

**MISTY**  
**Sub Story Within Abby**  
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Chapter 29 - Christina

All was going well with Misty's new life. She seemed happiest when I set her goals and told her what to do. She caught on that little babies learn that Mommy is in charge of their diapering. She never told me the condition of her diapers and expected me to check often complete with that submissive series of one liners. She always responded to those with a "yeth, mommy". When I did that I had a hand all the way up between her legs and around her warm bulging plastic panties.

I learned how to smell subtle hints of extras in her diapers. No, I never really liked changing a messy diaper, but I never became tired of being in control.

Over several months her hair grew long enough the beauty shop made her a blond pony tail that would come over her right shoulder. In some ways my girl Misty looked better than me. Her office loved all this. In those same months strong hormone treatments grew her a pair of real boobies.

She enjoyed massaging her breasts at her bath times as if examining herself for any lumps.

When she was all clean and dry we would reciprocally breast feed each other and then go all the way. After that she was usually back in her bra, diapers, plastic pants, confinement sleeper, and shackled by her ankles in her crib. We had bought her a nice wooden adult sized crib. Not only did she never complain about sleeping separately, she had multiple orgasms in her increasingly wet warm diapers every night.

Her bath times were not exactly voluntary. She would be chained at the ankles and in a thin cloth diaper. Little one year old boys enjoyed squirting during their changes, so I never let Misty have that opportunity. That thin diaper concealed her special toy keeping her appearance feminine.

She was sitting in her bath one Saturday evening as I washed her hair when she was manipulating her breasts. "Mommy; Mommy." She sounded so excited. Little drops of milk had formed on her nipples.

I didn't think about that long at all. What would self-made oxytocin hormone from lactation do for her medications? After she was safely locked in her crib for that night and humping her pillow I bought her a breast pump on the internet. She would be strapped in her high chair for any meal when those cups went on her breasts and be pumped. The volume became noticeable. I arranged for a human milk pick up without exactly telling them much about the donor.

Blood tests of her medication levels came back with that oxytocin in the mix. But mischievous me didn't reduce her estrogen and calming medications.

Misty was my little baby girl and I loved being her Mommy in total control of my toddler. She practiced raising the pitch of her voice by singing to songs on YouTube. The beauty salon had alerted her to feminine speech patterns and she became good at it. Not perfect, but good. She invented a technique of ending sentences with a question which helped with having her sound feminine. It didn't take much. Just add a one word question or phrase at the end. Examples of what she used are "Yes? Don't you think? Isn't that so?" She used those on me so much I found myself using those words at work.

I had messy diaper changes down to a science. I timed them taking only two minutes for a little one, and three minutes for a decent dump. A really big messy one required four minutes. I could smell light wafts of big messes without putting my hand under her bottom, or pulling out a hem of her plastic pants. A little poop in her diaper was no guarantee of an instant change. A diaper had to have done its job with the wetness too.

She tried apologizing a few times for the very smelly ones, but I stopped that quickly. "Baby's wear diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You wear diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"You are my little baby."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Babies do things in their diapers."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"That's what diapers are for?"

"Yeth, Mommy."

“Mommy will decide about any potty training at some time in the future.” Which I doubted.

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Diaper changing is one of the ways Mommies express their love of their little babies. Especially yucky diapers.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Remember to dribble.”

She smiled at me so reminiscent of little baby girls trying to please their Mommies. “Yeth, Mommy.”

All this was passed to the growing report at work on psychological treatment for what I had learned are called ‘ABDL’s. That means ‘Adult Baby Diaper Lover’. The growing population of psychotherapists who were “in” on this project had their own discoveries. Their conclusion was that nothing ever seemed to work for ABDLs giving up their diapers for more than a few weeks at a time. We all concluded the erotic addiction was too strong to break. It was legal which beat drug abuse, drunk driving, domestic abuse, and child pornography.

They scowled when I raised the model of the only child when both parents were the youngest of their siblings. They were intolerant of comments that goal setting doesn’t work for those only children.

I acquired ABDLs as patients on referrals of frustrated therapists. Those patients talked and talked and talked, but never came close to strong goal setting, or any goal setting at all. Without goal setting their giving up their diapers wasn’t happening. There was no goal more rewarding than good nightly orgasms.

That’s when my world caved in.

I was called in one day and told I had to leave. I could resign. Otherwise, I would be fired. The whole diaper study was unacceptable. The peer review group saw no need for it with the small number of participants, and the even smaller number seeking treatment. The group couldn’t stand it.

I went to a bar on the way home and was well on my way to becoming drunk when I stopped myself. This would not do.

