

**MISTY**  
**Sub Story Within Abby**  
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Chapter 23 - Christina

I admit to being unfair and over the top the first night I made Mike wear the baby blue sleeper. Mike has left out many details that need filling in.

I am a hypno-therapist at my day job. I was becoming ever more enthralled with women's sexual fantasies. I found I had a much richer life in my head than I had ever imagined before.

Having sex with Mike was easy. I enjoyed it and wanted more. I kept having a crush all day on this guy at work. He didn't look like much, but he made me wet down there. I came home ever more ready. But I could never admit that, so I played with Mike's body instead. That actually cooled me off until my desire broke through again.

Being the tease that I am, after sex, I would dress him as my little girl. After a while I noticed that if I actually made Mike do the things that I told him I was going to make him do, the next time we had sex he was better in bed. Maybe it was just me, but he seemed more excited when I talked about feminizing him. It didn't take long to figure out that if Mike didn't like what I was going to do, he would have protested. So, we carried out my little fantasies and had a great time.

As time went on I discovered something else. He would never admit it, but he liked the roll playing. He smiled more. He stopped fretting about wearing nail polish to work. I had no idea what he told them, but it was still there when he came home. I was wrong. He removed it in the car on the way to work and painted his nails himself on the way home.

I was thinking of making him wear one of the feminine outfits out in public. That would require makeup, a hair style, and earrings. All of those earrings in the stores were for pierced earlobes. I found a pair of clip-on dangling turquoise earrings in an artisans shop and bought those. What worked even better was the next two pair of sleepers in a blue and a pink were bought off the internet. The ends of the sleeves were closed. He could grasp eating utensils, but that stopped most every other use of his hands and fingers. That is if I let him. Mostly I put a little wiffle ball in his hands and bound his fingers around them with medical tape. The closed hands sleepers prevented him from removing the tape from around his fingers.

He protested, but not enough to count.

What I found amazing is his lack of resistance. He really liked my being in charge, or something. One night he resisted, but he didn't resist my spanking him. He make believe wailed and cried, but not too much.

“Mike, that was very interesting. I think you liked that roll playing.” I put a fresh diaper on him. He would wet it while he was in that sleeper overnight. That’s when I knew.

The next day I bought better plastic pants on a website.

That evening I brought him to bed before all that for a breast feeding and sex. Then I told him a few new developments. I had decided that I would make him do everything that I told him I was going to make him do. This was going to be hard, because often in the passion of the moment, I got carried away.

This turned out to be a problem sooner than I expected. Two nights later, during sex, without thinking, I told him. It was time that he graduated to wearing women’s clothing full time on the weekends.

He protested.

“Aw Mike. You like it in here. This is just on the weekends. We’ll walk around the block and see if anybody makes an odd face.”

Mike started to protest, saying that people would notice. I told him that I didn't care and that he was going to wear girl’s clothes anyway. As I said this I could feel his penis growing in my hand. I admitted to my computer diary that I became excited, thinking about the risky situation if I did make him do it. Then I remembered the promise that I had made to myself. Would I really make him do this?

After thinking about it I decided that I was going to really do it. I thought to myself. But there were a few things to do first. I bought the equipment for home hair removal. He let me do that when I pointed out he wouldn't have to shave. He was glad to be out of that ritual.

He was enthusiastic about the roll playing of my reaching up his skirt for checking his diaper. He enjoyed several fantasies in his head with that imagery. Those induced an erection and an orgasm in his warm wet diaper.

That night I told him. “Your diapers were a little too soaked this morning. Urine in a sleeper is just a washing. Urine in the sheets and mattress cover would not be good. So, I bought something else and you are going to let me do it.”

He reacted badly.

“Oh no you don't. Does Mommy's little girl need that spanking? Betcha there is a reason you will actually like this.”

He scowled.

“Your special toy will like retaining the damp warmth better. Now behave or else.”

I diapered him with a thick disposable I had found on the internet, and added cloth diaper overflow padding. The new plastic pants encased it all. Then the bra and inserts. I used the baby blue sleeper instead of the pink one as a consolation prize.

The next morning he protested again about the plastic pants.

That was quickly settled by my reaching around him from behind with my arms inside the sleeper. I reached down inside his wet diaper and found a growing erection. "Let's try something. You go have an orgasm in all that wet warmth."

He lay face down in bed.

I washed his urine off of my hands.

I could tell as he humped his pillow and sweat broke out on his face that he was truly enjoying himself. As another clue he had a longer recovery time, too.

I kissed his sweaty forehead and led him downstairs for breakfast. I left him in his warm wet diaper inside his plastic panties kept on him by the sleeper. That was a marvelous confinement garment.

He didn't complain.

My doubts evaporated when I saw the cutest semi-glossy red romper on the internet. It had thick white faux fur around all the hems at the neck, arms, and legs. It was adorable and left the diapers peeking out from the bottom. He, I mean she, was very taken with it and loved wearing it all around the house. She loved having her breasts massaged in the little built in bust, and having her diapers checked when over my lap. Or just about anyplace else. She was such a happy little girl in that romper she dribbled regularly and let me change her on my schedule. A bright red pacifier completed the outfit. She hummed tunes as she worked at her computer in that red motif. To say 'she loved it' wasn't quite a strong enough a statement. I bought a second as a spare.

I made arrangements at my favorite beauty salon for an early Saturday morning. I stopped by work one evening and explained a little. They giggled which was enough of a response as they penciled 'Missy' on their appointment book. That woke me up with a flash.

I had them change her name to Misty. That felt better to me anyway.