Nanny Joan took me out in my stroller. We went out in the park next to the Institute. I had on my bonnet, booties, and diaper, and Nanny stopped for a while to talk to Nanny Carol, who had Baby Missy in her stroller.

I overheard part of their conversation. Nanny Carol said she would be glad when this week was up and they would be through babysitting. Nanny Joan agreed and said she hated changing wet babies even more than she hated having been a baby in the nursery. Nanny Carol said that she'd rather babysit than be the baby. Then they started talking about graduation which was just a few weeks away.

Nanny Joan wondered if they each would get a graduation BJ. Carol said they probably would, because an earlier graduating class had gotten BJs too, and it was probably a tradition. Then Joan wondered how many things she had sucked and thought it was probably around fifty.

Carol thought she had sucked just as many, if not more. I wonder what sucking a 'thing' means. I hope it isn't what I think it is.

Today (our third in the Nursery) was more of the same. Bottles, Highchairs, and Strollers. But we were allowed to toddle around the park in our diapers, and it was nice to see something different. Nanny Joan met Nanny Carol again and Missy and I were told to play together. But I kept my ears open and overheard their conversation, parts of it, anyway. Carol said she wished she had a job like Miss Molly and Miss Polly and every night one of the Maids would suck her nasty thing. I remember Mistress referring to my penis as a nasty thing. I hoped they weren't talking about sucking penises. That's icky. Once Mistress made me suck her lover's penis and I was sick the whole next day. Joan said she wondered how this bunch of wet-diaper babies would do when they had to suck their first nasty thing. Probably gag and throw up she guessed.

Today was our fourth day in the Nursery, and I woke up wet again this morning. I had another bottle of milk with my afternoon nap and when I woke up, I was wet and poopy.

Nanny removed my wet diddie, but instead of putting on a dry one, she led me over to a potty chair. There was a row of potty chairs, I don't know where they came from. Maybe they were moved in during nap time. She made me sit in one and said,

"Go potty, Baby Cissy, Go potty. Poo-Poo and Pee-Pee". Of course, it was too late then, but I strained and grunted and finally, she put a dry diddie on me. Missy and I made mud pies today and got all dirty. Our Nannies spanked us and gave us baths, and when

Nanny was washing my thing, it got hard and stiff and she got very angry and slapped it. That really hurt.

Today was our fifth day in the nursery, and we have started potty training. Now we are to tell Nanny when we have to go Potty, and she will help us onto the Potty Chair. We still had to wear diapers to sleep, though. Nanny Joan and Nanny Carol were talking again today, and I heard some more stuff I didn't understand. Joan told Carol she wasn't looking forward to obedience training, she had heard from a Maid in an earlier class that it was really awful,

"Imagine," Joan said, "Mistress sends you out to serve someone, and you have to do whatever they say, or else you don't graduate. And I heard that you spend one week with a Master and one with a Mistress. And each has to sign a form verifying that you were obedient."

Carol agreed. "Next week we go for two weeks, and then for a week of Canine training. Then we graduate. Let's hope we make it. Now, I supposed we'd better get these diaper babies back to the Nursery."

So, they took us back inside for a nap and supper afterward. After supper, Nanny helped me onto the Potty and put me to bed.

My life had definitely changed.

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