A taxi drive me home. I fed Misty and had her in her crib for the night more quickly than ever.

Just as soon as she was humping her pillow I went searching on the Internet for

a place for us. There was a weird institution on the Gulf Coast just for adults in diapers.

I called the next day and was told in the first minute of that call they rarely took in new people from the outside. The Mansion House as they called themselves was almost exclusively just for them after their having been kidnaped and tortured. I kept that call going until someone named Tara was on the phone.

She was a resident, a practicing psychotherapist, and was also a trans-sexual. She had a special toy inside her diaper just like Misty's. Talking with her made me horny. I became wet down there soaking my panties. Then my skirt. Then the chair seat. I might have to put myself in a diaper. She very much wanted another psychotherapist in there. I wondered to myself if she had any sexual partners, and hoped she didn't.

Misty's computer skills were another big need for them.

She had a few thoughts on how Misty and I might worm our way in there. I sensed from her tone Tara would help, but no guarantees.

On just that thought I called ABDL patients and found two who would like to travel with Misty and myself to that Mansion House. I talked with Misty who was willing for us to make this change and bring two more with us. She was surprised that I asked her. She told me all over again I was the Mommy in complete control of her as my little baby in diapers.

She helped me plan the details which told me she really wanted to do this. She wasn't just being Mommy's good little baby.

At first most of the ABDLs wanted to go on this proposed trip. They were enthralled with the possibilities. Hard talk on what I had heard and my requirements rapidly dwindled the number of seriously interested people. Finally there were just two, both of whom were lonely, depressed, and short on meaningful relationships. It would not be hard for them to call their few casual friends. They told their friends they would be on a trip and out of contact for awhile. As a clue the relationships were weak the friends did not ask many questions of what this was all about.

Three adult sized baby seats were made by an artisan shop for the car. More shackles were bought at a novelty store. Three matching harnesses were acquired on the Internet, plus pacifiers, and soft bands for chaining wrists and ankles. I stocked up on medications before the next month when my privileges would lapse. I arranged for a real estate agent to sell the house on my call if we could stay at the Mansion House. I bought a battery powered breast pump for Misty for the two full days of the automobile trip.

The morning came when those two patients arrived, they met Misty strapped in her kitchen baby chair, and signed permissions. I was now their dominant Mommy to

their submissive selves. We had a little struggle over names which settled when I told them Mommies chose their baby's names. I named the gal Lynly. I named the guy Ruthie which he didn't like until all of a sudden she did.

Misty's bra that morning was for that battery powered breast pump. Ruthie was in an A cup bra. Lynly wore a B cup. They were strapped down for fresh diapers before the trip. On Misty's thinking diaper creme went all over their butts for protecting them from sitting in a soiled wet diaper all day. Misty wasn't confident we would find a discrete place for any diaper changes while driving on the Interstate, and she was right.

Misty received suppositories for her lactation, and a little calming medication. Seventeen pills went into Ruthie's and Lynly's little babies' rectums. The last pill numbed them down there so they would no longer feel the need to poop. They would involuntarily make a mess. A squeeze bottle put a half pint of relaxant into their bladders. They would be quickly wetting involuntarily. A very absorbent disposable went under them and both it and they were powdered liberally. A thick cloth pad of diapers was added as a soaker for a full day without a change. Plastic bloomers with more cloth diapers went over their plastic panties for controlling the poop that would squish out from sitting in it. They went into their toddler dresses and were shackled and harnessed as was Misty.

They had consented to my being fully in charge the same as a Mommy over an infant. They didn't protest being so restrained. They smiled as if they actually liked it.

The car's trunk wouldn't hold all of our luggage. Renting a car top carrier wasn't enough additional space. Some of the luggage was shipped by UPS along with Misty's crib and baby chairs.

They were strapped into their baby car seats for the trip east on I-10. Their handcuffed wrists were held in their laps by straps from their baby seats. Feeding pacifiers went in their mouths and were tied in place. Tubes were connected from fluid bags hung above them. I went back in the house for a final check. While in there I put on two thick disposable diapers and plastic pants on myself.

Tara had strongly suggested I had to be in diapers too. Might as well use the long drive to start wetting myself.

At first I found it hard to wet. I didn't like being warm and damp. Then I did.

Those two in the bag seat quickly sucked down all of their formula. Good thing they did as they went sound asleep from being overly medicated. Silence reigned. I didn't want them talking allowing them to think they had any control.

After the first hour of driving I asked Misty if she would be good.

She nodded she would.

