

AN ABDL NOVELLA



TURNED INTO A

DIAPERED CUCKOLD SISSY

BY MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY NANNY CHLOE

Notice

The following story contains adult content and is intended only for adult readers over the age of 18.

All characters in this story are over the age of 18.

This story is entirely fictional and has been written and shared for entertainment purposes only.

Mildred's House

I let out a long sigh as I pulled our pickup truck into the driveway of my Mother-in-Law's house. The house was big—a small mansion—but that didn't make the idea of us having to live there now any less horrifying.

"Gary, baby, it's going to be fine, I promise," my wife said to me from the passenger seat.

I turned and looked at my beautiful wife, Courtney, and let out a long sigh. She looked absolutely gorgeous in the afternoon sunlight. And normally, I trusted her judgement. She was usually right about most things.

But not about this. I still felt like she had no idea how much I dreaded that we were about to move in with her Mom, Mildred. The problem was, we didn't really have a choice.

* * *

Courtney and I were both in our early twenties when we started dating. We knew we were both in love, and we got married just a year or so after that.

Our life as a young couple living in the city was going great. We never had much money, but we had each other, and that's always what mattered.

That is, until the day I lost my job as a software developer. It happened just a couple weeks after Courtney lost her job at the dentist's office she worked as a receptionist at.

We might have been able to keep our apartment in the city and manage to just barely get by until we found new jobs, but it also just so happened that our landlord decided to sell our apartment building, and our rent practically doubled over night.

It was bad luck and worse timing, and we were royally screwed.

So, when Courtney told me that her Mom would let us stay with her out in the suburbs rent-free until we got back on our feet, I didn't have any better suggestions.

Well, to be clear, *I* would have much rather just lived in my truck until we found a new place.

But I guess I should say... I didn't have any alternatives that *Courtney* would find acceptable. And even though we both lost our jobs, I still felt more responsible for putting us in this position, as I still felt like it was my responsibility to be the breadwinner as the man.

So, I reluctantly agreed, we quickly packed our stuff into the back of my pickup, and we drove out to the suburbs to live with Courtney's Mom, Mildred.

But I guess you might be wondering, what was so bad about moving in with my Mom-in-law, anyway?

Well, first thing's first, it's already humiliating enough for me as a man that I couldn't even provide a place for me and my wife to live anymore. We have to turn to her *mother*, hat in hand, and depend on her charity so that my wife and I could have a bed to sleep in.

But what's even worse is that Courtney's Mom, Mildred, has always been incredibly overbearing, even in the best of circumstances.

For example, Courtney and I just wanted to have a small, private event for a wedding, but her mother demanded it be huge because 'Her little girl deserved the biggest wedding possible on the biggest day of her life'. Mildred also controlled every single detail, all the way up to the color of my undershirt on our big day! (To be fair, Mildred did pay for our whole wedding.)

She also knows just how to drive me crazy, whether it's subtly criticizing me in front of Courtney, or demanding an excessive amount of our time (Mildred has always demanded that we all go out to dinner at least one weekend a month with her since we started dating).

In general, I've always thought that Mildred found me to be an inadequate man for her daughter.

However, I know Courtney loves her Mom, so I've always tried to hide my criticisms, or, if I do bring them up, be as polite as possible.

For example, I would say, "Courtney, can you ask your Mother not to criticize what I'm wearing next time we go out to dinner?"

And Courtney always responds with something like, "I know, I'm sorry baby, I'll try to bring it up. She doesn't mean anything by it, that's just the way she knows how to show that she cares about you."

And so, I've always been left to just grit my teeth and get along with Courtney's Mom best I could, praying I didn't have to ever deal with her

more than once a month.

But now... well, I had no idea what to expect when it came to actually *living* with her.

I sat behind the wheel of my truck, taking deep breaths and trying to brace myself for what was to come. Courtney could obviously tell I was not okay.

"Baby, listen to me," she said, putting her hand to my face. "Everything's going to be fine. I'll take care of you, okay?" She said.

"Okay," I said, rubbing her back.

I still didn't believe her.

The First Night

“Mommy!” Courtney shouted as we entered the unlocked front door of Mildred’s house.

I stood back and smiled awkwardly as Courtney ran up to her Mom and wrapped her in a hug.

“Good to see you dear!” Mildred replied. “I’m so glad this worked out.”

“Yeah, thanks for letting us crash here for a few weeks till I get a new job,” I replied.

Mildred looked over at me, glared at me, then just laughed. “Oh, I’m sure it will be quite a bit longer than that,” she commented.

Her comment stung immediately. I assumed she meant that she didn’t think me capable of getting another job anytime soon.

It was a classic Mildred move. An insult subtle enough that I couldn’t argue with her, yet somehow managed to pierce right through to my core. And just like always, Courtney barely seemed to notice.

“Go on and get moved up to the spare bedroom. It’s all made up for you,” Mildred said. “And Gary, don’t worry, I know you’re penniless, so I’ll make dinner for everyone tonight,” she added.

“Thanks Mom! You’re the best,” Courtney said as she walked out of house, oblivious as usual to her Mom’s subtle swipes at me.

I sighed. Things were going about as well as I could have expected, I supposed.

* * *

We took our time moving our limited belongings into Mildred’s guest bedroom. The room was fairly straightforward and bare bones, but it did the job.

Part of me wondered if some of the other bedrooms in the house that Mildred kept locked might have been bigger, but I guess I didn’t have a right to complain. We were living there for free.

Well unless of course, you count the price of my dignity.

After we unpacked, Courtney and I both laid down on the bed and tried to relax.

"Honey, can I ask you something?" She asked me.

"Of course," I said. We looked each other in the eyes.

"Are you okay?" She asked me in a soft voice.

I sighed. I knew she could tell I was not handling all of this well.

"I could be better," I admitted.

"I know," she said.

She then gave me a huge hug and kissed me on the cheek. I felt like I almost wanted to cry right then in her arms.

"But listen, this is only temporary," she said to me. "Let's just try and get through living with my Mom with as little conflict as possible, okay?"

I meekly nodded and looked away.

"Gary," she said, causing me look back at her. "Can you please promise me you'll do your best to cause as little conflict as possible? Because it really makes me sad when you and my Mom fight," she said to me with her beautiful, soft blue eyes.

"Okay," I said. "I promise."

"Thank you, baby," she said, squeezing me in another hug.

I was annoyed that Courtney seemed to think that *I* was the one who started fights between her mother and me, but I also loved Courtney and would do anything to make her happy. I vowed to do my best to keep my promise not to fight with her Mom.

Courtney leaned in and kissed me on the lips. I looked up with surprise as she pulled her shirt off.

"We have just enough time for a quickie," she said with a smirk.

I reached under her bra and squeezed her gorgeous tits with delight. I was always in awe of her beauty—especially her chest.

I was surprised that Courtney wanted to fuck, as we hadn't been intimate in several weeks due to the stress of her losing her job and well... a problem I was having down below.

But I tried not to think about that now. I loved Courtney, and I only ever wanted to give Courtney the pleasure she deserved.

We pulled our clothes off, climbed on top of each other, and started kissing each other up and down. She grabbed my soft cock and whispered, "I really want to fuck."

I smiled and nodded my head. But to my disappointment, as she positioned her pussy over my penis, my penis stayed flaccid.

"Maybe I can eat you out instead?" I offered.

She reached her hand down and began fondling my cock with her hand, trying to get me hard. "I don't want your tongue... I want your cock," she said with a devious smile.

But as bad as I wanted to get hard and fuck, it just wasn't working. My dick remained soft and tiny. I could tell she was getting frustrated, which only increased my anxiety and made my dick even softer.

"Maybe..." I said. "You could suck me off until I get hard again?"

I felt bad for asking, but it seemed more and more the case that I couldn't get hard enough to fuck without her blowing me, first. But at least it always worked.

But as soon as I asked, a look of disappointment flashed across Courtney's face. It was a look I hated more than anything else.

"Forget it," she said. "I can tell you're not in the mood."

"Courtney—" I tried to plead.

"No, don't worry, I said forget it," she said. "We don't really have time, anyway."

I felt terrible and ashamed for disappointing her. But I knew there was little I could do at this point.

We both got dressed and Mildred called us down for dinner a few minutes later.

* * *

When we got down to the dining room for dinner, Mildred had prepared a rather tasty-looking lasagna.

And as resentful as I was toward Courtney's Mom, I had to admit I was also pretty hungry, and I was grateful to her for making us dinner.

But of course, in her usual Mildred way, Mildred immediately found a way to get under my skin.

Mildred insisted that Courtney and I each grab our plates from the table and bring them to her at the stove so she could serve us herself.

And when I approached Mildred with my plate, she gave me a pretty small serving of lasagna. When she saw my face, she commented quietly, "I can tell from that waistline, Gary, that you have a habit of overeating. The

good part about living under my roof is that I'll be keeping a good eye on those portions."

I was livid, but also too shocked to think of a response. And just like always, Courtney didn't even hear the comment, as she had already gotten her food and sat down at the table.

I gritted my teeth and walked back to the dining room table, deciding I had better just drop it. After all, I did want to try and keep my promise to Courtney not to fight with her Mom. At least for one night.

I quickly finished my small portion of lasagna as I sat in the far corner of the table. My wife and her Mom chatted non-stop, gleefully catching up about their reality TV shows and celebrity gossip.

I couldn't help but notice how much praise and adoration Mildred seemed to heap upon her daughter, with comments about how she's "the smartest girl in the world," and how she "could do any job a man could do, but better," but never had an even remotely nice thing to say about me.

After about twenty minutes of sitting at the table, bored out of my mind, my stomach started grumbling again. I was still hungry.

I wanted to go to the stove and get some more lasagna, but I was suddenly self-conscious about Courtney's Mom judging my weight. It was true—I did have a little bit of a belly, and a bit of baby fat on my face... but Courtney didn't mind that fact.

At least, I didn't *think* she did. I mean, she had never brought it up...

I hated that, already, Mildred seemed to be interfering with me and Courtney's relationship.

Finally, after listening to the fourth boring story from Mildred about who she ran into in the supermarket last week, I decided enough was enough.

I got up to get some more food from the stove.

"What do you need, dear?" Mildred said loudly, stopping me in my tracks.

"I uh... I'm getting more lasagna," I said back.

"I see. Well, why don't I get that for you. You stay right here," Mildred said as she quickly got up and took my plate to the counter.

I was immediately angry that she wouldn't let me serve myself, but she was so quick that I couldn't stop her.

Dumbfounded, I sat back down and waited for her to return. “What’s wrong?” Courtney asked me.

“Nothing,” I said through gritted teeth.

Mildred returned a second later and put my plate down. To my shock and anger, the piece of lasagna she returned with was half the size of the first one!

“Ummm...” I muttered. The two women didn’t notice and quickly jumped back into their conversation.

“Mom, you are too good of a host. You’re gonna exhaust yourself,” Courtney said.

“I just like to take care of my guests,” Mildred said back.

“Excuse me. Excuse me!” I butted in.

They both turned and looked at me like I was crazy.

“I was hoping for a bigger piece of lasagna,” I said in a harsh tone.

Mildred glared at me. “Well, my dear, why don’t you finish the one on your plate, first.”

Mildred and Courtney then erupted in laughter. “I remember when you used to say that to me all the time as a kid,” Courtney said.

“Gary actually reminds me of a lot the little kids I used to babysit,” Mildred replied.

I was mortified and furious at being ignored. But I decided to roll my eyes and try not to pick a fight. I was still desperately trying to keep my promise to Courtney not to get in a conflict.

I slammed my fork down on to the lasagna in anger, and to my embarrassment, the lasagna squirted red sauce straight on to my red shirt.

I froze as my wife and Mother-in-law looked at me again. “Uh oh,” Mildred said. “Looks like someone made a mess,” she said out loud.

Courtney started laughing again as Mildred got up and ran to the kitchen.

“What’s so funny?” I said through gritted teeth to my wife as I tried to rub the red stain out of my shirt with a napkin.

“Gary, relax,” she said. “We’re just joking around. What’s wrong?”

Before I could answer, Mildred came into the dining room with a wet wash cloth and started rubbing the stains on my shirt despite my protests.

“We just want to get these out early dear, they won’t come out in the wash,” she said as she scrubbed my shirt like I was a messy toddler.

I rolled my eyes and tried to let her just do whatever she needed to do.

"Thanks," I grumbled as she stepped back.

"Oh, I have just the thing!" Mildred said. She ran into the other room again.

"Gary?" Courtney said, trying to make eye contact with me. I was too angry to look at her.

Mildred then came back into the room carrying a bib! A baby bib! It was pink and blue and had Sesame Street characters on it.

"Mom, is that my old bib?" Courtney asked with an amused expression.

"You bet! Now it looks like Gary needs it!" Mildred said as she approached me with it.

I suddenly reached my breaking point as she tried to put the bib over my head.

"Don't fucking touch me with that thing!" I shouted.

Courtney and Mildred both froze and looked at me like I was crazy.

"Gary, we're just joking around," my wife said. "My Mom's not actually going to make you wear a bib. Is that what you think was about to happen?"

"I uh... well it looked that way, yeah!" I said. I suddenly felt really embarrassed for my outburst. "Sorry. I didn't mean to shout."

Mildred folded her arms and stared at me. "Gary, how long have you had these anger problems? My daughter never told me about them before."

"Anger problems? I don't have anger problems," I stammered.

Mildred nodded her head as she stared at me.

"Mom, it's fine, let's just finish dinner. I'm sure Gary didn't mean it," Courtney interjected.

"Is that what you would like, Gary? To finish dinner?" Mildred asked.

"Sure," I said sheepishly, then quietly sat down.

Mildred sat down as well, and my wife and her Mom continued talking. I stared down at my plate as I hungrily ate the rest of my small portion of lasagna.

Even though I was still hungry, I was too embarrassed to ask to get more again. I could barely even look either of them in the face for the rest of the meal.

Finally, after what seemed like another thirty minutes of sitting uncomfortably at the table, I stood up to leave.

"Young man," I heard Mildred say.

I rolled my eyes and slowly turned around. "What?" I asked, trying to mask my mounting anger.

"Just like it's polite to ask for seconds, it's also polite to ask to be excused from the table. Especially when with company," she lectured.

"You're kidding me, right?" I snapped. I couldn't believe she was still talking down to me like a child.

"Honey..." my wife interjected, clearly trying to get me to calm down.

"I am not kidding," Mildred said with a stern face. "I don't believe it's too much to ask that when I make you dinner, you treat me with a bare minimum of politeness and decency."

"You have got to be fucking kidding me," I replied in disbelief.

"Honey, please calm down!" My wife interjected again.

"Calm down? Calm down? I am calm! It's this old hag that needs to fucking calm down! She thinks just because she's letting us crash here, she can control me and treat me like a fucking child? Well forget it! I'm fucking out of here!" I screamed.

Before I turned away, I saw the look on Courtney's face and I immediately regretted my outburst.

But it was too late now. I turned away, stormed upstairs, and slammed the door to our bedroom.

I jumped on the bed, buried my face in my hands, and let out a painful sigh.

Shit I thought to myself. *What am I going to do now?*

Mommy's Discipline

I laid in bed and replayed my fight with Mildred downstairs over and over in my head.

Was I being the asshole, here? Or was she?

Part of me recognized the irony that I had told Courtney's Mom that I was leaving, but I then ran up to the bedroom in *her* house.

I guess I just didn't know what else to do. I really didn't have the courage to walk out the front door and drive off.

I was hoping my bluff would work. I was hoping my wife would come up and apologize for her Mom, her Mom would admit I was right, and we would all smooth things over.

But as time went on, I was beginning to worry more and more that that was not going to be the case.

I thought back to the look on Courtney's face as I screamed at her mother. I realized that she was probably furious with me, not just for screaming at her beloved Mom, but for breaking my promise to her not to fight with her Mom a mere thirty minutes after making it.

I buried my face in a pillow. I wished that I could just go back in time and take the whole thing back. I regretted getting so worked up and out of control over something so trivial.

* * *

After about an hour or so alone in the bedroom, I heard the bedroom door open. I eagerly sat up.

I was happy to see that it was Courtney.

But she did not look happy at all. In fact, she looked just as angry as when I stormed away downstairs.

"Courtney... I'm sorry," I said.

She stared down at me with her arms folded and her lips pursed.

"You are?" She asked.

"Yes, I am. I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I just... lost control. Please, forgive me," I said.

"Ah huh. Well I gotta tell you, Gary, you screwed up down there. You screwed up bad," she said.

"I know, I know, I'm sorry—"

"And Gary, I'm not the one you need to apologize to. You need to go apologize to my Mom," she pronounced.

I gulped and nodded my head. It was exactly what I feared she was going to say I needed to do.

"Will you come with me?" I asked.

"Nope!" She said. "You want to be a man? You want to yell and shout and pretend you don't need to be polite during dinner? Then you can go be man enough to go apologize to my Mother alone," Courtney demanded.

My face was burning bright red. I felt so embarrassed and emasculated by the way I was begging my wife for help because I was so terrified of her Mother.

"Okay... I will," I said under my breath.

"Gary?" She said.

"Yes?"

"Have you ever seen me this angry before at you?" She asked.

I thought about it for a second. "No," I replied truthfully.

"Gary, if you don't make things right between yourself and my Mom, if you make it so you can't live here with me in the coming weeks and months... we're over," she declared.

