

A woman with long brown hair is seen from behind, walking away on a stone path. She is wearing a white, sleeveless, lace-trimmed dress with a large, light pink bow tied around her waist. The dress has a full, flared skirt. She is also wearing white high-heeled shoes with pink accents. The path is flanked by green hedges, and a palm tree is visible in the background under a cloudy sky.

# Becoming Mommy's Sissy

A Bad Boy to Good Baby Girl  
Transformation

Aurora Harper

# CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Books By This Author](#)

[About The Author](#)

# CHAPTER 1

"WHAT THE HELL?" Ryan shouted, not believing what he was reading on his phone screen. "You have to be fucking kidding me."

"Dude, what's your problem?" Shane mumbled from his side of the dark dorm room.

"My dad got remarried to some bitch half his age," Ryan said, not catching on to the fact that Shane wasn't in the least bit curious about why he was upset.

"Good for him. Now shut the hell up." He snapped, rolling over and pulling a pillow over his head to block out any further outbursts from Ryan's side.

"Fucking asshole," Ryan muttered under his breath, raising a middle finger at Shane from the safety of the dark room, before turning his attention back to the soft blue glow of his cell. Ryan reread the text from his dad, looking for an angle he could exploit.

"Ryan, I really didn't want to do this via a text, but you seem to be either too busy or are deliberately avoiding my calls. I have married a beautiful young woman named Emily. You would have met her if you had come home at Christmas as I asked. We will talk more when you are home next week for semester break. Don't make plans, as I have booked us all a trip to Jamaica for the ceremony. You are expected to attend or pay your own way for school next semester. Your boarding passes are in your email."

For the first time in... well probably ever, Ryan clicked on his father's Facebook page. An image of his Dad standing in front of his prize fishing boat popped up, and sure enough, standing next to him was an honest to god dime. Her arms wrapped suggestively around him, her head back in laughter, long hair cascading down her back, chest out and pressing into his Dad's arm. The image filled Ryan with malice. Why should a chick like that have any interest in his dad? He was a gruff, over-the-hill, bald guy who

was stuck in the last century. She had to be interested in him only for his money. Ryan's future inheritance. Ryan clicked on her link in the photo and opened a DM. "Congrats on getting your gold-digging claws into my father. I can't wait to meet you in a week and expose you for the whore you are."

o0o

Emily sat on the back deck of the house, still dressed in her PJ set, a thick robe around her for protection against the crisp spring morning. She held a mug full of coffee in one hand and her phone in the other. She stared at the message she had received late last night, contemplating how to best handle it. Her thoughts were interrupted when the slider to the Master bedroom opened and Hank stepped out carrying his own cup of coffee.

"Morning Babe," Hank said, kissing the top of Emily's head as he walked over to his deck chair. "No yoga this morning?"

Emily smiled at him. "Not this morning. I have a bit of a headache developing, it would seem." She looked out over the serene wooded hills that made up Hank's- No their property. When she first started dating Hank, she knew she would have to deal with 'gold digger' comments but she didn't expect such open hostility from Hank's own son. Now that they were married, it seemed like everything was once again in jeopardy. "Tell me more about Ryan," she said softly, taking a sip of coffee.

Hank coughed struggling not to choke on his own swig of coffee. "Now I have a headache," he joked before letting out a deep sigh and looking down into his cup. "I don't know where I went wrong with that boy. I suppose he needed a woman's touch, but his mother died when he was still so young. I tried to raise him the best I knew how. I didn't want to spoil him. I tried to make him earn his way once he was old enough. Made him work around the shop when he was 14 and started him on a pump crew a year later. He resented me for it, but tell me how many other 15-year-old boys were getting \$1000 paychecks. Ryan just never could get over the fact his old man decided to make a career of septic. It always embarrassed him. Never mind that it paid for all of this," Hank gestured out at the property. "Or pays for him to piss away his time in college, barely passing his classes. That is if he even bothers to show up." Hank gave a snort before taking a big gulp of his coffee.

Emily reached a hand out and placed it on Hank's leg. "I'm sorry honey," she said. She knew Ryan was a bit of a sore subject and Hank rarely brought him up.

"Bah," Hank said waving his hand in dismal, "it's fine. What had you thinking of him this morning? You're not worried about next week are you?"

"No," Emily lied. "I am sure we will get along famously. I was just thinking of redoing his old bedroom into my new yoga studio. The light is better in there than in the other room." She said as a way of explanation and then quickly added, "But I don't want to step on any toes."

Hank muttered something that Emily couldn't quite catch but she was pretty sure she heard Ryan's name followed by a curse. "You don't need to worry about hurting his feelings. I was planning on packing it all up and sticking it in storage anyways. He has made it pretty clear, that he intends to avoid this place as much as possible."

Emily gave Hank's leg another pat, as a plan began to take shape in her mind.

o0o

It was Friday morning and Ryan was due to arrive in just a few hours. Emily was in his old room packing up the last of his stuff. Over the last few days, she had been busy preparing for her plan to go into action. It had mostly involved extensive online shopping and figuring out how to best lay her snares so that Ryan had no room to wiggle out. It helped that he repeatedly rejected any attempts Hank made to bridge the gulf between them. She knew that Ryan's footing with Hank was shaky at best.

The night before she had carefully placed a few key pieces of evidence in Ryan's room so that they looked hidden, but were still discoverable with Emily's innocent packing up. "Hank honey, can you come in here?" Emily called down the hall, from her place on the floor in the back of the closet. Moments later she heard Hank's footsteps coming down the hall. When he entered the room, she pulled a beat-up old shoe box from the back of the closet and lifted the lid so Hank could see inside. "I found this in Ryan's closet," she said turning it upside down and spilling the contents on the floor; two pink Megamaxx diapers and three pairs of panties, one a lacey

black thong, the other two cotton with very childish prints and cuts. Emily's voice shook a little as she spoke and the color had drained from her face. How Hank reacted would determine whether or not the rest of her plan would work. It was a huge risk, but she was confident in her plan. Emily's nervousness would just appear to be a legitimate shock at the discovery.

Hank just stared down at the items, a flush creeping up his neck. Emily quickly stood up, wanting to plant her idea before he got too angry and did something rash. Taking his hands in hers she began. "Why don't you take off for the islands early? You said you were getting really anxious about the preparations there anyway. This will let you handle it directly, and I will stay here and... deal with this." Emily said, indicating the items at their feet. "You said it yourself, Ryan needs a woman's touch." She smiled weakly at Hank. "I'm not entirely sure what's going on, but I am sure with a little compassion and understanding we can get it straightened out."

Hank shook his head, "I don't know Em. I can't ask you to take this on. You guys haven't even met yet," he said rubbing a hand across the back of his neck. "I know Ryan has been a problem for a while, but I wouldn't have guessed at... at... whatever the hell this is." Hank finished, kicking the pile of diapers and panties with the toe of his boot.

Emily smiled up at him. "It will be ok, I promise. You have enough on your plate already. Let me handle this." She stood up on her toes and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "If you would just give him a call and let him know that he is to listen to me, I should be able to take care of the rest." She suppressed a grin. The riskiest part of her whole plan had just come off flawlessly.

## CHAPTER 2

"The fuck?" Ryan said, ignoring the dirty looks from a few older passengers next to him, as he listened to the voicemail on his phone. He had just landed and his phone dinged with a single missed call. His dad had left a lengthy message, saying he and Emily had found his stash. That Ryan was to do everything Emily said, to the T and without question, and if he heard any bad reports from Emily, Ryan wouldn't see a dime of inheritance. He ended the message saying he didn't understand, but he loved Ryan no matter what. However, this was Ryan's last chance to make things right.

Ryan replayed the message several more times, as he pushed his way into the center aisle with his bag. As he listened, he racked his brain for what "stash" his dad could be referring to. Sure he had had some hidden nudie mags when he was younger, but he had ditched those as soon as he got his first smartphone and he was pretty sure all his weed had been in his kit, which he knew was safely hidden in his dorm. Was it possible that he had stashed a baggie somewhere in his room and simply forgotten about it? Except, his dad's reaction seemed to indicate whatever he found was way more serious. Pissed that he was expected to listen to this Emily, Ryan darkened and debarked the plane headed for baggage claim. He was anxious to see his dad and hear exactly what they found.

o0o

Emily was waiting at the baggage carousel. She spotted Ryan as he came up the stairs from the airport shuttle. She ran over to him and swept him up into a hug, exclaiming how happy she was to finally meet him and how sorry she was Hank had to leave ahead of them. Emily gritted her teeth as she pulled him into the hug. It was hard to be so nice to him, after the message she had received a few days earlier. She had decided that for her plan to work, she had to pretend like she never got Ryan's message.

"Come on, your baggage claim is this way," Emily said, breaking the hug and leading Ryan by the hand as if he was a small child. "Was it a good flight?"

"Ummm yeah, I guess," Ryan answered absently, still trying to process what just happened. He was expecting open hostility from this bitch, or at the very least an uncomfortable coldness. Ryan was too distracted as they stood at the carousel to realize that none of the other people standing around it looked familiar or that the luggage going by had been circling for a while and no new bags were appearing.

Emily meanwhile kept up a steady stream of questions about how school was and his friends. She ignored Ryan's half-mumbled and monosyllabic responses, asking each follow-up question with excitement as if Ryan was being just as friendly. It was exhausting but she knew her plan would be, at least initially. Emily had to keep him off balance if this was going to work. "Still not seeing your bag, huh Ry-ry?" Emily asked.

"Huh? Oh um, no... I haven't seen it come up yet?" Ryan said, his cheeks burning slightly at the nickname.

"Oh shoot," Emily said, sounding crestfallen. "Well not to worry, we will just have to call it in when we get home," came the sing-song answer before Ryan even got the chance to object. With that, Emily was once again leading him by the hand through the airport. Ryan had no choice but to allow himself to be pulled along. "Try to keep up please, Ry-ry," she said over her shoulder.

Ryan felt his cheeks darken again at the name. He tried his best to keep up, but Emily had a few inches on him, which only added to his embarrassment. He couldn't figure out how Emily could set such a fast pace, especially in the impossibly high heels she was wearing. Emily led them out through the airport and to her car in the short-term parking. She opened the door for him to climb in. Once Ryan was seated, she reached across him and fastened his buckle. "There you go, sweetie." She said with a smile and a tousle of his hair.

Ryan was incredibly flustered to have such a pretty woman so close to him. With his diminutive size, he hadn't had much luck with the ladies in high school and things had only gotten worse when he went to college. Now he



was being doted upon by his future stepmom, who was maybe ten years older than him, and she was treating him like he was a very little kid brother.

