

My Pretty Dolly
By Cheryl Lynn

Allen Finch was covered in mud and slime from the lake. His cousin Bertha Lou had shoved him off the wharf into the shallow muddy water. Now she was standing above him laughing her fat ass off. His hatred of his older cousin was at a boiling point but helpless to act on it. She was two years older, bigger, stronger and just plain mean. All his life she had picked on him and got him into trouble. He was justifiably terrified of her as neither his mother nor Aunt would stand by him. They would tell him that he was the man and should stand up for himself. If he let a mere girl take advantage then it was his own fault, they would declare.

He couldn't help it if he was small for his age or that he was delicate. He was a premature baby and sickly until he turned thirteen. As a teenager he was healthy but didn't develop into a rugged masculine image. Even his school friends called him "baby face" as he couldn't grow facial hair even if his life depended on it. He did his best trying to be manly. He let his hair grown down to his shoulders, keeping it in a low pony tail. He wore baggy jeans with the tops of his boxers showing. He had a rambling shuffle walk and emulated the hard rock life style. However with his small frame and baby face, it was a style he couldn't pull off successfully.

Now here he was up to his waist in cold water looking up at his laughing cousin. He knew all he could do was shout obscenities back up at her as he headed to the shore. Both his mother and Aunt were gone to the city for the day and would be no help in any case.

"Why the fuck did mom have to bring me here with her for the summer? I could have stayed with Chucky but no, I had to come up here to the fuckin lake," he fumed as he reached the shore.

Allen was in the shower, steam filling the small bathroom as he washed the filth of the lake off. He seldom washed his hair but it was covered in foaming bubbles, his eyes squeezed shut. Suddenly the shower curtain was pulled aside and jerking back hit his head on the tile. The next thing he knew was seeing Bertha Lou standing above him laughing with yellow rubber gloves balled into fists on her hips.

"Okay baby face, finish up in there then I'll help you get dressed," she said turning the water back on.

"Get the fuck outta here you fuckin bitch!" he shouted in defiance and embarrassment. "What am I doing sitting on the floor? Shit! My head hurts and that bitch is staring at me," he thought covering his groin.

To his surprise and utter humiliation, she reached down, grabbed his balls and squeezed. He screamed and tried to swat her hand away but she squeezed all the harder. Tears and soap filled his eyes as he was

engulfed in pain.

"I said finish up," she said releasing her grip and pulling the shower curtain closed.

It took Allen a few minutes to get himself back together before he stepped back under the shower. He wasn't sure what hurt the most, his head where he banged it on the tile or his poor nuts. "I'll get that fuckin bit....," he mumbled then saw the hair accumulating on the tub floor. "What the hell?" he thought.

"What the fuck did you do to me!" he screamed seeing that his body hair was going down the drain.

"Oh just a little depilatory to get rid of that nasty body hair. You have two minutes to finish up or I'm going to pull that tiny dick of yours out by the roots," she replied.

"Mom's gonna be pissed when I tell her what you've done," he answered.

"Like when has she ever taken up for your candy ass before?" she shouted back. "Now get out of that shower before I get really angry."

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Allen had never been as embarrassed in his life as he sat on the sofa. Bertha Lou had really done a number on him. She had pulled him from the shower and using a hairbrush, spanked him until his hinny was beet red. Then she dragged him screaming into her room and sat him at her vanity. He was forced to sit there, naked as the day he was born. With his hands covering his privates, she massaged setting gel into his hair then put it in plastic rollers. Covering his tightly rolled hair with a lavender hairnet, she jerked him from the stool.

"This is going to be so much fun!" she exclaimed leading him over to her bed.

"Noooooooooooo!" he screamed seeing what was on the bed and trying to break free of her iron grip.

"Do you need another spanking?" she yelled using her free hand to swat his naked rump.

"Noooo, please don't do this," he begged fresh tears bursting from red rimmed eyes.

Another sharp slap to his upper thigh and Allen gave up. She was too strong and he could do nothing. With quivering lip and a steady flow of tears he let her dress him. What she did, he would never be able to live down as he heard the front door open. His mother and Aunt were finally home. Bertha Lou had obviously planned this for some time and

now he would be totally mortified.

"Ohhhhhmyyyyyygawdddd," he heard as the two women entered the living room. The sound of bags hitting the floor as he heard, "Allen! Is that you?"

Francine and Edna stood in total shock and amazement seeing Allen on the sofa. He was wearing an emerald green satin tiered little girl's party dress with white lace frills on the hems and cute bows at the puff sleeves. The pink plastic panties with white ruffled lace at the cuffs was clearly visible under several stiff white net petticoats. It was obvious that he was wearing a bulky diaper under the panties. Vivid pink ball mittens were attached to his hands and pink booties on his feet. His hair was in tight varnished curls and a large emerald green satin ribbon pinned to the back of his head. His face had been powdered, bright red rouge on his cheeks with long black false eyelashes. A large pacifier was in his mouth held in place by a pink satin ribbon. In his lap was a Betsy Wetsy doll and a small baby bottle.

"What is the meaning of this?" his mother, Francine, demanded as Edna began giggling uncontrollably.

Bertha Lou entered from the kitchen holding a real baby bottle filled with formula. "Oh, hi Aunty Francine. We didn't expect you back so soon. We were just playing that's all. Honest, Allen just loves to play at being my real baby doll. Why he even demands that I feed him his by-by and pees his di-dee when he finishes," she said walking over to the sofa and sitting down next to him.

As the two women stood staring in incomprehension and shock, Bertha Lou quickly removed his pacifier. Before he could shout, she forced the nipple into his mouth and grabbed the back of his neck forcibly. Digging her sharp finger nails painfully into his neck whispered, "Suck it or you'll really be sorry."

"Well I never," his mother said picking up the bags she had dropped.

"Come on Francine, let the children play," Edna giggled picking up her bags and headed to her room.

Francine glared at her son and with a "Harrumph," followed her sister.

As soon as the nipple plunged between his lips Allen tried to bat it away and yell out his denials. No matter how he struggled, the satin mittens were totally ineffective. Bertha Lou had a tight grip on the back of his neck and to the women, it looked like he was just trying to grip the bottle.

With the women gone, Bertha Lou removed the bottle exposing Allen's bright cherry red painted lips. With the free hand she reached under

his crinolines and grasped his groin in talon claws. "You drink all your formula then pee your diapers like I said or I swear you'll regret it," she snarled squeezing his balls. "They won't be around all the time to protect you and we're miles from the nearest neighbor. Just remember that!"

Hearing the women returning, she grabbed the bottle and jammed it back into his mouth. "I want to hear you goo-gooing as you finish your bottle," she whispered harshly.

His mother gave him a snort of disapproval as she walked by heading for the kitchen. If she had bothered, she would have seen the stalk terror that filled his eyes. Instead she shook her head, mumbled something under her breath and kept walking. Aunt Edna just giggled as she went past muttering, "What a sissy."

Allen could hear pots and pans banging loudly from the kitchen. He guessed correctly that his mother was really mad. "Edna, I know Allen is frail for his age but.....but this....to let Bertha Lou do that! Oh my gawd!" she wailed.

"Francine get a grip dear. I think he looked just precious. You can't believe my darling Bertha Lou could really force him to do that, do you? Why from the way it looked to me, he wasn't putting up much of a fight. I know they haven't ever gotten along but seriously, if I were a boy, I'd have fought tooth and nails. Did it look like he put up any fight? I think she was telling us the truth. Maybe he likes being treated like a big baby. Getting caught by us was embarrassing I'm sure but...but maybe it's good that their play time is out in the open."

"Edna what would I do without you? It's been so hard since...since HE left with that whore. Now this! I'm at my whit's end. What am I gonna do?" she wailed throwing her arms around her sister sobbing.

"Well for the time being let's see what happens. We don't know that Bertha Lou is forcing him or if he's a willing participant. I'm sure by the time dinner is over we'll know the truth. I think we could both use a glass of chilled wine about now," she comforted patting her sister on the back.

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As the two women were in the kitchen preparing supper, Bertha Lou had her fingers clamped into Allen's groin. It wasn't the iron like grip she had used earlier because of the plastic panties and diaper. However it was hard enough to get Allen's full attention.

"Listen up," she whispered harshly. "You don't act like you're enjoying being my little dress up dolly and I swear you'll live to regret it. You can go crying to your mommy but it's your word against mine. You know it will only be a matter of time when we're left alone again. So,

if you want to keep those little bits."

She paused long enough to punch him in the groin making his eye's bulge in pain. "Then you will act like you're having the time of your life. Now finish your bottle and you had better pee your diaper. All I want to hear coming out of that mouth of yours is baby talk. Understand!" she demanded giving his crotch another punch.

"Please Bertha Lou don't hit me there anymore. I.....I'll do it, just don't hurt me anymore," he replied when she removed the bottle.

Allen was frantic and terrified but his cousin was in complete control. His poor groin was in pain. He also knew she was probably right about what would happen if he complained to his mother. Yeah, she would stop all this nonsense but only until they went out again. Then Bertha Lou would really beat him up or worse. She definitely knew where to hurt a guy the most. All he could do was hope that this was a onetime thing. Lowering his head in shame began softly sniffing and sucked on the bottle.

"Oh my baby dolly is crying. You poor baby are those tears of happiness? They sure look like it to me. Now I want you to tell me how much you just love being my baby dolly," she said gripping his groin tighter.

"Yes, I really want to be your baby dolly," he gasped.

"Now that didn't sound very enthusiastic baby. Say it again and make it sound just like it was the bestest thing ever," she snarled then seeing Francine entering the doorway whispered, "Make it convincing and while you do, bounce up and down clapping your hands together."

Blushing as pink as his panties, Allen bounced and clapped while saying, "Oh Bertha Lou...I just luv being your little dolly."

She pinched his inner thigh, whispering, "More."

"I.....I luv....luv this...this sooo much..wh...when we play," he added as he saw his mother enter the room.

Before he could say anymore Bertha Lou put the nipple back into his mouth. "I like it too baby. Now that your mummy knows we can play this game all the time. We won't have to keep our play time secret anymore," she said.

Then pretending she had just noticed Francine added, "Auntie, please don't be mad. We were just play acting and having fun. Alicia just loves being my baby dolly."

"Alicia?" Francine asked surprised at what she had just heard her son say and Bertha Lou's response.

"Yes, that's what my dolly wants to be called. Don't you think it's a cute name for my pretty dolly?" she answered.

"Well I never....if I didn't see this with my own two eyes...," she said turning on her heels and walking back into the kitchen.

"Alright Bertha Lou you have destroyed my life already. I hope you're satisfied now, so please stop all this and let me be. Haven't you done enough?" Allen said popping the bottle out of his mouth.

"Oh no Alicia. Not after you told your mother how much you luv playing our little game. Finish your bottle and pee your diaper and....and I might let you go," she said with a broad smile.