I removed her pacifier. She helped keep me awake and alert with a low level running commentary of what she saw. We played a game of collecting states' names from license plates.

I dribbled into my diapers.

She asked if she could have a cold soda. She knew little babies were not supposed to have caffeine, but the sun streaming in her south side of the car was making her hot.

I released her wrists from the handcuffs and let her have a cold drippy can of a root beer soda.

She gulped that down. "Mommy."

"Yes, honey."

"I want to say something. Would you pull into a rest stop. Just for me."

What in the world I asked myself? The sign we had just passed said 'service two miles'. I pulled in and went to a gas pump. Fortunately no helpful attendant came too close to the car. The pump took my credit card which meant I didn't have to deal with anyone. I feared my doubled diapers might be noticeable. I started the car, and pulled away from the pump.

"Mommy. You must love me very much."

I jolted and hit the brake before I plowed into anything else I couldn't see through my tears. I was crying barely keeping myself from a loud wail. Quiet Misty had me pegged with that one. I stopped along a curb before I blocked anyone coming out of the gasoline filling lane I had just been in. Words would have been in the way. I reached past the transmission selection handle and laid a hand on Misty's nearest hand.

She laid her other hand on mine. This passive submissive goalless cross-dressing diapered husband of mine had just made the most passionately loving statement of my whole life.

We smiled at each other as tears rolled down my face. I wet my diaper.

One of the two in the back seat squirmed.

I brought my attention around on Lynly. "You hungry or thirsty?"

She nodded.

I had to get out of the car to rig her fluid bag, which I did, and connect it to her feeding pacifier. Then Ruthie woke up and needed the same. "Drink those down before you fall asleep again." Before you pass out from the medications would have been more like it, but I kept my mouth shut. I released their handcuffs from the straps to their baby seats. They both wanted a soda which I let them have.

My diaper felt wet and heavy as I closed all the rear doors and sat in the driver's seat. "You ready?"

"Yeth, Mommy." Misty held up a hand. "You did a really nice job on my fingernails." Those were bright red. She wanted a water bottle which I gave her as more tears rolled down my cheeks.

Lynly and Ruthie enjoyed their sodas before they fell asleep again.

Misty started a philosophical discussion on what was love. We talked on that all the way to the next stop for gasoline. This time I was really worried my heavy wet diaper would slide down my legs. It felt heavy, but it didn't slide down. Having wider feminine hips was an advantage for holding up my heavy diapers.

Not having rest room breaks made faster progress without speeding too much. With those three strapped in their baby seats with their ankles chained was not a good moment to be stopped for speeding. I hid in the fastest cluster of cars I could find.

Moving them from the car to a motel room was challenging, but we managed both nights. Their neck collars were chained to the bed frames before they held their chained ankles in their hands as I changed their diapers. They were wet but not yet leaking. Their ankles were chained to the bedframes before I released their neck bands.

Misty asked if we could have carry in pizza. The other two wanted pizza, too. Their chains and bulging plastic panties were hidden by a bed sheet when the order arrived of deluxe pizzas with everything but no anchovies. We had a fun time over the pizza. Their formula that night emphasized sleeping.

That pizza caused me a sudden gas attack. I ran into the motel room's bathroom. Once that was over I changed myself in the bathroom without their finding out about my diapers. I was their Mommy, and that was all I wanted them to know.

The second day on the road was much like the first. We had drive through McDonald's for both breakfast and lunch.

The morning of the third day we arrived at a muddy parking lot. I checked the direction and the maps on my handheld. I hesitantly drove slowly on a side trail through the swamp trees.

A small bus blocked the trail in front of us. The front side door opened and a woman leaned out the door without putting a foot on the ground. "Hi. I'm Abby. Don't get out. There are hungry alligators in the swamp. Are you the people Tara told me about?"

I lowered the driver's side window. "Yes. At least I talked with someone on the phone calling herself Tara. Is this the Mansion House?"

"Yes, that's us. It's a closer distance for you to back up to where we can pass. Call Tara on your cell phone so she can have a few people on alligator patrol when you arrive at our building. I'll return this evening when we can talk. Right now all of us on this bus are due at the construction site for the new Mansion House."

I'm not good at driving in reverse. I ran off the trail four times, had to pull forward, and restart each time.

When we had followed the trail across a ford in the swamp it led us to an off white plain two story building that didn't look so good. Four people in blue-gray shirt dresses had heavy clubs in their hands. Their hips and butts bulged for their thick cloth diapers.

Tara called to us cheerily from an open door at a loading dock. None of them were the least put off by my babies being shackled as we hustled inside.