As they drove away, leaving the heavy airport traffic in the rearview, Emily's, so far bubbly personality, grew more somber. The quiet in the car was doing nothing to help settle the uneasiness Ryan had felt since getting his Dad's message. Finally, Emily broke the silence. "Ryan," she began. "I am sure you're already aware of this, but we found your little stash." Ryan opened his mouth to object and say he had no idea what they were talking about, but Emily cut him off. "It's ok, no need to deny anything. Hank doesn't understand, but I think I do, and with a little time I think he will too." Ryan was more confused than ever but kept his mouth shut. He didn't sound to be in trouble and he didn't want to incriminate himself.

"Now I am sure Hank already covered some of this with you," Emily continued, "but it merits repeating. I know having your secret discovered is probably incredibly scary, and I know we just met, but you need to trust your Step-Mommy. So long as you do everything I say, you won't be in trouble. However, if you give me a hard time, I'll be forced to tell Hank." Emily reached over and brushed Ryan's longish hair over his ear. "I know you're scared Ry-ry, but Mommy is here to help and if you just trust me, you'll be so much happier. I promise."

Ryan bristled at the mention of rules and implied threats but held his tongue. He had absolutely no idea what this supposed secret was, but it didn't actually sound like he was in any trouble. He decided his best course of action was to keep his mouth shut until he was able to get his Dad alone, and then make his case directly to him about how this chick was crazy and just using him for his money.

As they pulled into Ryan's childhood home, he had a weird sense of discontinuity. Suddenly he felt like a guest or stranger in a home that had been his since he was twelve. Emily led him in by the hand, carrying his bag over her shoulder with the other. "I was going to wait until tomorrow so that you could just settle in tonight and relax, but since the airline has lost your luggage and you don't have any clean clothes we might as well jump right in," Emily said, leading Ryan through the house to the guest bathroom.

Ryan didn't think he could be any more confused; that was until Emily escorted him into the bathroom and told him to strip, as she began to fill the tub. He stood there in shock staring as Emily sat on the edge of the tub, checking its temp with her hand. When it reached a temperature she was happy with, she dropped the stopper and added a few drops of a clear liquid from a small vial on a shelf.

Emily returned the tiny vessel back to its place and turned to a still fully dressed Ryan. "Here Ry-ry, let Mommy help you." With that, Emily began untying and pulling off Ryan's shoes.

For his part, Ryan was too dumbstruck to move. What the actual fuck was happening? It wasn't until Emily began to unfasten his fly that Ryan snapped out of it. No matter how many internet videos he had seen start similar to this, there was no way this could really be happening. And if it was, he wasn't sure he had the nerve to go through with it. This was his step-mom after all. Ryan moved his hands to stop Emily.

"Now now. No need to be shy." Emily said coyly brushing his hands aside. "It's just us girls here."

What the hell does that mean? Ryan barely had time to consider the odd word choice before he felt the waistband of his jeans and boxers being yanked down. Ryan turned crimson and tried to hide his nakedness.

Emily just cooed as she continued to slide the jeans down his legs, "Oh my. You're so much smaller than your dad." The comment and being compared to his father brought immediate and heavy blushes from Ryan. "Aww don't worry. You have such a tiny build, it is only right that you have a tiny peepee to match. It's so cute, and it looks just like a baby's with such little hair on it." Emily lightly cupped Ryan as she moved to help him out of his shirt. "Oh good, you have almost no body hair. That will make things so much easier. Besides, hair would just look silly on such a delicate frame anyways, huh Ry-ry?" Emily said, guiding him over to the tub. "Now into the bath with you."

Ryan had completely forgotten his earlier anger, now the only thing he could think about was how embarrassed he felt. His stomach was doing flips and he was sure Emily could hear the pulse drumming in his ears, as he stepped past her and into the waiting tub. He was more than happy to

submerge himself in the water as it offered the only degree of modesty, no matter how little that may be. Ryan had seen enough porn to know he wasn't exactly huge. If he was being honest with himself he wasn't even really all that average, but hearing it voiced made him positively want to curl up and hide.

Ryan watched as Emily squirted some pink body wash on a poof and worked it into a lather. Whatever she had added to the water gave it a very clean smell, and made his skin tingle.

He felt no desire to resist as Emily began scrubbing him down and only offering the slightest protest when she instructed him to stand up so she could get the rest of him. That provided a whole new embarrassment, as Emily washed his nethers and he began to grow hard. "Looks like Ry-ry is enjoying her bath. And look, you're just as small and cute when excited!" Emily proclaimed as she gave it a delicate flick with her finger.

When Emily produced a can of shaving lotion and a razor, Ryan did try to object but he was quickly shot down with arguments of how little body hair he had already and how silly it would look tomorrow. The latter didn't make sense to him, but he was more concerned with the present than what tomorrow held. In short order though, Emily had him completely shaved from the eyebrows down, not that he had any facial hair to speak of, and wrapped in a towel.

She led a very timid and docile Ryan out of the bathroom and towards the Master bedroom. Ryan was beyond trying to question anything at this point and meekly allowed himself to be herded. That was until he realized what Emily had planned for him next. Laid out on the bed were two pink items. The first Ryan recognized as some type of lingerie. It looked like a bra with its padded pink cups, attached to the bottom of which was some sort of sheer material that would do little to hide the skin underneath. Next to the garment was a thick pink item that Ryan didn't at first recognize until Emily instructed him to lay down on the bed for Ry-ry's first diaper change.

Emily had been leading him with a hand on his shoulder. When he heard those words, Ryan tried to twist out of her grip, but she was quicker. What had been a gentle guiding hand quickly became a vice-like grip from which there was no escape. When Ryan realized that wasn't going to work, all his

frustration and anger from earlier surged back to him and he let out a torrent of swears, his embarrassment forgotten for the moment.

Emily moved so quickly that Ryan scarcely comprehended what was happening. One moment he was standing next to her, struggling to get away, and the next, he was over her lap on the edge of the bed, his towel discarded, legs pinned between hers, left arm twisted up behind his back. He fought to escape with new vigor and terror but found he was no match for Emily in strength or speed.

SWAT!

The surprise and sting from the smack brought a momentary halt to Ryan's fighting. A second swat landed before Ryan once again fought to get free. He wasn't very big, but surely as a guy, he was stronger than Emily. A third swat dispelled him of this notion and a fourth brought tears of humiliation. Ryan dropped his head in defeat as the spanking continued. His humiliation burned fresh as the spankings fell on his backside. His position on the bed forced his face into the pink diaper he would soon be tapped into.

Ryan had lost count when Emily finally stopped her onslaught. His backside burned and he was willing to comply with any request so long as it meant there wouldn't be another spanking. After a moment of lying limp on Emily's lap, she let him up. He stood before her naked, head down in shame unwilling to meet her gaze. "Now are you going to behave for Mommy?" Emily asked in a calming voice. Ryan simply nodded. "Good, then climb up on the bed."

Ryan did as he was instructed and made no move to resist as Emily unfolded the large pink diaper in front of him and proceeded to place him in it. The soft material was soothing against his skin that still burned from the spanking. He watched in shame as Emily squirted lotion into her hands and rubbed it into him. It was cool on his cheeks, and he felt himself begin to stiffen as she rubbed it over his crotch. "Looks like baby Ry-ry is enjoying her diaper change as much as her bath," Emily said. If his face hadn't already been red from the crying, it would have been scarlet now. Emily taped Ryan into the thick diaper and instructed him to sit back up. Ryan did as he was told, and immediately realized how much thicker the diapers felt. There was a mass of soft padding between his legs, making his

crotch feel preposterously ballooned, and his butt felt like it was sitting well off the bed. At the moment he was grateful for the extra padding over his still sore backside. He watched in horror as Emily lifted the diaphanous pink garment off the bed. Ryan was no longer under any illusions that the item wasn't for him.

"A pretty pink babydoll, for my pretty baby," Emily exclaimed, naming the item as she pulled it down over his head. Anywhere the filmy fabric touched, Ryan's skin seemed to come alive. He was shocked to find it actually fit his small frame quite well, and the padded cups made it look like he had small breasts budding beneath. In many ways, he felt more exposed now than he had in the tub, and to make matters worse he could feel his member stirring inside its padded confines.

What happened next Ryan certainly didn't expect. Emily had pulled her top off as he had been examining his new clothing and was undoing her own jeans. "Don't look so surprised. It is still just us girls." She said with a wink and a giggle. Ryan realized his mouth must have been hanging open and quickly shut it. It hit him then Emily had been referring to him as a girl since she picked him up. He considered calling her on it and telling her to stop, but he knew how silly that would sound given how he was currently dressed. Ryan also didn't want to say or do anything that would deter Emily's current actions. He watched her slide her jeans off her long legs, revealing a lacy pink thong beneath.

Ryan felt himself straining in his diaper, and it became an effort to sit still. An effort made that much harder when Emily reached behind and unfastened her bra. "My gosh, that always feels so good," she said teasingly, as she slid the straps off her shoulder. Ryan had to work saliva back into his mouth in order to swallow the lump filling his throat. Emily simply giggled at him and said how cute he looked with a pinch to his cheek. She produced a matching babydoll from a hanger on the back of the closet door. "I thought it would be fun if you matched Mommy your first night," she said smiling. "Now, it has been a long day for you already, and far past time you were in bed. Just for tonight tho you can sleep in Step-Mommy's bed." Emily pulled back the covers and gestured for Ryan to crawl in. Once under them, Emily shut off the lights and climbed in on the other side, pulling Ryan into her body. Ryan felt her breasts pressing into his back. The front

of the babydoll's cups were silky against his skin. He shifted uncomfortably, his small erection throbbing against its soft prison.

"Shhh... It's ok little baby, let Mommy help," Emily cooed quietly as she reached an arm over him and began to massage the front of his diaper.

## CHAPTER 3

Ryan lifted a heavy head from the pillow, struggling to blink the sleep from his vision. He couldn't remember the last time he slept so hard, but man what weird dreams he had about Emily. As he sat up and felt the light caress of the fabric brushing against his legs, he realized it had been no dream. He looked down in horror at the light pink babydoll that clung to him and did nothing to hide the enormously thick diaper around his waist. He was going to have to find Emily and make it clear he had no idea what was going on, but he didn't intend to let this go any further. Ryan was almost to the bedroom door before he realized he was sucking on something. Spitting the item into his hand, he groaned in annoyance at himself when he saw he had been sleeping with a large pacifier. With no other clothes, he was powerless to do anything about his attire, but he at least could do something about this. Ryan tossed the pastel paci back on the bed and made his way out of the room.

