

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



*Sissy Baby  
Stories*

*Vol 3*

TERRY MASTERS

# Sissy Baby Stories Vol 3

by

Terry Masters

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## *Sissy Baby Stories – Volume 3*

# Turned Into A Sissy Baby



*Submitted to Unicorn Tales by Anonymous 2013. Edited by Terry Masters.*

I was terrified at the prospect of being turned into a girl. I mean it's one thing to do it alone in your bedroom from time to time but another thing entirely to have beautiful women see you in a dress. I don't think that's the best way to get girls. But due to hard times, I needed a place to stay and some extra money. A group of experts were offering big bucks (like 25 million) to a group of men with different views of womanhood and feminization. I was lucky enough to be chosen. So, I packed a bag with all my essentials and hopped a private jet to an even more private island over 20 hours away where my transformation would be taking place. The only building on this island was a gigantic castle. With all its separate towers and turrets, it was far more than any princess would dare to dream of.

I was led into the main entryway by a man (surprisingly) and then two tall and extremely attractive brunettes who looked about in their twenties took me down a series of hallways so vast I'd never be able to find my own way out. Clearly, some of the men here had tried to escape in the past.

I was, at last, brought into a master bedroom of bright magenta walls with white trimming and carpeting. A big bay window looked over the grounds and there was a giant canopy bed in the middle of the room hung with white lace and covered in pink satiny sheets. Also, a large vanity complete with a professional chair, sink,

and tub was over in the corner. Double doors opened to what I assumed was a closet and a door off to the side which could only lead to a bathroom.

I was so taken aback by the immediate girlishness of the room I didn't even notice the three women who occupied it. One had black hair and was hovering around the vanity, the other had red hair and stood near the closet, and the last was a blonde who sat on the bed. They were all exquisite and subtly beautiful.

"Well, well, well. It looks as though the girl of the hour has finally arrived!" exclaimed the blonde. I noticed she was probably in her mid to late forties.

"Now don't just stand there, girl! Take your clothes off for us!"

For the record let me just say that I'm a 5'10 guy with shortish brown hair and a pretty thick build. By no stretch of the imagination was I a girl... yet.

I stood there awkwardly, and she said in a softer tone, "No need to be nervous, dear. We won't judge a thing."

Surprisingly, I believed her. I trusted her for some reason, and I stripped naked, slowly, in front of them, feeling like I'd never be the man I was now again.

"There we are darling. Now don't you feel better already getting rid of your old clothes? They did nothing to show off your girlish, curvy figure at all!"

Girly figure? Hardly.

"Now then dear, before we begin, I want to be absolutely sure you know what you've gotten yourself into. We are transforming you into a lovely little 4-year-old girl named Suzie, and you will need to relearn everything you've known. We are essentially building you back up fresh from scratch. Are you ready to be turned into my beautiful little girl?"

*For 25 mil? Absolutely. Turn me into a damn pigeon for all I care.*

"I'm ready."

"Ah, ah, ah say it correctly, dear. And from here on out you'll be referring to me as mommy," she said with a smirk.

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Well, that sounded kind of stupid but alright. “I’m ready to be turned into your little girl, Mommy.”

“Hmm, well you don’t sound much like a little girl to me. Higher darling, much, much higher.”

Feeling very stupid now, but also wanting to please “Mommy,” I said in a near impossible pitch of falsetto, “Yes, mommy, I really want to be transformed into your pretty little girly girl.”

“Excellent, Suzie, excellent! Now sissy is going to take you into the tub and shave you bare and then the really fun part begins! See you in a little while, sweetie!”

The red-headed girl led me into the bathroom which was done completely in lavender. There was a smaller vanity in here with a highchair and an enormous shower, also (strangely) containing a chair, with restraints on it.

“In you go, Suzie,” Sissy said. She had a surprisingly husky voice.

She strapped me into the chair feet first, then my arms. My neck, luckily, was kept free.

“Just a precaution, honey. Try to enjoy it.”

She turned the shower head on which doused me in refreshing warm water. When I was finally good and soaked, she slathered me in a sweet-smelling body wash and began shaving my toes.

That was kind of embarrassing. I didn’t even realize I had hair there. Next, she began shaving my legs very slowly. I became a bit scared when I saw how feminine my legs looked hairless but tried my best to think about the big payoff.

Next, she moved to my penis, chest, then my arms, then my armpits. Finally, I was completely shaven, and my skin felt silky smooth. It was pretty sickening.

“Very good, Suzie,” Sissy encouraged as she undid my restraints. “Come here and let me dry you off.”