"This stuff tastes awful. It's got my stomach churning. Please, no more. I'll pee but this is it. No more, you promise?" he begged.

"We'll see but you had better soak that diaper," she responded pushing the nipple back into his mouth.

Allen finally finished his bottle then after a few minutes squeezed his eyes shut and forced himself to pee. As the hot wetness filled the diaper he actually sighed. For a split second it had actually felt good then realizing what he had done began crying.

"It's alright baby to wet your di-des," Bertha Lou said hugging and patting him on the back.

He was surprised just as she was when he let out a loud belch. Unfortunately Edna had walked in moments before. "Did I hear her say he wet his diapers? Oh my listen to that belch. Just like a baby. It certainly doesn't look like she's forcing him. Allen has always been immature for his age but this..well let's see how this plays out," she thought then said, "Bertha Lou did I hear you say that Allen just wet his diapers?"

"Oh mom he likes to be called Alicia when we play dollies and...yes..Alicia wet her diaper," she replied smiling broadly.

"Well...go change All...err..Alicia's diaper then come get your dinner. Suppers ready," Edna said still a bit overwhelmed by what she had witnessed.

"It's okay mom, Alicia won't mind wet diapers while we eat. He..I mean she does it all the time. I'll change her after we eat. I'm starved," Bertha Lou piped up.

"Francine you'll never believe what I just saw. Allen actually wet his diapers and he wasn't fussing. I think he's really into being Bertha Lou's play thing. They're coming to the table now with him still in

those wet diapers can you believe. Bertha Lou said he didn't mind being in soggy ones," she said entering the kitchen.

"Ooohhhmyyygawd, you can't be serious. I'll check him as soon as they get here," Francine replied shocked.

"Alright Alicia, when we get into the kitchen you better keep a happy face or tomorrow you'll be very sorry. If they think you're not having fun, I will be really mad," Bertha Lou said stuffing the pacifier back into Allen's mouth.

His diaper soaked and becoming very uncomfortable he followed his cousin into the kitchen. He didn't realize how loudly he was sucking on the pacifier. Loud enough for the two adults to hear as he slid into his seat. The only other sound to be heard was the scraping of his chair. Allen blushed seeing the others in the room staring at him. Both adults had looks of wonder and arched brows while his cousin was smiling broadly. With the pacifier tied in place he couldn't say anything in his defense. His nerves already stretched taunt, he sucked even harder on it. When his mother stuck two fingers down into his diaper, could have died of embarrassment.

"He's soaked," Francine said in disbelief then went to her seat. The look of disappointment on her face was clear.

Normally Bertha Lou sat across from him at the table but she sat next to him. To his surprise she tied a hand towel around his neck creating a bib. "This is one of our favorite things," Bertha Lou explained. "Alicia just loves it when I cut up her food into teeny tiny pieces and feed her. Sometimes she's a bit messy so I use the towel as a bib to keep her dresses all nice and clean."

She stood behind him as she leaned over and cut his food into very small pieces. "Make a nice mess of your bib or I'll stab my fork into your balls," she hissed softly.

Taking her seat next to him she began spoon feeding Allen. As instructed he managed to spit up about a third of his dinner. Throughout the entire meal not a word was said. The adults just looked on in amazement and disbelief while Bertha Lou was having a ball. She was getting a sexual rush like never before dominating her cousin. Allen's submission and behavior seemed to be convincing the adults that it was something he loved doing. The feelings of power and control were as good as actual sex for Bertha Lou.

Finished eating wasn't any better for Allen. His cousin had retrieved the Betsy Wetsy doll and put it in his lap. "Alicia go on and play with your dolly while I help Aunty and mom clean up. I'll change your die-de when I've finished," she said. It took all of Allen's will power not to cry. Crying would only make things worse.

Later, taking him by the hand led him into her room. She left the pacifier tied in place along with his satin ball mittens while she stripped off his clothing. By this point he couldn't stop the tears from flowing or the strength to fight her. In her attached bathroom she had him step into the tub where she removed his plastic pants and diaper. As she washed off his groin and butt Allen couldn't help it as his cock became erect.

"Eweeee, that's gross," she exclaimed then reached out and grabbed it. She pulled him into her making him wince in pain. "I can't believe you got a hard on from your cousin washing you. That's just plain sick and perverted. You're a little sick-o that's what you are.....unless....unless it's cause you get excited from wearing diapers and being my little dolly-wolly? Come on, tell me which is it. You get a stiffy cause you want to do me or cause you love wearing diapers and being my dolly? Answer me or I'll pull this little thing right off," she hissed.

She certainly didn't have the least iota of sex appeal to him but there was no hiding his erection. Making matters worse it was getting stiffer as she held it in her warm hand. Only muffled groans and moans escaped as the pacifier muffled any intelligent speech. He could only shake his head, "no" as the tears flooded down his cheeks.

"Can't be me cause I know you're a faggot queer. Must be your love of your diapers," she snarled letting him go.

His mortification didn't end as his penis bobbed up and down as she powdered his groin. It was still erect when she put another adult diaper on him along with a thick soaker pad. She pulled his pink plastic panties back up and snapped the waist band in place.

"You still have that stiffie and I'm sure it adores being trapped in its comfy di-des. Well just don't stand there, start rubbing it. Go on or does your perverted mind want me to do it for you? Maybe you want my hairbrush to add some encouragement," she demanded picking up the brush.

Allen laid back on the bed with his legs slightly spread and began rubbing his crotch. Bertha Lou looked on excitedly as the plastic panties crinkled loudly. "Come on make nice little squirties for me. You can do it. Come on or mommy will spank," she encouraged.

With a gasp he did exactly that. Bertha Lou could tell by the flush on his face that he had indeed shot his load. To make sure she patted him on the crotch feeling the soft penis beneath.

"That's a good baby. I knew you just loved wearing diapers and that proves it," she cooed. "That's all your little pinnie is good for anyway. It's too small to ever please a woman. Now let's get you dressed for nightie-night."

She wasn't finished with him by a long shot. First she braided his long

hair into pig tails tied off with red satin ribbons. Then she put a white satin training bra around his chest. A bright shimmering scarlet shortie nightie with scooped neck and ruffled hem quickly followed. The hem of his nightie left most of his diapered ass revealed. For foot wear she put a pair of pink furry slippers on his feet. The outline of his bra could be seen through the thin nightie as she led him out of the room.

"Come on, you have to say nightie-night to your momma and Auntie Edna. Then I'll take you back to your room so you can watch that Barbie movie I got for you till bed time. I'm sure you'll just love jerking off in your diapers watching it," she said dragging him from the room.

"Now when we get there, you better sound convincing when you tell them you want to watch your favorite Barbie movie," she said pinching his upper thigh.

Saying goodnight was horrible enough but having to sit on the side of his bed rubbing furiously between his legs while watching the movie mortifying. Bertha Lou kept encouraging him with swats of the brush to his thighs. She wasn't happy until he managed to ejaculate twice to his undying shame. Before she let him go to sleep, she made him drink another bottle of formula this one laced with both diuretic and laxative.

Back in the den Bertha Lou told the adults all about the wonderful play time they engaged in while they were gone. "Oh yes momma, Alicia and I always play like this when you go out. She just loves wearing her pretty green dress and diapers. The dress? I got it on the internet. Alicia even paid for it, she wanted it so bad. I thought it was kind of silly at first but I decided to play along. When we play Alicia is so much calmer and we don't fight at all. It's really a shame that all we have is that one dress though and that old doll of mine. Now that you know what we do, Alicia begged me to ask if we could play all the time now. Maybe get some more cute dresses, dollies and things to make his play time more fun. I really need to get more diapers and plastic panties if you'll let us play all the time."

Francine was disturbed at Bertha Lou's revelations about her son but she did sound convincing. What he was doing was so bazaar that it made her very uncomfortable; yet, he did seem happy. Despite that, she knew she had to put a stop to it. Such behavior just wasn't acceptable.

She was about to say as much when her sister said, "I think he looked precious. Francine, I think we should let the children play their little game. There's really no harm in it. I don't know about you but I'm sick and tired of their constant in fighting. If playing the dolly for the summer stops all that I like it."

She had to agree about the constant fighting but wasn't totally convinced. "I'll stop by on my way to bed and ask him myself," she

thought. "Alright, I'll go along with this but only after I talk to Allen," she said.

Much later after he had finally fallen into a troubled sleep his mother came into his room. She could smell what he had done in his diaper as she reached the bed. "Oh my, he pooped! He actually pooped his diapers. What am I gonna do? I don't think I can handle this. I actually thought this was some kind of joke but smelly diapers are no joking matter. If he likes wearing diapers then diapers it will be just as long as I don't have to change them," she thought turning away.

She saw the Barbie DVD sitting on his bedside table, muttered, "If he likes that sort of thing and diapers, then maybe an overdose will cure him of such nonsense."

My Pretty Dolly Part 2

By Cheryl Lynn

Allen rolled over coming fully awake as he felt the cold icky mess covering his groin shift. The smell was making him nauseous and to his horror felt himself peeing. Getting out of the bed he rushed to the door connecting the bathroom he shared with Bertha Lou. It was closed and with his hands still wrapped in satin ball mittens couldn't get the knob to turn. In frustration he began pounding on the door. He shouted but only mumbled unintelligent noise came from his pacifier filled mouth.

"Ohhh noooo," he thought as he felt more poop filling the already overstuffed diaper. A cold wetness began running down his thigh as he pounded harder on the door. "What's wrong with me? I've never done this before."

Finally the door opened and a sleepy eyed Bertha Lou scrunched up her nose. "Gawd you stink to high heavens!" she said and started to shut the door.

"Ummph, malwa....ut..ennn," he shouted trying to force his way into the bathroom.

"What's that baby? You want in here? Well sorry but you'll just have to wait until I finish," she responded giving him a hard shove.

Allen reeled back from the force of the shove, lost his footing and made a loud squishy noise as his backside hit the floor. As he sat, partially stunned, more of the smelly mixture leaked down his thighs. The smell of it almost made him vomit but managed to swallow it back down. Tears began cascading down his cheeks in helpless impotence.

When Bertha Lou opened the bathroom door she was still in her blue

flannel night gown. Grinning at the sobbing boy, she said, "Is my dolly ready for a diaper change? Boy that is a really smelly diaper. Guess you really need to be wearing and using your die-dees. I'll change you but only after you promise to beg me to change it. Then tell me you want to wear your pretty dress and be my pretty dolly all day."

She stood with her hands on her hips waiting for a few seconds. "Oh you can't talk with your paci can you? Now if I take it out, are you going to beg me to let you be my pretty dolly? If not, then you can just wait until your mummy comes to get you. I bet she is going to be thrilled seeing that you filled your diaper," she paused then added. "Actually over filled it from the looks of that mess running down your legs. You're going to have to clean that mess on the floor up yourself."