As he walked down the short hall to the kitchen, Ryan could hear Emily talking, thinking she must be on the phone, he rounded the corner before he knew he had made a terrible mistake. Ryan froze when he saw her leaning against the counter already dressed for the day, coffee in hand, as she conversed with a girl who looked to be about her age sitting at the breakfast bar.

"Oh good, you're awake," Emily beamed at Ryan. "I hope we weren't being too loud and woke you." Her voice held genuine concern. "Oh but you've lost your paci." She said as the woman across the island fought hard to keep her expression under control. It wasn't every day you saw a 21-year-old guy walk out in a thick diaper and pink babydoll. "But not to worry, I have an extra right here," Emily said taking a paci off the counter next to her and popping it into Ryan's still open mouth.

Ryan was brought out of his shock as he felt the silicone bulb being pushed into his mouth. He was about to turn his head and object, but he found himself being picked up and set on Emily's hip. He knew she had bested him last night, but seeing how easily she lifted him, suddenly had him remembering the spanking and thinking he may want to tread lightly. Being seen in a diaper and girly nightie by a complete stranger was bad enough, getting his ass whooped by his stepmom wasn't something he wanted to add to the list of humiliations.

"Tiffany, this is my little girl, Ashley, I was telling you about," Emily said matter of factly. She acted as if there was nothing odd about what she was saying or that she was bouncing a grown man, albeit a small one, on her hip as though he really was just a baby. Ryan felt his cheeks flush even brighter at Emily's introduction. "Tiffany is a good friend of mine and a cosmetologist," Emily said, addressing Ryan. "She has agreed to help with your transformation. Isn't that wonderful?"

Ryan wanted nothing more than to disappear at that moment but the best he could do was bury his face in Emily. If he had realized how infantile the gesture looked, he probably would have thought twice. His obvious embarrassment drew 'awws' from both women.

"It's so good to meet you widdle baby Ashwie," Tiffany said rising from her spot and coming around the counter to give Ryan's padded bum a few pats and rub his back. "You won't even recognize yourself when I get done with you, I promise."

"Doesn't that sound wonderful?" Emily asked rubbing Ryan's back, trying to coax him out of his embarrassment. "But first things first. We need to get baby Ashley changed out of her nighttime diaper."

Ryan didn't think he could have blushed any harder but hearing these words brought a fresh round of blood to his ears. Emily carried him out of the kitchen and into the living room. He was about to object as Emily laid him down on the couch and lifted up his babydoll, but he decided to keep his mouth shut as any price was worth it, if it meant getting out of these damn diapers.

Ryan's hopes were quickly dashed as Emily asked Tiffany to grab the spare diaper off the counter. A request she was all too happy to do. "Ok little one,



let's get you out of this diaper." Emily cooed untaping the front of the diaper and pulling it down.

"This has gone too far-" Ryan started, but was quickly cut off with a sharp stinging swat delivered to his now bare backside. It was all the reminder Ryan needed of how last night went.

"There, that's better," Emily said when he cut off. "Besides it is quite clear from the evidence, both last night's accident." Emily pulled the thick padding out from under Ryan and held it up, displaying a very large and obvious cum stain. Tiffany pressed a hand to her mouth to stifle her giggles as she handed Emily the new diaper. "And your current excitement," Emily closed a warm hand around Ryan's small erect member, "that little Ashlie really likes her diapers."

Ryan lifted his head and looked down in horror. In his embarrassment, he hadn't realized that he was aroused. Now he could clearly see and feel himself twitching in Emily's hand. Had his little guy always looked, ...well so little? Emily seemed to have him fully covered in her grasp.

"Omigosh, is that all the bigger he is?" Tiffany blurted out.

"Of course," Emily replied matter-of-factly as she spread the new diaper out beneath him. "Ashley is just a little baby girl. It only stands to reason that she should have a small clitty."

"I guess his- erm. I mean *her* lack of hair shouldn't be surprising then either." Tiffany mumbled half to herself.

Emily ignored the comment and began to work the lotion into Ryan's skin. "Now would little baby Ashley like Mommy to help her with this?" She said as she gave Ryan's peepee a few suggestive strokes.

Ryan hated this woman and what she was doing to him, but he also felt powerless to make it stop. At the same time, he could not deny how good her touch felt, despite the near-fatal levels of humiliation he was feeling. He swallowed the bile he felt rising in the back of his throat and shook his head no. He felt like he would be sick if he attempted to speak. No matter how good her touch felt, and even the soft diaper if he was being honest, he

couldn't bear asking Emily to jerk him off. Not with Tiffany watching. Not in daylight. Last night was just a one-time mistake.

"Ok little one, but if you change your mind you just have to ask Mommy," Emily said with a smile. "Now let's get you diapered up so Tiffany can get to the fun work."

## CHAPTER 4

After being taped into another impossibly thick diaper, Emily replaced Ashley's babydoll with one of her own t-shirts, saying how much more comfortable she would be in that while they got her ready. As Ryan was led by the hand from the couch to a portable make-up chair that Tiffany had set up, he noticed the shirt Emily lent him was large on his frame. Ryan also marveled at how much softer the material felt than any of his clothes. He felt oddly exposed in just a shirt and diaper. He had gone around in just bottoms, whether that be shorts or even just boxers, plenty of times, but never had he worn only a shirt. Having his legs bare, left him feeling almost naked and for some reason excited. The pleather of the chair was cold on the back of his thighs as he sat.

Ryan no sooner got seated and Tiffany was fastening a salon cape around him. It was bright pink with polka dots and a large Hello Kitty motif on the front. The vinyl material stopped about mid-thigh, making it look like he was wearing nothing beneath. "I use this cape for my younger clients," Tiffany said conversationally, "but when Emily told me she had a very special wittle girl I knew this would be perfect."

Ryan felt his cheeks coloring at the comment, he bit down on his paci wishing he could escape. He watched with some fascination as Tiffany went about setting up her supplies. She took bottle after bottle of unknown product from her kit and set them up on the coffee table, as well as a box of foils and gloves. Tiffany and Emily were chatting as she got ready to get to work on Ryan. His attention snapped back to their conversation when he heard a particularly troubling statement.

"I asked my sister, Madison, to come over and help with the make-up while I do her hair." Tiffany was saying. "Otherwise poor Ashley will have to be in the chair all day. It's already going to be close to 4 hours as it is."

Ryan cringed at the thought of yet another girl seeing him in his current state. At the moment though he had a more pressing concern, specifically the amount of fluid pressing against his bladder. He hadn't had a chance to take care of his morning routine and his body was letting him know it was far past time. Ryan squirmed uncomfortably in the chair, desperately trying to find a position that brought him some relief. His movements would bring a slight admonishment from Tiffany as she held his head still.

"I know it's boring baby girl, but try to stay still." Emily cooed at him. "Do you want Mommy to get you a bottle of juice?"

Ryan shook his head emphatically no. Any kind of liquid was the last thing he needed. He squeezed his legs together trying to stave off the inevitable as Tiffany methodically brushed the mysterious contents of the bottle into his hair and then wrapped the strands in foil. Despite his best efforts Ryan soon felt the first drops leaking out and into the thirsty padding around his waist. His face burned as the drops turned into a small trickle and the trickle became a stream. Ryan felt the warmth flow around his privates and settle back between his cheeks. Despite his overwhelming embarrassment, he could feel himself growing stiff at the sudden warm dampness surrounding his member. As he swelled into the thick padding of his diaper, his arousal only grew as his crinkly imprisonment pressed back against him. Soon he was squirming with a new need in the chair.

Emily covertly watched Ryan from her place on the couch, talking absently with Tiffany as she worked. She had watched his obvious need for the restroom build. Watched the shame he felt grow as nature took its course and he lost his battle with his bladder. Now she watched as Ryan experienced, she wasn't sure what, but it was something. His embarrassment seemed forgotten as the color finally left his cheeks, and his furtive looks had been replaced with a far-off one, he was squirming again, but it was different this time. A grin spread as realization dawned on her. Ryan was aroused by his predicament. She observed him with a new understanding and grinned broader as her hypothesis was supported by what she saw. Ryan wasn't squirming so much as clenching and unclenching his thighs against his diaper. Emily had created this whole scheme to get ahead of Ryan's own scheming to tear her and Hank apart. If Ryan was enjoying this though, was

it possible that this was something he actually needed? Judging by what Hank said, there was little doubt in Emily's mind that Ryan was a little brat and well on his way to being an ass of an adult. Was it possible that she could really alter that course and set him on a new one? Emily got lost in her own thoughts when there was a knock at the door.

"That would be Madison," Tiffany said, peeling back a foil to check the hair's progress.

Ryan's own reverie was destroyed at those words. His mouth went dry as Emily rose to let in the newest witness to his humiliation. Ryan tried to steel himself for what was sure to be an embarrassing encounter. Nothing could have prepared him though for what happened next.

Emily walked back into the living room escorting a young girl who was pulling what looked to be a small wheeled black suitcase. "Madison this is Ashley." Emily was saying. "Ashley, Madison is here to-" Emily was cut off by a gasp from the girl.

"OH. MY. GOD. Ryan is that you?" Madison said in astonishment.

Ryan thought he couldn't feel any lower but he quickly realized how wrong he had been. Standing in front of him was the girl he had a huge crush on all the way through high school. He had even worked up his courage to ask her to a dance once, only to be turned down. Now here he was sitting in a chair covered only by a short pink barber's cape getting his hair done.

## CHAPTER 5

"You know each other?" Emily asked, looking back and forth between the shock on Madison's face and the terror on Ryan's.

"We certainly do," Madison said, starting to overcome her initial shock.

"We went to high school together. I think he, umm. I mean *she* even asked me to homecoming once, if I remember right. I'm so sorry, what did you want to be called now? Madison asked, regaining most of her composure.

Ryan continued to stare dumbstruck. After a moment Emily broke in, "Go ahead sweetie, tell Madison your new name."

Ryan couldn't decide what would be worse, acting as though this was what he wanted or trying to explain to Madison the events leading up to his predicament and how he allowed himself to be forced into this situation. After a few more heartbeats that seemed to stretch into millennia, Ryan cleared his throat and said in a very quiet voice. "It's Ashwie." Ryan's eyes went wide at the sound of his own voice. His voice squeaked with nerves and his tongue stumbled over the words resulting in a high pitch lisp. Before Ryan could clear his throat and try again Madison was beaming at him.

"Ashley? What a cute name and it is fitting for such a cutie like you," she smiled down at Ashley. "It is certainly a pleasure to meet, now what do you say, should we do your make up as cute as you are?"

