

MISTY
Sub Story Within Abby
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Chapter 28 - Misty

When I complained about a headache Christina gave me a bottle saying the formula was different. Something worked as that pain was gone in just a short while.

She wasn't letting me do even the simplest things anymore like shaving. She told me what a cute little baby girl I was. She used a routine multiple times a day. I heard this when I was over her lap, or the edge of a table, or a mattress. She had a hand from behind me up my skirt and around the bulge at the bottom of my plastic pants.

"Mommies keep their babies in diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy." I knew I had better say that.

"Mommy has you in diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You must be Mommy's little baby."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"No fly in your plastic panties."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Without out a fly you must be Mommy's little baby girl."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Mommy will have to dress you as her little girl."

"Yeth, Mommy."

“Little baby girls have looser skirts so Mommy can easily check their diapers.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

While I was over her lap her hand went between my legs. My thighs felt her hand squeezing the warm bulging plastic around the damp diapers.

“Damp; but not wet. Your little baby diaper doesn’t need changing yet.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“You going to be a good little baby and keep dribbling in your warm diaper?”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

Her other hand reached around my front and squeezing the bulge in the warm plastic around my damp diapers.

“Time for little baby to be in her crib.”

“Yeth, Mommy.” I dribbled making my diaper wet instead of damp.

After I was locked in my crib and Mommy was out the door I rolled over on my tummy on my pillow. I had a nice orgasm in my warm wet diaper.

One time she had me strapped down by my wrists as if for changing my diapers, but I wasn’t wet. She frequently told me she would change me whenever she felt like it. That little babies had no idea why their Mommies changed their diapers when they did, and I would not either. Instead of tying my ankles overhead for exposing everything down there for a damp rag cleaning, she strapped my ankles down. She put a band around my belly before showing me a brown corrugated cardboard shipping box. The only thing I was wearing was thick cloth diapers and plastic pants. In the box was the equipment for hair removal. She spent part of a day removing my facial hair, and another hour or so removing my hair down there.

She told me resistance was futile. That she had spiked my formula with medications. There was nothing I could do about the medications or how she was restraining me. She had a bar between my ankles which made walking very difficult. Instead I could crawl on all fours or toddle on my knees. I spent most of my time during the week days chained to a bed.

She had me breast feeding so often she was lactating.

“Are you completely docile? Will you do what I tell you?”

“Yeth, mommy.”

She glanced at a clock. "It's time for Mommies and Nannies to put their little babies in a play pen or a crib. They do that when they have other work to do. How do you feel about the use of those words about you?"

I shrugged. "I don't know."

"YOU are impossible. You know perfectly well where to go upstairs so just go put yourself to bed."

I did, and I had a wonderful orgasm in my warm wet diaper. Afterwards I rolled onto my side and went to sleep.

She woke me up and changed me.

We had soup fortified with extra vegetables and rice for lunch. "If you like the diapers so much then let's get you a better dress, and have you walk around the shopping mall. Let's see if you like this so much you want to try a beauty salon. We see how they think you should look."

Over the next two days Christine never changed me without strapping my wrists down and tying my ankles overhead. She openly said her goal was to make diapers awkward and unpleasant enough for me to want to give them up. She said this was like the modern thinking about when to potty train was when the child was ready.

I liked my diapers too much. Or I asked myself, was that the medications? It didn't matter as I enjoyed multiple orgasms each day in my warm damp or wet diapers.

The first place we went outside with myself completely dressed in girl's clothes was the grocery store for food. We paused at the adult disposable diapers, but those weren't nearly as good as more absorbent ones found on the Internet. We walked around the nearest shopping mall. I felt OK in girl's clothes out in public. She drove us to her beauty salon.

But I felt awkward and anxious in the car outside of the beauty salon.

"Sorry kiddo. It's either no dresses and no diapers, or in you go."

"How about little boy clothes instead."

"You didn't like them. If you try oversized pants so popular with teens the bulk caused by your diapers will still show. That will draw scorn down on you. As a minimum your own conduct will have you feeling ostracized. Now let's go."

"What about thin diaps?"

"When I'm changing you, we use the ones we have been using. Now, either give

them up, or we have to do something about the rest of your appearance. Which will it be?"

I sat there for several minutes without having a thought worth saying.

She frowned. "Oh no. Don't make me responsible for your decision. You decide."

That was so unfair. She had complete control over me. I was totally hers. I blushed. The damp diaper felt good. "Talk wont hurt."

"This time it might hurt because we have to tell them everything, tell them all, for their help to do any good. Are you coming, or not?"

I got out of the car and opened the beauty salon's front door for Christina and followed her in.

She went into the back without invitation, clapped, and had everyone's attention including two customers. She made a good summary leaving out that I had no choice in the matter.

Nobody frowned. Nobody scolded me.

One of the beauticians softened her face. "We have a few cross dressing customers. Sure, we can do this." One of them pointed at posters of hair styles on the walls. "Which one is the cross dresser?"