Seeing him nod his head yes, she reached down and unfastened his pacifier. "Ple...please...Bertha Lou stop this. I...I can't let mom see me like this. Come on, you've had your fun. Ge...get these damn mittens off my hands," he said through his sobs.

"Now Alicia, is that anyway for my pretty dolly to talk? Such language. I see that besides changing your filthy diaper I'm going to have to wash your mouth out with soap. Little girls don't say damn or cuss. Now tell me you want to be my pretty dolly or you can stay right where you are," she smirked.

"Oka...okay, let me be your dolly ple..please," he sobbed.

"Oh dear, that didn't sound very convincing Alicia. What I want you to say is, 'Please Bertha Lou, let me be your pretty Alicia dolly and keep me in diapers. I just love being your little dolly and playing little girlie games,'" she demanded.

Allen had no choice if he wanted to get out of that messy stinky diaper. At this point he would agree to anything. Gulping what pride he had left, began repeating what she demanded.

"That was better but you didn't say it in your little girlie voice. Now ask me again, this time make your voice higher and sing-songy," she ordered.

Humiliated and embarrassed he managed to satisfy her demand. She let him into the room and told him to get into the bath tub. There she removed his nightie and bra, replaced his pacifier then holding her breath, dropped his plastic panties and diaper. Quickly she aimed the flexible shower head at his groin making him jump from the coldness and force. Once his groin and lower body was thoroughly rinsed, she aimed the cold water at his face then upper torso. His lips were blue and he was shivering by the time she finished bathing him.

"You know Alicia you really should have been a girl with that tiny

thing between your legs," she said as he stepped out of the tub.

Allen knew that he wasn't the biggest in that department but also that he wasn't the smallest either. However the cold water had shriveled his penis and balls to the point where they were very tiny indeed. Combined with the smooth hairless groin, it looked like a small pink worm was draped over a ping pong ball.

Giggling Bertha Lou reached out with her thumb and forefinger, grabbed his little worm and pulled on it painfully. "Over to the sink Alicia. You need to be punished for saying a cuss word," she stated.

A totally subdued Allen was taken back into Bertha Lou's room and sat at the vanity. Other than the pacifier and pink satin mittens he was naked. There she massaged a thick coating of setting gel into his still wet hair. Smiling wickedly, she began sectioning and rolling his hair in wire bristle curlers.

"I found these old bristle rollers in the attic the other day when I was rummaging around. Mother used these on me when I was little and I positively hated them. So if they were good enough for me then they will be perfect for you," she explained sticking a pink plastic pin to secure the roller making him jump.

The rollers felt like a zillion tiny pin pricks on his scalp as she tightly rolled and pinned them into place. They were small, about half an inch round and two long, clinging painfully in neat rows covering his entire head. She had parted his hair across the front and trimmed it into neat bangs to finish his look.

With his hair done, she applied his makeup. "Little girls don't wear makeup but I like my dollies looking cute. Just some powder, eyeliner, these long false eyelashes and cherry red lipstick. Oh yes, some of this rose blush to bring out those cute cheeks of yours," she said pinching his cheek.

"Please..Bertha Lou, please no more. I don't want to do this," he begged when she removed his pacifier to paint his lips.

"Oh don't be ridiculous Alicia. I know how much you love your die-dees and being my pretty dolly. Don't worry, I'll have you in your die-dees just as soon as I finish up here. I know you just can't wait to rub that tiny thingy and make nice squirties in them," she giggled securing the pacifier back in his mouth.

With his hair and makeup done, she grabbed his penis and led him back into the bathroom. From the linen closet she pulled out a package of adult diapers and removed two. A large container of baby powder and jar of lotion followed.

"You'll stay still and let me do this. I want to hear you gurgling and

making happy sounds like a happy dolly understand," she said giving his groin a hard pat.

Bertha Lou picked up one of the red satin ribbons used to fasten his pigtail. "I just thought of something really cute," she said tying it into a floppy bow around the head of his limp penis.

"Don't you just love that cute bow? Here, you carry the diapers and I'll get the other stuff," she added going into his room pulling him along with the red ribbon streamers.

Laying down on his bed, she coated his groin with the heavy floral scented lotion then the baby powder. She had a slight problem getting the second diaper fastened but solved it with ample use of duct tape. Once the diapers were secured she gave his groin a rub before pulling up his pink plastic panties.

"I know you just can't wait to rub that little nubbin of yours but I need to get you dressed first," she declared.

It didn't take her long to put him into his training bra, green party dress and pink fuzzy slippers. She then surprised him by removing his pacifier. He was going to say something but she pinched his cheeks waving her forefinger in his face.

"Now you're going to rub your little thingy until you make nice squirties for me. As you do that I want you to say, 'Alicia just loves her die-dees.' Make sure you use your little girlie voice or I'll really hurt you. You keep saying that over and over until you squirt," she hissed into his ear while patting his groin.

Allen winched hearing that and from the hard pats to his groin took her meaning. With a sigh he reached down between his legs with his balled fists and began rubbing. "Alicia loves her die-dees," could be heard as the plastic panties crinkled loudly with each up and down stroke. It took more than thirty minutes before Allen cried out, "Aliciaaaa looovvvvess her die-deeeeeesssss."

"Oh how sweet, my pretty dolly made creamies in her diapers. Now come along Alicia, let's go show our mummies just how cute you look," Bertha Lou said with an ear to ear grin, putting the small tape recorder into her pocket.

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Sitting in the kitchen being spoon fed a watery oatmeal, Allen glowed in humiliation. His mother had an appalled look on her face as he sat down at the kitchen table. She seemed repulsed when Bertha Lou removed his pacifier so he could greet his mother and aunt.

"Hellwo mommie, Auntie. Gwood morning," he said in the little girl voice. He hated himself for doing that but with his cousin's claws digging into his thigh had no choice.

It looked like for a moment his mother was going to step in and put a stop to this utter nonsense. Her face was flushed and her lips twitched but before she could say anything, Edna spoke up.

"Francine, I think you had better listen to this. Bertha Lou gave it to me a short while ago," she said placing a small tape recorder on the table and hit play.

"Please Bertha Lou let me be your pretty Alicia dolly....," was clearly heard making Allen shrink back into his chair, what oatmeal he had in his mouth spewing out onto his make shift bib.

"Oh my gawd! That bitch recorded me," he thought in panic which soon turned into horror as the tape continued playing. His high pitched "Aliciaaaa loovvveees her die-deeeeeees" and the crinkling sound of plastic panties left no doubt as to what he was doing.

"Thank you Nannie for letting me make creamies in my die-dee," ended the recording as Allen wanted the floor to swallow him up. Bertha Lou had grabbed his balls and forced him to say that. He was going to shout out his denial, telling the adults what had actually happened. His cousin was too fast, plunging his pacifier back into his mouth and securing the ribbon tie.

"Yeah that's what Alicia calls me when we play. She likes me pretending to be her Nanny," Bertha Lou said as the two women just glared at Allen.

Whatever fight or comments Francine were going to make drained right out of her expression. It was replaced with one of disgusted acceptance as she got up and left the room. "Edna I'm going to lay down for a bit," was all she said.

An elated Bertha Lou got up, "Alicia you be a good dolly and sit there while I get you your ba-ba. Mom keep an eye on her so she doesn't fall off her chair will you?"

Allen was too stunned to move and his eyes fixated on the small recorder sitting on the table. "I'm doomed, I'm doomed. There is no way anyone of them will believe me now," resounded inside his aching head. He didn't dare look at his Aunt.

He didn't move his eyes from the recorder until his Nanny pulled the pacifier out and quickly inserted the nipple of his bottle. Like last night she had doctored it with laxatives and diuretics. He began sucking as tears began to fall.

"It's okay Alicia. You don't have to cry. Now that your mommy knows how much you love your die-dees, we can play all the time," she said as her mother got up and left.

"I'm going to comfort Francine. Yo...you two...well just go off and continue your games. Try to keep the noise down, I've got a headache," Edna said walking out the room.

The formula was just as bad as it had been and made his stomach churn. When he finally finished it, Bertha Lou patted him on the back until he burped loudly. He was crying uncontrollably.

"There, there Alicia don't cry. Now that everyone knows how much you love your diapers, you can wear them all the time," she gushed patting him on the back. "Now that it's all out in the open, I guess I'll make a list of all the nice new baby things you'll need. I'll get your mother's credit card and order them on-line. But first let's go back to my room. You're so stressed out I bet a nice rub of your die-dees will make you feel all better. Then you can watch your Barbie movie again."

"No, no more...you made my mom hate me....n...n I'll never be able to live this down. I...I've nev...never been th...this embarrassed or humiliated. Please stop. I won....won't say anything....just stop please," he sobbed.

"Oh Alicia we can't stop now. No, not when I'm having soooo much fun. Oh no baby girl, I like you like this. Of course you will have to change your own messy diapers from now on. That part is just too icky for me," she said sticking the pacifier back into his mouth.

Back in her room she made Allen masturbate while repeating over and over, "Alicia loves her die-dees." The embarrassment was total and he kept his eyes squeezed shut hoping to block out what he was doing and his cousin's taunts. It was difficult for him to reach a climax as he stayed limp due to his humiliation. Then when it finally got hard, he had a feeling that he had to pee. If he could have blushed harder he would, soon after he said, "Aliciaaaa loovvveees her die-deeeeee," he peed his diaper. Fresh tears filled his eyes as Bertha Lou pressed her hand against his groin.

"Ohhh my pretty dolly creamed her diapers and peed too. I guess you really do love your die-dees and need them," she laughed. "You just stay there and I'll change you after you watch your Barbie movie," she added putting the DVD on.

In her room Bertha Lou downloaded the video she had taken with her cell phone into her computer. "I've got the little faggot now," she gloated. Finished that task began perusing the adult baby web site. She found a number of things she just had to have. Things like the

lockable translucent plastic panties with row upon row of lace trim. A pair of baby styled shoes that would force Allen to walk on his tip toes having sharp bumps on the inner heel.

What took her breath away was a darling oversized lilac satin and lace baby bonnet and the dress that went with it. The bonnet had a very large laced edged brim, high pointed crown and purple satin hat band that tied off in a large stiff bow at the back with long notched streamers. The dress she didn't think a five year old girl would love. It was the prissiest dress she had ever seen. It was a baby doll style with a high waist and flared lilac taffeta and organza knife pleated skirt. The bodice was covered in purple sequins in a floral design with a stiff white high collar that almost covered the ears. The short cream colored sleeves were massive balloons with three tiers of lilac lace hemming. The white chiffon built-in petticoats was yards and yards of material that would hold the skirt out almost vertically from the hips exposing half of the crotch. The finishing touch was a wide purple sash that went just under the breast line tying into a large floppy bow in back.

"Wow! I've got to get that for Alicia. She'll positively hate it," she thought.