Ryan couldn't believe Madison's reaction. He expected her to laugh at him. To mock and ridicule him. Instead she was treating him far nicer than she ever had in high school. It wasn't that she was mean back then, he simply didn't exist in her world. Now though she was practically gushing over him. Ryan didn't trust his voice not to betray him again, so he simply nodded his head yes.

Ashley did her best to sit still over the next couple of hours as Tiffany continued to work on her hair and Madison saw to her make-up. It was no easy task as the constant comments about how cute she looked and how adorable her shyness was caused her cheeks to flush, her head to swim and an ever growing desire to squirm in her diapers. Eventually the foils came off and Tiffany began applying another product.

Emily chatted with the girls as they worked. This left Ashley plenty of time to try and process everything that was happening. For the first time in her life, Ashley was the center of not just one but three beautiful women's attention and while she never would imagine it would have been like this; she couldn't deny either that it felt good. She was enjoying being fussed over, the feel of someone doing her hair, the tacky feel of the lipstick every time she moved her lips, even the sensual feel of the simple t-shirt she was in and the warmth and comfort of the diaper around her.

"Ok sweetie," Tiffany said, "I need you to hop up so we can rinse out your hair."

"Perfect timing," Madison said leaning back on her stool, as the cape was unfastened and pulled away. "I am just finishing up." As Tiffany removed the cape Madison saw Ashlie's diaper peaking out from under the tee for the first time. "Oh my," she exclaimed before she was able to catch herself. "it looks like someone may be wet," she quickly added trying to cover her surprise. Without really thinking about what she was doing Madison reached down and grabbed the front of Ashley's diaper. She was surprised to feel the diaper was indeed not only wet, but also that Ashley was very hard within it. "Yep definitely wet," Madison said, this time it was her turn to blush.

Ashley barely had an instant to register her embarrassment at having her diapered state revealed, before her humiliation grew and then burned with lust as Madison pressed her hand against the front of her diaper. Ashley wasn't even aware that a soft moan escaped her lips as her warm wet diaper was pressed against her.

"All right baby girl, I need you to hop up and head to the sink so I can rinse you out," Tiffany said. "Then maybe your Mommy can give you a change,"

she added taking Ashley's hand and leading her into the kitchen as if she really was just a small child.

Emily and Madison followed them to the kitchen. As Ashley hung her head over the kitchen sink per Tiffany's instructions the shirt she was wearing rode up revealing even more of her diaper. Madison couldn't explain it but she felt a strong desire to reach out and touch Ashley's diaper again. She wasn't sure why she had done it in the first place, but when she felt the slick plastic beneath her fingers and the heavy wetness of Ashley's accident, she was shocked at her own arousal. Now she felt almost possessed with her desire to touch it again and see if it was a fluke or something more. As she watched Ashley lean over the sink, the hem of her t-shirt only covering the very top of the diaper, Madison had to seize the opportunity. She reached out and gave Ashley's diaper a few quick pats on the rear. When neither Tiffany nor Emily said anything, she got more daring and slid her hand down over the smooth plastic backing and between Ashley's legs giving her a brief squeeze before withdrawing.

"I think wittle baby Ashley is ok a little longer in her diapers before a change," Madison said in explanation, in response to the raised eyebrows of the other two women. They said nothing though to her statement, but shared a knowing look.

Ashley was relieved her face was covered by her wet hair as Tiffany rinsed it out. At first she was focused on how nice and relaxing it was to have your hair washed by someone else, but she went tense when she felt the first pats land on her diaper, not sure what would come next. Then came what felt like a long slow teasing exploration of her padded backside as a hand snaked its way over her diaper and up between her legs. Ashley bit down on her lip and squeezed her eyes tightly shut as she felt herself being groped through the diaper. It took all her effort not to let out a moan or press herself back into the hand. All too soon the hand pulled back and Ashley found out who's it had been when she heard Madison speaking.

"Why don't you come help me pick out Ashley's first outfit," Emily said to Madison, as Tiffany was shutting off the faucet, "that way we can make sure it compliments her makeup."



Madison agreed and Ashley watched as the two disappeared out of the kitchen. Tiffany was helping her back into the chair when Ashley heard Madison exclaim from down the hall, "Omigosh, this is her room? Too cute." Ashley tried to figure out what on earth Madison could have been talking about as Tiffany went back to work on her hair.

It was sometime later before Emily and Madison reappeared carrying several boxes between them. Tiffany had switched from working with products Ashley didn't recognize to using styling tools she didn't recognize, well aside from a blow dryer, that Ashley did recognize, even if it did have a giant round end on it that made it look like a ray gun from a cheesy 60's space movie.

The ladies stopped as they reentered the living room. "She looks so amazing," Emily said in disbelief.

"Yeah sis," Madison added "I did her make-up and even I can't believe how well this all turned out. She looks incredible. I think we should take her out for ice cream as a reward for being such a good girl and sitting still all day."

"That's a splendid idea, Madison," Emily exclaimed. "What better way to test out her new look. I can't wait to get her dressed and see the final product."

Ashley's heart jumped into her throat at that. They wouldn't really take her out like this, would they?

## CHAPTER 6

Ashley watched as Emily and Madison sat their boxes down on the couch and began sorting through them. Their backs were turned to Ashley, largely obscuring her view. After a moment they turned around, seemingly satisfied with whatever decisions they had made.

"Okay baby girl, first we need to take this off," Emily said stepping up to Ashley and giving the tee she was wearing a little tug.

Everything seemed to be happening as if in a dream to Ashley, she was dimly aware she should be fighting and resisting what was happening to her, but another part, a larger part of her wanted to wear whatever it was they had picked out. Ashley had felt more love and acceptance that morning than she could remember feeling for a long time. She began to lift the shirt above her head but was stopped by a giggle from Madison.

"Not like that sweetie. You'll mess up your hair, that Auntie Tiffany has worked so hard on all morning. Here, let Mommy help you." Emily said and held open a sleeve as she slipped one of Ashley's arms through and out the neck of the shirt. Ashley was small enough that Emily and Madison had no issues sliding it over her shoulders and down her waist. Before Ashley knew it, she was standing in the living room in just the thick diapers she had been taped into. Her skin broke out into goose prickles and she felt very exposed in the room. Her heart racing.

"Don't worry honey, we'll have you back in clothes in no time and these ones will be much cuter," Emily said, giving Ashley's arm a reassuring rub.

"Ok cutie, I need you to relax your shoulders and look straight ahead," Madison said sitting down on a footrest, which brought her just a little below Ashley's eye level. She was brushing something on the back of what looked like a chicken cutlet. "Head up, eyes ahead, and back straight, sweetie." She instructed Ashley again. Ashley snapped to attention and did as she was told, struggling to stand naturally now that she was conscious of

her posture. Despite her instructions, she couldn't help but look down as something cool was laid across her chest. Ashley's breath caught when she saw a very natural and perky-looking breast where her previously very flat peck had been. "I know sweetie, I know," Madison cooed. "Give me one more minute to get the other one on, and then you can take a better look. You're doing so good."

Ashley did her best to stand naturally again, although now she felt decidedly off-balance with only one breast form applied. She resisted looking down this time, as the cool smooth surface of the other form was laid against her. Ashley was acutely aware of Madison running her hand along the edges of her new 'breasts' making sure everything was securely glued down. She watched as Madison dabbed a makeup sponge all along their perimeter. Everywhere the sponge touched down the edge of the form disappeared when Madison pulled it away. "Magic," Ashley muttered under her breath.

Tiffany and Emily chuckled at the comment and Madison stifled a giggle. "No sweet baby Ashley, not magic. Just good makeup technique. But thank you, I take it as a compliment." Madison said as she finished blending the form's edges. "There. All done. Go ahead and check them out."

Ashley looked down and couldn't believe what she was seeing. Her chest had been transformed with the addition of two perky mounds. She hesitantly reached up and cupped her new breasts. The prosthetics didn't have the warmth of skin, but otherwise, they felt incredibly realistic. As she fondled them, she felt the glue tugging on her skin beneath, which with the visual cues was almost enough to trick her brain into thinking they were a part of her. For reasons she couldn't fully explain, Ashley gave a little hop and watched with satisfaction as her new breast jiggled. The action drew laughs from the other three.

Ashley was still timidly exploring her new breasts when Madison drew her attention to the girliest-looking pink dress Ashley had ever seen. The bodice was a shiny pink corset with a low square neckline and glittering rhinestone details going up the straps and edges. Layers and layers of short tulle skirting flowed out from the hem of the corset forming a tutu. All in all, it looked exactly like what Ashley thought a 6-year-old might wear to a tea party.

"There will be plenty of time for you to play with your new titties later, but for now we need to get you back into some clothes," Madison said, holding open the dress for Ashley.

Ashley stepped into the offered garment and immediately felt light-headed as the tulle caressed her smooth legs, as Madison pulled into place. She watched as Emily shortened the straps on her shoulders and Madison deftly adjusted each breast so they sat just right in the corset. The inside of the dress had a satin liner and felt far better against her skin than Ashley would have thought upon first viewing. She was surprised to find herself wishing she could feel the material brushing against her nipples. The delicate touch of the satin against her, became a sensuous embrace as Emily zipped her up and the top cinched everything tightly in place.

"Ok babydoll, have a seat while Mommy and I get your stockings and shoes on," Madison instructed.

As Ashley went to flop back down in the makeup chair, Tiffany intervened, taking hold of her arm and slowing her descent, as she smoothed the tulle flat beneath Ashley's bum. "You may look like a lady now, but we are going to have to give you some lessons on how to act like one," Tiffany said with a slight eye roll, at Ashley's clueless actions.

Ashley blushed at the admonishment but was quickly distracted by Emily and Madison rolling white stockings up her legs. If she thought the tulle felt good the stockings were pure bliss. Next came black mary-janes with small chunky heels and heart-shaped buckles. The girls offered Ashley a hand out of the chair, which she was grateful for when she realized that small as the heels may have seemed, they were enough to make her unsteady.

The three women shepherded Ashley over to where an oversized decorative floor mirror leaned in the corner of the living room. Ashley couldn't believe the image that confronted her, standing between the three beautiful women was an undeniably sexy girl. Ashley's long hair had been transformed into long soft pastel pink curls, her countenance rounded and softened with makeup showed no hint of having ever been anything other than pure femininity. The dress Ashley had originally thought would be any 6-year-old's dream, appeared far more provocative on her with its short hem that just barely hid her diapers and its low-cut front that pressed her chest up

and together forming deeper cleavage than she would have guessed. Even her childish shoes and stockings with their garter-esque tops became a satire of innocence. The resulting total look was one that Ashley would have gladly pleased herself to in her former life. She could scarcely believe that girl in the mirror with shoulder-length pastel hair, matching pink eye shadow and liner that gave the illusion of big doe eyes, and invitingly candy-colored full lips was her. Ashley didn't know whether to laugh or cry. What she did though was the last thing Emily expected.