She dried me very slowly and took her time around my newly shaved penis, clearly making sure she hadn’t missed a spot. I was beginning to get a raging erection from all her fondling, but she acted

as though she didn't notice, thank goodness.

She hung the towel up to dry and then headed me back into the bedroom. "Lie down on the floor, sweetie, and we'll get you all diapered up."

*Did she say diaper?*

"Oh, darling we have to take care of that now, don't we?" Mommy said as she walked back into the room eyeing my erection. "Keep that thing in a cage. Sissy give him a chastity cage before his diapering."

"Wha- bu-" I sputtered. "I thought I was being turned into a girl. I don't want diapers or chastity!"

"Ah, ah, ah Suzie. We don't want a spanking, do we?" Mommy asked as she produced a large and menacing-looking whip.

No, we didn't want that.



## *The Transformation Begins:*

My erection died as my manhood was packed away into a tiny pink chastity with a big silk bow on it, hiding my penis entirely. If anyone were to see me, they would clearly think there was nothing there. Sissy then pulled out a bottle of baby powder and powdered the area around the chastity.

“Flip over, sweetie,” she commanded softly.

I flipped. I didn’t want that whip.

She sprinkled the baby powder onto my bottom and again asked me to flip. Now she produced an adult-sized diaper covered with little ducks. She lifted my legs into the air and put my ass on top of the diaper. She folded it up over my little bow, so it was finally out of sight, and then did up the sides.

And boom I was in a diaper.

“Let’s take a look in the mirror, shall we, Suzie?” and with that mommy pulled me to my feet and flung open the closet doors which revealed girly dresses and ballet shoes galore. She stood me in front of the full-length mirror and chained my feet and arms behind me so I couldn’t move, and I was forced to look at myself.

“How do you feel, Suzie?”

“Ridiculous,” I choked out in my falsetto voice.

“Well, then you’re just going to have to stand there until you learn to appreciate your diaper and your new self a bit more. I was left there for about five minutes standing face to face with what I had become. When she finally came back I was ready to do anything to get away from that mirror.

“Shake your little bottom, Suzie.”

I wiggled my hips around as best I could.

“How does that feel?”

“I feel like a baby girl, mommy.”

“And that’s exactly what you are.”

She unhooked me and led me over to the vanity chair.

“Now it’s time to sit back and relax, darling. Cuzzie (apparently that was the black-haired one) will be giving you a

manicure and pedicure while I work on your hair. I'll be giving you a head full of blonde curls!"

Oh, joy unbounded.

I took my seat cautiously. It was petrifying to be emasculated like this. Throwing away everything I was ever told. But it was also such a rush. It felt so forbidden. As Cuzzie got to work on my toes, Mommy began bleaching my hair out with peroxide.

"Don't I get a wig," I questioned softly.

"Oh, heavens no Suzie. How could you ever be a real girl with a wig? You're getting extensions and a perm, angel. Nothing but the best for my baby doll."

Now I was getting really, really anxious, and as the bleach started to burn my scalp I focused instead on my toes. Already, with no polish on them, they were much more girlish looking. Expertly manicured and lotioned. Then, just as Cuzzie started applying the purple polish my neck was forced back as my hair was washed out.

I looked in the mirror to see that my locks had become white-blonde. Shocking. I hardly recognized myself. Mommy then stepped in front of me with a comb and scissors. Oh no.

"Hold still now, Suzie. Don't fidget."

She parted my hair in three ways. Front, left, and right. Then she clipped me a set of bangs that barely brushed my eyebrows. Now I really was scared. Those bangs made me look like a little girl. There was certainly no going back now.

She began threading the extensions through as Cuzzie moved to my hands. She was applying neat little tips which I could already tell were going to get in the way of even the simplest tasks. By the time she was finished painting them a dark lavender, mommy had finished my extensions.

My head felt much heavier. And yet it became heavier still as she started expertly knotting my new hair around little curlers. Hundreds of them it seemed.

"Oh, Suzie," she gushed as she worked. "You are going to be such a pretty little girl! I can't wait to get you into your big poofy dress. And just wait until we get your hair set in matching piggy tails

and little bows!”

That sentence just about drove me wild. After my hair was all set up in the curlers, Sissy waxed my eyebrows into teeny tiny arches. It hurt so bad I started to whimper. The little girl thing was already having an effect on my personality if I was sitting there whimpering rather than screaming obscenities.

“Let’s get you all dolled up nice and pretty now,” mommy said as she pulled me from the chair and over to the bed.

“Now sit here, darling, and start putting things on as I hand them to you.”