I felt a chill go down my spine and shock my body from head to toe. It was my worst fear...

That Courtney, the love of my life, the person I lived for and cherished every day, would leave me. I know that I would do anything to prevent them from happening.

"I understand," I said, a tear forming in the corner of my eye. "Again, I'm sorry—"

"Go!" She said, interrupting me.

I nodded, bowed my head in shame, and began walking downstairs to meet with Courtney's Mom.

* * *

I was trembling as I reached the bottom of the ornate, wooden staircase. The house was dark, but I sensed Mildred was in the living room from a dim glow emanating into the kitchen.

"Ahem... Mildred?" I asked in a shaky voice as I approached.

Mildred was sitting tall on the living room couch and wearing a sharp, black and floral dress. She looked like a mix between a mommy and a dominatrix. And the room was lit by a handful of flickering candles, giving the whole place an eerie vibe.

"Take a seat in front of me, dearie," she said in a stern voice.

I looked around and there was no chair or anything else to sit on.

"The floor is fine," she added.

I uneasily walked toward Mildred and lowered myself to the floor. I thought about sitting cross legged, but the idea seemed out of place, so instead, I got on my knees.

I looked up at Mildred towering over me and realized how ridiculous it was that I was literally on my knees in front of this woman. Yet, as ridiculous as it was, I was still genuinely terrified.

"My daughter informed me that you had something to say to me," Mildred said.

"I uhh..." I cleared my throat again, my mouth now dry with terror.

For some reason, due to the angle, I noticed for the first time that Mildred's breasts were rather voluptuous and downright sexy. I immediately hated myself for having the terrible thought cross my mind.

"I uhhh... I'm sorry I said those things to you earlier," I finally uttered.

"You are?" Mildred said in disdainful tone. "And what words, exactly, are you referring to when you say you're sorry?"

"I uh... I don't remember exactly," I confessed.

"Well then, how sorry can you be if you don't even remember what you said? You really aren't very intelligent, are you? It's no wonder you got fired from your job," she scolded.

Her words hit me so hard in the gut I practically gasped. To say that me getting fired from my job was a sore spot was the understatement of the century. I was speechless that she would use this moment of my vulnerability to hurt me like this.

I felt a wave of rage wash over me as I stared up at Mildred towering over me. I wanted to throttle this woman. I hated her so incredibly much.

I saw a smirk cross her lips. I realized she could tell she got to me. She could tell I was losing control again.

No, I told myself. This is what she wants. She wants to bait you into fighting with her so Courtney will leave you.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm down. I knew that I needed to swallow my pride and submit to this woman if I wanted Courtney to stay with me.

"Mildred, I—"

"From now on, Gary," she interrupted. "Since it's clear you have some serious problems in the manners department, I would prefer you call me by my full name—Miss Moneyweather. Or, if that's too difficult for your little brain to remember, I'll also accept Ma'am."

I knew she was enjoying humiliating me like this. But I gritted my teeth, took a deep breath, and tried again. "Miss Moneyweather, I believe I said something along the lines of calling you an 'old hag', and that I was tired of letting you treat me like a child," I said.

"Ah huh," she replied. "And what else did you say?"

I thought back and tried to remember. "I also said... that I'm out of here," I replied.

"I see. And yet, you're not out of here, are you?" She asked. "You are still very much sitting right in front of me. On the floor of *my* house. The house that *I* own."

"Yes... Ma'am," I said.

"And why is that, Gary?" Mildred said.

"Well... Uh... I guess I don't have another place to go. And I don't want Courtney to leave me," I said.

"Right," she said. "Here you are, staying under my roof, supposedly as an adult man, supposedly as my daughter's *husband*, yet you're incapable of providing so much as a roof to put over her head, let alone your own. Do I have that right?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, staring down at my feet.

"Well okay then, Gary. So long as we're both clear about what's going on here, let's be clear about this. I've long thought you were not very much of a man.

"And your tantrum during dinner only seemed to prove what I suspected... that you're much closer to that of a child. A little boy... or even... a little girl for that matter, given your profound inadequacy in the masculinity department," she pronounced.

I felt my cheeks burning bright red as she spoke. I was in disbelief that she would so explicitly degrade me like this. Yet at the same time, some part of me, a small part of me, thought she might be right.

"Therefore, I think you would agree that it would be completely within my rights to dismiss your apology and demand you pack your bags and leave my house and my daughter," she said.

My heart started pounding. I realized I hadn't reckoned with that as a real possibility until now.

"However..." she continued. "Since I am a generous woman, and I can tell that your bad temper and poor manners most likely come from a poor upbringing, I will give you another chance to show that you can respect me and the rules for living under my roof."

I breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that she had decided to accept my apology after all.

"Thank you, Mil,— I mean Ma'am," I said.

I stood up to leave the room.

"Where do you think you're going?" She asked in a stern voice.

"I uhh..." I mumbled. I realized I thought we were finished, but I knew it would be better for me to just keep my mouth shut. "Nowhere."

"Good," she replied. "Because from now on, you will ask to be excused before leaving when in my company," she pronounced. "Please, take your seat again."

"Yes... ma'am," I replied, getting on my knees before her again. I already hated how much power I was ceding to her.

"Now, Gary... You know, I don't think Gary suits you very well. Gary is the name of an adult man. For now, little boy will do," she said with a smirk.

I bristled at her teasing me in this way. I hated that I had admitted that I hated when she talked down to me like a kid. I could tell she was relishing in the act of teasing that sore spot of mine.

"Now... little boy," she continued. "You were very, very naughty earlier. I appreciate that you apologized. But as a Nanny, I learned a long time ago that if all little boys have to do when they act inappropriately is apologize, I find that it results in a lot of pointless words and not a lot of changes to their behavior," she lectured.

"No," she continued. "Apologies are only half of the equation. The other half is the appropriate disciplinary measure."

I suddenly felt very uneasy. Mildred then sat back on the couch.

"Stand up, take your shirt off, and drop your pants to your ankles," she ordered.

"Wh-wh-what?" I stammered.

"First pull your shirt over your head. Then undo the belt around your pants and drop them to your ankles. Do you need me to help?" She repeated as if I were a moron.

"I uh... no," I responded. I was terrified, but I knew nothing would come of arguing with her at this point.

"Jeez, you really are as intelligent as a toddler," she chided.

I took my shirt off, then slowly unbuttoned my pants and dropped them to my ankles, revealing my tightie-whities. She looked directly at my crotch, smirked, then patted her lap.

"Now, come bend over my lap," she ordered.

"Wh-wh-what?!" I stammered again.

"Walk over here, get down on your knees, and bend over my lap. Now! Or should I go ahead and tell Courtney that we couldn't come to a resolution after all? And you can pack your things and leave tonight," she scolded.

I was mortified by her demand, but I knew I had little choice at this point. She had me right where she wanted me. I bowed my head, trudged over with my pants around my ankles, and bent over Mildred's lap.

With my head now hanging upside down, I stared at the carpet in disbelief that this was happening. I felt her hand grab my butt over my tightie-whities. I was horrified.

It seemed that, she was indeed, about to give me a *spanking*.

"Now, little boy, when I order you to do something, the proper response isn't whining, is it?" She said as she began patting my bottom. "What is the proper response?"

I wracked my brain, trying to think of what she wanted me to say. "Oh—uh... yes, ma'am," I muttered.

"Good boy! Good little boy!" She said as she gently patted my bottom.

My face started turning bright red. I was just glad Courtney wasn't downstairs to witness this insane humiliation. I doubted she would ever

look at me the same way if she did...

"Hmmm...you know, *ma'am* doesn't feel quite right. Not coming from someone whose age is effectively that of a toddler. No... I think a much more appropriate title for you to address me by from now on is, 'Mommy'. It is, accurate, after all. You are my son-in-law," she said with a laugh as she patted my butt a little harder.

I was shocked and mortified. *There was no way. There was no way I was gonna call this woman 'Mommy'* I thought to myself. It was just too humiliating to even consider.

Mildred pinched my ass and I yelped. "Did you hear what I just said?" She asked.

I stayed silent. I couldn't bear to respond.

SMACK! Mildred's spanked me on the ass—*hard*.

I cried out from the sting and shock—then immediately felt embarrassed for shrieking like a child.

"Answer Mommy when she speaks to you!" She scolded.

"Yes... Mommy!" I replied with a shaky voice. I hated that I had just acquiesced to her degrading demand so easily.

"Good boy. Gooooood booooy," she said again as she continued rubbing and squeezing my bottom.

"But you know what, little boy? Mommy doesn't give spankings to little ones over their underwear," she said.

I felt a pang of dread in the pit of my stomach.

"No, when Mommy gives a spanking, it's always... *bare-bottom*," she said.

I felt her fingers reach beneath the waistband of my underwear and slide them down, exposing my bare ass.

"There we go," she said as I felt her cold fingers massage my naked bottom.

I was mortified, but I felt helpless to stop it at this point. I squeezed my eyes shut and prayed it would just be over soon.

SMACK! A shockwave of stinging pain erupted in my ass cheeks as she landed her first blow.

"Ow!" I involuntarily screamed.

I heard Mildred snicker as she rubbed my bottom. "Aw, did Mommy's little spanky hurt?"

"Yes..." I mumbled.

She squeezed my ass, causing me to jerk. "Yes, what?" She replied.

"Yes... Mommy. It hurt," I reluctantly added.

"Well that's good, little one. That means that you're learning your lesson. If Mommy's spankings didn't sting, you wouldn't be learning how to stop being so naughty," she replied, squeezing and fondling my butt cheeks as she spoke.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied. I hated that calling her 'Mommy' was becoming easier every time I said it.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

I shrieked as she methodically unleashed another volley of powerful blows against my hindquarters.

"Stop! Please! I'm sorry I was bad! Please Mommy, stop!" I begged. My eyes were tearing up from the pain.

She let out another laugh as she rubbed my stinging ass. "Wow, you're a whiny little one, aren't you! You can't even make it through one little spanky with Mommy before whining like a little baby," she teased. "I've disciplined preschoolers who could take a spanking better than you."

I felt another wave of embarrassment wash over me. I hated how she seemed to know exactly how to humiliate me.

"Well, little boy. Do you think you've learned your lesson? Are you gonna be well-behaved for Mommy from now on?" She asked.

"Yes... Mommy," I replied. "I'll be well behaved!"

"Good boy. Gooooood boooy," she said.

She then reached over to a container of lotion on the table, squirted some in her palm, and began to rub it into my ass.

I almost whimpered with pleasure as I felt the cool sensation of her massaging the lotion into my burning butt cheeks. I had to admit, it felt incredible. Even... erotic.

And in response, I realized, to my utter shock and horror... my dick was starting to get hard.

No, no, no, no, no! I said to myself. *Not now! Anytime but now!*

But as Mildred continued to coo and massage my butt, I felt my penis getting harder and harder. Soon I had a full blown, rock-hard erection, pointing down between my Mother-in-law's legs.

I prayed to god for it to go away before she noticed. Unfortunately for me, my prayers went unanswered.

She squeezed her legs together and I knew she had felt it.

“Uh oh!” I heard her say. “What’s going on down here?”

I closed my eyes in utter shame as I felt her reach below her lap and grab my rock-hard dong. I couldn’t believe this was happening.

“Little boy!” She said. “Explain yourself! Why is your peepee hard right now?” She scolded as she squeezed my shaft with her bare hand.

“I don’t know, Mommy!” I shouted out of reflex.

“You don’t know? You should be very ashamed of yourself, you little pervert. I can’t believe you would be having sexual thoughts while getting punished!”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Naughty, naughty boy!” She shouted as she set my bottom on fire again with another, even longer volley of blows.

“I’m sorry, Mommy!” I cried out.

When she finally stopped her ruthless thrashing of my behind, my eyes were filled with tears.

“Stand up!” She ordered.

I summoned the strength to climb off of her knees. My erection was unfortunately as hard as ever. I instinctively covered my privates with my hands as I stood to face her.

“Put those hands on your head, young man. If you desired to preserve your modesty, you should have thought of that before you got a *boner* in your Mommy’s lap,” she scolded.

I bowed my head with shame as I reluctantly raised my hands to the top of my head.

There was a moment of silence... then I heard her burst into laughter.

“My god, you are tiny!” She said as she grabbed my hard, petite penis in her hand. “Why, this is barely a cock at all. No, this is an itty-bitty clitty, if you ask me!”

I was shaking with humiliation as she continued to squeeze and pinch my shaft. “My god, no wonder my daughter has complained of nothing but problems in the bedroom with you. I can’t imagine how she even thought sex was possible with this thing!”

It was too much. The tears in my eyes suddenly turned into full on sobbing.

She looked up at me as I cried and only laughed harder. “My god, you are a sissy thing, aren’t you!”

I closed my eyes, trying to block out my utter humiliation. “*Aren’t you?*” she asked again, squeezing my package for emphasis.

I gasped. “Yes, Mommy!” I replied through my tears.

“Get on your knees, little boy,” she ordered.

I complied. I felt totally under her control.

Mildred sat back and crossed her arms as I kneeled before her with my knees spread and my hands atop my head.

She extended her leg between my legs and began fondling my package with her foot. I winced as she teased my sensitive balls with her toes.

“Hmmm... you know, I think I may have finally discovered what the source of the tension between us is. I always looked at you as a *son* in law. I expected that you would be a *man* for my daughter. But that’s my fault for having that expectation. Because now I understand, especially after seeing this little thing...”

She teased my shrinking shaft with her toes. “That you could *never* be a man, because you *aren’t* a man. You’re just a little, *sissy baby girl*.”

My head was spinning. I just wanted all of this to end.

“Hmmm... Gary... Gary... it’s no wonder that name didn’t fit. It’s not right at all. Oh, I know! How about... Gina! Yes, that’s much better. Little baby Gina. I think that’s much more appropriate. Don’t you?” She asked.

Gina? I thought in disbelief. *Was she kidding? Did she really intend on calling me by a different name? How would she explain that to Courtney?*

“But...but...” I started to protest.

I couldn’t do it. I couldn’t just let this woman *turn me into a girl*. I still had no idea how seriously to take all this.

She leaned in. “Aww, what’s wrong little baby? You don’t like your new name?”

“I’m... not a girl... Mommy,” I managed to reply. I squeezed my eyes shut, bracing for some sort of retaliation.

Instead, she sat back and let out a giggle. “Oh, I see. You still think you can fool me and Courtney into thinking you’re *not* a sissy little girl.”

I opened my eyes, surprised at her response. I expected her to spank me again for disagreeing.

“Well, don’t worry little Gina—I mean, ‘Gary,’ I doubt you’ll be able to pretend for much longer,” she said with an evil smirk.

There was another long silence as I continued staring up at her, waiting for her permission to leave.

Instead, Mildred sat back on the couch, picked up a book off the end table, and started to read!

“What are—” I cut myself off mid-sentence. I was terrified of receiving more punishment. I figured this was a test, so I decided to stay quiet and wait for permission to leave.

I continued patiently kneeling before her as she read her book—my hands on my head, my pants around my ankles, my dong hanging out for the world to see. My back was beginning to ache from the position I was in. I prayed she would release me soon.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity without her even so much as glancing in my direction, I cleared my throat. “Ummm... Ma’am? Mommy? May I... get up?”

She looked over at me like I was crazy. “I don’t even know why you’re still here. Your punishment ended twenty minutes ago,” she said nonchalantly.

I immediately felt angry as I lowered my hands and stretched my back. “Why didn’t you tell me!” I said as I pulled my underwear and pants up.

She gave me a confused look. “What are you talking about, dear?”

“You said that I had to wait to be excused before leaving your company!” I said, feeling even more angry.

“Oh... did I? Well thanks for reminding me. You may be excused,” she said with a smirk.

I was furious as I grabbed my shirt and pulled it over my head. It felt like she was enjoying just screwing with me.

“And Gary!” She said, stopping me in my tracks on my way out of the living room.

“I don’t plan to tell Courtney the details of what happened here tonight—besides of course that you apologized. But you’re welcome to tell her all the details yourself if you wish. However, I do warn you, I doubt my

daughter will ever look at you the same way again if you do,” Mildred said with an evil smirk.

I stared at her in a mixture of awe and horror, then turned and stomped out of the room.

I still couldn’t believe what she had done to me.

I worried that Courtney wouldn’t, either.

Secrets

As I walked back up the stairs to the room Courtney and I were staying in, my mind was racing as I tried to process what I had just experienced.

Although it had all happened just a few minutes ago, it already felt like a dream. I replayed all the details in my head—the bare bottom spanking, the erection, the part about *changing my name to Gina*—and I already was starting to question if all of it even happened.

I put my hand on the doorknob of her bedroom and paused. I *knew* I had to tell Courtney what happened. I was *sure* that she would agree that her Mother was over the line...

But then again... what if she didn't agree? Or worse, thought I was overreacting? What if she blamed *me* for what happened? What if her Mom *wanted* me to tell Courtney so Courtney would kick me out?

My head was spinning. I didn't know what to do.

Finally, Courtney opened the door and found me standing there. "Gary!" She said. "I thought I heard you coming up the stairs."

"Hey," I said as I walked into the room.

"You were down there for a while. How did it go?" She asked me. I could tell that she had softened in the time that I was gone and was no longer angry with me.

"It went..." I hesitated. I still couldn't decide if I should tell her what happened. "It went well," I finally said.