Allen sat on his bed with his mitten covered hands pressed to his ears. He was trying to blot out the sound track of the Barbie movie. He had to pretend to actually watch it in case she walked back in. It was about a third of the way when his intestines growled loudly, cramped then spewed its contents into his diaper. When that happened Allen's eyes got as big as saucers then he began crying once more.

He sat in his messy smelly diapers for what seemed like ages until Bertha Lou came back. Actually the movie was just showing the end credits. "Did my pretty dolly Alicia poop her die-dees again? I can't believe you're actually using your die-dees. You must really like them, to do that. Come on, into the bath tub with you," she stated with a giggle.

"I don't like any of this and I can't explain why I can't control myself. I've never had accidents before. What's wrong with me?" he tried to yell but the pacifier only let mumbled nonsense come out.

"I'm going to free one hand so you can take that diaper off and then rinse off. Here you'll need these scissors to cut through that top diaper where I had to use duct tape," she said.

When she removed the mitten from his right hand it was wet, the fingers wrinkled and stiff. He flexed out the numbness and took the scissors. For a brief moment he thought of a better use for the scissors but they were too small. Letting out a sigh he began cutting away the tape. The diapers and plastic panties hit the tub floor with a loud wet thud. The smell almost overpowering and Bertha Lou fled the room.

Cleaned up and put back into his diapers and freshly cleaned plastic panties, his Nanny put the satin mitten back on his hand. He tried to stop her but a sharp slap to his groin stopped that. As further punishment, she had him lay back on the bed and masturbate again. It took almost an hour but he finally moaned, "Aliciaaaa loovvvees her die-deeeees."

Giving him the Betsy Wetsy doll and its baby bottle, he led him out to the living room. "Okay Alicia, you go sit on the sofa and play with your dolly. I need to talk to your mummy," she ordered.

She found the adults in the kitchen drinking white wine. It wasn't quite lunch time but they decided they needed a drink. Bertha Lou gave Francine a list of things she said they needed to get for Alicia. Baby bottles, adult diapers, bibs, a pink teddy bear, coloring books, crayons, a Barbie doll, formula and baby food were on the list. She explained that she really needed some more plastic panties but could only get them on-line and if, okay, another pretty dress and nightie. Francine just nodded her head and handed over her credit card with a sigh.

##

When Francine and Edna came back from the grocery store the next day, they gave Bertha Lou two large bags. One contained adult diapers the other the rest of her list including three large bibs. Edna said they got more formula and some baby food as well. The bibs were cotton terry fronted with plastic backs. One had a large yellow daisy pattern, one a cute pink teddy bear and the third a green fairy. In addition to the Barbie doll was an assortment of doll clothing, coloring book and crayons.

Bertha Lou was more than pleased but what kept her on pins and needles was the arrival of a package from the adult baby site. That arrived Friday afternoon after her mother and Francine had left. They were going into town and wouldn't be back until late Saturday afternoon. According to her mother, Francine had to get away. Seeing her son all dolled up and behaving like a toddler girl was more than she could take.

When the box arrived Bertha Lou took it into her room after making sure Allen was watching the cartoon channel. She literally tore it open and jumped in glee as she removed the lilac party dress. The bonnet quickly followed and was just as juvenile as the advertisement said it was. The white patent leather baby shoes came out next. She ran her fingers over the sharp bumps in the heel and smiled. She frowned picking up a pair of pale pink cotton little girl's gloves in a large size and the heavily frilled lilac lace nylon anklets as she didn't

order them. Two pair of large bright pink plastic ball mittens, two pacifiers with large soft rubber tits. One of the pacifiers had a pink penis shaped tit about three inches long. This one she would only use at night as she didn't want the adults to see it. The soft cotton peach all-in-one footed pajamas with peach satin bow made her giggle thinking how much he would hate that. A half dozen pair of semi-transparent plastic lockable panties in various pastel colors completed the order.

She smiled from ear to ear seeing the invoice stating that the gloves and socks were free and a ten percent off coupon. The enclosed catalog showed items not on the web site. When she opened it she blushed. All the items were rated XXX and ranged from simple vibrators to elaborate dildos and vaginal stimulators. There were artificial vaginas, breast forms and cock restraints as well. Taking the catalog she hid it where no one would find it, thinking as she did so of all the possibilities.

"Alicia get your ass in here!" she yelled not wanting to wait any longer to get him in his new clothing. She was surprised at the intensity of the thrills running up and down her spine. Almost an erotic overload of sensations anticipating what she would do next.

When he entered her room carrying his new teddy bear as she demanded, Allen took one look and turned to run. He made it almost to the den before she grabbed him. He was helpless as she removed his diapers and smacked his ass with her hairbrush. Subdued he was made to take a floral scented bubble bath after using the depilatory to remove any new hair growth. As soon as she had dried him off, she removed his water saturated mittens and replaced them with the new pink plastic ones. These were much larger, the size of soft balls, stuffed with moisture absorbing material and water resistant. Their size made his hands almost totally useless.

Finished with the bath she made him lie down on the bed with his butt over a fresh diaper. She took her time rubbing the lotion into his groin and powdering him making his penis erect in the process. Quickly she taped the first then the second diaper in place and pulled the new purple with white daisy print plastic panties up, locking them. Bertha Lou had him sit up and fastened the white training bra before pushing him back down.

"Okay Alicia you know what to do now. Start rubbing and let me hear you say, 'Alicia loves her die-dees' or I get my brush. Make it quick this time. I can't wait to get you dressed," she demanded.

Since he already had an erection it didn't take that long for him to do the humiliating deed. He was deeply ashamed but the fabric rubbing against his sensitive parts was beginning to feel really, really good. It was quickly becoming the only good part of his day.

He was standing in front of the full length mirror wearing that horrid

lilac dress with its elaborate full chiffon petticoats. Half of his diaper covered ass was clearly on display exposing his plastic panties with the rows upon rows of white lace ruffles. The baby bonnet covered his tightly curled hair. Bertha Lou had decided that she liked seeing him with his hair in tight bristle curlers all the time. The only time she took them out was when she shampooed his hair. The new shoes were a perfect fit and he was forced to stand on his toes. Allen absolutely hated how he was dressed but the shoes were worse. These shoes would definitely change how he walked.

Tears were tinkling down his cheeks and not just because of the way he was dressed. It was what his Nanny, as he now had to call Bertha Lou, made him say into the recorder.

"Oh Nanny, I just love this dress and the petticoats....I've always wanted to wear petty petticoats almost as much as my die-dees. The bonnet is to die for....I love all these girlie things you got for me. I hope my mummy doesn't get mad at me for making you buy this for me. You're the bestest friend I've ever had."

##

His Nanny was having a blast videoing him and making him perform little girlie things. She had him playing with his teddy, skipping around the den, bending at the waist shaking his bottom teasingly at the camera. The worst was having him sit on the edge of the bed, watching his Barbie movie while furiously rubbing his balled hands between his legs. The crowning shot came when he took out his pacifier and give the phallic tip a kiss.

At first he had absolutely refused to do most of what she demanded. However after a day and night in messy soaking diapers, agreed. He had been horrified when she showed him his new penis pacifier but more so discovering he was locked into his diapers. Bertha Lou had a good laugh at his expense when she removed one of his new mitten so he could change his own diaper. The look on his face when he discovered what she had done seemed hilarious to her.

"Oh myyyy gawd! Your fans are going to love this," she said as she fastened the phallic pacifier back into his mouth. "What's that? You know I can't understand you when you have your dummy in. Calm down. Like I was saying, all your fans on the net will just love these videos. You don't think I could keep you all to myself do you? I've just had to share you with the world you're so cute. I've got a lot of the nicer ones posted on Sissy Kiss but the naughtier ones only on adult baby sites. You're really popular on those. You'd be shocked at how many men want to be your daddy. Why some of the things they say make me blush. A few women even...but I think you would prefer to have a daddy than a mommy. You can check them out on your computer if you

want. That's where I uploaded all them under your social media pages. Of course the new ones I created for you are the most popular," she explained.

If you could perform a hissy fit tantrum with a pacifier and those baby shoes, Allen would have. In the end all he could do was plop down with a squish on the floor and cry. Bertha Lou got some more great video and left him sitting there.

After she uploaded the new video, she pulled Allen from where he was sitting. "Stop that crying or I'll give you something to really cry over. Come on our folks should be back soon and I want you looking your pretty dolly best."

Allen was sitting on the sofa when the adults entered the cabin. Again, both women were stunned and left speechless when they saw him. He was wearing the new lilac party dress, bonnet, pink cotton little girl gloves and sucking fiercely on his dummy. His new translucent purple heavily ruffled plastic panties exposed, lilac anklets and his baby shoes. His face covered in a white foundation, his eyelids painted Persian blue with glitter and long false lashes. His eyebrows had been shaved off and replaced with ebony black painted on arches. Gold teddy bears had been inserted into his newly pierced lobes. On the sofa beside him the coloring book, several crayons and his new teddy bear wearing a diaper.

It took the women a full minute before they regained their composure. His mother's face was at first pale as a ghost before turning red. "Where did you get tha....that?" she demanded pointing a finger at him.

"Auntie Francine don't get mad at Alicia. I bought them with your credit card. Alicia just begged and begged me to get it when he saw it on the internet. I'm sorry if you're mad but Alicia looked so pitiful and sad, I just had to do it. Besides....well it will be her eighteenth birthday soon and all....," Bertha Lou spoke up. "If you don't believe me listen to this," she finished turning on the recording.

"Gawd! I've had it with you," Francine exploded hearing her son gushing over the dress and petticoats. "Edna I need a drink," she said turning towards the kitchen.

Edna had her fingers covering her mouth as her daughter explained the situation as she giggled. "I've always thought he was a strange boy but this...this takes the cake. Poor Francine looks like she's having a conniption fit and I feel so sorry for her. Well, the cat's out of the bag and I can only try to console her now. Guess as long as it stays in the family no harm done," she thought.

As that scene played out Allen didn't dare look into the women's eyes. He was mortified and tears began streaking his makeup. He shrank back

into the sofa hoping it would swallow him up when his mother yelled at him. Saying she had had it with him made Allen realize there would be no explaining, no excuses for his behavior now. At one point he had hoped to get out of his juvenile outfit before they returned. Bertha Lou had removed the hated mittens and replaced them with the new pink gloves. With his hands finally free he could at least rip off the offending clothing. However he was disappointed discovering that the fingers of the gloves had stiff metal inserts preventing him from bending them.

Bertha Lou grabbed him by the hand and pulled the crying boy from the sofa. "Come along Alicia. This has been very stressful for you and I think you need relief. You're always so much calmer after you have creamed your die-dees," she said grinning evilly.

