

MISTY
Sub Story Within Abby
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Chapter 25 - Christina

Poor Mike; I mean Misty. He had no idea. Not that he minded all that much. He smiled more when she was my little girl Misty which just kept me going.

With that new contract he only made a site visit about twice a week. The rest of the time he was MINE. I never knew how much I would love being in control. That diaper thing could put me in total control. Just not too fast. Did I want that? I had to think about that.

But first, what about that offer from Mike's office for him to wear woman's clothes?

That was so unlikely I called them the next morning. "Yep," Kaylee responded cheerfully on the phone. "We think it's a stitch. Has to be done right, of course; has to be authentic until he opens her mouth. Oh! Yes, until she opens his mouth. Tell you what, let me check around. I'll call you back. Say this afternoon? Yeah; little pearls at her ears. Get a real beauty salon treatment for her hair and have them select the fingernail polish and matching lipstick. Has to be authentic, and that means not too much; not too bright."

I thanked her. When I terminated the call I was wet down there from just contemplating what this could do for my erotic excitement. Did I dare tell my office? I thought I had better, so I started with one of the other girls, and we were quickly in a big meeting. That he smiled more and seemed more content, and his, I mean her, office liked it. They responded with support. "Keep notes. Keep it reasonable. We can make a psychological study of this for a much needed publishing credit. Go ahead."

All day I had feelings ranging from fear that somebody would confront Misty and give her a bad time to my being all excited. That first evening would have to be different, of course. I bought a spandex leotard on the way home and a few more things for this project.

I barely arrived first at home. I took her hands in mine. "What did the office say?"

She smiled even in her boy clothes. "They like it."

I was surprised how calmly Misty was taking the whole thing. As a matter of fact she almost seemed proud as she spoke, like she had conquered a fear. As she was talking, the concerns that I had during the day melted away. Those were replaced by visions of her in a skirt and blouse. My desire to take her all the way was growing.

"Come on upstairs Honey."

I led her upstairs and undressed her. She tried undressing me, but I slapped her hand gently. "Not yet." I enjoyed seeing my little girl completely bare and her erect little toy excited me. 'But not yet' I told myself. There is much more fun to come. Oh, my, what a pun.' I barely kept myself from giggling. "Into the shower and shave your legs. Little girls have sexy bare legs." I got out the razor and shaving cream that I used to shave my own legs.

"Aw, Christina."

"Aw, Christina, what?"

"I don't need to shave my legs."

"Oh yes you do if you are going to be convincing at the office. You want to back down now and totally embarrass yourself?" Thank God I had talked with Kaylee to be so certain. "Now, take my razor and shaving cream, get in the shower and shave your legs." I became quite insistent.

He reluctantly took the razor and shaving cream and stepped into the shower.

I waited for him in the bathroom asking him several times how he was doing.

Finally he said he was done.

I opened the shower curtain and inspected him. There were still several blotches of hair on his legs. "I'm glad you don't shave my legs they look terrible." I took the razor and shaving cream from him and proceeded to complete the job he had started. When I finished shaving his legs I told him to raise his arms. He knew that I was about to shave his underarms and he looked at me as if he were going to protest. But the look on my face made him back down. After I finished with his underarms I told him, "Turn around and face me, I've decided I'm going to shave your chest too."

When I finished shaving him I got out the leotard. "See what I have for my pretty little girl to wear."

He scowled. "Where did you get that?"

"I bought it for you today."

"What for?"

"For you to wear, what do you think?"

She didn't have an answer for that.

That was such an easy answer I felt like she had a case of the stupids. Not really; this was all so new for both of us. "This is for my fitting you to your new shape for your dresses and blouses. Women's fashions are tricky and the sizes are inconsistent. I have to take your measurements. Or do you want to go to a high end mall store like Nordstroms? You would be seen by a sales consultant in just your plastic panties and bra? I don't think so."

He, I mean she, didn't know what to say to that.

As they say lightning struck in my brain. This would be a perfect way to have her cooperation.

Misty walked over to me. I put his arms through the bra, slid it up into place, turned him around, and fastened it in back. I put prosthetic breasts in her bra. "B cup is good on you. Want to see in the mirror?" I closed the bedroom door for the mirror on the back.

To her credit she did look at her bra in several profiles, but didn't say a thing.

Now for the hard part. I put on my sweetest voice. "This may be hard, but I've been thinking. It really wouldn't do for you to go into the ladies rest room. And in your woman's wardrobe you shouldn't be seen in the mens rest room either." I gave him no room to answer. "So, Mommy has decided you have to be in a day long thick diaper. That's what this leotard is for taking your complete measurements for your skirts and blouses."

Of course, there was no answer to that. This was his, I mean her, last chance before I took complete control. I tingled as I thought about this as I let her take the time. I dabbed a little tangy feminine Charlie scent on the inside of the leotard.

There was simply no other choice. My little baby Misty submitted by lying down in bed. I slid a particularly thick disposable diaper under his cute little butt. He was so cooperative, too, as he raised his bottom. Her special toy cooperated by not going erect. I powdered her down there and the diaper, and spread the powder around her bottom with my hand. I brought it up between her legs and around her waist and applied the tabs tightly. The tabs on this brand were not so good. I used clear tape for added attachment strength. Then a little extra cloth diaper padding and the plastic pants followed by the costume hips.

"Up."

The leotard was designed to be very tight and it was quite a struggle to get my not-so-little baby into it.

When I pulled on her arm to put the leotard sleeve on, she had her little revolt, just like a two year old. "C'mon Christina, this is ridiculous."

"Now be a good little girl, Misty. There is no other answer to do this properly." I took my Mommy control right then by putting my hand on her butt and between her legs checking her little diaper. Of course it was completely dry right then, but I knew what was coming when she seemed to not have a clue.