I took a deep breath and continued. "I apologized and your mother forgave me. We had a long and really good conversation. I think we'll be having a lot less problems with each other going forward," I added.

Courtney looked at me with tears pooling in her loving eyes. She leaped forward and wrapped her arms around me.

"Oh, I'm so glad baby! Thank you so much for doing that!" She said as she squeezed me. "I'm so proud of you."

"It was the least I could do," I replied, forcing a smile.

I had made my decision to keep what happened between me and Mildred from Courtney if I could help it.

I prayed that Mildred had gotten what she wanted out of me, and that she was finished with my torment.

Unfortunately, I had no way to know at the time that Mildred was just beginning her campaign of humiliation against me.

* * *

Courtney chatted with me about the jobs she had found on Craigslist as we both undressed and got ready for bed.

We took our clothes off and climbed under the sheets together. I turned the lights off and closed my eyes. I was happy to try to finally relax and forget my horrendous experience with Mildred that night.

But just as soon as I closed my eyes, images of the downstairs living room flashed in my head.

I pictured Mildred's snickering, evil face...

Then her hand smacking my bottom...

Then her grabbing my cock...

I felt a hand grab my cock beneath the blankets. I screamed.

"Sorry!" Courtney said, pulling her hand away from my crotch. "I didn't mean to scare you!"

"Oh, it's fine," I said, trying to calm down. "Sorry."

Courtney climbed on top of me, kissed my forehead, pulled the blankets off and began to pull my underwear down.

I watched with wide eyes as she began fondling and kissing my penis.

"I was thinking," she said. "That maybe I can give you that blowjob you wanted earlier today. Maybe as a reward for making things up with my Mom," she said with a kinky smile.

She climbed toward me and whispered in my ear. "Would that help you get hard? So... we can fuck?"

"Yes!" I whispered back. I smiled with pleasure as I felt her stroke my chest, pull my underwear off, and begin kissing my cock again.

"Because Gary... I really need a good fuck," she said as she wrapped her lips around my soft penis. I closed my eyes and tried to relax as I felt her start to suckle and twirl her tongue around my penis.

But as she continued vigorously sucking me off—an act that usually never failed to get me rock hard—I couldn't stop thinking about Mildred...

I cringed in shame. The spanking. The humiliation. *Her calling me Gina.*

"Baby," I heard Courtney say. I looked down to see her hovering above my cock, which was still completely soft. "What's wrong?"

I could tell that she had been sucking my soft penis for so long without any results that she had given up.

"I don't know!" I said, turning away. I felt totally humiliated and ashamed.

Courtney wrapped her arms around me. "Honey, it's okay. I don't want you to feel bad about not being able to get hard," she said in my ear.

"Thanks," I replied.

"But Gary... You know how much I really need a good, hard cock in my pussy in order to get off. You haven't been... jerking off, have you?" She asked me.

The words immediately stung.

I thought back to several months ago, to when I started having erection problems with Courtney in the bedroom. Courtney and I visited a doctor together to see if they could help. The doctor said I was too young for Viagra, but then casually asked me if I still masturbated.

I admitted that I did here and there. The doctor said that was the reason I couldn't get hard and instructed me to stop.

When Courtney felt like the reason I couldn't get my cock hard for her was because I was jerking off by myself, she understandably got upset. So, I promised to her that I would never jerk off again while we were together.

But the truth was, for whatever reason, it was much easier for me get a boner by myself than with Courtney—probably just because the pressure was off. And while I did my best to cut down on my masturbating, I still had moments where I was 'taken' by my urge.

It was my worst fear that she might catch me 'cheating' on her with myself. Even her suggesting that I might still be doing so was extremely embarrassing.

"No!" I grumbled in response to her question about whether or not I'd been jerking off without her.

"Okay, okay!" She said. "Just asking."

We both faded into an uneasy sleep.

Purgatory

Courtney and I woke up the next morning and quietly got ready for the day.

I could sense that Courtney was upset that I couldn't get my dick up the night before, now even during one of her blowjobs.

But I didn't feel like there was anything I could do at this point to change what happened. Instead we both just avoided the topic.

I was still in shock about the spanking Mildred had given me the night before.

Yet, as the day went on, and the more I played back the images of what I *thought* had happened—the undressing, the spanking, her toying with my penis—the more I began to convince myself that it didn't actually happen at all.

It must have been a dream.

After all, it *couldn't* have happened the way that I remembered it. Courtney's *Mom* giving me a *bare bottom spanking*? It was just too outlandish.

I decided that Mildred had probably given me a good tongue lashing, and as a result, I had an uncomfortable erotic dream about the experience afterward.

I decided that it must have just been a strange nightmare, and the best thing to do would be to forget about it and pretend it never happened.

Besides me being distracted with trying to make sense of the previous night, the rest of my day with Courtney was unremarkable.

We looked for jobs on our laptops, watched TV, and I did my best to stay out of Mildred's sight.

Fortunately, Mildred mostly left me alone (and I did my best to be 'well-mannered' enough to avoid upsetting her).

The days that followed were similarly unremarkable. Courtney and I began settling into a routine. Getting up. Breakfast. Job searching. Getting lunch somewhere. Boring afternoon. Awkward dinner with Mildred. TV. Bed.

The mundane days turned into mundane weeks, and I almost started to forget all about the insane experience I had receiving Mildred's 'discipline.'

But with every day that passed, I could feel more tension undeniably building between me and Courtney.

It was subtle at first. I noticed Courtney talking less and less to me. Soon she was going to sleep without the usual 'love you' or even a 'goodnight' to me. We began spending more of our days working in separate rooms and getting lunch at different cafe's.

I tried to bring it up with her. I would ask her if anything was wrong. But she would always deny it. Always say everything was fine.

I couldn't help but assume that she was still upset about my inability to get my dick hard for her. And with every day that passed, I felt more filled with shame and sexual inadequacy.

But as much as I dreamed of making it up to her, of giving her the satisfaction she craved, I dared not attempt to initiate sex with her, as the fear of another failure was paralyzing.

Courtney did attempt to initiate sex with me again a week or so after my previous failure. And my fears seemed to come true as I once again failed to get hard, despite her giving my flaccid penis the blowjob of a lifetime.

I didn't know what was wrong with me. I loved Courtney. I thought she was beautiful and sexy and the most attractive woman alive.

But anytime sex was now on the table between us, my mind flooded with flashbacks to my nightmare of Mildred spanking me and humiliating me, instantly obliterating my confidence and ability to get hard.

The distance between me and Courtney only continued to get worse. I still wanted to kiss her and cuddle her and pleasure her—after all, she still was the love of my life. But soon she was turning all of my affection away entirely.

I felt helpless. I just wanted it to stop. To go back to the way things were. I didn't understand why this was happening.

I began having paranoid fantasies that Mildred was poisoning Courtney against me. Filling her head with awful lies about me. Making her hate me. But I had no proof. And I knew I would only sound insane and paranoid if I suggested such a thing out loud.

As the mundane days turned into mundane weeks, time felt like it was stretching and slowing down. My job searching yielded little, and before long I had quietly given up searching altogether. Now I was spending my days mindlessly surfing the web instead.

I began to feel like I was trapped in a strange purgatory. A purgatory defined by a dull ache in my heart for Courtney that I didn't know how to fix.

Soon, I just wanted *something* to happen between me and Courtney. *Anything* to break what felt like a cold wall of silence between us.

Fortunately or not, it was another, unusual interaction with Mildred that would be that event.

Mommy's Milk

Around midnight one night, I woke up with a growling stomach.

I was used to this happening by now, as Mildred had continued to maintain a vice-like control over my dinner portions. I *was* losing weight. But I was also always hungry.

I looked over and saw that Courtney was fast asleep, as usual. She always was a heavy sleeper.

I decided I would go sneak down to the kitchen to get some food. I had been afraid to do so in the past, worried I might upset Mildred if she saw me, but I figured Mildred was certainly asleep by now.

I carefully climbed out of bed, slipped my pants on, and cracked the bedroom door open to peer into the hallway.

It was dark. I figured the coast was clear.

I snuck down the hallway and tiptoed down the creaky wooden staircase.

I reached the kitchen, and using my phone as a flashlight, I made my way to the refrigerator.

I put my hand on the refrigerator door...

"Ahem," I heard behind me. I nearly jumped out of my skin.

I turned to find Mildred sitting in the dark at the kitchen table with her arms crossed.

"Trying to sneak in a midnight snack?" She asked.

My heart started pounding. For some reason, a flood of images flashed in my mind of the spanking I had dreamed she gave me.

"What are you doing up?" I asked in a shaky voice.

"You didn't answer Mommy's question, little one," she said with a calm smile.

My heart started pounding faster. "I'm sorry," I whispered.

She smiled. "Now close that refrigerator, sit down, and answer my question, little one. Did you come down here because you're hungry?"

Before I could think to disobey, I found myself walking over and sitting down across from her. I bowed my head. "Yes," I answered.

I braced myself for her response. But instead of getting angry, she just smiled.

"Well, of course you are," she said. "My little one didn't have her bedtime milk."

I barely registered that she had said *her* instead of *him*. I was too distracted by trying to understand what she meant by 'bedtime milk'.

She patted my head, walked over to the refrigerator, and I watched in silence as she poured a very large glass of milk. She put it in the microwave, and when it was finished heating up, she placed it in front of me on the table. I was speechless.

"I uhhh... I don't want any milk," I worked up the courage to say.

Mildred frowned. "Oh yeah? And what would you like?"

"I'm not sure yet," I replied honestly.

"I see. Well, little *Gina*," she said, calling me again by that humiliating name. A name I thought I had dreamed up in my nightmare.

"The rule in this house is that we finish the food prepared for us before we ask for more. So why don't you go ahead and drink that milk and then we'll have a discussion about if you're still hungry," she said.

I looked down at the tall glass of warm milk and cringed. I had never even really liked milk. It always seemed like such an infantile drink. I could barely stand the idea of taking a sip of the milk in front of me, let alone finishing such a huge glass.

"Unless of course," she continued with an evil smirk. "You'd rather get a *spanking*."

My heart started pounding. I looked up at her, desperately trying to figure out if this meant my 'nightmare' actually happened. Or maybe she was just joking, I told myself.

My hands were trembling. I was suddenly taken by a wave of terror. I just wanted to get out of there.

In a fit of adrenaline, I reached for the glass of milk and started chugging it down as she watched.

I could see her smirk out of the corner of my eye as I gulped down the gross tasting liquid.

I finished the drink and slammed the glass down. I immediately felt sick.

Mildred walked behind me and started patting my back. I belched.

“Good girl. Just like a baby,” Mildred said. I blushed as I realized I had just been ‘burped’.

“Now, are you hungry anymore, Little Gina? Or should we get you back to bed,” she asked.

“Bed,” I replied in a soft voice. I felt incredibly full and bloated from all the milk I had just chugged. I couldn't imagine eating anything else.

“Good baby,” she said. She then took my hand and helped me out of my chair. “Let's go tuck you into bed.”

As she held my hand and walked me back upstairs, I couldn't understand why she was treating me this way.

But in my late-night, sleepy delirium, I couldn't think of a way to make her stop that didn't risk drawing her wrath. It felt like she had a special power over me. One that made me smaller and more helpless in her presence.

I half-wondered if this whole trip downstairs was just another dream in-of-itself.

When we got up to mine and Courtney's bedroom, Mildred entered the room with me, much to my surprise.

She led me to my side of the bed, watched me drop my pants to the ground, and helped me climb under my blankets.

I was worried about waking Courtney, but Mildred didn't seem to be.

“What do you say to Mommy for your midnight milk?” She asked in a whisper.

“Thank you, Mommy,” I replied. I didn't even register that I had called her ‘Mommy’ again.

I laid back, suddenly very tired, as I watched Mildred reach her hand under my blanket. She began rubbing my tummy. I found it soothing and I smiled.

“Have you been a good little girl?” She asked me.

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied.

“Well then, let's take a look,” she replied.

She then moved her hand under the waist of my underwear.

My eyes went wide.

I felt her wrap her hands around my genitals, slowly massaging and squeezing my shaft and balls.

I immediately got a hard on. One of the hardest erections I'd ever had in my life. Mildred giggled as she felt my cock spring awake.

I was too stunned to move as she playfully stroked my rock-hard shaft beneath the sheets as I quietly laid next to my wife.

"Uh oh, naughty one. This is a really hard peepee you've got here. Have you been playing with yourself?" She asked in a seductive whisper.

"No," I squeaked.

I was petrified to think what might happen if Courtney woke up to this happening next to her.

Mildred looked at me, gave me a naughty smile, then pulled her hand away.

I gasped, feeling like I was on the verge of orgasming right then and there. The first orgasm I would have had in weeks.

"Good girl. I should hope not," she said. She then tucked me into my sheets, kissed me on the forehead, and walked out the door, leaving me to lay in bed next to my sleeping wife with one of the hardest erections I'd ever had in my life.

I took deep breaths and tried to come to grips with what just happened. I still didn't know whether or not it was real.

I reached my hand down and felt my rock-hard cock. I gently stroked it with my hand.

I thought about Mildred. Her voluptuous breasts. Her hand spanking my bare-bottom. Her *squeezing my cock*.

I was immediately taken by a furious need to come.

I looked over at Courtney and hesitated. I knew she would hate me if she caught me masturbating.

I waited another minute, trying to hold out and let my erection pass. But I couldn't do it. I felt like an animal.

I reached my hand down and began stroking myself faster and faster. I closed my eyes and inescapable images of Mildred flashed in my mind again. I thought about the milk... about the spanking... about her old lady scent... "Mommy, Mommy!" I quietly groaned.

"Unnnngggghh," I grunted. My cum began spurting uncontrollably into my underwear. My toes curled as I continued stroking myself to completion in one of the best orgasms of my life.

I took a big breath and dropped my head back down to my pillow. I let out a long sigh.

“Gary?” I heard in the darkness next to me.

Oh no, I thought.

“Gary,” Courtney said again a little louder. She turned her head and looked at me in the darkness. “Did you just... jerk off?”

I opened my mouth to respond, but nothing came out.

Instead, I just quietly turned my head away in shame and wiped my cum on the bed sheets.

I could see Courtney give me one more look. I sensed incredible hurt and frustration in her eyes. I felt deeply ashamed.

She then turned away and went back to sleep.

I fell asleep praying that this was all just a dream.

Regret

“Oh no. Why is everything soaking wet?”

Those were the words I heard from Courtney as I groggily opened my eyes the next morning.

“What the—oh my god—Gary...” Courtney continued.

I tried to sit up. My whole body was dead exhausted. I felt like I had been hit by a train.

I tried to remember what had happened last night—the glass of milk, Mildred fondling me, the masturbating...

Surely, it had all been a dream, I told myself again.

My thoughts were interrupted by Courtney—this time she was yelling. “Gary! I think you pissed the bed!”

In a daze, I reached down to my crotch and realized, to my utter horror, that my wife was absolutely right. My crotch was soaking wet.

“Oh my god, Courtney, I'm so sorry!” I blurted.

“Ew! Shit! My thighs, I feel like I have a rash!” Courtney shrieked as she climbed out of bed.

Her thighs were breaking out in bright red splotches.

Mildred came bursting into the room seconds later. I instinctively avoided eye contact with her, still not sure what exactly happened last night, if anything happened at all.

“Oh my god, Courtney, what's wrong?” Mildred asked her daughter.

“I think Gary peed the bed. And now I'm getting this rash!” She said, showing her red thighs to her Mom.

“Oh no!” Her Mom said as she helped dab Courtney dry with a section of blanket. “You used to get this rash when you wet the bed as a kid. Your skin must be reacting to sleeping in Gary's urine,” she explained.

I suddenly felt defensive. “How do you know I'm the one who peed and not her?” I blurted.

Both women looked at me with their hands on their hips. I suddenly felt like a naughty toddler.

Mildred walked around the bed, grabbed my blanket, and ripped it completely off the bed.

Everyone looked down at my crotch—my previously white underwear were now stained bright yellow and soaking wet.

“Nice try, Gary, but I think it's pretty clear who wet the bed here,” Mildred said with a scowl.

I was speechless as Mildred turned away and helped her daughter out of the room. “Come on, Courtney, let's get some cream on that rash,” she said.

I was left to sit in a puddle of my own urine, utterly ashamed and humiliated.

* * *

“Bathroom's free,” Courtney said as she came back into the bedroom some time later.

Her rash appeared to be doing better.

“Courtney, I am so sorry—”

“It's fine,” she tersely interjected. “Just, please go clean up. I don't want to smell your piss anymore while I get ready. No offense.”

I could tell she was really angry with me, whether she had caught me jerking off last night or not. I bowed my head with shame as I went to the bathroom and showered off my mess.

* * *

For the rest of the day, Courtney gave me the cold shoulder—even more than she had been lately.

I spent most of the day doing my usual tasks, avoiding Mildred, and trying to talk to Courtney. But she seemed intent on refusing to spend more than two seconds alone with me.

As the day went on, I felt like I was going crazier and crazier trying to figure out exactly how mad Courtney was and what exactly she was mad about.

The more I thought about Mildred giving me milk and fondling me, I decided that it again it was just another erotic dream I must have had. But I also had to accept that maybe I *did* jerk off in my sleep, or something like that. And if that's what happened, and Courtney *did* catch me doing that... I felt terrible about it.