Allen was even more uncomfortable sitting at the kitchen table later that evening. All the others were having baked chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans and salad. The aroma of the food was making his stomach growl and drool escape his mouth. What he had been given, was totally unappetizing. His nanny had a baby bottle full of formula and four jars of Gerber baby food. The teddy bear bib was tied around his neck. He had to watch longingly as the others consumed their meal before Bertha Lou fed him. Strained carrots, spinach, pureed meat and tapioca pudding was followed by the bottle. She really didn't have to spill food on his bib as he did that voluntarily. It tasted horrid. No one other than Bertha Lou said anything to him during the meal. When he dared look at his mother, she gave him a look of utter disappointment.

As soon as Bertha Lou had helped clean up the kitchen she took Allen back to her room. There to his great relief stripped him down to his training bra, diapers and plastic panties. The gloves were quickly replaced with the larger ball mittens. It felt wonderful to have his bare feet flat on the carpeted floor. Those shoes had forced him to walk on tip toe. Combined with the thick diapering Allen waddled more than walked.

"Okay Alicia, here's your Barbie doll. You play with it while you watch your Barbie movie again. I can't believe you love watching that over and over again but if it makes you happy," she instructed seeing his mother standing in the doorway.

Francine frowned, decided to forget about trying to talk to her son and went back to the kitchen. "I guess I'll have to accept this behavior for now. As soon as summer is over though, it's straight to see a psychologist. I can't stand it but Bertha Lou seems to be so understanding and helpful. I'll just leave him in her capable hands," she thought.

With Francine gone, Bertha Lou reached down and grabbed Allen under the chin. "Now since you get so hot watching, I want to see those mittened

hands working that die-dee and make a lot of cream for me," she spat.

When the movie was over, she took him into the bath, unlocked the panties and removed one of the mittens. Like every day over the past weeks when he dropped his diapers, they were both soaking and messy. He had been doing that so often that he no longer realized when he actually did it. That was really upsetting but what bothered him was the increasing enjoyment he got from masturbating in them. Having to make creamies, as his nanny called it, at first was humiliating but now it was the only enjoyable thing in his life.

After he came out of the bath smelling of sweet flowers, she replaced the mitten and proceeded to diaper him. As soon as he was diapered back in his room, Allen had to make creamies while repeating, "Alicia loves her die-dees." Recovering, he was surprised when she began putting the peach all-in-one footed pajamas on. He tried to struggle but it was hopeless. She was just too strong for him and being only fed formula and baby food left him weak. Soon she had it zipped up the back. The pajamas while loose around the torso were short, prevented him from stretching his legs or arms fully.

"Nanny, no, please get me out of this," he managed when she popped out his pacifier.

"Oh stop your complaining Alicia. I think this peach color looks great on you. The cute hoodie will keep your curlers in place and this satin ribbon bow is precious. Besides, wearing this I won't have to worry about you getting up and moving around at night. Pretty dollies like you could get into mischief otherwise," she stated putting the penis shaped pacifier into his mouth. She had to pinch his nose before he would open his mouth and take it.

For the rest of the week his mother did her best to avoid him; especially after seeing him in his peach all-in-one. It was getting to the point where whenever he was nervous or stressed, he automatically began masturbating. An act Bertha Lou strongly encouraged. His aunt caught him in the act once when he was in the living room watching for the umpteenth time his Barbie movie. She stared for a few moments, then shaking her head left without saying a word.

Making matters worse his Nanny began making him read. He didn't know where she had gotten them, maybe when she went shopping with his mother but he hated them. They were new educational electronic read-a-long children's books. The books had earbuds and the voice of a little girl read the stories. Supposedly from the descriptions on the books, "Your young child can now learn to read with our new voice assisted approach. All your child has to do is follow along as the story unfolds associating what he/she hears with the printed words." There was a single word, in large print, and a drawing on each page. He was forced to spend two hours in the morning and evening reading, doing his best to sound like the little voice he heard. If he didn't put enough

effort into it, Nanny would spank his bare thighs with her hairbrush. Other than those four hours, his pacifier was always fastened securely.

##

It was the end of July and Allen's eighteenth birthday was fast approaching. He had been in regressed baby girl mode since the last week in May. The worst part for him during that time was having to watch You Tube. Any posted video of little girl's activities, he had to mimic and try his best to be like them. Constantly fed diuretics and laxatives along with formula and baby food, he pooped and peed without any control. Allen's weight was down to one hundred and twelve pounds. He was having to change his diapers four and five times a day. Immediately following a diaper change, he had to masturbate repeating over and over "Alicia loves her die-dees."

As his birthday approached, he loved his diapers but not for their intended purpose. He could recite verbatim every line or sing every song contained in his Barbie movie without thought. When he was allowed to talk, Allen sounded pretty much like the little girl in his talking books. The few times left without his mittens he could barely uncurl his fingers. The only two things he could do for himself, using one hand, was drop his dirty die-dees, clean up his mess and take a bubble bath. His nanny, Bertha Lou, had to do everything else for him.

His mother and Aunt Edna had pretty much washed their hands of having anything to do with him. Both were convinced that Allen loved being treated and looking like a toddler girl. They couldn't deny what their eyes were seeing over the past couple of months. Allen had become increasingly childish and he never seemed to rebel or argue his little girl status. What made his mother throw up her hands in acceptance, was hearing him singing and repeating the lines of his Barbie movie in a little girlish voice. What she had tried to ignore was seeing his hands working furiously between his legs.

At first his mother, Francine, thought that somehow Bertha Lou was forcing her son's behavior. However, for the past several weeks Allen was frequently left alone in the living room. During the first week in July Bertha Lou removed his mittens, except at night, and unfastened his pacifier. He could easily spit out the pacifier but found too much comfort in sucking.

Left alone he would sit there for hours watching that stupidly childish movie, read his educational books or play with his dolls while constantly sucking on his pacifier. Then one morning, she caught him actually singing along with the movie and repeating the lines in a girlish voice. Bertha Lou was somewhere outside at the time.

"Well if that isn't the icing on the cake. I can't believe that's my son is doing that but just look at him. Bouncing on his diapered hinny and singing along with that movie. I know Bertha Lou went outside a

while ago, so she can't be forcing him. I know he knows that I'm standing here and he's ignoring me. If he's being coerced or forced by Bertha Lou, he would certainly tell me now. Guess I just have to accept the fact that my Allen is gone and Alicia has taken his place," she thought sadly. "I really should take him in to see a therapist or some professional but Edna says wait. She thinks it's just a summer thing and once he realizes school starts will get back to normal. Bertha Lou told me he said only for the summer, but this is getting too real. He's been acting so happy though. Guess I can wait until September."

What neither Francine nor Edna knew was just how devious Bertha Lou was. In early July she had posted on the internet plenty of photos and videos of Allen being her pretty dolly. Those posted to Sissy Kiss were very mild, just showing him in diapers and his pretty dresses. Along with the posts she added comments of how much Alicia loved being diapered, playing dollies and her party dresses.

However the videos of him masturbating and yelling, "Aliciaaaaa loovvsss her die-deeeees," in various stages of dress were posted to X-rated adult baby sites. Along with those Bertha Lou had added commentary such as, "I luv being a baby girl," "I need a big strong daddy" and "I just luv creaming in my die-dees." Those posted to adult baby sites were under the alias, "Pretty Dolly Alicia."

"Alright you see all that I have posted under 'Pretty Dolly Alicia.' Now, unless you want me to change that to your real name, adding your address and contact information, you better act like you absolutely love being Alicia until we leave here. Right now, no one knows who you really are but that can change in a heartbeat. Pay close attention to those You Tube videos and become those little girls. So, no matter where I am or doing, you will be my pretty dolly Alicia. No more acting, you are Alicia from now on or else. So what's it gonna be?" she said.

Like Allen had any choice. If his identity got out, he was doomed. From the comments his media pages received from potential "daddies," he was scared to death. With tear brimmed eyes of hopelessness, he agreed.

"Ye...yeths nanny, I will be yo...your pretty dolly..jus..just pwease, don't do that," he sniveled.

"Very good Alicia. Now I'm going to take off those mitten and unfasten your pacifier. You'll be free to talk and move about but...but if I see or hear you not enthusiastically being Alicia at all times.....well you know what I'll do. Don't fuck up and when we leave, I'll delete all this," she replied. "You look stressed, why don't you lay down and tell me how much Alicia loves her die-dees."

##

Francine had given her credit card to Bertha Lou so she could get birthday presents. She just couldn't bring herself to buy baby girl gifts for her son. Still it was his birthday. Her niece had told her Alicia had seen a delightful cotton candy pink dress she just had to have. Of course that was totally untrue but Bertha Lou wanted some special gifts from that adult baby site.

Alicia only had two dresses and Bertha Lou would get him the cotton candy pink taffeta and organza baby dress she had seen. It had large puff sleeves, full skirt supported with stiff dark pink crinolines. However there were some items in the catalog she had to have. Items neither adults should see or be aware of. What presents he would open during his party would be the dress, pink baby shoes and much needed new training bras. She mentioned to her mother that Alicia wanted another Barbie movie and a tea set.

"Mom it would be so neat if you got that movie and tea set. I know Alicia will love them but while you're at it, could you please pick up some nice girlie decorations. It would make her party so much sweeter," she had said.

Of course Edna did as asked. The decorations she purchased would please the most finicky five year old girl. Princess themed with a pretty rhinestone tiara and lots of princess themed accessories like balloons, table cloth and such. She even picked out a white and pink frosted Barbie Happy Birthday cake. It was going to be a birthday party Allen would never forget.

Allen was completely surprised when he was led into the kitchen by Bertha Lou seeing the decorations. By this point in his training he naturally walked with a waddle on his toes which sent his petticoats swirling and rustling. Letting the pacifier drop out of his mouth, he clapped his hands and smiled from ear to ear. His nanny's instructions followed to the letter.

"Ohhhh, thank you mommie n auntie. Is the bestest surprise," he said looking at the cake. "I just love Barbie."

Bertha Lou had told him if he didn't act like the happiest little girl during his party, then he had better be prepared for a lot of media attention. He gaped and gushed when he opened each and every present. As soon as he saw the dress, he demanded to immediately put it on. Right in front of the adults, he let his nanny remove his lilac dress and happily stepped into his new one. It was the first time the adults had seen him wearing a training bra but he didn't notice their surprised look.

The cotton candy pink dress was made of soft, shiny satin featuring a

wide stiff flat white collar sitting over the shoulders down to the bust line. It was trimmed in patterned lace. There was a long pink satin ribbon at the center of the collar tying into a cute bow. The puff sleeves were lined in netting to make them round out. The cuffs had three tiers of patterned lace tied off in cute pink bows. The doubled layered skirt was stiff white netting overlaid by pink organza. Both layers were heavily trimmed in lace. The accompanying pink petticoat was high waisted, had adjustable satin straps and in tiers of netting edged in lace. It forced the skirts to stand out revealing most of his diapered bottom. Definitely a dress no eighteen year old boy would want to come within a mile of; yet, he looked overjoyed.

