

**MISTY**  
**Sub Story Within Abby**  
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Chapter 24 - Misty

Christina's ideas of playtime kept me interested, and my special toy certainly did enjoy the fun and games. I came to like being in a warm wet diaper and helpless to do anything about it. She increasingly enjoyed dressing me as her little girl. I continued being enthralled by her feminine butt going ahead of me on the stairs.

"Christina. This play time dressing is fun, but my anxieties soar at the idea of going out in public."

Oh, Misty." She paused. "No, that's not right. I'm naming my roll playing little baby girl Misty." She caught a word in her mouth. "Mommies select their little baby's names, so get used to it. No, dimwit, we're not going outside in a footed sleeper or any other infant or toddler attire. We're only going out in adult women's clothes. You got that? And you may call me Mommy. Say 'yeth Mommy'."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"No. I have thought this out long and hard. I like dressing you. You like it too. We're just going in a little further step. Who knows, you might even like it. You'll be fooling everybody. Except me, of course."

I scowled.

"Baby Misty needs a spanking?" She moved fast twisting me around and giving me a hard whack on my butt.

"Hey."

"Hey, what? You know you deserved that. Now let's go upstairs and try a few things. Women's fashion sizes are bizarre and inconsistent. You either let me take your measurements, or you come to the store and let them fit you. Now that would be embarrassing being seen in your plastic panties. Right?"

Upstairs she had me in diapers, plastic panties and a padded bra when she

stopped with a finger to her lips. "Something's not right. Hmm."

She stood there for several minutes in thought. "Your shape in your hips and butt isn't right. Look at the two of us sideways in the mirror."

She had her hands going over all the places I loved watching on her. Then she had her hands all over my butt, hips, and front. "You're too thin. We have to bulk you out, somehow."

She did have a point. "How?"

"Let's see what a thicker diaper would do making your skirt hang just a little better."

"Aw, c'mon."

"Aw, c'mon what. You have to look right. Are you going to cooperate? Or do I have to smack you? I know what to do."

She had us making love right then.

My special toy was slimy wet with our juices. She put a diaper on me with extra padding in the butt, plus plastic pants.

Standing up I did look more like her in the mirror.

She put the padded bra back on me, and dressed me in a blouse and pleated skirt. She had my feet in sandals.

As we walked around a few blocks outside nobody said a thing, other than a perfunctory "hi" or equivalent.

She whispered in my ear. "Girl friends can hold hands. Forget you are a boy for just a little while."

We held hands and the people we passed made no derogatory comment.

When there was nobody nearby she spoke in a low voice. "You are impressive."

I smiled. I liked fooling people.

"Don't waste a perfectly good diaper. Go ahead and use it. Mommies change their baby's diapers without a thought. I'll check you when we breast feed which will be even more authentic."

My diaper was warm, wet, and pleasing to my special toy by the time after dinner

when she took me to bed. After love making she put me in a fresh diaper, extra cloth for overflow and padding, plastic pants, and the pink footed sleeper. "Enjoy your night, Misty."

"Yeth, Mommy."

The next morning at work my supervisor asked me to lunch.

"Where?"

"Oh, not the snack shop. Cosi's?"

Sure. I bought a big sub-sandwich. She had a salad. We were about finished when she called my name. "Mike. I want to talk to you about an off-site contract. The installation you are working on is about completed, and we have an opportunity."

"Tell me more."

"A product supplier to a business I frequent needs the kind of work you do. But before sending you out, I have a question."

"Sure."

"Well," she paused. "Several of us girls noticed something and we started watching. There are days when there are traces of fingernail polish along the recessed edges of your nails."

'Aw oh' went through my head, but something Christina had told me came to my rescue. I smiled. Then I had to think of something. "My wife Christina likes playing that way. She likes painting my nails in the evening."

Something flashed through her mind behind her eyes. "Tell you what. We're an open minded place. Tell Christina to use a respectable color and you come to work tomorrow with your nails all painted. And use the matching lipstick too. If we're going to be as progressive as we say, do it."

I blushed.

Christina grinned when I told her.

The next day the women all crowded around. "Now don't take this wrong, Mike, as we all have fun commenting on the quality. Maybe let your hair grow and get a permanent wave."

They giggled at that. "Not fair. Mike will think we're laughing at him. I, for one, think that would be a stitch. Others might be angry, but really, a little equal opportunity."

“Maybe we should log that in our compliance records?”

You could have heard the proverbial pin drop.

Myrtle the turtle, that’s what she called herself because she could never run well enough in softball, pulled her head back. “Mike. Could you, just think about this, could you and Christina go so far as your going all out with a blouse and skirt? That would take some serious care and attention. But, you know, let your hair grow, visit a beauty salon, might just solve a problem here. Tell us though, first. Could be a bit of a shock.”

Christine was thrilled that night when I told her. She became very busy on the Internet searching for costume hips, hair tint, and other makeup and fashion supplies.

A few days later I went to the proposed contract location. It was a Beauty Supply business. The owner was a lesbian, and part of the staff was obviously gay. Doing the work would be no problem. I had a sudden interest in whether any of them were cross dressers or trans-sexuals.

Christina wanted to know all about that place.

My special toy was liking more and more being in a warm wet diaper.