I felt even more terrible about wetting the bed, which I knew was *definitely not* a dream. I felt the most terrible about giving her a rash!

I just wanted to apologize to Courtney for everything I could have possibly done wrong so she would stop giving me the silent treatment. But it felt like she was refusing to even give me a chance to do so.

When I sat down with Courtney and Mildred for dinner, the atmosphere was certainly more tense than usual. But I stayed quiet, and it was otherwise uneventful.

After dinner, I played around on my laptop in our bedroom, hating myself more and more for wetting the bed. I had never wet the bed in my life. I was furious that, for some reason, my body decided *now* was the time to start.

I figured that my crazy dream about Courtney's Mom, as well as the bed wetting, were both just a reaction to the stress of having to move in with Mildred and the difficulty Courtney and I were having in our relationship.

I desperately wanted to make all of it all up to Courtney, no matter what she asked. I realized I would do anything just to be on speaking terms with her again.

Finally, around 9 pm, I heard Courtney call for me from downstairs.

"Gary! Can you come down here for a second? Mom and I want to talk to you," she shouted.

I felt a pang of dread in the pit of my stomach. As relieved as I was that Courtney appeared to be breaking the silence between us, if this conversation involved Mildred, I had a bad feeling about where it might go.

I closed my laptop, took a deep breath, and walked downstairs to the kitchen.

The Talk

Courtney and Mildred were sitting at the kitchen table, waiting for me.

“Hi Gary!” Courtney said with a smile. “Come take a seat.”

Mildred was also smiling, but I sensed an evil glint in the corner of her eyes.

I cautiously approached the kitchen table and sat down across from them. I couldn’t help but notice that the chair they had put out for me was shorter than theirs—forcing me to look upward like a child talking to the adults.

“How’s your day been, hon?” Courtney asked.

“...Good,” I replied suspiciously. “How was yours?”

“Good,” Courtney said back. “I have a job interview early in the morning,” she replied.

“Oh, that’s great! In the city?” I asked.

“Oh no, actually, at an office just down the street from here,” she replied.

“Oh,” I said, taken aback. “I thought we said we were going to look for jobs in the city so we could move back to where we were living before.”

“We can talk more about it when we have time tomorrow,” Courtney replied with a dismissive smile.

I felt an ominous twinge in my stomach. Not only was it strange that Courtney wanted a job out here in the suburbs, it was also strange that she suggested we couldn’t talk about it *until tomorrow*.

“Why not tonight?” I asked nervously.

“Because, Gary,” Mildred said, chiming in. “There’s something else we need to discuss with you, first.”

I gulped. “Okay?”

“Gary, you saw the rash that your bedwetting gave me this morning, right?” Courtney asked.

“Yes—and Courtney, again, I am so, so sorry about that. That’s never happened before, I swear,” I pleaded.

"I know, I know. But Gary, you can understand how, given my job interview in the morning, I can't risk waking up with another rash tomorrow, right?" she explained. "I mean, I could barely wear a pair of pants for several hours this morning until it went away."

I was starting to get angry that she was beating around the bush like this, let alone that she felt she needed to involve her Mom in this discussion.

"Is that what this is about? Courtney, don't worry, I'm not going to wet the bed again, I promise. I swear that's never happened before," I pleaded.

"I know, I know," Courtney explained. "But Gary, I was talking to my Mom about it, and she brought up the fact that in her nannying experience, when kids—I mean, anyone, you're obviously not a kid—but when *someone* wets the bed, it's highly likely that they will wet the bed the next night as well. It's usually the start of a problem that will continue for some time..."

"...Until properly treated," Mildred added.

I did not like where this was going.

"Okay? So, what are you proposing?" I asked.

"Well, I was wracking my brain for solutions," Courtney said, "And we are so lucky, because Mom is going to let you sleep in a separate room until your night-time accidents clear up," she explained in an enthusiastic tone.

I was shocked and hurt. "Courtney—we're married. You don't want to sleep in the same bed anymore?"

Courtney frowned. "Gary... I'm not happy about it either, but I hoped that you would at least be mature enough to appreciate that I have a solution that doesn't involve divorce. I can't believe that you're making *me* the bad guy here, even though *you're* the one who's wetting the bed and therefore endangering my health."

Her words stung, but they made sense.

"Gary, when my daughter said her vows, it did not include sleeping in a urine soaked bed at the risk of her health and safety," Mildred added.

I glared at Mildred, but her comments did serve to drive the point home. I immediately felt embarrassed about my initially selfish reaction.

"You're right, you're right," I replied. "I'm sorry."

Courtney breathed a small sigh of relief. "Oh Gary, I'm so glad you understand. Thank you."

“Did your mother really need to be a part of this conversation?” I asked in an annoyed tone. I knew that Mildred was relishing watching Courtney and I split up—even if only in this minor way.

“Well, that’s the other thing,” Courtney explained. “You see, the thing is, Mom here has a ton of experience potty training difficult toddlers and helping train kids out of wetting the bed. And when I explained to her what was going on, she graciously offered to help you with your bed wetting problems,” Courtney explained.

An evil smirk flashed across Mildred’s face. I was mortified.

“What? What are you talking about? I don’t need any help!” I said. “What does that even mean?”

Courtney frowned again. “Gary! Will you listen to yourself? First, you say you don’t want to have to sleep in separate bedrooms. But now that my Mom is offering to help you stop wetting the bed, so that we won’t have to do that anymore, you’re refusing?”

“I uhh... I mean... I just don’t need her help!” I shouted.

Courtney stared at me, then she burst into tears. I was stunned.

Mildred immediately started rubbing Courtney’s shoulders and comforting her as she sobbed.

“Gary,” Courtney’s Mom said as she rubbed her daughter’s back. “You have no idea how hard it’s been on my daughter having to find out over a year into her marriage that her adult husband wets the bed. Personally, I think it shows profound compassion on her part that she’s willing to still be with you at all while you get over this childish problem of yours.

“But if she doesn’t see you making any effort at all to accept help for your problem... well I don’t know how much longer *I* would stay married in that situation,” she lectured.

My stomach dropped. The threat was clear. Courtney was threatening to divorce me. It was my greatest fear, and it hurt ten times more that it came from her Mother instead of her.

Courtney patted her Mom’s hand and dried her tears. “Thanks Mom. Sorry Gary... I don’t mean to sound harsh, but... well...”

“Okay, I’ll do it,” I said. “I’ll do whatever your Mom wants,” I grudgingly added.

Courtney and Mildred both looked up. Courtney smiled and placed her hand on mine. “Thank you, Gary. Once you give her a proper chance, I

think you'll find that my Mom really knows what she's doing."

I felt a chill go down my spine as I looked over at Mildred.

"Let's go upstairs and I'll show you to your new room," Mildred said as she flashed me another evil smile.

Gina's New Nursery

Courtney, Mildred and I all walked upstairs together.

When we got to what *was* mine and Courtney's bedroom, Courtney opened the door, turned around, and gave me a firm but brief hug.

"Goodnight, darling," she said with a smile and turned to go into her bedroom.

"You don't want to keep hanging out before bed?" I asked in confusion.

"I have an early morning," she replied.

I felt Mildred's hand on my shoulder. "And Gary, part of learning how to keep your bed dry is learning to go to sleep at an appropriate bedtime," Mildred explained.

I felt humiliated and helpless as I watched Courtney shut her bedroom door on me, leaving me with her Mother in the hallway.

"Alright, little one," Mildred said as she guided me down the hallway. "Do you have to do a peepee before bed?"

I felt a chill go down my spine. I was shocked that she was talking to me like a two-year-old.

"I'm fine," I grumbled defensively.

The truth was, I did have to pee, but I just wanted to get away from this woman. I figured I would just use the bathroom after she showed me to the bedroom I had been exiled to.

Mildred turned me around and looked me in the eyes. "Well, little one, Mommy is going to take you to the potty anyway. Because if you don't want to do a peepee in your bed, you have to do a full peepee before sleepy time."

"Let go of me," I said, pulling my shoulder away. I was mortified by the way she was speaking to me.

Mildred put her hands on her hips and glared at me. "Uh oh. That's not how *little girls* talk to their Mommy, is it? Mommy's who give them *milk* late at night and tuck them into bed. Unless of course... they want another *bare bottom spanking*... *Gina*."

As soon as she said it, I was taken by flashbacks of my previous nights with Mildred—to the events that I *thought* must have been dreams.

I looked up at Mildred in horror. I finally realized that her humiliating spanking, the way she fondled me in bed next to Courtney, the name *Gina* — it was all, terrifyingly, real.

I began trembling with paralyzing terror. I felt like I was shrinking into a little girl right before her eyes—regressing to a childlike, sissy, helpless state.

“Is that what you want, *Gina*?” Mildred asked, reiterating my new name. “To be put over my knee again till you’re whining and howling, just like last time?”

“No... Mommy,” I squeaked.

“Good girl,” Mildred said, patting me on the head. “Good little baby girl.”

She turned me back around and guided me down the hall and into the bathroom.

“Time for peepees!” She said in a singsong voice as she shut the door behind us.

I stood in front of the toilet, let out a long sigh, then turned back to her. “Fine, I will,” I grumbled.

She folded her arms and didn’t move. There was an awkward silence.

“Okay, go ahead,” she said with a smile.

“Aren’t you going to leave?” I asked.

Mildred burst into laughter. “Sorry, little baby. Mommy needs to watch you do a potty, so I know you actually went.”

“You want to... *watch me use the toilet*?” I asked in horror.

“Yes, little Gina. If you aren’t comfortable peeing in front of me, you shouldn’t have peed all over my daughter,” she chastised.

I was stunned. There was no way I could use the bathroom in front of this woman.

“Mommy... I don’t have to go anymore,” I pleaded.

She laughed at me again. “Well then, we can stay in here all night if we need to. Because your butt is not touching any bed until I see you try to produce some peepee out of your little weenie for the toilet,” she lectured.

I felt so humiliated and emasculated by her tone. But feeling defeated, I sighed, bowed my head, and decided to try and get this over with.

I lifted up the toilet seat and began to unbutton my pants.

"What do you think you're doing?" She barked, causing me to freeze.

"Ummm... going pee," I replied.

"Oh, honey, little girls don't go peepee standing up. You'll make a big mess. Here," Mildred said as she walked toward me.

Mildred pulled the toilet seat down, grabbed my pants, and yanked them to my ankles. I immediately started flushing with embarrassment.

"Now take a seat..." she said as she turned me around and guided my naked butt to the toilet seat. "Good girl," she coo'd.

I looked up at her standing over me with her arms crossed. My face was bright red as I sat naked on the toilet in front of her.

"Now go ahead and do your peepees, Gina," she ordered with an impatient look on her face.

I stared down at my feet to avoid her scrutinizing gaze and tried to relax my bladder.

But nothing was coming out. It was impossible to relax enough to pee as she impatiently stared at me.

I closed my eyes and tried to calm down, but I still couldn't do it. I couldn't stop thinking about the spanking and hand job she had given me in previous nights.

Several minutes passed as I pathetically failed to empty my bladder.

Finally, I decided that it wasn't going to happen. "I'm finished," I said meekly.

Mildred laughed. "You haven't even done any peepee yet, little girl."

"I can't go," I pleaded.

Mildred frowned. "I see. Hmmm..." she said, clearly deep in thought. "Well, this is my mistake then. I guess I didn't realize that you weren't ready for the big kid toilet yet," she said.

I didn't know what she was talking about, but I finally felt like I had permission to stand up and pull my pants back up.

I walked toward the bathroom door, only to hear Mildred clear her throat again. "Uh oh, little sissy forgot the rules of the potty, didn't she," she said.

I turned around. "What?" I asked in an annoyed tone.

Mildred frowned. Then an evil smile crossed her face. "Wow, you really aren't ready for the big kid potty yet, are you," she said.

She walked over to me, grabbed my hands, then pulled me over to the sink. I reluctantly complied as she scrubbed my hands with soap and water.

“And It’d be careful, Missy, if you take that tone with me again, the soap won’t be on your hands, it’ll be in your mouth,” she lectured.

“Yes, Mommy,” I grumbled.

She opened the bathroom door for me, and I was glad to hopefully be done with tonight’s humiliation.

Unfortunately, I had no idea that my humiliation was just getting started.

* * *

Mildred lead me by the hand toward a door at the end of the hallway. “Alright little one, let’s get you ready for bed in your new room.”

As we approached, I noticed a sign painted on the door in pink, cursive letters. I had noticed the sign earlier, but this was the first time I was finally close enough to read it.

It said, “Shhh... baby sleeping.” I got another bad feeling about this.

Mildred opened up the door and guided me by the hand into the dark room.

She closed the door behind us and flipped on the lights.

I covered my eyes as they adjusted to the sudden brightness. The first thing I noticed was that the walls, the furniture, the carpet—everything seemed to be blindingly pink.

My eyes adjusted further, and I could finally see where I was.

I gasped.

I was standing in a lavishly outfitted, all bright pink, baby nursery. One that was clearly intended for a girl.

In addition to the nauseating bright pink, frilly bows, pastel flowers, and lacy fabric decorated the walls and furniture. Juvenile patterns of cartoon diapers, rattles and teddy bears lined the carpet and the ceiling. And phrases like, *Mommy’s Little Stinker* and *Baby Girl*, hung on signs as decoration.

There was a rather large, pink and yellow diaper changing table near the window. Stacked above it was a mountain of large, puffy disposable diapers of every color and variety. Below the changing table, shelves of every conceivable diaper changing supply possible overflowed their baskets.

I felt dizzy. “Why did you bring me in here?” I asked in a shaky voice.

“Aww, little baby Gina really does have the memory of a baby, doesn’t she? We’re tucking you into bed for the night, sweetie, remember?” she said in a sing-song voice.

“What?” I asked in disbelief. “I can’t sleep *in here*,” I replied.

Mildred laughed, then walked over to a crib in the corner of the room I hadn’t yet registered. “Of course, you can,” she said as she unlatched and lowered the rails on the side of the crib.

I took a step closer to look at the crib. I was mortified.

The rails of the crib were bright pink, and the blankets were covered with rubber ducks and cartoon princesses. Even if I did agree to sleep in it, the crib didn’t seem long enough for me to be able to fully lay down in it. Yet the railings to the crib were so tall, they almost reached the ceiling.

I was horrified. “You told me you had another *bedroom* for me to sleep in. Not a... baby’s nursery,” I shouted in disbelief. “I’ll just sleep on the couch...” I said as I started backing toward the door.

Mildred stared at me, then let out a laugh. “Sorry, little one, unfortunately this is the only room I have with a bed that’s properly equipped with a mattress protector for peepee accidents like yours,” she said.

She patted the mattress in the crib with her hand, demonstrating the thick, crinkly, plastic mattress protector below the sheets. “And no, you do not have permission to soil my couch downstairs instead,” she added.

“But... this is a *baby’s* room. A *baby girl’s* room,” I pleaded as I backed up against the bedroom door.

Mildred walked toward me with a devious smile. “Aw, I’m sorry, little one. You don’t want to sleep in a sissy baby girl nursery? Well, think of it this way. Maybe you have a lot more in common with a sissy baby than you realize.”

She cornered me against the door. “I mean, you both can’t control your bladder. You both blubber and cry at the drop of a hat. And oh...”

She put her hand to my crotch and gave my junk a squeeze. I winced. “You’ve got no penis to speak of,” she said with a cruel smirk.

I pulled away and backed across the room as she stood in front of the door. “No! No way. I’m not doing it. There’s no way I’m sleeping in here,” I shouted with a shaky voice.

Mildred frowned at me again. A minute passed as I felt her staring at me, looking me up and down, thinking.

Then she let out a long sigh. "Well, it's so sad to see your marriage end this way, after all. I mean, you *just* promised Courtney that you were committed to change. She's going to be crushed when she finds out that you're no longer committed to getting the help you need for your potty issue," Mildred said.

"I told her I would be okay with sleeping in another bedroom. I don't think she would be okay with you forcing me to sleep in a... baby's nursery," I argued back.

Mildred looked at me, then carefully unlocked and opened up the door to the room.

"Okay then, you go ahead and wake Courtney up and tell her," she said pointing down the hallway.

I hesitated.

"What's wrong, Gina?" She added. "Go tell her you're too old to sleep in a baby's room, even though you still wet the bed. Go tell her you're too proud to accept my help for your problem. That she was wrong about me, that I don't know what I'm doing after all."

I began taking cautious steps toward the open door.

"And oh, I guess you should also tell her to disregard my advice to her from earlier tonight. It looks like she *should* divorce you after all, just like she wanted planned to," she added.

I froze. "What did you just say?" I asked Mildred.

"Oh, you didn't know?" Mildred replied with a cruel smirk. "Courtney has been on the verge of ending things with you for some time now. She said she was finally sick of your disrespectful, infantile, embarrassing behavior toward me, her, and frankly everyone else.

"You losing your job, as well as the temper tantrums you've been throwing since you moved in with me here, have only pushed her closer to the edge. You wetting the bed last night? That was the final straw for her," Mildred explained.

My heart was pounding. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Courtney came to me this morning and said she planned to divorce you tonight. But! I told her not to.

"I told my daughter she should give you one more chance. I told her that I would be willing to potty train you and discipline you into someone she could bear to live with.