As with the dress, he couldn't wait to put on the new Barbie movie and play with his tea set. The party over, the adults stayed in the kitchen finishing off their third bottle of wine.

"Some party," Edna commented.

"Yeah," Francine sadly replied. "Edna, are you sure we did the right thing letting this go on? I...I'm not so sure it was a good idea. Somehow I don't think this will stop once the summer is over."

"Well I have to admit I never thought Allen would get so deep into it but...," she trailed off, taking a long sip of her wine.

Francine sighed heavily looking out into the living room seeing Alicia happily playing with her new tea set. "Gawd! I hope this is just temporary but he seems so happy."

Bertha Lou let Alicia watch her new movie and play with the tea set long enough to make sure the adults had plenty of time to observe him. "Come along Alicia, I have a few more presents to give you in my room," she ordered.

"More presents? Like I want any more of this shit. I'm sick and tired of all this and can't wait to get the hell away from her. Another fuckin month! I just have to make it through another month and I'll be free. Shit!" he thought following her.

He was sitting on her bed with the first box opened on his lap. Staring up at him were six satin and lace training bras in bright feminine colors. "Smile and look delighted. I want this video to look really good. Now take each one out, hold it up to your chest, smile delightedly then get the next one," Bertha Lou instructed.

"I don't know how much longer I can keep this dumb smile on my face," he thought. "I just hope she doesn't have anything more embarrassing for me."

The next smaller box contain B-cup silicon breast enhancers. Nothing that fancy or realistic but they did have large brown nipples. Once

inserted into his bra would notice the realistic weight and jiggle. It took three retakes before his nanny was satisfied with the video. He froze, lips trembling, horror struck as he removed the lid of the third box. Inside was a seven inch long, two inch thick realistic silicon penis.

"Take it out and smile really big for me. I want to see a look of thrilled surprise. Then put it to your lips, give it a loving kiss and slowly work it in and out. Remember smile, look thrilled or I'll have to explain who Alicia really is," she smirked.

She had to use her hairbrush on his thighs before he would do it the way she wanted. Finally when he was able to get it three quarters of the way into his mouth, made him lay back and begin masturbating using one hand while his other worked the dildo. Telling him to keep going until he creamed his die-dees, put the camera down and began furiously rubbing her pussy. She had never been so erotically charged as she was at that moment.

"This is just so damn hot!" she said gasping.

"This isn't real. This isn't real," Allen kept thinking while sucking the silicon knob. Probably if he hadn't been sucking on his penis shaped pacifier for so long he would have objected more strongly. As he rubbed his crotch, the loud crinkling sound of plastic panties over diapers made his dick get hard. A subconscious response he wasn't aware of. Masturbation had been his only pleasurable relief, the only adult stimulation allowed that he had become addicted to. The material of the diaper felt so damn good against the sensitive head, he moaned, sucking harder on the dildo. It didn't take him long to cream in his diaper. He lay spent, the dildo hanging in his mouth twitching as he continued to unconsciously suck. Bertha Lou was moaning loudly somewhere in the background.

##

Over the next four weeks Bertha Lou stepped up Allen's total emersion into baby girlhood. She had stopped using the laxative and diuretics a month ago as they were no longer needed. He pooped and wet his diaper without thought. Now she started them back up wanting to make sure he would be permanently diaper dependent. Every chance she got she made Alicia masturbate and suck his dildo. As from the beginning, she used every opportunity to tell him how inferior his little bitty penis was. To prove her point she made him look at gay porn sites, such as "donkey dicks." Watching those sites she kept up a constant tirade of how much he would love sucking one of those for real. How hot it would be to have a "daddy" that would keep him in his precious diapers and girlie dresses. A daddy that would rub him between the legs making him cream his die-dees.

It wasn't just the sex she amped up. Now that his hands were free of the mittens, she made him do his own makeup and style his hair. She made him beg his mother to get him baby blonde hair dye until Francine gave in. When his hair wasn't up in curlers, styled in braided pigtailed tied off with colorful ribbons. When he played dolls, it was always "bride and groom" with him pretending to be the bride. Of course when he played that game he had to provide the vocals.

"Oh Billy, I can't wait until we're married and make our own babies," "I just love having your strong arms around me when we kiss," and similar lines made the adults cringe when they heard him. His acting and behavior had become so good, Allen didn't even have to think. It came naturally to him. His mother was heartbroken and Edna almost as much. It was one thing believing this was all temporary but with every passing day, the temporary seemed more permanent.

To make sure Allen stayed in character, she began making him respond to his admirers on the adult baby sites. The post of him playing with his dildo had received a large response. Bertha Lou made him reply, "I luv my little toy but would wheely, wheely like to pway with a real one." Another reply he was forced to write was, "I wheely need a Daddy to adopt me. Will you pleeze." The surprising number of responses to that one made Allen literally shit his pants.

As August was drawing to a close Bertha Lou pointed out a particularly insistent admirer. "Look here Alicia, Brian sounds like he would make you a great daddy. He's been a fan of yours since day one and sounds very sincere and so forceful. Just look at his picture. He looks at least six feet tall and all those muscles. I bet that handle bar mustache tickles like crazy when he kisses. These photos he's posted of his nursery with all that oversized furniture, wow. I really like that mahogany crib with the barred top and pretty pink vinyl mattress. Ooooh, that rocking horse with the pink dildo fasted to the saddle. I bet you're creaming your die-dees just looking at it," she said giggling.

"No, no nanny. Dat's howwible. I no baby go home," he gasped not realizing how much his vocabulary had changed.

"Well I think you need to reply, telling him how thrilled you would be if he would adopt you. After all, he's been your biggest fan and from that address doesn't live that far away. Go ahead and do it or nanny will get mad," she ordered.

##

Bertha Lou was staring up at the ceiling thinking, "Well my little Alicia thinks she can go back to being Allen. He has no idea how hard

that will be. Even if he can, I don't think he'll be out of diapers for a long time to come. I got him so dependent sexually and physically on using them. Plus he has no idea how ingrained his baby girl behavior is now. It will take him in like forever to just get his boy voice back. It's so ingrained, Auntie Francine doesn't want to have anything to do with him anymore. Maybe I can use that to my advantage. I would just love to see him stay Alicia."

Her thoughts were interrupted as the computer pinged a new message. The screen was still on the adult diaper page. Looking down at it, she smiled. It was from Brian. The instant message said that he would love nothing more than to adopt his precious Alicia. He asked for her address so he could come and get her.

"That's the answer," she said and began typing. "Daddy Brian, I may have misled you some. I'm a very reluctant little girl. Don't get me wrong, I luv being Alicia but I just have to be forced into that role. That's what I really get off on. I would luv to be your Alicia but you will have to be very firm and forceful with me. No matter how much I complain, fight and scream that I am not a little girl, it's all a lie. The harder I fight it, the more turned on I get. If you can accept that and always force me to be your loving Alicia, I agree to be adopted by you. Luv, Alicia."

Almost immediately came the response, "I knew from the very first you were the one. I like defiance and resistance and noticed a bit of that in your videos and pictures. I could see it in your eyes. That's my turn on as well. Give me your address and I will come get you, Love, Daddy."

"Oh shit! This is so awesome," Bertha Lou gasped feeling her panties get wet.

##

Three days to go before they left the cabin and most of the packing was completed. All of them, except Bertha Lou more than ready to get this summer behind them and forgotten. That afternoon, Francine told Allen that play time was over and to get on his boy clothing. His nanny had told him when that happened to put up a big tantrum and fuss or she wouldn't delete all those horrible posts. He did indeed put up a good fuss but made to change anyway. The only problem was his lack of bowel and urination control. Plus he had lost a lot of weight and the clothing just hung on him. Despite all this, his mother insisted.

That night after eating a normal meal for the first time in over three months, he was as sick as a dog. His digestive system just wasn't ready for solid foods. Another problem he had was getting use to his old pajamas. Being confined in the footed all-in-one that restricted

his movements, made the freedom of movement uncomfortable. The next day he was very irritable and argumentative. He was exhausted from the previous day and his inability to stop doing all those little girl activities frustrating as hell. That night, at Bertha Lou's suggestion, his mother gave him a sleeping pill.

Allen was out like a light when Bertha Lou entered his room and put him in a red satin training bra and scarlet nylon baby doll nightie. As he couldn't control his bodily functions already had on the diapers and plastic panties. She easily lifted him out of the bed and carried him into the living room putting him on the sofa. Going back to his room retrieved the suitcases with all his little girl stuff.

A little after midnight, a truck pulled up to the cabin as instructed. Bertha Lou met Brian at the door, telling him to be real quite led him into the living room. He was all smiles as he lifted his new daughter up and carried her out to his truck. Bertha Lou tossed the luggage into the truck bed wishing Brian all the best and to take good care of her little niece. Back inside she placed the note on the kitchen table.

It was written in green crayon in a childish style and said, "Deer Mummy: I so sowwy but I doan want to be Allen anymore. I Alicia now n fownd me a wheel daddy. He pwomised to be wheely nice to me. Bye."

As promised, Bertha Lou went back and deleted all traces of Allen's summer. Should anyone try and find any clues as to where pretty dolly Alicia disappeared to, it wouldn't be on this computer. Smiling from ear to ear she went to bed.

My Pretty Dolly Part 3 **By Cheryl Lynn**

Brian was in his late fifties and lived on a two hundred acre farm/dairy. He never married, kept to himself and had a reputation among the locals. According to the locals, he was a bit "odd" and "stand offish." Like most small farming communities, took great pride in their town and held frequent get-to-gathers. Things like pot luck dinners after church services every Sunday or barn dances. What made Brian odd was that he had never participated in any town event. About the only time they saw him was when he came to get feed or veterinary supplies. The only outside contact Brian allowed was when the truck came to collect his milk production. That and the parcel delivery drivers.

Despite his age was as strong as an ox with six pack abs and looked ten years younger. The only physical indications of his true age was the large handle bar gray mustache, wrinkled face and completely bald head. He was not a handsome man by any stretch. Run-ins with unruly cattle

had distorted Brian's face. His nose was large and crooked and missing his two top front teeth. Most of his time was dedicated to taking care of his small herd of dairy cattle. He was also a very good carpenter and blacksmith. When he turned fifty, he leased out the farming operation to have more time. Time he used to pursue his fetish. His craving for finding someone to be his "baby."

He spent a lot of free time at his computer. Always on the lookout for that special someone who would fulfill his desires. During one of his internet searches of adult baby sites, Brian came across Pretty Dolly Alicia. The postings intrigued him from the very first. There was just something special about this Alicia that appealed to him. Other than being too large for a real baby, easily passed as a pretty little girl. What had really got his attention was an early post of a diaper change. That's when he discovered Alicia was not a girl. Adding to that appeal was the look of fear in the baby's eyes. As that summer progressed he became hooked and relished every new post. With each new post his dick would erect, almost painfully in his bib overalls. The more he watched, the more convinced he became that this was that special someone.