"Well, what do you think baby girl?" Emily asked, bending down to lean over Ashley's shoulder.

Ashley spun around, throwing her arms around Emily's neck, and pulled her into a hug. Squeezing her eyes shut as she felt tears forming, "Thank you, Mommy," she breathed into Emily's neck, barely audible even to Emily, but Madison and Tiffany guessed at the sentiment, as Emily stood back up, lifting her new stepdaughter as she did so. Emily returned the hug, one arm supporting Ashley's diapered butt, the other rubbing her back as Ashley wrapped her legs around her. "You are more than welcome my precious baby Ashley."

## CHAPTER 7

Tiffany and Madison exchanged satisfied smiles, knowing they each had played a hand in bringing about the scene that was now unfolding before them. They watched quietly as Emily and her new baby girl shared the moment of discovery and acceptance. Madison pondered her own self-discovery, as she couldn't bring herself to look away from the seat of Ashley's diaper peeking out from beneath the dress and the level of power and control that had felt when she felt Ashley twitch inside of it.

Eventually, Ashley broke the hug and went to wipe a tear from her eye, but Emily caught her hand. "Here baby girl, let Mommy get that for you. We don't want to ruin your makeup," she said dabbing the corners of Ashley's eyes with a Kleenex. "Now how about that ice cream, Mommy promised?"

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Ashley fidgeted in the back seat of Emily's car as they drove to the mall. The feeling of self-acceptance had fled with the prospect of being in public. Madison had given her a shiny pink sequin clutch to go with her outfit, which she now nervously opened and closed. Emily and Tiffany were talking in the front seats, while Madison rode in back with Ashley.

Madison reached over and placed a hand on Ashley's leg. "It will be ok, sweetie. No one is going to say anything. I promise," her words and smile did little to stop Ashley's stomach from doing flips as they pulled into a parking spot near the food court. The girls piled out of the car. Ashley was working on mustering up her courage still when Emily opened her door.

"Here babygirl, let Mommy help you with that," Emily said leaning over Ashley and unfastening her belt as if that was what was keeping her glued to the seat. She then proceeded to lift her out and carry her across the parking lot, seemingly oblivious to any looks they may have been getting. When they reached the door Emily set Ashley back down, small or not,

even actual toddlers get heavy. "Do you think you can walk for Mommy," Emily asked.

Before Ashley could even answer, Madison grabbed her hand. "Here you can hold my hand," she said looking down at Ashley as they walked into the mall food court.

Madison's hand felt nice wrapped around hers and helped give her a modicum of courage. Ryan largely felt like an imposter though. He was sure every eye that fell on him could tell he was a boy in girl's clothing. His awkward gait in the short heels didn't help matters. Emily picked up on Ryan's mood and suggested he and Madison grab a table while they got ice cream for everyone.

Madison led Ryan over to an empty table, he was a little taken back when she pulled out a chair for him. "Uh thanks," Ryan said keeping his voice barely above a whisper.

"Of course cutie," Madison said with a smile as she took the seat opposite of him. Ryan shifted in his seat anxiously, looking around at all the other tables, convinced everyone was staring at him.

Madison had an idea of how to take his mind off matters. She did a quick glance around, confident no one was paying them any real attention, she let her shoe fall off her right foot and crossed her legs under the table. Probing outward, she gave a smile when her toe found the inside of Ryan's knee. Thankfully he hadn't picked up on how to sit properly yet.

Ryan gave a little start at her touch and was about to speak when he was caught off guard by the feeling of her foot lightly pressing further inward up his thigh. Madison chuckled at his doe-in-the-headlights expression, as her foot edged past the hem of Ryan's pink tutu. She paused her creeping progress up Ryan's inner leg as Emily and Tiffany approached with ice cream in hand.

Emily handed Ryan a cone with two scoops, "I got you rocky road, I hope that's ok?"

Ryan thanked her and assured her the flavor choice was fine. As everyone sat and enjoyed their treats, the conversation centered around Ryan and how

well his makeover had gone. Madison joined in the talk, giving no indication of what was happening beneath the table as her foot resumed its measured march. Ryan tried to focus on his ice cream, as the discussion brought a flush to his face. At least it was the conversation, he told himself, and not the light touch of Madison's foot, which was very nearly to his crotch.

Ryan let out a small gasp as her foot finally found home and pressed against the front of his diaper. The women all looked at him, and he quickly pressed a hand to his head. "Brain freeze," he muttered avoiding their gaze, especially Madison's who was grinning devilishly. Ryan was more careful to control his outbursts, as Madison began to move her foot in small circular motions. Ryan felt his already excited state climb to new heights as Madison's foot stroked him through the heavy wet diaper. He was sure he was going to explode into his diaper right then and there.

Madison smiled to herself, feeling Ryan's diapered pelvis begin to rock against her toes. It was the cue she had been waiting for. Before he was able to reach the peak he was so desperate for, she began to pull her foot back from beneath the table. Her smile broadened as disappointment and frustration spread across Ryan's face. Her power over him was intoxicating. "I was thinking, after ice cream, we should take Ashley to VS so she can pick out some items."

"That's a splendid idea," Emily gushed. "Ashley certainly has no shortage of clothes, but letting her pick out some stuff would be fabulous. And we are already at the mall, so we may as well take advantage of it."



## CHAPTER 8

The women finished their ice cream, excitedly talking about what sort of items Ryan might pick out at Victoria's Secret. Ryan's cheeks burned crimson thinking about what this latest adventure would hold. Under normal conditions, he had never been able to walk past the shiny black storefront with its bright hot pink interior without blushing and stealing furtive peeks inside. Now, he was confronted with not only having to go in but also knowing the delicate lace and satin items that were picked would be for him. He didn't have long to ponder his fate, as shortly after the plans were made, everyone had finished their ice creams and Ryan found himself being led by his hand through the mall once again. He nearly tripped several times in the low heels, but Madison deftly caught him each time and kept him upright, giving him a wink and smile.

Ryan was concentrating so hard on not looking like a baby calf learning to walk that he didn't realize at first when they had entered. He was three steps in on the glossy black tile before his mind registered that he was surrounded by bins and drawers full of nothing but women's lingerie. Emily, Tiffany, and Madison wasted no time immediately looking through the various drawers and displays, every so often holding up a tiny pair of panties or a delicate bra for the others' opinion. Ryan got the feeling that even though he was supposed to be the one picking something out. In reality, he would be doing very little selecting, which was fine with him.

"Excuse me, but can I assist you ladies in finding anything?"

Ryan nearly jumped out of his skin at the sudden voice behind him. He turned to see a smartly dressed woman smiling down at him. Ryan was sure he must look like a mouse caught in a viper's stare, unsure of what to say and powerless to look away.

"Yes, that would be lovely," Emily said wrapping an arm around Ryan's shoulders. "We are just out shopping, so she can pick out her first bra."

Emily gave Ryan a slight squeeze indicating who she was.

The sales girl, who looked to be of an age with Ryan, furrowed her brow in confusion before her eyes widened in understanding and gave Ryan a more thorough but subtle inspection. Her smile took on a knowing quantity. "Well this is certainly an exciting trip then, and we are honored that you thought of Victoria's Secret for the occasion. I am Lelianna by the way," She said shaking hands with Emily. She gave Ryan another weighing gaze. "I think a padded push-up, will be our best bet for starting off." She indicated to the top row of drawers, making sure to speak to both Ryan and Emily. "That will give you nicely defined cleavage without making you feel like you are going over board."

Madison and Tiffany joined the group as Lelianna was selecting various sets and laying them out on a counter for Emily and Ryan to look at. Before Ryan knew it several bras with matched panties had been selected by group consensus and they were all looking to him for his thoughts. Ryan gapped at the women, looking first at them and then back at the array of lingerie before him, unsure of what to say.

Lelianna gave him a much-needed out, or at least a way of delaying longer. "Of course, to make a properly informed decision you will want to try them on first dear," she said. "We have fitting rooms right over here." Lelianna indicated towards the back of the store. "We also have a manager's fitting room, that I would be happy to open for you. It's a reserved one that allows your guests to wait in a private area while you change. And of course gives you that extra privacy if you want to step out to get their opinions. We primarily use it for fitting consultations, but it will serve just as well in this purpose, I should think."

"That would be absolutely lovely, thank you," Emily said.

Lelianna gathered the selected sets of lacey garments and ushered the ladies to the back of the store. Taking a key from the stretchy bracelet, of coiled plastic around her wrist, she unlocked a door marked reserved and showed them into a small room with 4 plastic chairs. Two were clear acrylic, the other two hot pink. The walls were decorated with large posters of models, often wearing only a pair of panties and an arm crossing their chest. Those who also had a top posed in provocative positions that brought color to

Ryan's cheeks. The images were tame by the standards of what he had watched and looked at back in his dorm. His dorm. It felt like a lifetime ago. Now he felt like a small child who was in danger of getting caught stealing glances at gentlemen's magazines in a checkout line. The fact Madison had brought his excitement to the very brink earlier and then left it there was not helping matters.

".... and you are welcome to try the bottoms on over top of the panties you currently have on. We also have shields if you want an additional layer of protection." Lelianna finished saying. Ryan realized he had gotten lost in his own thoughts and had no idea what he was supposed to do next. The mention of trying on bottoms had certainly snapped his attention back to the present. Unsure of what to say or do Ryan stood rooted to the spot, frozen with fear. "Well, if you ladies need anything, please don't hesitate to come find me on the floor."

"Oh please stay," Emily said. "We would very much appreciate your advice when it comes to fit. Madison, why don't you help Ashley try on the first set."

"I would be delighted," Madison said springing to her feet from one of the molded pink plastic chairs. She grabbed the bras from the small table, where Lelianna had left them. Taking Ryan's hand she pulled him towards the changing area in the corner. Ryan nearly stumbled in his low heels as Madison led him behind the curtain.

## CHAPTER 9

"They're not really expecting me to go out there in just a bra and," Ryan gestured towards his diaper under the dress.

"Your diaper?" Madison finished for him. "Yes they are, and you're going to do it."

Ryan began to protest but was quickly cut off by Madison pressing a hand to the front of his diaper.