I stared at all those photos of hair styles. Most were wacky extremes of what could be done, but no one would use. "That one stands out as a charming adult woman."

Christine interrupted. "Would you like her for a date?"

I blushed.

She grinned in a 'gotcha' sorta way. "That silence must mean yes, she's sexy. Did you notice none of the wacky ones are sexy?"

"Not until you mentioned it."

"OK, everyone, our goal is for him to look, act, walk, and talk like a nice looking her."

The beauticians all smiled. They said that photo I liked and looked so good was the cross-dresser. The he/she took all the advice they had to give.

"Come sit."

They washed my hair their way. They combed it this way and that. "Fortunately that unkept teen look can almost go far enough. We have a lesbian customer a little like you. It is going to take a few months for your hair to grow enough to look really good. OK?"

I looked in the mirror. "I'm already more like a girl. What's next?"

They turned to Christine. "May we?"

"Sure. What ever it takes. He can always remove the makeup and the fingernail polish if he wants to revert. But I don't think so. Just look at her."

They all did.

They called me a 'her'. I liked that. I tried smiling but in the mirror I looked awkward and fidgety.

They descended on me. There is no other way to describe it. They must have tried half a kazillion different shades of lipstick. They put their hand on the back of my head when they applied lipstick to my lips or wiped it off. They confidence came through and had me feeling more confident, or at least less unconfident. Tears welled up. They were really caring for me, and that affected me.

They let me cry, which made me cry even more.

They settled on a shade of lipstick straight out of that photo on the wall. They used the lightest touch of makeup accenting my cheeks.

They held my hands in place as they smoothed my nails and used finger nail polish that matched the lipstick. And my toe nails.

They all stood around me and beamed at me. "She's OK. Time for her own clothes."

I held up a finger. "Christine." I wasn't comfortable calling her 'Mommy' in public. My warm damp diaper felt good.

"Yes, honey."

I felt good being called a 'she' and a 'her'. But where did that 'honey' come from?

She looked around at everybody. "You have a happy customer. What's next?"

The room bubbled over.

"Have her ears pierced. She stands out without it."

"She has to have a bra when you buy the right clothes. Get prosthetic breasts, and don't go overboard. Has to look natural and she has a thin frame."

"Girl's name. She can't set up everyone that she is a girl only to respond to the wrong name and wreck it all."

Names flew until I interrupted. "Hold it; I can't keep up".

"You want to think overnight?"

"No. Let's get this. Just a little slower please."

"Old fashioned like Edith, Liz, Mary, Peggy, or Sue? Or very new and modern with a new spelling?"

"New and modern."

"Got it." We all turned our attention to one of the youngest women in the place. "Karly; spelled K-A-R-L-Y." She beamed with her thought.

They all turned on me.

"There must be more choices than that." Beside, I thought, Mommy had already selected my new name.

"You're the one that said too many choices. You want more? Or do you want to know what we think?"

That name was rolling around in my head. "That name is stuck to me and wont let go."

"You mean you're hooked to it?"

"Uh, no, actually."

"Hold still." One of them had a cell phone out and was taking pictures of the new me. She disappeared and came back with several printed photos. "This goes up on the wall in big format. We'll print Karly across the bottom and see what the customers all say. Until your hair grows out they will all say you are a lesbian, and for this purpose that is a high success."

"Welcome to the new you."

I burst out crying - just like a girl.

They all let me do that as if each and every one of them knew exactly what was going on in me. How sweet and precious they were with me and that special moment.

I sniffled clearing my nose of tears. "Karly isn't right."

One of them held up a hand. Peace reigned. "Let's find a few names that modern girls do have, but isn't so totally little child." Name ideas came more slowly, and then a beautician interrupted. "What every happened to 'Misty' that was used in the appointment book?"

They all smiled which was all that needed to be said.

"OK, Misty, now we take you to the stars."

They ganged up on me taking me to a beauty salon chair in a semi-private area in the back of the salon. Off came my blouse exposing my bra to view. Christina had them strap me in. In the process my plastic panties bulged by my diapers could be seen. They ignored that.

"Close your eyes."

"Why?"

Christina scowled. "Do as you are told." Her facial expression added the words 'or else' without saying them.

They airbrushed makeup on my face and upper chest. I could feel the air on my skin. They redid parts.

"OK, Misty, have a look."

The face staring back at me wasn't me.

One of them gently pinched my cheek proving that image in the mirror was me.

Christine had her head next to mine where we both saw the same things in the mirror. "Perfect."

At home she had my street clothes off of me quickly and strapped me in a chair. She neatly hung all of my new clothes on hangers.

I was her toddler again in just a t-shirt, warm damp diapers, and bulging plastic panties. That bar was back on my ankles which essentially reduced me to crawling around like an infant.

After feeding me she put me to bed and chained my ankles to the bedframe.

I rolled over on my pillow and had a good orgasm.