It was late August when he knew he had to act. Alicia posted that she was desperate to be adopted by a loving but stern daddy. He just had to reply and the response. The response that Alicia wanted to be forced to live her babied life, sent his senses reeling. This was indeed the perfect someone he had been looking for. He quickly made arrangements with Alicia's nanny. He was so enraptured with Pretty Dolly Alicia that he didn't bother to question anything posted on the internet. Being assured Alicia was of legal age was all that mattered.

Seeing the real life Alicia sleeping soundly on the sofa wearing a precious scarlet nightie and diapers stopped him from asking any questions. He was a bit surprised meeting Bertha Lou. He was expecting to see an older woman but she assured him everything was as it should be.

"Alicia was so excited about you adopting her, I had to give her a sleeping pill. The reason she wanted to be adopted was her real mommy was going to put a stop to his baby play. She's old enough to legally live on her own but can't afford to do it. That's why she needed a daddy to adopt her," Bertha Lou explained. "Alicia pretends to really hate it but can't stop. We've been doing this for ages every summer. I thought it was really weird at first but she's my best friend. Deep down she really is a pretty dolly and would positively hate having to give it up. I just had to help her," she had said.

##

Allen woke feeling the customary soggy mush inside his die-dees. After spending all summer wearing and using diapers, he was looking forward to

no longer needing them. Not quite fully awake, he tried to stretch but was hampered by his all-in-one. "I don't remember nannie putting me in this. What the fuck, I'm supposed to be myself now. Mom insisted. Thank gawd she finally stepped in and stopped all this shit. So, why am I in this and I've got that pacifier too?" he thought coming fully awake.

He reached up to remove the pacifier only to sigh in disgust. His hands were incased in large round lilac colored plastic ball mittens. The fact that they weren't his red mittens didn't register. Looking up the first thing he noticed were the unfamiliar wooden bars over his head. Then there was a stupid mobile of dancing fairies hanging above that. Turning his head to the sides, he saw more wooded bars. He tried to sit up but the overhead bars wouldn't let him.

"What the fuck is going on! And where the hell am I?" his mind shouted in panic.

Allen tried to turn on his side but the barred prison he was in was too narrow. "I'm trapped in some kind of cage. I hope this is just a last joke Bertha Lou pulled on me. Wait until Mom sees me like this. She'll have a fit," entered his mind. "Maybe now she'll believe me when I tell her all this baby crap was Bertha Lou's idea."

His thoughts were interrupted when the lights came on. Allen tried screaming to be taken out of this prison. All that came out was a muffled, "Eet ee ott."

A deep voice answered, "I bet my baby Alicia needs a diaper change but first let me get your bath ready."

"Huh? That didn't sound like anybody I know. That was some man! What the hell is going on? I don't want some stranger seeing me like this; especially some guy," he thought as his panic increased.

Allen's blood pressure hit the roof when a very large bald headed man appeared standing over him. He had seen this guy before and then it registered, Brian, his biggest fan. He became really scared remembering all the replies he sent to this guy. Replies asking to be adopted and treated like a pretty dolly. It was too much to comprehend, Allen fainted.

He didn't open his eyes until he felt warm oily water begin to cover him. The smell of flowers was strong as he settled up to his neck. A strong hand supported his head while another began running a natural sponge on his chest. Allen wanted to protest but the pacifier was still secured in place.

"Good my baby Alicia is awake now. You know I've been waiting for someone like you all my life. When you asked me to adopt you it was the happiest day of my life. Like I said on my posts, I'll be a good firm

daddy and do my best to make you the happiest little girl there ever was. Hopefully, you'll want this as much as I do. Yes, I know you get a big kick out of being forced but I like that as well. I swear I'm going to make you the prettiest dolly ever no matter how forceful I have to get," Brian stated as he continued to bathe Allen.

All Allen could do was raise his mitten covered hands and bring them down hard on the bath water. "I see my baby loves her bath time but you're getting me wet. So stop that. I'll let you play with your yellow duckie once I finish washing you. Now be a good girl and let me finish or I'll have to spank," he said in answer to Allen's frustrated act.

"Where did he get the idiotic notion that I get off on being forced to be a little girl? Crap! What did Bertha Lou get me into? That bitch! Somehow I'm going to get out this and when I do, Bertha Lou you're dead meat," he thought. "Play with a rubber duck? Like that's going to happen. Shit! He's as big as a house. His arms are like tree trunks. How am I ever going to get away from him? I just hope I can convince him I really don't want to do this. I'll have to try."

Allen's opportunity came when Brian removed his pacifier to brush his teeth. All he managed to get out was, "No, no let me." The toothbrush stopped any further conversation. As soon as he rinsed, the pacifier was put back in. Allen stood in helpless frustration as his new daddy covered his body from the neck down in baby oil. His vexation was replaced with embarrassment as oil was applied to his groin. Allen's dick became very erect.

"Oh gawd no," Allen thought as Brian began massaging his stiffing member.

"Baby like I see. If my little Alicia is a good baby for her daddy, I'll make it feel even better," Brian said huskily.

His breathing coming rapidly as he lifted Allen up into the air. Holding Allen under the arms lifted him until Brian's groin was at face level. Leaning in, Brian sucked the head of Allen's penis into his mouth. It was his very first oral sex experience and Allen moaned loudly through his pacifier. The sensations of a hot wet mouth sucking were making his head swim.

"Oh shit! That feels sooooo goooood," Allen thought then realizing what was happening began to panic. "Oh my gawd, he's queer! I've got to stop this. I'm not like that."

Allen began struggling, kicking his legs and twisting. His shouted "No's" sounded more like moans through his pacifier. He was mortified when his dick twitched, twitched again then spewed. His face flushed as his body went limp.

Brian lowered Allen until they were face to face. He leaned in, brought his lips to Allen's and began sharing the still warm eruption. Breaking the contact, Allen was lowered to sit on the edge of the counter top.

"That's what a good baby Alicia gets as a reward. Now I will show you what a bad baby gets," Brian said turning Allen over face down on the counter top.

Allen was taken from the bathroom, his round ass pink and stinging from a sound spanking. He was placed on a changing table and secured with a leather belt across his arms and chest. It seemed like Brian coated him in half a bottle of baby powder before diapering him. Unlike the disposable adult diapers he was used to, these were soft cotton, filled with soakers and attached with locking safety pins. With the diapers on, Allen's bottom looked like a very large beach ball with pink legs sticking out. These were so thick that it would be very difficult to walk and impossible for Allen to masturbate in. The one activity he had looked forward to all summer. Over the pristine white diapers was a double layered clear pale pink plastic cover with white lace at hems and waist.

Making matters worse, Allen couldn't bring his legs together. Released from the changing table and placed on the floor, he could only stand with bowed legs. Brian had put pink ruffled anklets and the pink baby shoes on him. Looking down he couldn't see his feet. All he saw was his new diapers. With each step as his daddy led him over to the vanity, Allen wobbled, his legs threatening to give out. He held onto Brian's large hand as if his life depended on it. With each step his plastic diaper cover made a loud crinkling sound. A sound he mentally associated with masturbation that made his dick become erect. Only this time would find no relief.

##

Allen was sitting in an adult sized pink enameled high chair. The back of the chair had a brown fuzzy teddy bear wearing a white overly large diaper decal. A violet terry bib with a similar design as the chair was tied around his neck. Brian was feeding him from a jar of pureed calves' liver. It was obvious that Allen hated it as he spewed a lot of it onto his bib. It didn't matter as Brian quickly scooped it up and put it back into his mouth.

"Here comes the choo-coo down the track," Brian was chanting to Allen's consternation.

"When Bertha Lou fed me at least she had the decency not to utter this baby nonsense. She never gave me this disgusting whatever it is either. I don't know if I can keep this up much longer but that spanking really hurt. If he would only let me speak," Allen thought in dismay.

After consuming four jars he was taken back to his crib and given a very large bottle of fresh milk. Milk fresh from the cow tasted fantastic compared to the baby food or formula. The only bad thing about it was the rubber tit was shaped like a large penis. Still he enjoyed the taste.

With the new larger die-dees jammed into the sides of the crib, Allen was left almost immobile. Before he was given the bottle, Brian did something weird. He injected something into his chest and that hurt. He coated Allen's nipples with an ointment then put round silicon teat cup cylinders over them. There was a humming sound and his nipples were sucked up into them. It was a strange, not quite painful, combination of suction followed by release then suctioned again.

"Alicia you relax and finish your ba-ba then have a good nap. Don't try and take those teat cups off or daddy will be very mad," Brian said giving Allen's heavily padded groin a pat.

"What the hell? Teat cups? And what was that he injected into my chest? Whatever is going on, I'm pretty sure I will hate it," he thought as Brian left locking the door.

With the bottle finished, Allen feeling drowsy looked around the room. It was painted a powder pink with lots of fairy princesses and ballerinas decals. The changing table was off to the side, the highchair, a large white dresser, white vanity with lavender satin skirting and bench seat and large doll house weren't surprising. The rocking horse with a pink dildo attached to the seat and pink painted wooden stocks were another thing altogether. He knew what the rocking horse was for but the medieval form of punishment scared him the most. It was the last item he saw before falling into a deep sleep.

"I thought my new baby would have put up more of a struggle. Guess I didn't give her much of a chance. She didn't like that spanking one bit. Still had that look of intense hate in her eyes though. What a turn on. I can't wait to see if that bovine hormone and milker can create small titties. Just need to make sure they get no bigger than an A-cup," Brian thought as he went out to tend his herd. "Damn, she looked so cute nursing her ba-ba. I can't wait until tonight."

Allen slowly opened his eyes when the light came back on. He had no idea of how long he slept nor what time or day for that matter. Those silicon things were still sucking at his nipples and knew he had messed his die-dees. The top was unlocked, the side of the crib lowered. A large hand reached out and pressed into Allen's groin before reaching up and removing the teats.

"Good baby, you finished all your ba-ba and messed your die-dees like a good little girl. With all those soakers I put in them, I won't need to change you until bed time" Brian gushed then reached out and fondled

Allen's tender nipples. "Looks promising," he muttered then said, "Let's get you dressed and then you can play with your doll house and dollies until supper."

Allen felt like he was sitting on a bean bag chair with those thick diapers as he played with his dolls. Brian had put him in a pink training bra and fussy purple full skirted petticoated party dress. He certainly didn't like the cold mushiness around his groin and backside but he was erect. The loud crinkling of his double layered plastic panties made him want to masturbate badly. He tried rubbing his balled mittens as hard as he could to no avail. He was frustrated and cranky by his failure. Upset he threw a doll against the nearby toy chest. To his surprise Brian came storming into the room, picked up a hairbrush from the vanity and slapped Allen's bare thighs.

"Bad baby!" he said, "Is that anyway to treat your pretty dollies? Now pick it up, give it a hug and kiss. How would you like it if I did that to you? Say you're sorry and play nice-nice or else."

