

**MISTY**  
**Sub Story Within Abby**  
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Chapter 27 - Christina

The next morning I told Misty we would start with a different outfit that I had in mind. I walked over behind him, reached around him, and twirled his pathetic little masculine nipples in my fingers. "We have to do something. Hold still." I reached around him with a bra and brought it up his arms, and had the straps over his shoulders. I hooked it together in back and adjusted the shoulder straps to a good fit. I would buy him better prosthetic inserts. My feelings strengthened for my girl to have real natural breasts.

He protested. "Oh Honey, that will show through the shirt."

"Aw, c'mon, now, everybody at the salon already knows."

"Yeah but, this will be even more obvious."

"That's OK, they don't mind and besides I want you to do it." I smiled at him and gave him a kiss. "That's my good girl." I turned and went out of the room. Misty came downstairs a few minutes later. It was fairly easy to tell that he was wearing a bra. The thickness at the edges plus the two sets of shoulder straps that showed through made it almost impossible not to notice. The bulging plastic panties had virtually disappeared under her pleated skirt.

I asked him if the pantyhose were any more comfortable. He admitted they were. From then on Misty's legs were shaved twice a week until hormone treatments could take over. He had no excuse not to wear the pantyhose whenever I wanted her to. That pantyhose held her plastic pants and diaper in. She told me how much she liked the wet warmth down there.

One evening before dinner I had him in thick cloth diapers, plastic pants, and that pink footed sleeper. That's the one with the closed end to the arms. I ached to put a wiffle ball in his hands and medical tape around his hands and fingers. He would be my totally helpless little baby, but not too fast.

Instead as we kissed I reached for a pair of handcuffs. I had them on her pretty

pink wrists faster than she could react.

“Hey; Christina!”

“Hey what?”

“What’s with these?” She held up her useless hands.

“Aw, Misty. It’s just part of Mommy being in total control. Now be a good little baby, Misty, or does Mommy have to be cross and give you a good spanking.”

Her eyes focused on the floor. “Yeth, Mommy.”

That’s what I had been waiting for. Some admission that he was very depressed. Those eyes on the floor meant to me he didn’t really have a core inner being. He didn’t know who he was. I was finding out who I really was.

A blinding flash of the obvious hit me. Hit me hard. He was an only child. Both of his parents were the youngest of their siblings. Why hadn’t I figured this out before? He, I mean she, as a child had never been exposed at home to any obvious goals. There was no parent to emulate who had announced their goals and been observed achieving them. Misty was completely hollow inside. My and many other psychotherapy patients are hollow. Therapists talk incessantly in their peer groups about having to learn to stop caring for their patients more than the patients cared for themselves.

There was no way expecting any goal setting talk would work with poor Misty. What he had wanted all of his life was for someone else to perform that function of providing goals. Misty really did want someone to tell her what to do. Potty training wasn’t an issue. The diapers were an obvious symbol of being completely submissive, which had turned out to be submissive to me.

I almost stumbled while my head held all of this so clearly. Without any of that goal setting she had the emotional age of a two year old; a toddler.

I led her to the table in the kitchen. Towed her perhaps would be more like it, and pulled her arm down. She got the hint to sit in the chair. I put a band around her waist and the back of the chair holding her in place.

“Misty is going to be a good little baby. Yes?”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Excellent. Mommy has to prepare dinner and needs Misty to be good.” I held up an adult sized pacifier she had never seen. When I held it to her mouth she wagged her head side to side in a protest.

Well, this would not do. Not at all. I wrapped an arm around her head and pinched her nose with that hand. I slipped that pacifier in when she opened her mouth to breath. I tied it in place with a pink ribbon around her head. "Good girl."

That's when I started her hypnosis training. It was so easy while I prepared dinner.

I would take a mouthful of dinner, chew it savoring the flavor, and inject a little into his mouth. I also spoon fed him and gave him a bottle. The bottle was laced with calming medications. Even prescription medications were easy to get where I worked. "Remember to dribble, Sweetie. I want your special toy to be warm and comfy."

She was totally mine.

I enjoyed the control so much I didn't take that sleeper off of her that evening for a little sex. Instead, I breast fed her as I worked a finger in myself.

I let her see me completely bare in all my feminine glory. "This is what little Misty will look like when she is all grown up."

Her eyes followed me everywhere I went. What a perfectly attentive little baby.

I had her bent over the mattress edge as I wrapped a hand around her bottom from behind her. Even in that sleeper I could feel the weight of her damp diaper.

"OK, little one. Into your crib for the night." I chained her by the ankle to the bed frame. "Your special toy can enjoy your warm wet diaper."

Within minutes of her thinking I wasn't watching she was humping her pillow. I could tell when she had her first orgasm that night.

Even with her fingers all bound up she massaged her crouch until she went face down on her pillow again. I would have to be attentive to any redness on the underside of her special toy.

I waited a few minutes for her recovery time before I re-entered the room. I had her head sideways in my lap as I held the nipple of a bottle in her lips.

The monitor across the room was showing soothing hypnotic images as I mixed hypnotic words in with my soothing talk.