"Courtney cautiously agreed. But of course, it all depended on whether or not you decided to comply," she explained.

My head was spinning. I felt like I was going to throw up. *Was any of this true?* I asked myself.

I thought back to how Courtney had been acting for the past several weeks, all the way up to today. The way she could barely stand to talk to me this morning. Then I thought about the meeting she called me to after dinner. The way she started crying when I said I didn't want to do what her Mom said.

Everything Mildred was saying made total sense. I felt a wave of horror and betrayal.

"I don't believe you!" I shouted through my suddenly teary eyes.

Mildred just nodded and smiled. "Okay, it's up to you. Go tell Courtney that I'm a liar. Tell her that you don't believe what I'm saying to you right now," she said as she pointed down the hallway again.

My heart pounded as I stared down the hallway.

Was she bluffing? Was everything she was telling me just a lie to control me? Was I willing to risk never seeing Courtney again if she's right?

"Ah oh, one more thing," Mildred added. "When you're finished telling her all that, maybe you should also tell her about the massive hard-on you got for your mother-in-law last night. The kind of hard-on *Courtney* hadn't seen in ages. The hard on for me you jerked off with until you came—right next to her while she slept. Maybe it would help her finally understand why you'll never be able to satisfy her. Don't you think she should finally know the truth about the kind of broken pervert that she married?"

I stared at Mildred in horror.

"Or maybe... *I* should tell her instead?" Mildred added with an evil smirk.

"No, don't!" I shouted.

I felt like I was going to pass out. I took a step back and sat on the plastic, pink and blue toy box against the wall.

I was so ashamed of the boners Mildred was giving me. I hated that they happened. I wished they never did. But there was nothing I could do to change the fact that they did, in fact, happen.

Whether or not Mildred was lying about Courtney planning to divorce me, if Courtney's Mom told her that I couldn't get it up for Courtney, but that I had no problem getting it up for her *Mom*... I knew that our marriage would be over.

"Fine," I muttered, wiping away my tears. "I'll do whatever you want. Just don't tell her about that."

Mildred slowly closed the door of the nursery.

She locked it, turned to me and smiled.

"Good sissy," she said. "Now let's continue your training."

The First Diaper

I sat on the toy box in a daze as I tried to grapple with what Mildred had told me—that my wife secretly planned to divorce me.

CLAP CLAP. I snapped out of it as Mildred clapped her hands above my head.

“First thing’s first, stand up for Mommy so we can get these clothes off,” Mildred said.

I stood up and gazed across the room in a blurry stupor.

“Arms up little one,” she said.

I mindlessly complied and lifted my arms. At this point, I had no will to resist anything Mildred demanded of me. I just wanted her to leave me alone so I could cry myself to sleep in private.

“Good girl,” she said as she lifted my shirt off my head.

She then unbuttoned my pants and lowered them to my ankles. I instinctively moved my hands down to cover my privates.

“Uh oh! Keep those hands up, little baby,” she said as she grabbed my wrists and lifted them over my head again. “Mommy needs to see everything that’s going on down here.”

I blushed as she kneeled down and began squeezing, poking and prodding my balls and shaft. I knew it was embarrassing, but I also felt powerless to disobey her.

“Hmmm,” she said as she pinched my penis between her fingers. “Yes, I think I have the perfect solution for this little problem. Don’t you worry,” she added.

I didn’t reply or even think twice about what she could be talking about.

“Now go ahead and step out of these pants... there you go,” she said as she took my pants away and peeled my socks off.

I was now standing totally naked with my arms raised above my head as Mildred looked me up and down.

“Alright, little one. You were very, very naughty with the amount of disrespect and backtalk you gave me a few minutes ago, so I was planning

on putting you over my knee for another blistering spanking,” she said.

I winced at the thought of it.

“But! Since you seem to be very well behaved now, I’ll let you off with some corner time. How does that sound?” She asked.

“Yes, please Mommy. I’ll be good,” I said.

She smiled. “Alright. Get your naughty little nose in that corner,” she said as she guided me into the corner of the room.

I lowered my arms from my head without thinking.

SMACK! I yelped as she landed a hard slap on my naked bottom.

“Naughty girl! Hands stay up until Mommy says they can come down,” she scolded.

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied as I put my hands back on top of my head. They were already starting to get sore from me holding them in that position, but I summoned the strength to comply.

I felt Mommy’s hand on the back of my head, and she guided my nose into the corner.

“Good girl. You keep that nose in that corner while I get some things ready. Okay?” She asked as she gave my bottom a light spank.

“Yes, Mommy!” I said.

Mildred walked away and I could hear her move and prepare some things behind me.

The position I was in was highly uncomfortable, and the cool air on my naked body was making me shiver.

I thought about Courtney, and how much I missed her, and how helpless and pathetic I felt.

Tears started falling down my cheeks again, and soon I was sobbing.

But I knew I dare not move. I vowed to obey ‘Mommy’ no matter what. I would do whatever it took to keep the love of my life from leaving me. Because I knew that any humiliation Mildred could foist on me would still be better than a life without Courtney.

I began hysterically sobbing in the corner of the nursery, just like the little sissy Mildred said I was.

* * *

“Okay, sissy, let’s get you changed into your diaper,” Mildred said as she grabbed my shoulder and turned me around.

I looked at the diaper changing table across the room in humiliated resignation.

"My diaper?" I asked. "I have to wear a diaper?"

Before I had entered my new nursery with Mildred tonight, I certainly would have fought tooth and nail against any suggestion that I do something as absurd and degrading as *wear a diaper*.

But now... it was hardly a surprise at this point. More importantly, I knew there was nothing I could do to resist it.

"Yes, sissy. When you make peepee messes, you have to wear a diaper, so you don't get everything wet," Mildred said as she pulled me over toward the diaper change table.

"But... but... but if you're making me wear a diaper, why do I have to sleep in here then? Why can't I sleep in Courtney's bed?" I asked in a pouty tone of voice.

"Because, sissy baby, diapers leak. Now climb up on the table for Mommy," she said as she reached under my arm pits and lifted me up onto the table.

"Good girl," she said as she pushed me back so I was laying down. "Keep those hands above your head... there we go."

I felt so humiliated and small laying on a diaper changing table, buck naked, with my mother-in-law towering over me.

I watched Mildred pull a large, puffy, bright pink disposable diaper off the shelf and hold it up for me to see. It was bright pink with polka dots and princesses.

"Oh yes, this is a really pretty diaper for my pretty little girl," Mildred said.

"But Mommy, it looks so thick," I whined.

"Well, Gina, I was going to let you wear a pull-up, but you didn't do any peepee at all on the potty before we came in here, so I'm going to have to keep you in an extra thick diaper, just in case you wet as much as you did last night. I don't know if you remember, little sissy, but your bed was *soaked* this morning," she lectured.

I blushed as I remembered how I had soaked the whole bed Courtney and I were sleeping in with my urine.

I blushed even harder as Mildred unfolded the diaper and slid it beneath my butt. The warm fabric of the crinkly plastic diaper felt

incredibly strange on my bare butt. I immediately felt smaller and more juvenile.

Almost on instinct, I put my thumb in my mouth and began sucking. I closed my eyes and felt like I was being transported back in time to an age I had long forgotten.

"Awww, look at you," Mildred said as she noticed me sucking my thumb. "We'll have to get a paci in your mouth after we get you changed," she said.

She then placed her hand on my package and gave it a gentle squeeze to get my attention. It worked—my eyes popped right open.

"Now little Gina, Mommy likes to play a game with the babies on this change table who are too old for diapers but have to wear them anyway. It's called, 'Why I wear my diapers'. Okay?" She asked.

"Okay, Mommy," I replied, my thumb still in my mouth.

"The way we play this game is that you tell Mommy why you have to wear diapers. Then, during every step of your diaper change, you tell Mommy what she's doing, and then repeat why you need to wear diapers again. Does that make sense?" She asked.

"Uhhh... I think so, Mommy," I replied. "Do I *have* to play?"

She giggled and stroked my forehead. "Yes, you do, little sissy. You should feel very, very ashamed right now that at your age, your Mommy has to put you in diapers to keep you from ruining the blankets on your bed," she explained.

As she said it, my heart started beating faster as I cringed with embarrassment. It was a little dose of reality about how humiliating and pathetic my situation was.

"Yeth, Mommy," I said with bright red cheeks.

"And part of the way that Mommy helps you stop needing diapers is to make you understand how naughty you are and how ashamed you should be for wearing diapers at all," she explained.

"Yeth... Mommy," I replied.

"Good," she said with a smile. "Now, Gina, why are you wearing diapers?"

"Uhhhh..." I said, racking my brain. For some reason it felt like I could barely remember what had led me to this point in time.

"Oh... I did a peepee in the bed with Courtney," I said.

Mildred smiled. "That's right, little baby. Now, tell Mommy what she's doing and tell her why you're wearing diapers again," she said.

I felt Mildred raise my feet straight up into the air, exposing my bottom. "Mommy is putting my feet in the air... because I did a peepee in the bed with Courtney," I said.

"Good girl," she replied with a smile. "Keep those feet up and keep going!"

I continued dictating her actions.

"Mommy is wiping me down with baby wipes... because I did a peepee in the bed with Courtney."

"Mommy is wiping my little weewee with the baby wipes... because I did a peepee in the bed with Courtney."

Mildred spread my legs out, and I flinched as I felt her start to vigorously wipe my butt crack and anus with the baby wipes.

"Mommy is cleaning my dirty bum hole with cold baby wipes... because I did a peepee in the bed with Courtney."

"Mommy is putting lots of oil on my peepee... and she's rubbing it in... and she's stroking it..."

I trailed off as I realized my dick was, once again, hard as a rock.

"Naughty girl likes her diaper changes with Mommy, doesn't she?" Mildred said with a laugh as she began stroking my cock with her oily hand.

"Yes Mommy!" I moaned. I was suddenly in a state of sexual ecstasy, whether I wanted to be or not.

Mommy kept stroking and stroking and my cock got harder and harder. I started moaning and writhing on the diaper changing table.

"Pwease Mommy, don't stop!" I begged and whimpered as I felt a roaring orgasm begin to brew from deep inside my loins.

SMACK. She delivered a sharp spank to my bottom, causing me to yelp. "Naughty baby!" She chastised. "We'll be taking care of that naughty little peepee of yours soon enough, don't you worry," she said.

I moaned as she pulled her hand away, leaving my cock standing at attention and begging for release.

Mildred turned her back to me. I instinctively reached down with my hand and began furiously rubbing myself, continuing where she left off.

Faster. Faster. *Faster!* I felt like an animal intoxicated with horniness.

Boom!

My cock erupted in a tidal wave of pleasure.

“Unnnnghhh,” I grunted in fit of ecstasy as I sprayed my enormous load of hot cum from my belly button up to my face.

As I finished stroking my penis to its earth-shattering completion, I was trembling with relief.

That relief was quickly supplanted by regret as I opened my eyes and realized I was laying naked on a diaper changing table, covered in sticky cum, as Mildred stared down at me with an expression of revulsion and shock.

“You filthy little thing! How dare you!” She scolded.

She swiftly lifted my legs up and started landing blow after blow on my naked bottom with her hand.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“You naughty, naughty, naughty sissy baby! How dare you touch your peepee behind Mommy’s back! I hope you enjoyed playing with yourself, you disgusting little thing, because it’ll be the last time you do it for a long, long time!” Mildred scolded as she turned my bottom bright red.

“I’m sawwy Mommy! I couldn’t help it! I’m sawwy! I be good! Pwease stop Mommy! It hurts!” I screamed.

Finally, she dropped my legs back down on the diaper changing table.

She continued staring down at me with her hands in her hips as I continued sobbing and writhing in my cummy mess.

“You know what, sissy baby? Since you wanted to make a sticky mess for Mommy to find, you’re gonna help me clean it up,” she said.

I didn’t know what she meant, but I watched her stick her fingers in my cum and wipe it up with her hand.

“Open,” she ordered.

Confused, I opened my mouth, and felt Mommy stick her fingers dripping with my cum into my mouth.

I immediately gagged from the warm salty taste.

“Ah ah ah—no sir. You wrap your lips around my fingers and swallow every drop,” she ordered.

I looked up with pained and humiliated eyes, yet proceeded to obey. I wrapped my lips around her fingers and sucked every drop of my sticky cum off her hand.

The fluid was salty and warm. I felt sick and wanted to spit it out.

But I felt mommy's hand suddenly holding my mouth closed and plugging my nose.

"Swallow!" She ordered.

I closed my eyes and obeyed. I gulped down my warm goo, trying not to vomit from the taste. I already regretted my ill-gotten orgasm.

"Good sissy!" She said, letting go of my mouth and nose, finally allowing me to breathe again.

"Next bite," she said as she gathered up more of my cum out of my belly button.

I hungrily sucked it down, swallowed, then opened my mouth to show her I had swallowed it all.

"Good sissy baby!" She said. "Drinking all these cummies for Mommy. A good sissy has to learn to drink lots of cummies, so it's good you're starting now. Of course, *you'll* never be making cummies again, that's for sure," she said with a laugh.

She continued scooping up my cum and forcing me to drink it until I had swallowed every last drop. By time all the cum I had sprayed was in my belly, I was feeling incredibly full.

Mildred then gave my belly a final wipe down with a baby wipe.

SMACK She gave my butt another hard slap. "Did you forget the rules of diaper changes?" She scolded.

"Oh, sorry, Mommy," I replied. "Mommy is wiping up my tummy with the wipes... because I made an icky cummy mess on the diaper changing table."

She smiled at my continuing of the narration.

"Mommy is pinching my weewee... because I made a naughty cummy mess on the diaper changing table."

"Mommy is putting my weewee in a... wait, Mommy, what's that?" I asked.

"Oh this? This is your new sissy cage, baby Gina," she said with a smile.

I watched her squeeze my penis and balls into a small, plastic, pink little cock-cage. I was horrified.

"Mommy—does that mean I can't even get a boner anymore?" I asked.

"That's right, sissy. No more naughty boners. No more naughty cummies. Just like a good sissy. Besides, it's not like Courtney hardly ever got to see any of those boners of yours," she said with a laugh.

I began to panic as I felt my manhood suddenly confiscated before my eyes. Mildred even went through the effort of locking it shut with a key.

"Mommyyyyy," I whined.

SMACK.

She spanked my butt again, shutting me up. "Hush now, sissy. Mommy knows what's best. Now, keep describing while I finish your diaper change, or I'll give you another spanking. But over my knee this time," she threatened.

I let out a painful sigh and resigned myself to my new chastity device. "Mommy is putting baby powder on my weewee and bum and all around. And Mommy is pulling my diaper up and taping it around my waist... because I did a naughty peepee in the bed with Courtney and now I need to wear diapers."

She patted the pink, crinkly diaper around my waist and stuck her fingers in the leg holes to test the fit.

"Now, what do you say to Mommy after she changes your diaper?" She asked.

"Thank you, Mommy," I replied.

She smiled. "Close, but not quite. You say, 'Thank you Mommy, I'm a naughty stinker, and I belong in diapers.'"

My adult self woke enough to Cringe at how humiliating the words were. But I was eager for this to be finally over.

"Thank you, Mommy, I'm a naughty stinker, and I belong in diapers," I dutifully replied.

"Good girl!" She said as she spanked my crinkly bottom. "And you know what you get for being so good during our game?"

I shook my head no. She pulled out a super large bottle of milk from under the table. Its teat seemed to be made for an adult.

"A warm bottle of milk to help you fall asleep," she said.

I had no desire to drink the milk, but I could barely get a word out in protest before she shoved the rubber teat of the bottle into my mouth.

I instinctively began to suck the milk down as she held it to my mouth and stroked my forehead. The bottle's rubber teat seemed to pour the milk

into my mouth just fast enough to keep me drinking, but slow enough that I didn't choke on the milk.

When the bottle was finished, I felt incredibly full and drowsy. "Now let's get you into bed," she said.

She helped me off the table and walked me over toward the crib. She patted my butt as I climbed onto the bed in the crib.

The milk was quickly working its way through my system, and I suddenly realized that I never got a chance to pee. I suddenly felt like my bladder was about to burst.

"Wait, Mommy, I have to go to the bathroom," I said.

Mildred just laughed as she pulled the bars of the crib up and locked them in place with a key.

"Sorry, Gina, I already took you to the potty, remember?" She replied.

I looked up and could tell it wouldn't be possible for me to climb out over the bars of the crib. I suddenly felt like I was in a cage as I looked out at Mildred through the pink bars. My bladder twinged again.

"But Mommy, I really gotta go," I whined.

"Part of potty training is learning how to use the potty when you're allowed, and *holding* it when you're *not* allowed. Maybe a night sleeping in a cold, wet diaper will help you learn that for next time," she lectured.

I was mortified and panicked. I had to pee really bad, and I couldn't imagine actually *peeing in my diaper*.

"Mommy, please! Please don't make me use my diaper! I'll be good! Please let me out!" I begged and shrieked as she walked toward the door.

She paused and turned around. "Aww, poor little baby," she said.

She retrieved something from a drawer, then came over and began to unlatch my crib. I was hopeful she was going to take mercy on me and let me use the bathroom after all.

But to my disappointment and shock, instead she pulled out a huge pacifier and shoved it in my mouth. "This should help my fussy little sissy get to sleep," she said.