The first thing she emerged with was a pair of white tights. Shockingly, they were large enough to fit me, diapers and all, but didn’t sag in any spots. As I slid them up my now hairless legs I really did start to feel like a girl.

“Oh, don’t you look adorable in your little tights! They show off your legs so well!”

The next thing she came out with was a set of gigantic petticoats. They looked like they were made for a giant’s daughter.

This was it. The part where the real girlishness kicks in. I slip the petticoats up my legs and set them between my waist and my navel. They stuck out two feet wide in all directions. I was aroused.

“Why you look like a little ballerina, darling! But no little girl is complete without her corset. I’ll have to do this for you, sweetie.”

She walked over carrying a white corset and put it over my chest then started tying it tightly in the back.

“Of course, we’ll have to pull it tighter and tighter in the following days but for now, I think this is a good place to start. Are you comfortable, sweetheart?”

“Yes, Mommy, I’m fine,” I squeaked.

Finally, it was time for the dress. Mommy pulled it from the closet with a flourish and slipped it on over my head then zippered up the back. It was a bright pink color with huge poofy sleeves. The petticoats had it jutting out so that my diaper was only just visible. It felt amazing.

“Oh, look at my pretty little girl! You look so adorable in your

poofy dress and tights! Are you ready for your shoes?”

“Yes, mommy!” It frightened me how accepting I was of my transformation, but I felt so pretty and girlish that I wanted nothing more in the world.

She handed me a pair of shiny black tap shoes that fit me like a dream.

“Swish your dress around like a good little girl for Mommy.”

I started swishing my hips to the left and right, fingering the bottom of my dress.

“What a good little baby doll you are! Now turn around and touch your toes with your legs together so mommy and Sissy and Cuzzie can all get a look at that cute little diaper you have on!”

I eagerly turned around and showed them all my bottom. They all laughed with glee. “Oh, how adorable is she! Look at that little blush!”

“Speaking of blush,” Mommy said. “It’s time to finish up her hair and get started on her makeup. Come on my little Suzie, back over to the vanity! And this time, lift your skirts before you sit down.”

I made my way over slowly as my petticoats and dress swished with every little movement. I did exactly as she said and slowly took my seat.

Sissy began taking out my curlers and once all my hair had come down I was spun around to face the mirror. My curly blonde hair hung past my shoulders and was curled to perfection. I was a baby girl.

Mommy took her comb and made a straight line down the center of my scalp. She took one side and brushed it up as high as it would go, almost to the top of my head. She knotted it there with a plain white hair tie and repeated the process on the other side. She used a round brush to swoop my bangs down then curled them under. At last, she added two big bows to the tops of my pigtails.

“Oh, look how cute my little daughter is! Wiggle your head back and forth for mommy. Let me see those pigtails bounce up and down!”

Loving all of the attention, I jangled my head back and forth

with a little giggle.

“Atta girl! Now there’s just one thing missing. Every pretty girl wears dangly earrings to frame their face. Hold still baby and this won’t hurt a bit.”

I got a bit scared when I saw the needle but surprisingly when she pulled the needle in and out of each ear followed by huge pink sparkly heart earrings I felt no pain. Just some additional added weight.

“Now wiggle your head like a cute little girl for me baby. And do that darling giggle again.”

I shook my head with added vigor giggling loudly and playing with my pig tails. My actions were getting me more aroused than I had ever been in my life!

“Oh, Suzie you’ve been such a good little girl for mommy through all this! Let’s practice a few poses. I want you to skip across the bedroom for me. Let me hear that cute little giggle once more.”

I stood slowly and ruffled out my pretty pink dress then shook my bottom. It made Sissy and Cuzzie laugh, and I started to giggle uncontrollably. I started skipping across the room.

“Very good, Suzie! Now come back to the middle of the room and give us all a nice little curtsy.”

I pinched my dress between my fingers, crossed my feet at the ankles, and bent my knees forward.

“Perfect, darling! I’m pleasantly surprised that I don’t need to teach you anything about your form. Something tells me you were fond of playing dress up!”

At that, I felt my cheeks brighten again. I’d never blushed this much in my life.

“Oh, heavens, dear! I almost forgot your makeup! You look so girlish even with nothing on! Come sit down.”

Cuzzie came over and started applying my makeup. She put on a cover-up and foundation, then pale pink lipstick covered by a shimmery gloss. A lot of blush. My cheeks were now permanently rosy red. Bright blue sparkly eye shadow and a ton of mascara that made my eyelashes about an inch long! I looked like a gorgeous