"And I am going to tell you exactly why you're going to do it," she said with a wicked grin. "First, you're just a widdle baby, and widdle babies are supposed to be in diapers. No one thinks twice of seeing them in one. Second, if you're good and do as you're told I will make sure you get an extra special treat later." Madison gave the diaper a squeeze to make sure Ryan didn't miss her meaning. She was delighted to feel Ryan's member stiff with excitement inside its soft prison. Then a thought came to her, as she continued to slowly stroke him through his diapers.

Speaking softly so she could just barely be heard above his faint whimpers. "Of course, if you prefer, I could always change you out of your diapers but then everyone is going to see your little clitty leaking all over the pretty new panties." Madison paused her stroking, "So what's it going to be my sweet widdle baby Ashwie? Do you want to keep your baby diapers on or do you want to be a big girl and show everyone how good you look in panties?"

Ryan swallowed the lump in his throat. He was trapped. "No, I don't want that," he muttered.

"Then what do you want widdle Ashwie? Miss Madison is going to need you to be specific so I can make sure you get exactly what you want," she said, her voice laced with syrup and feigned innocence.

"I want my diapers on," Ryan said. Then quickly added a "Please Miss Madison," at her arched eyebrow.

"Well of course you can keep your diapers on silly baby," Madison said as if Ryan had just proposed the most outlandish suggestion in the world. She gave him a few more long slow strokes and a final squeeze for good measure, drawing more whimpers from him and assuring he wouldn't forget about earning a reward, before pulling her hand away to unzip his dress.

Ryan stifled a regretful moan as Madison drew her hand away. He felt himself twitching helplessly inside the diaper. He was sure any little touch was going to send him over the edge. He ached with the need for relief from the constant teasing Madison had been providing all morning.

Madison wasted no time in getting Ryan unzipped and out of the poofy pink dress, which she laid carefully over the back of a chair. Unfastening the bra he had been wearing, she replaced it with a lacey black one, slipping it up over his arms. Madison made a few minute adjustments to the straps before she was content with the fit. Ushering Ryan over to a mirror, he was surprised to see the bra had given him the same level of cleavage the bustier on the dress had. The bra had several straps crisscrossing over the top of his newly formed bosom heightening the look. Before Ryan had a chance to prepare himself, Madison was throwing back the curtain. "I give you door number one," she announced with a smile.

Ryan stood before the three women in just a bra, thick diapers, and white stockings, breath caught in his chest. Tiffany wore a look of sheer amusement at her sister's stunt. Emily smiled and said how amazing Ryan looked in that bra.

Lelianna had a moment of hesitation before quickly recovering. "If you ladies will excuse me for just a moment, I think I just had a wonderful idea." She said slipping out of the door.

Emily and Tiffany got up from their seats on the chairs and walked over to inspect the bra closer. Emily traced a finger across the thin straps spanning the cleavage. Ryan could almost swear he could feel her nail trace along his skin. The inspection of Ryan's new top ended when Lelianna reentered, with several more items in her hand. Emily and Tiffany made room for her

as she approached. Ryan thought he would faint, as she knelt in front of him.

Taking a long strip of sheer fabric from the items she had returned with, she wrapped it once around his waist before fastening its hooks and rotating the whole thing around. "This garter will let you add a little something to the outfit with your current bottoms," she said as she fitted it to him. "and will work with just about any stocking." Ryan watched as attached the thin straps of ribbon to the top of his socks. She stepped back a moment letting everyone see. "or if you wanted..." Lelianna unfastened the clips from the stocking tops and pulled a matching black panty from the pile. Ryan dutifully stepped into them as she held them open expectantly. His skin tingled with electricity as she pulled them up his smooth legs. "there's no reason you couldn't still wear the matching bottoms over top of your protection." Lelianna said refastening the garter straps and taking a step back again.

"Oh that looks so good," Emily exclaimed. "As cute as Ashley's diapers are, there is no doubt that there will be times when she wants to feel sexy."

Ryan flushed crimson at the words and quickly looked down avoiding eye contact with everyone.

"If there are times she can do without her diapers," Lelianna began, stumbling over the word just a little bit. "I would be happy to include a second set of panties in a smaller size for half off. That way Ashley can have a set to wear, both with her diapers and without." This time she managed to say it without any hesitation.

The three women agreed that was a splendid idea. Emily thanked Lelianna for her generous offer. No longer bothering with the privacy curtain the four women gathered around Ryan and proceeded to change him into each of the remaining sets. Ryan felt like a life-sized Barbie doll in their hands, struggling to bite back moans anytime they slid a pair of panties over his diapers.

Ryan couldn't believe how arousing he was finding the entire situation. But he couldn't deny that his constant state of arousal was caused by more than just Madison's discrete, and sometimes not-so-discrete caresses. The feeling of that first lacey pair of black panties being pulled up his legs had made his

stomach do flips with excitement. The Garter belt and bra had only added to it. Ryan was sure it was going to be the black set he wanted. Holy Hell. Ryan was struck by the fact he actually DID want the clothes he was trying on.

When Lelianna brought over an ivory-white set for him, Ryan decided that this was the set he was hoping for. The cups had a crisscrossing ribbon over the front, giving them a corseted look. The delicate fabric extended several inches below the cup as well, Lelianna told him it was a longline design. The effect made his torso look slimmer and transformed his otherwise skinny rectangle of a build into more of an hourglass. Ryan loved the feeling of all the extra soft material in contact with his skin and loved that the extra-wide band meant more hooks to fasten in the back.

Lelianna held up the panties for Ashley to see as she pointed out their features, as she had with the other garments. "The front features the same embroidered design as the bra, and while the lace detailing in the seat offers a nice cheeky cut, you will notice that it is actually parted down the middle for an even cheekier surprise," Lelianna finished as she revealed that panties were actually opened backed. The women all shared an approving and knowing smirk, which Ryan missed as he reached out to feel the fabric.

His pulse hammered in his ears as Ryan gazed at the panties and wondered what it would feel like to wear them. He felt himself grow sore with strain inside his swollen wet diaper. He couldn't help but envision Madison taking advantage of their open-back design as she teased and caressed him through them. He ached with renewed need as Lelianna slid them up his legs and over the diaper. At the end of the fitting session, the women all agreed that Ashley simply looked too good in each of the sets not to get all of them. Ryan actually let out a small squeal of joy at the news, much to his embarrassment and the amusement of the ladies. He flushed crimson at his small outburst, which only drew more laughter from the women. Madison stayed behind to help him dress as Emily went up front with Tiffany and Lelianna to complete the purchases.

## CHAPTER 10

Ashley did her best to quiet her nerves, as she sat in a salon chair next to Emily. Tiffany and Madison were busy at work on both of them. They had agreed that Madison should start with Emily while Tiffany started with Ashley. Since Emily's hair would take far longer than Ashley's and likewise, Madison would need more time to complete Ashley's make-up transformation.

They had arrived at the resort the night before and were shown to the bridal suite by the staff. No one had looked twice at Ashley, well at least not in that way. As the hotel was an adults-only resort, the three women had dressed her somewhat more age-appropriate. There had been a few questions and raised eyebrows at TSA and customs, but nothing was said after Emily had produced Ryan's passport and a letter that Ashley couldn't begin to guess what its contents must have said.

Ashley was very aware of the looks she was getting from the male guests and the carefully averted gazes of the male staff, not to mention the judgmental and weighing stares from the female staff and patrons alike. Ashley couldn't really blame them, her outfit was far from modest. Madison had selected the outfit and when Ashley tried to object and argue she would stand out like a sore thumb; Madison had countered that it was better to hide in plain sight. Having lost the argument, Ashley found herself entering the resort in heels, a microskirt that just barely covered her diaper, even after Emily had rolled the waistband and tapes down, and a midriff bustier top.



The outfit Ashley wore had very little in common with the one she had arrived in, about the only similarity was the incredibly short hemline. It was a white poofy dress, covered in pink satin bows, with several rows of white tulle petticoats. All in all, it reminded Ashley of a very young girl's Easter dress, right down to the white lace gloves. The only thing not juvenile about it was the form-fitting bodice with its intricate beadwork which Madison had cinched up tight, making the falsies Ashley wore appear far larger than they were. When first presented with the outfit, Ashley had tried to insist she couldn't wear it, but quickly had her objections brushed aside with reassuring words from Emily and Madison.

“Don’t you want Mommy to have a perfect wedding?” Emily asked. “It will make me so happy to see wearing it.”

Meanwhile, Madison whispered and hinted at a special award to come, if only Baby Ashwie would be a good widdle girl and wear the dress. At this point, Ashley couldn't say which had been the bigger deciding factor. Ashley tried to keep her stomach under control as visions of her walking down the aisle just ahead of Mommy with her basket of flower pedals, her obscenely poofy dress that just barely hid her diapers if she didn't bend at all, and her hair done up in a giant mess of curls. She had no idea how she was going to survive the day, even if the other three women acted as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

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Ashley seemed to watch the whole thing as if she were just another spectator sitting in one of the folding chairs with their white linen covers and large baby pink bows tied around the back. The little girl walking down the aisle that everyone was staring at, seemed to be someone else and not her. Distantly, she was aware of the blood thumping in her ears and the warmth coming from her cheeks. Ashley watched herself stepping in time

with Canon in D as she slowly made her way down the aisle, dispersing a few petals with each step. Her stomach clenched as the few people who made the trip turned in their seats to stare at her. She recognized them as long-time business partners of her father's. Some looked at her with the same adoration they would have for any other little flower girl, others looked somewhat confused by the older-than-normal flower girl they were seeing. Thankfully, none of them wore looks of recognition. Even her dad standing at the end of the aisle seemed confused but didn't recognize her. Ashley kept her eyes affixed to Madison who stood to the side of the altar, smiling at her and mouthing 'you're doing great, baby girl' and 'almost there.' Ashley watched as her hair in its pile of curls bounced with each step, as did her dress threatening to show her thick diapers to all who were in attendance. A murmur began to arise amongst the seated guest and for half a heartbeat, Ashley worried that her dress had bounced too high. She looked to Madison in panic. When she saw Madison still smiling and encouraging her, she realized the commotion was for Emily who was now making her way down the aisle behind her.

Ashley took her place on the bride's side of the alter between Tiffany and Madison. Madison wrapped her arms around her and whispered in her ear. "You did so well, baby girl. I can't wait to give you your reward later." Ashley felt herself growing stiff in her thick diapers at the implications of the statement. Madison straightened as Emily reached the altar, but left her hands on Ashley's shoulders and discreetly gave her small caresses.