I immediately spit the pacifier out, got up, and ran toward the door of the nursery. I tried to open the door, but it was locked shut by a key only Mildred had.

She began laughing at me as I struggled and whined. "Awww, look at the little sissy baby trying to run around the house in her diapey. Sorry, sissy

Gina, babies don't get to run around after bed time.”

“Please Mommy!” I begged. “I really have to go!”

I crossed my legs and did the potty dance.

“Alright baby, come here,” she said as she walked around me.

Before I knew what was happening, she was picking me up and carrying me in her arms. I was surprised at her strength. I suddenly felt like a toddler again in her grasp.

She carried me over to the crib again, laid me down, and began to rub my tummy with one hand as she held me down with their other.

“Please, let me up!” I begged and pleaded. But as badly as I needed to pee, I suddenly felt very weak and fatigued.

She began singing to me in a soft and comforting voice.

“Hush little baby, don't you cry,

Momma's gonna keep those diapers dry

So, if my sissy makes a stinky mess

Momma's gonna change her when it's best”

As she sang and rubbed my tummy, I felt myself relax, and before I knew what was happening, a loud hiss could be heard coming from my diaper.

Once I realized it was happening, it was too late to close the floodgates. I blushed as I felt the unique and overwhelming sensation of my hot piss splashing against the inside of my diaper and pooling around my balls.

I started peeing harder and harder, and the relief from my bladder, combined with Mommy rubbing my tummy, and the sensation of the warm, wet diaper drooping around my balls, was practically orgasmic.

I started moaning in a strange, ecstatic delirium. “Mommyyyy. It feels so good.”

Mommy smiled and coo'd as she continued rubbing my tummy. “Good girl. Make a peepee in your diapers for mommy. Good girl,” she coo'd.

Finally, when my bladder was all empty, I wrapped my arms around Mommy and buried my head in her chest.

“Awww, what a cute little baby,” she said as she stroked my head.

She gently placed the pacifier into my mouth again and I began obediently sucking.

She laid me back in my bed, tucked me into my sheets, and I rolled over and closed my eyes.

"Nighty night, little sissy," I heard Mommy say as she lifted up the gate to the crib and locked it shut again.

Snuggled up in my blanket, a warm, wet diaper nuzzling my crotch, a belly full of warm milk and the soothing sensation of my pacifier all quickly relaxed me into a very deep sleep.

* * *

I woke up in the middle of the night, presumably several hours later. I badly needed to pee.

I sat up and looked around, deeply confused. I realized my wife wasn't next to me and immediately panicked.

"Courtney?" I called out. As I did, a pacifier fell out of my mouth, much to my confusion.

I realized I was surrounded by bars of some type. I grabbed them with my hands and tried to feel for a way out.

Finally, everything Mildred had done to me that night came back to me in a flash—the nursery, the diaper, the bottle of milk.

Part of me still hoped I had imagined it. That it was all just a bad dream. But the bars around me told me that if it was just a nightmare—I was still trapped in it.

I gulped, shut my eyes, and hesitatingly reached down to check the one detail that would confirm it was all real.

My hand reached my waist and I cringed. I was wearing a thick, soggy, drooping, disposable diaper.

I had wet my diaper in my mother-in-law's arms. And I had to pee again.

"Mommy? Mommy?" I called out. I knew there was no point. I knew she wouldn't come.

I curled into a ball in my crib and racked my brain for what to do. I thought about trying to kick the crib railings out, but it was dark, and I figured I would probably break a toe before I broke the sturdy wood crib.

Finally, I gave into my fatigue and resigned myself to my humiliating fate.

I got on my knees, took a deep breath, and let another hot stream of warm piss flow into my diaper.

As the hiss of my urine loudly echoed in my diaper, I felt drops of urine start to leak out the sides and into my sheets.

I tried to adjust my penis to minimize the damage, but it felt like only more pee began leaking out.

I couldn't stop the flow, and instead, I was forced to lay on my back and try to lift my diaper to absorb as much of my flow as possible.

Finally, after what felt like forever, my flow of urine stopped, and I collapsed in my puddle of wet blankets. My totally soaked, smelly, stinky, leaking disposable diaper sloshed and rustled against my private's as I rolled over and tried to get back to sleep.

*I guess Mildred **was** right, I thought to myself. It **is** good that I wasn't just wearing a pull-up.*

A Pretty Sissy

"Oh my god, pee-ew, his diaper is absolutely soaked! I guess you were right, Mom." In my still half-asleep daze, I recognized the voice as Courtney's.

I opened my groggy eyes and saw it was morning. The railing to my crib was down. And I felt fingers prodding and squeezing the cold, urine-soaked diaper I was wearing around my waist.

Images of last night flashed in my head as I tried to figure out what was going on. Then I looked down and realized it was Courtney who was leaning over me and checking my pee-soaked diaper!

"Courtney!" I tried to shout. It came out as a groggy mumble. I tried to sit up, but my limbs felt like jelly.

"Shhhhh," I heard someone say. I suddenly felt the rubber pacifier I had spit out in the middle of the night get shoved between my lips again and held there. "Lay down and relax, little one. Mommy and Courtney just need to have a little look at your diapee."

I realized it was Mildred who was now holding me down as Courtney fondled and inspected my soaking wet diaper. I was too weak to resist.

"I can't believe he wet the bed again a second night in a row," I heard Courtney say. "*Soaked it*. I mean look, he was even wearing an adult diaper and his sheets still got wet!"

Courtney turned away. She looked to be shocked and disgusted by what she was witnessing.

"Courtney!" I tried to yell out. But the pacifier Mildred was holding in my mouth reduced my pleas to a pathetic mumble.

"I know, sweetie," Mildred said to her daughter as she held me down. "I know it's hard for you to see this. But I just wanted you to see the scale of the problem yourself so it wouldn't come as such a shock. Gary's... issues... are not something that are going to be fixed overnight.

"It's going to take some time. It's probably going to get worse before it gets better. And well..." Mildred trailed off and took a breath. "You need to

start accepting the possibility that it might never get better. Or at least, not to the way it was,” Mildred added.

I heard Courtney start crying on the other side of the room. I frantically tried to get up again, but Mildred wrapped me in my blanket, pinning me down, and my limbs continued to be too weak to resist.

I was starting to suspect Mildred’s evening milk contained something that put me to sleep and kept me groggy in the morning.

“Courtney, it’s going to be okay,” Mildred continued. “I’m here for you, and trust me when I say that I’m doing everything I can to help. Why don’t you go downstairs and get some breakfast while I get this little stinker changed out of his yucky diaper,” Mildred added.

I watched Courtney dry her tears, approach her Mom, and give her a hug. “You’re right. Thank you, Mom. I love you,” Courtney said.

“I love you too, angel,” Mildred replied.

Courtney left the room and shut the door behind her. My head was spinning as I tried to figure out what was going on.

“Alright, little stinker, let’s get you changed out of your peepee mess,” Mildred said as she helped me sit up.

With Mildred’s hand no longer holding the pacifier in my mouth, I spit it out and shouted after Courtney. “Courtney! Wait!”

“You’ll get to talk to Courtney after you get changed out of your icky diaper, little one,” Mildred said.

“Why didn’t you let me talk to her? What were you saying about me!?” I shouted.

“Shhhhhh. It’s okay little baby,” Mildred said as she rubbed my back. “I know you’re cranky because you’re hungry and you need a diaper change. But before Mommy can change your icky diapee, you need to calm down,” she said as she put my pacifier back into my mouth.

I spit my dummy out again and summoned the energy to leap out of my crib and onto the floor. My saturated diaper was practically drooping to my knees as I stumbled toward the door of my nursery. I reached the door and grabbed the handle, but to my frustration, the door was locked again, just like last night.

“Courtney!” I screamed as I pounded on the door with my fist.

“Gina!” Mildred shouted, her loud voice causing me to freeze. “This is unacceptable!”

Mildred stood up and glared at me with her hands on her waist. "I have had it up to *here* with your disrespect, tantrums and attitude," she barked. "I have been far too lenient on you this morning. Well that's over!"

I felt a wave of raw fear in the pit of my stomach. I started backing up toward the corner of the room as Mildred marched toward me.

Before I knew what was happening, Mildred grabbed me by the wrist, twisted my arm, and dragged me over to a chair.

I started shrieking in pain and terror as she put me over her knee, pulled my diaper down, and began spanking my ass with her bare hand.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

"You naughty little sissy! How dare you talk to Mommy that way! Don't you ever disrespect me again!" Mildred yelled as she landed blow after blow on my butt.

Before I knew it, I was sobbing uncontrollably and howling at the top of my lungs for mercy. It felt like my whole bottom was on fire.

"I'm sawwwy Mommy!" I shrieked as she rendered me into a helpless, pathetic sissy.

When her ruthless blows against my tushie finally came to a stop, the deafening sound of her hand slapping my butt was replaced with my pathetic wailing and sniffing.

"What do you have to say for yourself?" Mildred asked as she gripped my bright red flanks in her palm.

"I'm sawwy, Mommy, I'll be good!" I said through my tears.

"Are you going to be behaved for the rest of the day?" She asked.

"Yes Mommy, I pwomise!" I shouted.

"Good. Because if I see you back talking, disobeying, or raising your voice at me again at any point for the rest of the day, I will have you over my knee in a flash for another spanking. Understood?" She asked, slapping my aching butt a final time for good measure.

"Yes, Mommy!" I shouted.

"Good. Now let's get you out of that foul, stinky diaper," she said, pulling my soaking wet diaper back up to my waist and helping me to my feet.

I instinctively rubbed my sore and blistering bottom through my wet diaper, but I immediately regretted it as the stale, cold urine stung my

freshly tanned behind.

Mildred then surprised me by re-inserting my pacifier. "Gina, good little sissies keep their paci's in till Mommy takes them out. Understood?" she asked.

"Yeth Mommy," I said through my pacifier.

"Good girl," she said.

She took my hand and walked me to the diaper changing table across the room. I had to walk bow legged due to my filthy diaper sagging around my waist.

Squish.

My saturated diaper sloshed against my bottom and groin as Mildred picked me up and sat me on the diaper changing table. I winced as my stinging bottom was pressed into my cold urine once again.

"Hands above your head," she said as she laid me back and guided my hands over my head. "Good sissy."

Now that it was daylight out, I felt a lot more vulnerable sitting on the diaper changing table in front of Mildred. Not to mention that my diaper was soaking wet.

But I did my best to close my eyes and behave. I just wanted to avoid another spanking. And I also did, admittedly, need to be changed out of my soaking wet, smelly diaper.

I felt Mildred's fingers underneath the waist of my diaper. "Uh oh, little sissy, what do we do on the diaper change table?" Mildred asked.

I tried to figure out what she was talking about, but then I remembered the instructions she had given me last night. "Mommy, I need a diaper change... because I soaked my diaper with peepee," I replied though my pacifier.

"Good sissy," she said as I heard her untape my diaper.

As she pulled the diaper up, the cool air on my genitals made me wince. "Oh... Mommy's untaping my diaper because I soaked it with peepee," I said again.

I continued narrating her actions as she pulled my wet diaper off, scrubbed my thighs, butt and genitals with baby wipes, and sprinkled me with baby powder.

"Alright little sissy, let's get you dressed for the day," she said as she helped me sit up.

I watched her retrieve a pink pull-up diaper off the shelf and hold it open for me to step into. I was shocked.

"Where-my-unda-wear?" I mumbled through my pacifier.

Mommy took the pacifier out of my mouth. "What's that sweetie?"

"I asked, where's my underwear, Mommy?"

"These *are* your underwear, sweetie," she replied.

"No, they're not. I want to wear my big boy undies," I replied.

"Sorry, Gina, but it's too risky to put you in big kid undies with your bladder control this unpredictable. For all I know, you could start losing control during the day now, given how badly you soaked your diaper last night. I'd rather keep you in pull-ups for now, just to be safe," she said.

"But... but..." I said, feeling myself on the verge of tears. I couldn't believe that she was now forcing me to wear diapers *during the day* as well now. "But it's not fair! You said I would have to wear diapers at night. Not during the day!"

"These aren't diapers, sweetie, this is a pull-up," Mildred said.

"It's a diaper!" I said back. Tears were now falling down my cheeks at the idea of having to wear such a humiliating garment during the day now as well.

Mildred frowned, then got up. "Fine, if you think a pull-up is the same as a diaper, I'll just change you into a diaper then!"

I watched in horror as she stood up and put the pull-up back on the shelf. She then pulled another super-puffy, pink, disposable diaper down.

"No, Mommy, wait! I'm sorry! I'll wear the pull-up!" I whined through my pacifier.

She put her hands on her hips and stared down at me. "Which is it, then?" She asked.

"The pull-up! Please. Let me wear pull-ups, Mommy. I'll be good!" I whined through my pacifier.

She rolled her eyes and put the puffy disposable diaper back. "You really are the whiniest little sissy I've ever met," she said as she knelt down again with the pull-up in her hand.

I stepped into the pull-up and blushed as she pulled the padded garment up my legs and over my crotch. It felt just as embarrassing as a diaper.

* * *

“Alright, little sissy, let’s go downstairs to see Courtney and get you some breakfast,” Mildred said as she unlocked the door to the nursery.

I realized that the morning’s events had distracted me from the fact that I had to pee yet again. “Mommy, I gotta use the potty,” I said.

She took my hand and pulled me toward the hallway. “Okay, little one. Let’s just go downstairs to the kitchen, first,” Mildred replied.

I suddenly realized that she wanted to bring me downstairs while I was still wearing nothing but my pull-up diaper.

Even though Courtney had already seen me that morning wearing nothing but my soaked diaper, I still felt deeply embarrassed about the idea of trying to talk to her wearing only such an infantile garment.

I definitely didn’t feel like I would have the confidence to seek her help in escaping Mildred’s torment.

I planted my feet in the doorway of the nursery. “Wait, Mommy, what about my clothes?” I asked.

“We don’t have any plans to leave the house today, sweetie, so you don’t need any clothes,” she replied.

“What? What do you mean?” I asked in horror. “Can’t I go put some pants on?”

She laughed. “I don’t think so, little one. As long as I need to keep an eye out for your peepee accidents, you won’t be wearing anything that makes it harder for me to check your pull-up,” she replied.

“What? Mommy! I don’t want to run around in just a diaper! Please let me wear some clothes!” I begged and pulled on her hand.

She folded her arms and stone faced me. Her expression made me feel like a toddler whining to their Mommy about a cookie they couldn’t have. I felt totally helpless and juvenile.

I knew I couldn’t say anything mean, or raise my voice, lest I get a spanking. But my emotions kept building and building and they felt like they had nowhere to go. The world was spinning and spinning.

Finally, I sat down on my padded butt, and broke down into a full-on, sobbing, temper tantrum on the carpeted floor of my nursery.

“It’s not fair, Mommy! Don’t make me go downstairs without clothes Mommy, please!” I begged and cried.

Mildred stared at me having a breakdown for a good, long minute, and when my sobbing finally started to slow down, she rolled her eyes and

laughed.

She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the closet of the nursery. “Alright, little sissy, let’s get you dressed,” she said as I dried my tears.

She opened the closet of the nursery and I gasped.

The closet was filled to the brim with all sorts of sissy pink dresses, frilly skirts, girly onesies, and every type of girly, humiliating, sissy pastel clothing you could imagine.

I was speechless.

“Alright, what should I dress my sissy baby Gina in... ah, here we go,” Mildred said as she pulled out a large, frilly pink dress.

“Wh-wh-what? Mommy, I can’t wear that,” I said with a trembling voice.

“Of course, you can, sweetie. It looks like it’ll fit you perfect,” she said as she held the dress up for size.

“But... that’s a dress. Boys don’t wear dresses,” I replied.

“You’re absolutely right, little sissy. *Boys* don’t wear dresses. Now arms up!” She said.

“Can’t I wear my normal clothes?” I whined.

“Gina, sissy babies who have accidents have to wear dresses so Mommy can check them for accidents and easily change them if they need it.

“Now, you just threw one of the most pathetic, noisy, sobbing little tantrums I’ve ever seen, just because you didn’t want to go downstairs without any clothes on. So, I’m putting these clothes on you whether you want to wear them or not. It’s too late to change your mind now,” she lectured.

I bowed my head with shame as she pulled my hands up. She pulled the shockingly humiliating, bright pink dress over my head and gruffly adjusted and fitted it over me.

“Maybe next time you’ll think twice before throwing a tantrum in front of Mommy,” she said.

I wanted to cry as I looked down at the unbearably pink and girly dress Mildred had successfully forced on me.

It’s satin texture was unlike anything I’d ever worn, and it felt even stranger to have my underwear—or in this case my pull-up—exposed underneath the short hem of the dress to anyone who sought to take a peek.

I turned around and looked at myself in the mirror. I instantly burst into tears.

I finally realized that I had been transformed.

Even though Mildred had made a habit of changing my name to Gina, I hadn't yet saw myself as a girl. I thought she was just being mean.

But as I looked at my new self-image—my tearful, rosy-cheeked baby-face, my ruffly, girly pink dress, my pastel, emasculating pull-up—I realized that Mildred was right. I really *was* closer to a little girl than a boy. The name 'Gina' really *was* a more appropriate name for me.

I began sobbing even harder.

"Aww, what's wrong little Sissy?" Mildred said. "Did you have a peepee accident already?"