After Allen did as instructed, Brian left the room, locking the door behind him. "Crap! He's got this place wired," Allen thought as he resumed playing.

About an hour later Brian came into the room. "Alicia I have a surprise for you. From your posts I know you will just love these. They just came in the mail. I got you your most favorite Barbie movie, 'Barbie of Swan Lake' and some new ones. Look here, I got you 'Barbie Presents Thumbelina', 'Princess Charm School' and 'Barbie and the Pink Shoes.' After your little fit with your dolly, I think you need to watch 'Princess Charm School,'" he said putting the DVD on. "You watch this and hopefully learn to be a bit more charming. I'll be back when your din-din is ready."

"I hate Barbie!" Allen's mind screamed. "He's got this room wired so I don't have any choice but to watch, shit. I hate this. Stupid Barbie!"

At supper back in his highchair Allen ate five jars of baby food. At least the last one was banana pudding. He actually enjoyed that one. From there he was taken into the bathroom. Stripped, he was given another oily bubble bath and rubbed down with baby oil. Again as Brian applied it to Allen's groin and worked it into his bottom hole, got a stiffy. With the pacifier replaced, he was taken back to the changing table and fastened in. Daddy leaned down and took the erection into his mouth. Allen was so horny by this point he didn't care that another man was sucking his dick.

Allen was on the verge of exploding, it had been a long time since he last made creamies. Just as he was about to climax, Brian pulled away and taking Allen's feet raised them high with one hand. The other undid the buttons holding up his bib overalls. Allen's disappointed look was quickly replaced by horror. Daddy was pressing the head of his big dick

into Allen's bottom.

"Naugh, nah, nah," Allen yelled in protest through his pacifier. He bit into the rubber tit as a burning pain racked his body. Tears flooded his eyes. Brian was trying to be gentle but he had been waiting so long it was very difficult. Fortunately for Allen it was soon over. He was making inarticulate sounds as he sobbed and his legs lowered. It took Allen several minutes to realize that Brian was sucking on his penis. His pain eased as pleasure took its place, sniffles replacing the crocodile tears. He did try to turn his head away from the impending kiss but couldn't stop it or the warm slimy exchange of fluid.

Re-diapered in the ultra-thick die-dees and new pair of double lined plastic panties he was carried to his crib. As he bounced in daddy's arms could feel wetness leaking out his ravaged bottom. While he sat with legs dangling over the side, Brian put a purple nylon with white lace hemming and satin bowed baby doll top on him. The skirt of the nightie had six layers of transparent chiffon and light as a feather. Purple knitted booties were secured on his feet. His baby blonde hair was then braided into pigtails. Tucked into his crib, this time on his side unable to move, Brian pulled down his overalls and took out his impressive dick.

"Okay Alicia baby, make daddy happy before I give you your ba-ba. I saw your videos playing with that dildo but this is the real thing. You hurt daddy with your teeth and I will pull them all out. That would be painful. Understand. Now show daddy what a good baby you are and swallow every single drop," Brian demanded.

With the position he was in and the threat to pull his teeth out, Allen forced himself to open his mouth. "It's one thing to do this with a piece of fuckin rubber but...oh gawd....not after where it's just been! What choice do I have?" he thought as he parted his lips.

Thirty minutes later, Allen was on his back sucking fiercely on his ba-ba. The fresh milk washing away the sickening taste of Brian. His stomach was still churning but the milk was helping. Unfortunately, it didn't do anything to remove the smell of daddy's thickly matted groin. Due to his emotional overload, he wasn't the least bit sleepy but soon fell into a deep sleep. The silicon teats were humming away sucking at his flesh with a steady milking action.

##

Allen had no idea how much time passed. He was never allowed out of his nursery and there were no windows. He spent his awake time watching You Tube's little girl videos, watching repeatedly the same Barbie movies to the point where he could recite them verbatim. His physical activities were limited to playing jacks, jumping rope, spending time in a bouncy

chair and on the rocking horse. At first he hated having to ride that horse with its dildo attachment. It had hurt but looked forward to it now that his bottom hole had opened up. If he rocked really hard he would make creamies in his die-dees.

The one thing he still hated was being put into the pink painted wooden stocks. His daddy only put him in those when Allen stepped out of character of being pretty dolly Alicia. The way they were built forced him to bend sharply from the waist. It forced his thickly diapered butt high into the air. His mitten covered hands and head sticking out of the holes in front. A large butt plug with a white rubber hose coming out of it and attached to a large red rubber bag held high by an IV stand. Daddy would then unclip the hose and whatever fluid held in the bag released. The worst was when the bag was filled with fresh hot cow urine. When the rubber tube was removed, his ultra-thick diapers would fill to capacity. After the first couple of times experiencing that punishment, Allen concentrated very hard at being a loving dolly. He did his very best to be a good little girl and enthusiastic lover.

During all his nap times, those silicon teats were attached to his chest. Daddy would first coat his breast with an ointment and once a week inject a fluid into his nipples. The injections hurt and made his nipples burn. At first nothing much happened but now Allen had what looked like the stem end of large pears on his chest. He was very scared and frightened when they first appeared. Now he didn't mind so much as it felt very nice when daddy would suck and nibble on them. Almost as nice as when daddy would take Allen's penis into his mouth.

He was at the point where it took effort to remember what it was like to be Allen. He was actually happy most days. Even the memory of his mother faded as he was forced deeper and deeper into being Alicia. Those memories replaced with thoughts of singing and dancing some role out of a Barbie movie for his daddy or which party dress to wear. The only time Allen let the pacifier fall out of his mouth was during meals and giving daddy pleasure. The pacifier was his solace from being Alicia. It was his biggest comfort. He still greatly resented having to be Alicia but it was better than the alternatives. His biggest wish now was to just get out of the nursery. He wanted to smell fresh air and see the sky.

##

"Francine, you need to come over right now. We need to talk," Edna said sounding scared.

"What's the matter Sis? Are you sick? What's the emergency?" Francine replied worriedly.

"No nothing like that but I have something you just have to see. I find

it very difficult to believe myself. Please, it's about Allen," she answered and hung up.

Edna lived over two hours away but Francine made it in an hour and half. "Allen, what does she have about Allen? I still have a hard time accepting what he did that summer. I had a breakdown from all that," she thought.

Francine was surprised seeing that Edna had been doing some serious crying. Her eyes were bloodshot and cheeks tear stained. She had the remnants of a tissue twisted in her hand.

"Oh Sis I'm soooo sorry. I didn't know. I swear I didn't know. Bertha Lou, she did it. I'll never forgive myself," Edna gushed as the tears began flowing once more.

"Edna...stop...what are you talking about? What did Bertha Lou do?" she said more worried than before. "Come on, let's go into the kitchen and have some coffee. You can tell me what's wrong then."

"I don't know what Bertha Lou has done now. She's been gone almost two years. The last I heard, she was into some really weird stuff that made Edna go half crazy. I don't think they have talked in over a year," Francine thought as she poured the coffee.

"Oh gawd! Bertha Lou....she...she made him do it. I...I was cleaning out her room an....and found her old diary," Edna sobbed pushing the diary across the table.

"What the hell is she talking about? Bertha Lou made him?" she thought opening the diary.

As Francine began reading, her eyes got bigger. Reading more, her shock turned into fury. Closing the diary, tears flowing down her cheeks, she shouted, "We have to find this...this Brian and get my Allen back!"

"Ho...how?" was all Edna could say.

"The police....I don't care if Bertha Lou is your daughter and my niece but I'm going to have her arrested. They'll be able to find out from her more about this Brian character. I want Allen back!" she answered.

At the police station they were referred to the Special Victims Unit. They spent over three hours relating the events of that summer over a year ago. The diary proved to be convincing as it detailed how Bertha Lou had made everything look voluntary. The only details missing were about Brian. A warrant was issued for Bertha Lou. A detective meanwhile began searching data bases for information on Brian based on information from the diary.

It took a month to find Bertha Lou who was working as a dominatrix in

New York City. Another week went by before the SVU could interrogate her. About the only thing she remembered was that he lived about two or three hours north of the lake cabin and owned a small dairy farm. The police drew a circle around the cabin and canvased all the small farms within a three mile radius. Finally they narrowed down their search to one farm. It belonged to a single male, age fifty-seven, Brian MacKinnon, with no known living relatives. All the other farms had been eliminated as they did not meet the FBI's criteria for such a perversion. Plus after talking to locals in the area, Brian was the only recluse. A warrant was issued and task force sent to the farm.

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Alicia was on her knees wearing a white satin A-cup bra, ultra-thick diapers and pink knitted booties. She was happily sucking noisily on her daddy's big dick. One of her hands was cupping the large ball sack, the other had two fingers up her daddy's butt. Alicia loved her play time with daddy cause it made her cream her die-dees.

They were both surprised and scared when the police burst in with guns drawn. Alicia began crying when daddy was put into handcuffs. As the female officer took Allen's hand and began leading him out of the room, he resisted.

"No, no..can't leabee my oom," he protested.

"Allen, it's alright. You're free now," the officer said. She was having a difficult time adjusting to the fact that this was in reality a twenty year old male. Other than his large size didn't look much like a baby much less a male.

Alicia's eyes got as big as saucers hearing that. "Fee...Alicia fee?" he said in his little girl voice.

"Yes, Allen, you're free and will be with your mommy soon," the officer replied.

Still wide eyed, Alicia stared at the woman then popped his penis pacifier into his mouth. When the officer tried to remove it, Alicia began screaming and struggling to get it back. It had become such an emotional crutch he had to have it.

"Gibe me back. I wan my paci! I wan my paci!" he screamed until she gave it back.

"Gawd, is this poor man going to need some major therapy," the officer thought.

Epilog: Yes, Allen was free. Bertha Lou received a lengthy prison sentence as Allen was underage when she began his regression. Brian, while a pervert in every sense of the word was freed. He had been duped as well as his computer contained all the old emails. Alicia was of the age of consent and refused to testify against him. It did take a lot of therapy before Allen could re-emerge but he was permanently diaper dependent. It wasn't that he physically needed them anymore but psychologically did. He absolutely loved how they felt when he masturbated a favorite pastime. Despite a year and a half in therapy, Allen missed his daddy and the fun playtime they had together. When he turned twenty-two Allen made a trip to the farm. Daddy was more than happy to welcome him back.

Sometimes freedom with all its decision making and stresses is just not worth it to some people. Some go off the grid, others turn to drugs and alcohol but Allen would always have Alicia and her daddy.

Check out my latest illustrated story, "A Family Femmed" by James J. Craft and Cheryl Lynn at Lulu Press. It is the last in a series of "Step-mother" stories by James. The Robinson clan is transformed by their new step-mother. The three sons wind up as three totally different young women yet in a way reflect their former lives. The husband once wealthy and in-charge has a totally different future in a faraway country.