Emily had phoned ahead and told Hank she was bringing a very special flower girl with her. Hank had thought nothing of it at the time, assuming it was niece Emily was close with or something. As the young lady made her way down the aisle though, he thought she looked very familiar. Then recognition bloomed in his mind, but he couldn't believe what he was

seeing. "Was... Was that Ryan?" Hank rasped quietly from behind his smile as Emily joined him in front of the officiant.

For his part, the officiant gave Hank a sideways glance as he began the ceremony. "Greetings everyone. Thank you for being here today." His booming voice and Caribbean accent welcomed the wedding party to his island. "It is a beautiful day for a beautiful ceremony. Ya man?"

Emily smiled at Hank. "It is. She goes by Ashley now, honey. I told you, all she needed was a woman's touch. I'll fill you in on everything later. All you need to know right now is, she is much happier than she has been in some time," Emily replied quietly so Hank alone could hear. "Now, it's our wedding and you haven't even told me how beautiful I look."

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The reception took place on the beach. It was a small affair and passed in a surreal haze for Ashley. She sat at a small table off to the side with Madison and Tiffany. Madison kept telling her what an amazing job she had done, and how pretty she looked. For the most part, the three girls were left alone. Occasionally, one of the other guests would come by to tell them how nice they all looked, and how adorable Ashley was. Tiffany and Madison thanked them and exchanged a few pleasantries while Ashley just nodded and held her breath hoping they would leave soon. No one seemed to recognize her and they all took her quiet nods as the actions of a shy little girl, which only made them fawn over her more. Ashley was relieved that her dad never came over to their table. She wasn't sure how he was going to handle everything but she certainly didn't want to find out in such a public setting. Luckily, Hank was kept plenty busy by the other guests and festivities. Ashley also got a sense Emily was making sure he was staying too busy to come over. When Madison suggested they head back to the

room so they could change, Ashley jumped at the opportunity to get away from the reception.

She found herself being led through the resort by her hand as if she were a small child. “You looked so cute walking down the aisle,” Madison remarked as they made their way through the corridors. “And you did such a good job walking in heels. Of course, your diaper would have cushioned your landing had you fallen,” Madison teased. “I can’t lie, I was a little disappointed your diaper never peaked out.” Ashley blushed furiously at these comments and quickly looked around to make sure no one had overheard. Mercifully, there was no one else in the corridor, although Ashley was not entirely sure that would have stopped Madison.

Madison held the key card to the reader on her door, unlocking it and ushering Ashley inside. Ashley hadn’t been inside Madison’s room yet, having shared the bridal suite with Emily the night of their arrival. Now that she thought about it, Ashley wasn’t sure where she was supposed to be sleeping tonight, as Emily and Hank would undoubtedly be moving to the honeymoon suite. Madison’s room was nowhere near as large as the bridal suite but was still quite beautiful with an ornately carved King bed and a balcony that looked out over the ocean. Down below, Ashley could see people walking along the beach and even saw the terraced patio where the reception was still taking place.

“Let’s get you out of that dress and into something more comfortable,” Madison said, bringing Ashley’s attention back to the present.

Ashley turned to see Madison holding a small pink bag that she instantly recognized from the logo on the side. Setting it down, Madison pulled out the ivory lingerie set that Ashley had tried on for everyone. “I thought that some bridal lingerie would only be appropriate given the circumstances,” she said, grinning devilishly. Ashley’s stomach fluttered as Madison

removed a matching garter belt and white stockings. “Now let’s get you changed.”

Ashley fought to stay in control of her breathing as Madison stepped closer, reaching around her to undo her dress zipper. She could smell the rose water fragrance of Madison’s body wash as the other woman slowly lowered the zipper. Her breath became a bit lighter as she was freed from the confines of her garment, with Madison sliding the dress down her torso. She placed her hands on Madison’s shoulders as stepped out of the poofy layers.

“Ok sweetie, now lay down on the bed for me, so I can get you changed out of that diaper,” Madison said, draping Ashley’s dress over the back of a chair to be dealt with later.

Ashley laid on her back as she was instructed, staring up at the fan with its palm-leaf-shaped blades. Despite the numerous changes she had endured over the previous week, Ashley still blushed anytime she got a change. She heard the sound of the tapes being pulled off and lifted her hips without being told.

“Such a good baby girl, for me,” Madison remarked as she slid the sodden diaper out from beneath Ashley. Ashley felt herself stir, as much from the ongoing change as from the comment. Madison removed a wipe from its container and began to clean Ashley. The cool wipe felt refreshing after so many hours in a hot, clammy diaper. “Ok honey, pop up for me and we will get you into your pretty panties.”

Ashley did as she was told, shaking her head no when Madison asked if she needed to use the potty first. Her reaction to the silky feeling of the panties sliding up her now constantly shaved legs was instant. Ashley’s semi-flaccid member had sprung to full attention before Madison even got the panties up to Ashley’s knees.

“Oh my. It looks like someone certainly enjoys her panties,” Madison teased, pausing in her ascent to rub a drop of precum around Ashley’s sensitive head. “I don’t think going potty beforehand would have made a difference. You would have soaked your pretty panties no matter what.”

Ashley fought to keep the spasms that threatened to rock her body at bay, as she felt herself twitch and jump beneath Madison’s touch.

“We are going to have so much fun,” Madison said as she finished sliding the panties the rest of the way up. Ashley’s tip peaked out just above the waistband, a drop of precum glistening on it.

Next came the bra with all of its fine lace detail. As much as Ashley loved the way her falsies looked, she longed to feel her erect nipples brushing against the fabric. Her breath became short and quick as Madison added the garter belt clipping it to the top of the white stockings Ashley was already wearing.

“Ok sweetie, sit on the bed and behave yourself while I get ready,” instructed Madison as she gathered up her own set of lingerie and headed to the bathroom. “And that means no touching,” she said with an impish look over her shoulder.

Ashley climbed back up on the bed, pulling her legs under her as she had been taught, and did her best to regain control of her breathing. The wait stretched as she waited for Madison to emerge from the bathroom. All the while, she was very aware of her member twitching in excitement against the new, slippery smooth prison. Ashley’s new underwear had the paradoxical effect of feeling like she was wearing nothing, compared with the thick bulky diapers she was normally in, but also feeling far more restricting as the soft material cradled her tighter.

Ashley's reverie was interrupted as Madison stepped forth from the bathroom in an identical set, though with one major difference. Slung around Madison's shapely hips was an ornately worked, black leather harness with a bright pink strapon bobbing in the middle of it.

Ashley could only guess at the look that must have been on her own face. A look that elicited burning lust and mischief in Madison's eyes as she walked over to the bed. "Why don't you get on all fours, for Mommy," Madison purred as she approached.

Ashley was quick to obey, her heart now pounding out of her chest at the sight of her Goddess.

Madison stifled a laugh at Ashley's apparent eagerness, cooing, "Such a good little girl for Mommy," as she ran her fingers through Ashley's long hair. "Let's start with you giving my cock a little kiss."

Ashley licked her lips, Madison's words burning in her ears, trying to get some moisture back into her mouth which had inexplicably gone dry. Now that Madison stood directly before her, she could see the strapon wasn't just a smooth pink phallus but was textured with realistic veins and had a clear crown. Ashley hesitated only a moment before puckering her lips and leaning in to give the tip a light kiss. She felt herself twitch inside her panties. The pink strap was soft against her lips, not at all the hard plastic feeling she was expecting.

"That's my good girl," Madison said, grinning down at her. "Why don't you try giving it another one," she coaxed, running a hand through Ashley's hair. "A little bit longer this time. Mommy wants to see her tip between those pretty lips of yours baby girl. I promise it won't bite you."

Ashley swallowed, doing her best to keep her nerves at bay. She didn't know why she should feel so nervous. This was almost nothing compared to

everything else she had been through since returning home. Madison's quiet encouragement and gentle caress brought forth more twitches as Ashley's small member strained against the silky fabric of her pure white panties. Not wanting to disappoint, she stretched her neck forward again, this time parting her lips just slightly as she kissed the pink head.

"That's it, sweetie," Madison praised, "You're making Mommy so wet." Madison continued to run her fingers through Ashley's hair. She felt herself grow slick with excitement as she watched Ashley's performance. It was taking considerably more effort than she would have guessed not to thrust her hips forward and push the pink phallus deeper into Ashley's mouth.

Ashley felt her own pulse quicken at Madison's words. She brought her second slightly less timid kiss to an end with a slight sucking sound. Without waiting for further prompting this time, Ashley parted her lips again and slid her mouth down the toy's shaft, feeling the various ridges of it slide across her tongue. A sudden sensation of gagging brought Ashley's forward motion to an abrupt halt. Startled by the reflex, Ashley quickly backed the toy out of her mouth, gasping as she did so.

"Take it easy, baby girl," Madison cooed, brushing an errant tear away from Ashley's eyes, "You have to learn to crawl before you run. But Mommy is very proud of you for being so eager. Now catch your breath and when you're ready, you can go back to sucking Mommy's cock. But don't worry about trying to take the whole thing in your mouth." She wiped a strand of saliva from Ashley's plump and painted lips.

Ashley sat back on her heels as she caught her breath and blinked away the moisture from her eyes. She nodded up at Madison as the other girl praised her. Ashley couldn't have said what prompted her, other than it felt right in the moment, but as Madison's thumb brushed across her lip, Ashley took it in her mouth and began to suck it while making doe eyes up at Madison.



“OH,” Madison gave a start, “you are eager to be Mommy’s naughty baby girl aren’t you?” she asked in a voice growing husky with desire. She smiled as only a touch of embarrassment touched and colored Ashley’s cheeks as she nodded eagerly. “Such a good girl,” Madison purred. “Ok, this time just focus on what you can comfortably fit in your mouth. We will work on training your throat another time.”

Ashley shuddered. Madison’s words were like an intimate caress, as she savored the implication of future play and training. She continued to nurse on the head of the pink cock, her hand unconsciously moving down to her own panties for some much needed relief.

“Ah ah ahh,” chided Madison. “No touching.” She pulled her hips back, popping the strap out of Ashley’s mouth. “Let Mommy help you, baby girl,” she said pushing Ashley back until she was laying flat on her back, legs spread and looking very vulnerable in her bridal lingerie. Reaching over to the nightstand where a bottle of lube had been placed for just this occasion, she pumped a small squirt in her hand and began working it over the surface of the toy.

Ashley watched with hungry eyes, as Madison’s hand made a twisting motion up and down the length of the pink cock fastened around her waist. Not long ago Ashley would have watched the performance and imagined it was her own cock that was being stroked. Instead, it was thoughts of what would the toy feel like sliding inside of her, that had her chewing her lip in anticipation.