I felt her grab the front of my dress and hoist it straight up, revealing my humiliating pull-up. She pulled the waist of my pull-up out, looked down the front, then felt it with her hand.

"Hmm, no, you're still dry. What's the problem, little princess?" She asked.

"I dunno," I replied. It was the best answer I could give.

"Aw, that's okay little sissy. Little sissy's like yourself tear up and cry for no reason all the time. It's just part of being a little sissy baby. Let's go downstairs," she said, taking my hand and walking me out of the nursery.

As we walked down the stairs toward the kitchen, I realized I was so overwhelmed by the humiliation of being dressed as a girl, I had almost forgotten about what it would be like to see Courtney.

I had planned to tell her everything and beg for her help escaping her Mom's control the moment I could talk to her.

But now that I was wearing such a humiliating outfit, now that I really did feel like the sissy Mildred said I was, I didn't feel like I could utter a word to her in this state.

As we got closer, I could hear Courtney eating in the kitchen. I wanted to stop. Turn back and run. Do anything other than let her see me in this dress.

After all, how could she ever see me the same way if she saw me like this? *I* didn't feel like I could ever see myself the same after looking at myself dressed like this.

But Mildred's grasp was firm, and her hand rested and squeezed my butt through my pull-up, guiding me forward.

I knew *she* knew I wanted to turn back. So she pushed me forward with just enough force to remind my recovering bottom what it would be like to feel her hand's discipline again if I did.

We reached the door of the kitchen. I gulped.

Mildred pushed me forward.

Courtney looked up from the kitchen table.

Breakfast with Courtney

“Oh!” Courtney said as she looked up at me in shock. “Gary? I can barely recognize you in that... *dress* you’re wearing.”

My face immediately burned red hot and I stared at my feet. I didn’t know what to say.

“Little, do you want to tell Courtney why Mommy put you in a dress?” Mildred said, squeezing my butt.

“Oh... uh... because... that way she can check if I had an accident,” I muttered. I felt so ashamed.

“Yes, that’s right. The little one and I decided that since he had such a heavy accident last night, that a dress would make it easier for me to keep an eye out for peepee accidents during the day,” Mildred explained.

Mildred then grabbed the front of my dress and lifted my dress up for Courtney to see the pull-up I was wearing. “See?” Mildred added.

“Oh! Gary, you’re still wearing a *diaper*? Even during the *day*?” Courtney asked.

My face burned even hotter. I glanced up long enough to detect the visceral shock and disgust in Courtney’s eyes.

I suddenly felt like I was drowning in an ocean of shame and embarrassment regarding my condition.

“It’s a pull-up... in case I have an accident,” I replied in a meek voice, then looked back down.

I felt like I was shrinking before Courtney’s eyes. It no longer felt like she once was my wife—that she *was* in fact *still technically* my wife!

No, now it felt like she was a woman infinitely far out of my reach.

I suddenly knew I could never successfully disown the diaper and dress I was wearing in front of her, even if I tried.

Any plea I made to Courtney to blame her Mom for my condition would still fail to erase the image of my sissy transformation from her mind.

In the brief seconds I had spent standing before her, it was already enough time for me to know that Courtney would never again see me as a

man. And I lacked the confidence to ever even come close to trying to convince her otherwise at this point.

Instead, all I could do was bow my head, answer what was asked of me, and be a good little sissy—for both Courtney and her Mom. Or, more accurately, for Courtney and *our Mommy*.

“Gary, do you have something else to tell Courtney?” Mildred asked. I felt her pinch my bottom, causing me to flinch.

“Ummm... I don’t know,” I replied, not sure what she meant.

“What kind of baby are you, little one?” Mildred asked.

“Ummm...” I said, still not sure what she wanted.

Mildred smiled. “I’ll give you a hint. It has to do with the flowing, lacy dress you’re wearing. And the fussy little tears always flowing down your rosy red cheeks,” she said as she pinched my cheek.

She turned me around and lifted my dress, revealing my diaper’s bottom to Courtney. “And the pink little princess diaper’s you’re wearing,” Mildred added.

“Uhhh...” I still didn’t know what answer she wanted.

“Come on now, little one, think harder. You don’t want to have to get another *spanking* to remind you, do you?” She whispered in my ear.

I felt a flood of panic, then it hit me. I turned around to Courtney and blurted. “Sissy baby! I’m a sissy baby now!”

As soon as I said it, my excitement about knowing the answer turned to embarrassment as Courtney cringed at me.

“That’s right! Good girl!” Mildred said as she patted my butt. “And as a sissy baby, Gary isn’t the right name at all, is it?” She asked.

“No,” I replied, my cheeks burning again.

“What’s the proper name for Courtney to call you then from now on?” Mildred asked.

“Gina!” I finally blurted. “My new name is Gina, and I’m a sissy baby,” I admitted as I kept my gaze glued to the floor with shame.

“That’s right! Courtney, *her* new name is *Gina*. That’s what *she* would like to be called from now on,” Mildred explained.

I couldn’t bear to look up at Courtney. I knew that hearing I was *literally* no longer a man would be the final straw for her.

I knew that whatever hope I had of going back to the way things were between me and Courtney—the way it was before Mildred had set her mind

on destroying my dignity and manhood in front of her daughter—was crushed.

I felt tears welling up in my eyes, and I quickly broke into a full-on, hysterical sobbing fit right there in the kitchen.

“Uh oh, looks like sissy’s having another one of her blubbering little sissy fits,” Mildred said loudly. “Here, let’s give you you’re paci to help you calm down.”

I felt Mildred shove the pacifier back into my mouth. I instinctively began vigorously suckling the pacifier as tears continued streaming down my cheeks.

I heard Courtney get up from her chair and approach me. I immediately hid behind ‘Mommy’ like a shy toddler.

I was too much of a helpless, infantile wreck to appreciate the irony that I was now literally *choosing* to hide from Courtney by hiding behind her Mother—a woman I once hated for trying to get between us.

I hid my face as I listened to Courtney talk to her Mom. “Wow, Mom, you weren’t kidding. Gary—I mean *Gina*—he... I mean *she*—”

“It’s okay, sweetie, I know it’s an adjustment. I’m sure she won’t mind if you still accidentally refer to her as a boy now and then,” Mildred replied.

“*Gina*... she used to never cry. But now... it seems like she’ll start blubbering at the drop of a hat,” Courtney said.

“Yep. Honestly, dear, that’s one of the signs that... well...”

“What?”

“That it might be easier for you to just accept who Gina is now. Choose to have the relationship that’s *possible* for you to now have, rather than hang onto to the relationship that you once *had*,” Mildred said to her daughter.

Courtney let out a long sigh. “I know. You’re right, Mom. But how?”

“Well,” Mildred replied, “Now that it looks like I’ll be raising a toddler for some time, I could certainly use all the help I can get,” she said with a laugh. “I know you probably haven’t babysat in a few years, but you always were quite good with the neighbor’s kids,” Mildred added.

“Yeah, you’re right,” Courtney said. “I guess he really is just a big ol’ toddler at this point. I can handle that. It might even be some fun,” she said with a laugh.

“And Courtney, well, the truth is, I practically have a rolodex of hot men who have been asking me for your phone number for, well, the last ten years,” Mildred said with another laugh.

I could tell Courtney was laughing too. “You’re right, Mom. I should go spend some time with a few men. Getting laid probably is the best strategy in this situation,” she joked.

As she said it, my stomach dropped. Suddenly the idea of seeing Courtney with another man shook me out of my sissy state of mind. At least long enough to feel a wave of panic.

I suddenly jumped out from behind Mildred’s legs. “Courtney!” I said through my pacifier.

Courtney and Mildred both looked down at me in surprise. Courtney smiled, then got down on her knee to meet me at eye level.

“What is it, little one?” She asked me.

I looked at her staring at me and I suddenly felt speechless. All I could think about was how embarrassed I was that she was so incredibly beautiful, and she was looking at me in my diaper and dress. My cheeks started burning bright red as I sucked my pacifier.

“Uh oh! Looks like the little sissy forgot already,” Mildred said. Both of the woman started laughing at my juvenile behavior, making me feel even more embarrassed.

Courtney started to stand up. “Wait!” I said.

She paused and gave me an impatient look. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t for the life of me remember what I wanted to say. Something about... a date... a man...

My bladder twinged, and my need to pee suddenly came to the top of my mind. “Courtney—I gotta go potty!” I blurted out.

Mildred and Courtney both burst out in laughter. I felt extremely embarrassed.

“That’s right—she said she had to go potty upstairs. I bet she’s about ready to turn her little pull-up bright yellow,” Mildred chimed in.

“Aw, does our little baby girl have to do a weewee?” Courtney said as she pinched my cheek.

“Yeth,” I said, suddenly feeling embarrassed about asking Courtney for permission to use the bathroom.

Courtney stood up to talk to her Mom again. “Do you need any help?”

“Actually dear, would you mind getting his potty? It should be in the bathroom closet,” Mildred replied.

“Sure thing!” Courtney said with a smile.

I felt confused as I watched Courtney leave the kitchen. But it wasn’t long until she returned and I understood what Mildred was talking about.

Courtney was caring a tiny, plastic, pink ‘potty-chair’ for potty training toddlers. I was immediately horrified.

“Where should I put it?” Courtney asked her Mom.

“Oh, in the middle of the kitchen is fine. That way we can keep an eye on her while she tries to do her tinkles,” her Mom replied.

I was mortified. I couldn’t believe I was being asked to sit on such a humiliating device to do my business.

I stared at the potty in a terrified paralysis.

“Uh oh,” Mildred joked. “Looks like she needs more help than I thought.” Mildred wrapped her arm around my waist and walked me over to the potty chair.

She guided my hands to the hem of my dress, then moved my hands up so I was holding my dress straight up, revealing my pull-up underneath.

“Just like a diaper change—keep those hands up. Good little sissy,” she said.

She then reached down and yanked my pull-ups down to my ankles, revealing my dangling, shriveled, caged penis to Courtney.

“Oh wow, it’s even smaller than when I last saw it,” Courtney said.

“Oh yes, Gina here barely ever had anything resembling a penis in the first place. But what she has now is certainly nothing but an itty-bitty clitty at this point,” Mildred joked.

“Well I guess we don’t have to worry about him playing with himself anymore,” Courtney added.

“Nope, no more worrying about finding icky cummies,” Mildred said with a laugh.

I blushed as Mildred guided my bottom down to the plastic potty and used her hand to push my caged penis down between my thighs.

“Alright little sissy, time for tinkles,” Mildred ordered.

I closed my eyes and tried to pee. But just like the previous night, I was too nervous to go. Especially now that I had a pink little cock cage directing my shrunken penis downward.

I looked up to see Courtney and Mildred both staring at me expectantly as I sat on the potty, which made it even worse.

"Come on, little Gina. You can do it. Make a tinkles for me and Mommy," Courtney said with a smile.

My face started burning bright red as I grunted, trying to pee, but nothing would come out. I was just too nervous. Being forced to go like this was just too humiliating.

"Do you think it was a false alarm?" Courtney asked her Mom.

"Could be. Gina seems to be losing more and more control by the second. I wouldn't be surprised if she's totally diaper dependent in a matter of days," Mildred replied.

My anxiety only increased as I desperately tried to 'go' in front of them to prove that I had control. But the longer I sat there, the harder it became.

Finally, after several minutes of failing to empty my aching bladder, I mumbled through my paci. "I'm done," I said with a defeated look.

"Okay, little one. I'm proud of you for trying," Courtney said as she helped me stand up and pulled my pull-up back on.

I couldn't believe that she seemed to have totally accepted that her former husband was now a toddler she was potty training.

I began to get teary-eyed. "Aww, don't cry little Gina, potty time is hard for little babies," Courtney said, wrapping her arms around me in a hug.

And as she hugged me, I smelled her scent, and I relaxed for the first time in weeks.

I hugged her back and cried in her shoulder.

"Awww, sweet little sissy baby," she said as she patted my back.

And then I heard it. A distinctive *hissss*.

Courtney and I looked down at the same time. I was uncontrollably flooding my pull-up diaper.

I tried to stop the flow, but I couldn't. Soon my pull-up was thick, soggy, and leaking down my legs and onto my dress.

I was mortified. I couldn't believe I had finally lost my last ounce of dignity and control, right before Courtney's eyes.

"Uh, Mom?" Courtney called out as I continued flooding my pull-ups. "I think Gina's gonna need some thicker day-time diapers sooner than we

realized.”

Gina's New Life

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

"Courtney! Can you take Gina to the potty for her after-dinner poop? I'm running late," Mildred shouted to her daughter.

I was sitting in my adult sized high chair in the kitchen with my hands strapped below the table. I was wearing an adorable pink dress and a super puffy disposable diaper. My long, freshly brushed hair was tied into pig tails. And my face was given some make up... 'just enough to let the world know you're a sissy up close, as well as from afar' as Mommy liked to say.

Mommy was spoon feeding me my nightly mush. (Mildred had so ingrained 'Mommy' in my mind at this point that I now barely knew her by any other name.)

My nose was plugged with a clothes pin because I 'hadn't opened fast enough for the choo-choo train'.

(Mommy wanted to make sure my mouth was always open as soon as I finished swallowing. After all, I did hate the baby food she fed me, and I probably would keep my mouth closed every meal if she hadn't gotten in the habit of forcing me to open it.)

And I was wearing a sissy little bib—the same one that Mildred had saved from Courtney's childhood. The same one I had thrown a tantrum about on my first night at Mildred's house. Right now, it was covered with multi-colored baby food due to the spillage from Mildred spoon feeding me my dinner.

All of this was totally normal for me at this point.

Sure, I felt deeply embarrassed and ashamed about my new, baby sissy life. But that feeling had simmered from a boiling rage at the first time I was forced to wear a diaper, to a consistent low-grade humiliation that ensured my total submission to my new Mommy at all times.

I accepted that it didn't matter what *I* thought about my pink diapers. Or my 24/7 'sissy cage' (which meant I hadn't orgasmed since Mommy first

put it on). Or even the fact that my former wife, Courtney, really did treat me as the new baby girl of the house (rather than her former spouse).

The only thing that *did* matter was what Mommy thought. And my only job was to avoid misbehaving or disobeying her rules.

My life at this point revolved around me just doing whatever it took to avoid one of her sadistic punishments.

As long as I could keep my behind from being spanked, I considered myself a happy little sissy baby. Or at least, I tried not to think about it like I had any choice.

But what *wasn't* normal about tonight was what Mildred had just asked of her daughter—that *Courtney* take me to my potty chair for my after-dinner poopos.

I started shaking my head 'no' and whining as Mommy continued shoving mush into my mouth.

"Mom, you know sissy doesn't like to do her poopos in front of me. See? She's shaking her head no," she said, pointing at me.

It was true. Despite my total loss of dignity at this point, I still held onto the shred of bashfulness about Courtney seeing me at my most humiliating state.

Whenever I could, I always wanted Mommy to change my diapers, not Courtney. And when it came time to sit on my potty chair after dinner (the one and only time of day they let me use the potty at this point), it was humiliating enough to have a bowel movement while Mommy watched (and wiped my poopy butt up for me afterward).

I couldn't bear to do such a thing in front of Courtney. The few times Courtney had taken me to the potty, I just held it in (and got a constipated tummy ache as a result.)

"I don't care what Sissy thinks," Mommy replied to her daughter. "If you don't take her to the potty after dinner, you're changing her poopy diaper later. I don't care who you have coming over."

I blushed as Mommy and Courtney talked over me. Even though I now wet my diapers throughout the day without a second thought (I doubted I could regain urinary continence if I wanted to at this point), I still blushed at the idea of pooping in my diaper.

Avoiding the unique and babyish embarrassment of making a poopy mess in my diaper, and the exquisite humiliation of having my poopy

bottom cleaned off by my Mommy during a diaper change, was another small act of dignity I sought to hold on to.

“And Courtney, I'm sure your special guest will really appreciate having this little stinker running around with a load in her pants while he's over,” Mommy added. “Real mood-setter,” she joked.

My cheeks turned rosy with embarrassment again, but I also felt deeply curious.

Who was this person Courtney was having over while Mommy was out? Apparently, it was a man?

Courtney sighed. “Alright Mom. I'll take her.”

“Thanks hon,” Mommy replied. “I owe you one. And oh, don't worry, I slipped a bit of castor oil in her dinner to help her go as well,” Mommy added as she finished feeding me.

My tummy was already starting to gurgle at the mention of ‘castor oil’ as Mommy threw my bowl in the sink and washed her hands.

“Sounds good, thanks Mom. Have fun at your movie!” Courtney said as she came over to start unbuckling me from my high chair.

“And you have fun too! But not too much fun. You don't want to accidentally end up with another stinker running around,” Mommy joked as she headed out the front door.

Courtney laughed as she popped my princess dummy in my mouth and helped me down from my high chair. I began vigorously sucking my dummy—something I now did automatically. But I also knew that when my dummy was in, I was never to try and speak unless an adult explicitly spoke to me first.

“Alright, little stinker, let's take you to your potty chair,” Courtney said as she guided me down the hallway to my first floor diaper changing room.

In the changing room, Courtney helped me up onto the diaper changing table and laid me back. She gave my soaking wet diaper a little squeeze. Had I not been wearing a sissy cage, I certainly would have gotten rock hard in my soaking wet diaper.