It was a bit of a struggle to get it zipped up, but eventually I was successful. What she didn't know yet was her masculine arms could not reach as high up her back as I could mine. She could never take the leotard off by herself. It was a confinement garment. She was now completely MINE.

With that little struggle over I admired what I had done. His thin body was perfect for this. What wasn't perfect was close enough. I had her turn completely around so that I could see her.

In a way I was flabbergasted.

The leotard fit her like a second skin. There was not a wrinkle in it. The padded bra protruded out inside the leotard like her breasts were real. I had a sharp reaction I would someday want to play with her real breasts. As I stood there looking at my creation, my desire to control her, to rule over her, was overwhelming me. I would be making her give in to my slightest wishes.

I had to stop before I was hyperventilating with erotic excitement.

When that had passed I couldn't wait. I grabbed her by the arm, and without saying a word dragged her to my vanity and sat her down.

I remembered what Kaylee had said and restrained myself just a little with the colors. I carefully shaped her nails and went after her toenails.

"Hey, Christina. That sends shivers up my spine."

"Oh, sorry, Misty, but the beauty salons do this all the time. You'll just have to get used to it."

I went back to shaping her toenails.

Her voice was pleading. "Please."

"Oh dear. Do I tie you in place and use a pacifier? Or do you just get used to it?" I went right back to shaping her toenails without waiting for a response.

She didn't say another thing right then.

I used a subdued red color on her toenails and then her fingernails. Next was a matching lipstick.

I had a struggle getting the makeup right. The trick I discovered was his masculine recessed eyes did not need any eyeshadow. None at all. Once I quite trying that the cheeks and nose were easy. We'd have to pierce her ears another time. The clip on pearl earrings on each earlobe were a good start.

"How's this little one?"

She watched herself in the mirror several ways.

I led her by her hand with her pretty nails down to the kitchen for dinner. I made one of the chairs into her baby chair by adding a strap around her midriff and the back of the chair.

I put a nice bib on her and spoon fed her.

As we watched TV I felt my rush of power. I had successfully controlled my husband. As my little girl she had given in to every one of my wishes.

I breast fed her as we went to bed.

"But, Mommy, I can't get out of this leotard thing."

"Of course not. Your masculine arms can't reach as high up your back as mine. Now just be a good little Misty and use your diaper as you are supposed to. Stop holding back or Mommy will be cross and punish you."

With that I turned off the light.

Misty wet and had a nice orgasm in her warm damp diaper.

I left her in her warm wet diaper for breakfast. What was most telling is she didn't complain about that.

I thought for a minute trying to assess the situation and decided to ask a more direct question. "You seem to be enjoying your diaper. Yes? Does that mean you want things to go back to the way they were before?"

Misty smiled at me. "Except for one thing."

'Aw oh', I thought to myself. Here it comes. He won't let me dress him up anymore.' I asked. "What is it?"

"You have to promise me."

"How can I promise, if I don't know what it is?"

"You just have to promise."

I hesitated for a second. "Ok. I guess after what I did to you I deserve it. I promise, no matter what."

"You have to quit holding back. If I'm not mistaken you've always wanted to dress me up more often and make me wear more things. But you've always held back because you thought it was farther than I wanted to go. Am I right?"

"Well yes, I guess so."

"You have to promise that from now on, you dress me as you want me. OK?"

"Really?" I was shocked but my heart leapt for joy inside me. I ever more strongly wanted my little girl as my fantasy. And here she was telling me to do it to her.

"Yes really, and I want you to say it."

"What do you mean?" My little Misty's words were clear enough.

She grinned. "You say. I promise that if I want you to wear something, or if I want you to do something, that you make me do it. If I want to feminize you in some way, that I am going to do it, even if you may not want me to."

"But what if it really is something you don't want to do?"

"Listen Mommy. When you tell me to do something that I am afraid of doing, it makes me even more excited that you're making me. I like it even more."

"Misty, Mike, are you sure about this?"

"Absolutely."

"OK. Kiddo, then, let's do it up right. Wait right here."

I retrieved a pad of paper.

She asked. "What's that for?"

"We're writing an agreement and you are signing it. This gives me complete legal power to keep you my way. I can dress you, diaper you, restrain you, punish you, and dose you with medications any way I want to. Sign."

He did. I mean she did.

"Now I think it's time for Mommy to get her little girl back again. Bend over my lap.

She did.

I gave her a little baby style of checking her soaking wet diaper. I could feel it even though that leotard and plastic pants.

Without saying a word Misty leapt forward and hugged my neck. "Thank you, Mommy."

I could feel her arms around me as if to say, 'Thank you, thank you!'

I finally understood. This man who could single handedly design and program computer systems worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. This man who didn't know how well he understood my pain. His loving kindness and compassion nursing me back to health. He had brought me back to health until I was a whole person again who could feel good about herself. This man was a lonely little child inside. He had desperately wanted and needed someone to force him to fulfill a desire. That desire that had been hidden away in a remote private corner of himself. He had always wanted to be lovingly cared for in a way that worked for others but never for him.

With all my psychological training I should have realized it earlier. There was a small child inside Mike who wanted to be controlled, and be told to do what he desperately wanted to do. This marked the end of my fearing a return to the lowest point in our relationship. The bottom line was that things were back to normal except I knew Mike a little better. We were still going to play our little dressing game. But I was going to have to put a little more effort into dressing her. With his fragile personality I could never treat him cruelly. Not ever. That put a big load on me. To have and to hold, in sickness, and in health, forever 'til we part at death had a whole new meaning.

He seemed to like it, and I knew I did.

"Lets take you upstairs. I'll remove my baby's wet diaper. I'll dress you in really nice clothes for your first day at work as the new you."