Satisfied that the strap was sufficiently lubricated, Madison took a step closer so she was inside of Ashley’s spread legs. Spreading Ashley’s cheeks with her left hand, she lightly began to apply pressure with a lube covered index finger. “That’s it baby girl, just relax for Mommy.” She encouraged, watching the emotions of lust, trepidation, and eagerness play over

Madison's face. "Now breathe out," she instructed and as she did, she slipped her finger inside the tight hole.

Ashley drew a sudden breath at the not unwelcomed intrusion. Her member spasmed frantically just inside the hem of her ivory satin panties, as waves of pleasure radiated out from her.

"Hey, hey don't forget to breath baby girl," Madison said. "Are you doing ok?" When she saw Ashley's chest begin to rise and fall again along with an embarrassed nod of the head, she slowly began to move her finger in and out. The tight ring around her finger began to loosen and movement became easier. "Ok sweetie, Mommy is going to add another finger." Sliding her finger all the way out, she tucked her index tightly against her middle finger before sliding them back in. Ashley's rosebud was far more accepting this time. A good sign that she was almost ready.

"Remember to keep breathing," Madison said with a wink, as she slowly pumped her fingers in and out. "Mommy is going to make you feel so wonderful baby girl," she said as she lightly cupped Ashley's princess parts in her left hand.

Ashley bucked under the caress, screwing her eyes tightly shut for what felt like would be the most powerful orgasm of her life. Madison's soft and encouraging words were the only thing allowing Emily to hold off the climax that threatened to wash her away.

"Focus on your breathing for Mommy, baby girl. We wouldn't want you to come before we even got to the really fun stuff," Madison said taking her hand from Ashley's satin clad member and placing it on Ashley's chest to emphasize her instructions about breathing. "That's it little one. Big deep breath in, now hold it." She said as she pushed her fingers deeper and left them there. "And let it out," she said and she pulled her fingers back. Repeating this several more times, she watched as Ashley slowly came

back from the precipice which would see her tumble head-first into ecstasy. “Now my sweet widdle baby Ashwey, do you want to feel Mommy’s cock?” Ashley nodded in affirmation. “That’s not good enough baby, Mommy needs to hear you say it,” Madison said and waited.

Ashley drew a deep breath, before meekly uttering, “Yeth pwease, Mommy.”

“That’s my good girl,” Madison praised drawing her fingers all the way out and positioning the tip of her phallus so it was pressed just against Ashley’s rosebud. “Deep breath in for Mommy, little one,” she said before slowly rocking her hips forward, pushing the bright pink toy inside.

Madison watched with excitement as Ashley’s hole stretched and admitted the strap inside, sliding along the slick shaft. She paused after the first few inches were firmly inside, letting Ashley adjust to the larger diameter. “How are you feeling baby girl,” she asked.

“Weally good, and vewy full, Mommy,” came the breathy answer.

Madison rested Ashley’s legs on either shoulder and let her hands wander back down to where Ashley’s member continued to twitch inside her split-back panties. The front of which were now noticeably wet with Ashley’s precum. “I can see my baby girl, is really enjoying this,” she teased, caressing her through the wet fabric, careful to keep her touch light so as not to send her over the edge.

Small squeaks and whimpers escaped from Ashley as she felt the toy slide inside her. She felt stretched and filled but was relieved to see there wasn’t the large discomfort she had been fearing. Instead, she fought to keep the spasms washing through her from overpowering her and sweeping her away. She was sure she would lose it when she felt Madison’s touch return.

She was only vaguely aware of Madison grinning at her, while she did everything she could to stay in control of her breathing.

Not sure how long her babygirl could hold out at the new experience, Madison slowly began to rock her hips back and forth in long slow strokes, each one drawing more whimpers and moans from Ashley, whose hands were now balled up into fists held tightly against her chest. “That’s it my sweet little girl,” Madison cooed. “You are doing so good for, Mommy. Mommy is so proud of how well you take her cock.” With that, she grasped Ashley more firmly through the panties. “It’s ok baby girl, you can come for Mommy. Go on and show me how much you are loving all of this.”

That was all Ashley needed to hear. The last few minutes had been an excruciating ecstatic torture, as she fought to not be overpowered by the pleasure running through her. At Madison’s command, she surrendered her personal battle and allowed everything to wash over and through her. Arching her back in a powerful spasm, she was only vaguely aware of Madison’s motions in response to her. A tightening around her sensitive head as sticky hot ropes shot forth, a securing arm across her legs, a slow deep push of the toy inside her. Ashley couldn’t say how long it all lasted, but in the moment the spasms of her body felt endless and when they did finally cease at last she was covered in sweat, panting for air, and felt more spent than she ever had in her life. Her vision slowly refocused and only then was Ashley aware that Madison still stood between her legs, beaming down at her.

“It looks like Mommy’s little girl certainly enjoyed that,” Madison said grinning. She ran her thumb over the ridge of Ashley’s rapidly shrinking crown and was rewarded with a squeal and the small girl trying to pull away, quite unsuccessfully thanks to her firm grasp and the still inserted strap.

“So sensitive, Mommy,” Ashley pleaded.

Madison could only laugh. “I know baby girl,” she said with a wicked grin. She did release her deflated clitty though, and slowly leaned down to give Ashley a deep kiss. There were a few more ‘eeps’ and squeals as her body brushed across Ashley’s princess parts. The kiss left Ashley almost as breathless as the orgasm had. “Are you doing ok, my little princess?”

“I am Mommy,” Ashley said quietly.

“Good,” Madison exclaimed giving her another peck on the cheek before straitening back up. “Because that first one was for you, but now it is Mommy’s turn,” she said, eyes burning with a lustful desire.

Slowly and carefully Madison pulled out of Ashley and got them repositioned further up the bed, with Ashley on all fours, her butt proudly and prominently sticking up in the air. Madison applied more lube to the toy, before taking up position on her knees between Ashley’s spread legs. “Ok baby girl, just like before, breath out for Mommy.” Gently she eased the pink cock back between the cutout in the panties and between Ashley’s cheeks. A slight push back and sharp breath from Ashley told her she was once again inside.

Ashley was surprised to feel herself once again growing stiff inside her panties, as the silicone head slipped once more inside of her. She cherished the feeling as Madison slowly pushed it deeper. The first time everything had been so overwhelming that she hardly got to take notice of any one thing, everything had just been an avalanche of incredible stimulation. This time she savored the stretched feeling of her ring as the toy slid in, and just past that the fullness she felt as it filled her. A twitch against the silky satin of her panties reminded her of just how sensitive she still was.

As the toy reached its full penetration, she could feel the warm tops of Madison's thighs against the back of hers. Then came the light touch of Madison's hard nipples on her back, followed by the heavier weight of her breasts as she leaned forward. Her breath was warm on Ashley's ear and sent shivers through her as Madison whispered, "You're doing so good for Mommy."

Madison took the opportunity to kiss and nibble Ashley's neck and shoulders, keeping the weight of her breasts against Ashley's back. She reached down and gave her a teasing caress through the wet panties, giggling at the resulting moans, stutters, and whimpers as Ashley tried to shy away from the touch.

Straightening back up, Madison surveyed the sight before her. The delicate cream color of the panties that parted around her vibrant cock. The matching band of the bra ran across Ashley's fair back, which in turn matched her own set of lingerie. The now disheveled hair that spilled to one side of Ashley's head as she awaited her next move. It all served to stoke the fire burning between her legs. She drew a hand across that fair skinned back, leaving faint red trails. Rocking her hips back she withdrew a length and began to push forward again when she noticed Ashley pushing back on the toy.

"That's my good little girl," Madison cheered, "Push back on Mommy's cock." Soon Madison was building up the speed of her thrusts, spurred on by the whimpers from Ashley. As she found the rhythm that worked for her, she slapped and clawed Ashley's ass as her own need quickly built to a peak. Then with one last thrust and grinding the base of the strap against her own soaked pussy, she held Ashley's hips in a death grasp to steady herself as her body quaked in euphoric release.

Ashley's own arms had buckled, as she experienced her first set of multiple orgasms. Despite her earlier one having been the most powerful she had hitherto experienced it paled next to the full body orgasm she was now experiencing. Her muscles felt like jello, and when Madison collapsed against her panting, they gave way, leaving both girls lying on their side in the middle of the bed.

Madison wrapped an arm around Ashley and pulled her close. She began to delicately ease the strap out of Ashley but stopped at a sound.

"No, leave it in. Just for a little bit longer," Ashley said, and then added, "I like the feel of you in me." Glad that Madison couldn't see the blush turning her face crimson.

"Of course, babygirl." Madison answered, before placing a small kiss on Ashley's neck. The two lay there for some time, bodies pressed together, and just when Madison was sure Ashley had fallen asleep she spoke again.

"Mommy, do you think I could switch my degree to cosmetology like you?" Ashley asked quietly.

"Of course babygirl," Madison answered again and gave her another small kiss.

# BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

## **Sissy Secretary: A Tale Of Gentle Femdom & Forced Feminization**

18 year old John just graduated high school and is excited to be working under the powerful and voluptuous Tiffany Stirling. Mature, confident, and seductive, Tiffany is everything John's not. She has a hold on John, and he feels like he would gladly do anything she asks. That sentiment will be put to the test when John accidentally opens Tiffany's personal mail and finds himself holding a bra and pantie set she had ordered. John is about to discover he is willing to do far more for his new boss than he could have guessed, as he learns just how incredible sliding a pair of panties up his legs can feel.

Read along as Tiffany discovers how much pleasure can be had at corrupting the sweet and innocent young man who blushes at the slightest off color remarks, as she molds John into her new Sissy Secretary.

Sissy Secretary is a sweet gentle femdom story of a young man who discovers his real self in the hands of a more experienced woman. Themes include mature topics such as crossdressing, sissification, light humiliation, and mutual pleasure. This story is meant only for adults 18+



# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

## **Aurora Harper**

The only thing that rivals Aurora's passion for all things kink, femdom, ABDL, and sissy, is her passion for writing. Nothing gets Aurora more worked up than crafting naughty steamy scenarios for submissives to find themselves in at the hands of their loving caregivers. Whether it be Mommy discovering her baby boy in an unlikely place, an older step mom catching her son trying on her panties, or a mature boss discovering one of their employees is far more suited for diapers, frilly panties and a playpen than the sales floor, there is simply too many unwritten stories to explore, and it is Aurora's secret passion bringing them all to life!