“Hmmm, sorry little princess, this thing's soaked. I'll have to change you into a new diaper after your poopos,” she said as she undid the tape of my diaper.

The cool air felt nice on my wet thighs and balls. I felt Courtney bat my ‘sissy cage’ as she gave my butt a quick wipe down.

"How's my sissy's clitty," she teased. I blushed.

She then picked me up and brought me over to the little plastic potty chair. "Okay, sissy, dressy goes up-up!" She said in a sing-song voice.

I grabbed the hem of my pink dress and lifted it straight up, revealing my dangling little noodle confined in its sissy cage.

"And bottom goes down-down," she said with a smile, finishing the rhyme.

I sat my naked butt on the potty as I held my dress up and tried to get comfortable. But it was so hard with Courtney watching me.

I tried to look away and forget she was standing there. I tried to close my eyes. I even felt my tummy gurgle, desperate to 'go'.

But I couldn't do it. When I looked up at Courtney, she continued to be the most beautiful, lovely, awe-inspiring girl I'd ever met.

I still had a burning crush on her that never seemed to dwindle. She was still the love of my life. And even though I had been turned into a totally sissy baby, I still couldn't voluntarily degrade myself in this way.

So, I held it in.

"All done!" I said after a long and painful silence.

"Okay, little sissy, stand up for bottom wipees," Courtney said as she grabbed the baby wipes.

I continued to hold my dress up and bend forward as she walked around me and slid a cool wipe through my crack.

"Uh oh, sissy, you didn't do any potties!" Courtney said.

She came back around and looked me in the eye. "Sissy, how come you didn't do a poopoo in your potty?" She asked me.

I burned bright red. "I dunno," I said meekly.

Courtney stared at me with a look of skepticism, then checked her watch. "Shoot. Well okay, little stinker, but I hope you're not running around with a poopy diaper in thirty minutes instead," she chided. I blushed even hotter.

She deftly lifted me back up on the diaper changing table, powdered me, and put me in a new disposable diaper.

She then led me by the hand out to the living room.

As we walked, my tummy was already beginning to gurgle even louder than before. But I tried to ignore it best I could.

* * *

Courtney put me on the living room floor to play with my dollies just as the doorbell rang.

“Shoot,” I heard Courtney say as she ran toward the door. “One minute!”

I watched Courtney run into the bathroom, and when she came back a few minutes later, she had a sexy dress on, she was wearing lip stick, and I could even smell her perfume!

As I sat on my padded, diapered bottom in my living room play pen, I realized Courtney looked downright smoking hot! Hotter than I'd seen her in ages. And the scent immediately reminded me of when Courtney and I first started dating. I realized she had worn the perfume back then.

I was finally starting to put two-and-two together as I heard Courtney answer the front door down the hallway.

“Hello! So sorry to keep you waiting! Come in!” I heard Courtney say.

I heard a deep voice respond to her as they came in. It *was clearly a man's voice*.

I tried to peek over the edge of my playpen, eagerly awaiting sight of Courtney's visitor.

“Thanks so much for coming over. I just had to keep an eye on the kid while my Mom went out,” I heard Courtney say as they talked down the hall.

“Oh, no problem. How old is she again?” The man replied.

“Oh, well, it's a little complicated. Her actual age is a little above her functional age. Functionally, she's only about two years old,” Courtney replied.

“Oh, I see. So, she's like, mentally retarded?” The man asked.

“Sort of. Not exactly, but that might be the easiest way to think about it,” Courtney said as she and her guest walked into the living room.

As soon as I looked up at the man, my cheeks began to wildly blush.

He was tall, ripped, and handsome. He seemed to be at least six-foot-two. His biceps were huge. And his jaw line was rigid and masculine.

He stared right at me and I was immediately possessed by a tidal wave of embarrassment. I couldn't believe that one of the most masculine, attractive, alpha males I'd ever seen was looking at me in my pink dress and puffy diaper.

I immediately turned around and tried to hide behind the toy box on my crib. Courtney and her man both started laughing at me.

"Awww, how cute!" The man said with his deep voice and smiled.

"Gina, this is my friend Jack. Do you want to come say hi?" Courtney asked.

I stayed quiet and tried to keep hiding behind my toy box. Courtney and Jack both started laughing at me again.

"It looks like she's a little shy. Maybe she has a little crush on you," Courtney teased.

I blushed even redder. I just wanted to disappear. I felt like any masculinity I might have ever had had just been destroyed as I witnessed with my own eyes the incredible specimen that was this alpha male who had come to replace me.

"No worries," Jack said with a laugh. "I think I can look a little intimidating since I'm kind of big."

"I'll say," I heard Courtney say as she squeezed Jack's bicep.

"But I am actually pretty good with kids, in case you're curious. I've changed a diaper or two in my life," Jack said as he and Courtney took a seat on the couch.

"Good to know. I might need your help changing that little stinker's diaper later tonight," Courtney joked.

I blushed until it felt like my whole face was as pink as my dress.

* * *

Courtney and Jack watched a movie while I continued playing with my dollies in my playpen.

I wanted to ignore them cuddling and giggling on the couch in the darkness of the movie, but I couldn't help but steal as many glances as possible.

I was captivated by a strange mixture of unimaginable jealousy about my former wife, and irrepressible voyeuristic desire to watch the most attractive people I'd ever met be physically and sexually close to one another.

There was something else I was trying to ignore. My rumbling stomach.

I couldn't bear to let them find me in a poopy diaper. I continued trying to hold it by cross my legs, squeezing my bum, and pressing my butt against the carpet.

After some time, I noticed that the movie had ended, and the lights came back on shortly thereafter.

"Alright, let me just get this little princess to bed first," I heard Courtney say.

I watched Courtney open the gate to my play pen, approach me, and turn me around. I then felt her pull the waist of my diaper back and look down.

"How's her diaper?" Jack asked.

"No poopies yet," Courtney replied, letting the waist of my diaper snap back. I wanted to die of embarrassment.

"Alright little Gina, time to go to sleepy bye," she said as she dragged me by the hand up toward my room.

I hid my face from Jack as he watched me walk bow legged from my tick diaper up the stairs with Courtney.

* * *

After Courtney changed me into my pink onesie and tucked me into my crib, I couldn't fall asleep.

Sure, part of it was my growling stomach. But the other part of it was that I had an insatiable desire to know *what was going to happen* between Courtney and Jack.

I started fiddling with the railing of my crib, and to my surprise, the railing lowered just enough for me to climb over it. I also found the door to my bedroom unlocked. I supposed that Courtney took a lot less precautions when it came to putting me to sleep than Mommy did.

I crept out of my bedroom and down the staircase. I could hear Courtney and Jack still in the living room.

"Should we take this to your room?" I heard Jack's sexy voice echo down the hall.

"Do you have a condom?" I heard Courtney reply.

"Always do," Jack said back.

My heart started racing. I knew they would be coming down the hall in my direction.

I looked around, and without really thinking, I waddled down the hall and snuck into Courtney's (now downstairs) bedroom.

I looked around her room, then decided to run and hide in the closet.

I watched through the crack of the closet door with wide eyes as Courtney and Jack both ripped their clothes off.

I was immediately spellbound by the sight of their gorgeous, naked bodies.

Courtney jumped on her bed and spread her legs, allowing me to see her beautiful, naked pussy, which I hadn't seen in so, so long.

Then I looked at Jack, who was standing next to the bed with a massive, thick, nine-inch rod of beauty standing full erect in front of him.

"My god, Jack, I haven't taken a real cock in ages!" Courtney said as she leaned forward and slobbered on his glistening cock.

She then jumped back on to the bed and started warming her pussy up with her finger.

"Fuck me, Jack. Fuck me hard with your mighty cock. I want you to fuck me so hard, it makes up for all the time I spent trying to get pleasure from my pathetic ex's sissy little peepee!" She moaned.

Jack climbed on the bed and obliged. They both started moaning and cursing with pleasure as he rammed his massive cock deep into her soaking wet pussy.

I was enraptured. On the one hand, I felt emasculated and devastated to the point of shrinking to microscopic size. I felt like any trace of manhood I once remembered for myself was now gone.

But on the other hand, I was the horniest I'd ever been in my life, even though my penis was still locked in a tiny sissy cage.

I squeezed the front of my diaper with my left hand, fruitlessly trying to get pleasure out of my caged and useless penis.

With my right hand, I began to rub my bottom with my fingers through the back of my puffy diaper.

I rocked back and forth, even moaning, as I pretended *I* was taking Jack's cock instead of Courtney.

I was in as much rapturous ecstasy as they were.

That is, until my tummy rumbled again—this time letting me know that holding it was soon going to be off the table.

I suddenly sobered up as I bent over and clutched my roaring tummy.

I looked toward the exit of the room and thought about making a run for it out of there.

But as Jack and Courtney continued to vigorously fuck with the lights on, I knew they would see me for sure.

I decided to just try and squeeze my eyes shut and continue to hold it. Soon, I was sweating just as much as they were.

I started letting off small farts to ease the pressure.

When Courtney and Jack finally both reached screaming orgasms, they collapsed in each other's arms.

In the silence that followed them finishing, I let out another fart. This one much louder. And wet.

"What was that?" I heard Courtney ask Jack.

"Huh?" He replied.

I farted again.

"That!" Courtney said.

I began to panic. I wanted to run out of the room, but I was now keeled over on my knees as I struggled to keep myself from pooping my diaper.

Jack and Chloe each threw on some clothes and started looking around the room.

I let out another fart. Then another fart.

Then it was over.

I loudly grunted as I lost control of my bowels and pushed a fat log of wet mush into my otherwise dry diaper.

The closet door flung open and Courtney looked down at me in shock, then amusement.

"I see! It looks like we had a little voyeur hiding in the closet!" She said with a laugh.

Jack came over to look at me as I squatted and continued 'doing my business' right in front of them.

"I think he was just looking for a place to go poo," Jack said with a laugh. "I think he's going right now!" Jack said as he pinched his nose.

Courtney smiled and laughed and began patting my butt as I pushed more and more excrement into my diaper. "Is that true little sissy? Are you doing a poopy?"

I buried my face in the corner of the closet in abject humiliation as I continued pushing my brown mess into my diaper.

I gripped the hem of my dress and gritted my teeth and continued helplessly soiling myself in front of them.

“Naughty baby. Making a poopy diaper for Courtney to change. That's okay, push it all out into your crinkly diaper. I'd rather change one diaper now then change another poopy diaper later if you stop before you're finished. Although, I'm not sure how much more poopy this diaper can take!” Courtney joked as she squeezed the massive load in the back of my diaper, making me want to curl into a ball and die.

When I finally finished filling the back of my diaper to the poopy brim, the telltale *hiss* of pee followed behind it.

Jack patted the front of the diaper that was turning yellow before his eyes. “Looks like she's getting pretty soggy in the front, too,” he said with a laugh.

“Pee-ew!” Courtney exclaimed, waving her hand in front of her face. “I'm so sorry about this!”

“No worries,” Jack replied. “If you gotta change a poopy diaper, you gotta change a poopy diaper,” he said, patting my poopy bum.

“Say,” Jack asked as Courtney turned me around to inspect the awful mess I had made. “Do you think it's weird that she saw us *doing* it?”

“Nah,” Courtney replied. “When they're this little, they're too young to remember anything.”

They both erupted with laughter as I felt my whole body burning with embarrassment.

Just as Courtney was about to walk me out of the room, Mommy opened the bedroom door.

“Is everything okay?” Mommy asked. Then she sniffed the air. “Pee ew!”

Courtney and Jack laughed as Courtney spun me around to show Mommy my poopy diaper.

“Just a very poopy little baby is all,” Courtney replied as she patted and mushed my poopy mess against my bottom.

Mommy came over and pulled back the waist of my diaper to take a look for herself. “Pee-ew! You can say that again! Come on, sissy, Courtney and her boyfriend don't want to smell your poopy bum all night,” Mommy said as she walked me out of Courtney's bedroom.

“You sure you don't need help changing his poopy diaper, Mom? It seems like he really did a major stinky this time,” Courtney asked as Mommy dragged me out of the room.

“Oh, I've changed poopier diapers than this one, believe me,” Mommy said as she mashed my warm mushy diaper into my bottom with her hand.

“I find that hard to believe,” Jack said.

Everyone laughed again and Mommy pulled me out of Courtney's room.

“You kids have fun!” Mommy said as we left.

“We will!” Jack and Courtney said.

I watched them jump in each other's arms again as Mommy shut the door behind us.

* * *

As I walked upstairs to my nursery with the huge poop load sagging in my droopy diaper, I burned red hot with shame, humiliation, jealousy, embarrassment, and a million other conflicting emotions.

I began to hysterically sob as Mommy pulled me into my room, placed me on the changing table, and began cleaning up my yucky, poop diaper.

It was the final sign that I now was, and would always ever be, a truly sissy poop diaper baby.

THE END.

More ABDL Stories by Nanny Chloe

[101 Diaper Punishments: 101 Wet, Messy and Humiliating Ways to Regress and Dominate your Little](#)

In the first comprehensive manual of its kind, Mistress Chloe shares with you why she loves to use diapers to dominate and regress her submissives.

Then, she gives you a full 101 tools, techniques, tricks and tips to help you regress your Little and keep them in line!

In this massive tome, you will learn:

- How to regress your submissive back to diapers through various techniques and tricks.
- How to do all the activities needed for your new Little, including diaper changes, feeding and play time.
- A long list of rules for you to implement for your Little.
- Dozens and dozens of punishments for breaking those rules.
- And countless techniques and methods you can use to restrain, humiliate, punish and dominate your Little completely.

“101 Diaper Punishments,” is a fictional ABDL guide full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation and soggy and messy diapers! It’s for mature audiences only!

“This book is huge! It’s the kamasutra of diaper discipline!”
- LittlePrncss33

"This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can't wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work."

- Mistress Marywell

"As an ABDL Little and FemDom fan, I loved reading this because it gave me tons of ideas for ways to have fun with my Big. Especially when I've been naughty, hehe."

- Little_Georgie

* * *

Novellas:

[The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment](#)

Dr. Katherine Olivia is head of the brand new Experimental Behavior Corrections Wing of her hospital, and she has a very special method of discipline she plans to mete out...

Diaper Discipline.

Why? Because Dr. Olivia knows that forcing her naughty subjects to wear and use diapers is the ultimate act of humiliating submission.

But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

And public messing are all in store for the naughty ones who end up subject to her rule.

And Molly, the department's newest unsuspecting patient, is about to get it worst of all.

[Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol](#)

After Dillon is caught doing drugs in his bedroom, his Mom decides to drop him off at her friend Carol's house for the Summer to keep watch over him. Unfortunately for Dillon, Carol is very strict.

Dillon finds this out for himself when he discovers that Carol keeps her adult son, Patrick, in diapers and treats him like a baby! It's not long until Dillon starts to feel like he's being treated like an adult baby himself.

When Dillon is sent to bed early with a full bladder, Carol's strict rules about leaving the bedroom after bedtime result in a very wet accident.

That's when Carol decides to return Dillon to diapers. And everything only gets worse for Dillon from there...

[Regressing Timmy](#)

After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.

[Diapered at Boarding School](#)

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."

Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor

When Aiden finds out the old lady next door—Sue—is going to be looking after him while his parent goes out of town, he is not happy.

After all, Sue is totally overbearing and treats Aiden like he's still in kindergarten!

But when Sue comes over, Aiden finds out she has very little patience for his bad attitude.

One punishment leads to the next, and before Aiden knows it, Sue has him back in diapers and begging for his next change!

Forced to Wear Diapers by the Bratty Babysitter

When Tyler's parents find out Tyler's been up to no good, they decide to hire Megan from next door to look after him over Spring Break. After all, Megan says she's studying how to be a caregiver in college. It seems like the perfect fit!

Except for the fact that Megan is only a couple years older than Tyler. Oh, and Tyler has always had a huge crush on Megan, which she's never reciprocated. In fact, Megan's favorite nickname for Tyler has always been, 'The gross loser next door.'

Tyler is terrified by the sight of Megan. He can't imagine having her watch over him for a full week.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he doesn't have a choice in the matter. And when Megan comes over, she decides to have her fun.

First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

Then diapers.

Then making Tyler use those diapers in front of all his friends.

And finally she changes those diapers in the most humiliating way imaginable.

When Megan is finished with Tyler, he learns new meaning to the words, Diaper Discipline.

Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

I've always fantasized about being put back in diapers.

From my earliest memory, I've longed to be forced to wear diapers by a domineering woman. It's a part of myself I've tried for so long to repress or ignore, all to no avail. My overwhelming desire to be regressed and diapered has followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

She spotted me buying diapers at the grocery store. She called me out immediately for being the naughty diaper lover that I am.

I had no idea at the time, but she was looking for someone like me. A diaper lover. That's because her fantasy has always been to transform someone like me into her full-time Little.

But I soon discovered that she wasn't interested in half-measures. And when my fantasy became reality, I learned there was a whole lot more to it than I expected! Especially when it came to spankings, discipline, and messy diapers!

Am I finally living my diaper dream? Or have I been caught in a diaper nightmare!

Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?

Thank You for Reading!

Thank you for downloading and reading, my little!

As always, your reviews and feedback are greatly appreciated, as they let Nanny Chloe know what you want to read in your ABDL stories. :)

To read more of my stories, please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

nannychloetales.tumblr.com