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# I NEED TO BE A SISSY

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BecomingBabyAgain



My marriage collapsed after three years only, essentially because my wife expected me to make most of the decisions and I was quite simply less indecisive as she was. We soon ended up bickering about our mutual irresponsibility, as I tended to let the situation resolving on their own, which never actually happened. It all built up until one day it just all come out. It didn't help that I didn't seem to be much good about anything else either. I had a regular job, I was rather plain and she'd once let slip that I wasn't very exciting in bed either. If anything, rather than accepting this it just drove me deeper into a spiral downwards. I tried to get any advice from my colleagues and friends at the office. But the few suggestions there were rather more frustrating than helping. The few women seemed to have too many problems of their own to be able to listen or care for my own problems. I soon gave up even asking After the divorce, my family were pretty sympathetic and tried to fix me up. But they never understood my desires and they continued introducing me to very prim and proper women, which I never considered a great match. They clearly wanted proper men and I didn't really think I fit that brief. I would have continued feeling lonely or made another mistake of marrying again the wrong girl if fate hadn't come to my rescue.

This happened when one of my assistants resigned. As my usual, I requested several groups to interview and screen the applicants before presenting the screened ones to me. In the end, there was only one successful applicant. The minute Alexandra entered my office, I felt shivers running down my spine. She was as tall as I am. But she certainly projects an air of forcefulness and decisiveness! Her long blond hair was flowing down over her shoulders. She was wearing a strict and tight sexy black tailor dress, with the long jacket swelling over those exciting large breasts. The short fitted revealed her long legs in shimmering black stockings, ending in very high-heeled black shoes. Instantly, I was obsessed with her.

My heart was still pounding in my chest when I proffered my suddenly sweaty palm a handshake. As she shook my hand, she looked straight in my eyes with deep blue unblinking eyes. Naturally, I blinked nervously and my eyes slightly drifted to her tightly packed breast. I barely noticed the ironic smile that graced her glossy red lips. With a shaky voice I invited her to take a seat in little office. Then I sat down in armchair, as far apart from her as I could be. I regained some composure while going through the familiar routine of interview. Yet, this one was certainly anything but normal! I believe that I never looked her straight in the eyes! Throughout the interview I occasionally saw the unsettling smile on her glossy red lips as she continuously sounded so self-assured and purposeful. At the end, sweating and red-faced, I didn't even pretend to think about it, I offered her the job on the spot.

From then on Alexandra joined the office team, she was a welcome choice being seemingly great at whatever job she was asked to do. Yet, any time we were alone, my eyes wandered, mostly on the astonishing shape of her breasts or down the lengths of her exciting legs, thus only adding to my sweating and embarrassment. Finally, about one month after her joining the team, Alexandra stepped in straight into my office. As usual my mind began to drift along with my eyes, dreaming and imagining what lay behind that cotton blouse of that tight skirt. She started explaining some business points and I regained my composure back onto familiar ground. Unfortunately, she was expecting some urgent decision, something

that relied entirely upon my say-so. I was forced to reveal to her one of my worst traits, how totally indecisive I was.. She looked at me with new surprise in her eyes and genuine puzzlement on her face as I “ummm”ed and “errrr”ed

She never sounded hesitant. Everything she said always came right out. She trust some papers under my nose and asked me to sign. I barely realized that I meekly obeyed her instruction, not even registering what it was I was signing. Then to my surprise, she got up from her chair and she began slightly bending over besides the chair I was sat on. Now, I see for myself the frilly black garters crossing her exciting thighs as well as the glimmering silk of her panties that slightly peaked out from under her skirt. I felt a huge strain of regret when she straightened back after my signing. I should have hesitated a little longer just for a longer view! She gave me an indescribable mixture of excitement and embarrassment when she suddenly lifted my face in her two long, elegant and cool hands before kissing me lightly on the lips with her own sexy lips. I was instantly lost. There was only her. Now and here, I surrendered to her absolutely. But this all happened too fast. She stopped kissing me, albeit without releasing my face. When she looked me straight in the eyes with her glacier blue eyes I felt even weaker and my eyes drifted away towards the cleavage of her astonishing breasts. I felt shivers of shame and excitement when she adopted a deep silky tone to declare that I was a naughty little boy! I was instantly ashamed for my very stiff erection that obviously tented in my suit pants, so close to coming. I wanted and dreaded more.

Without warning she quickly pushed her hand down around my obviously still cock and gave it a little squeeze. I then came into my underpants, while blushing in furious and excited shame. It must have been a pathetic sight

Alexandra dictated to me, talking as if I was a small child. “You’re such a naughty little boy! Looking at ladies’ breasts and legs, pretending to be some big grown up man with an office!”

This sounds really stupid, but the more she spoke, the more I was drawn into her voice. I merely nod my face in the soft hold of her elegant hands. I am truly under her spell and already surrendering absolutely. She certainly looks very pleased with such easy victory. She bends down again to offer me another exciting look down her soft firm breasts while kissing me more frankly on full mouth. Then she told me that I was going to dinner with her. Again, I simply nod in agreement, totally incapable of offering any disagreement. She straightens up and leaves my office, shaking her hips as she left. She beckons me with a single finger from outside my door. I hastily grab my things and rush to her by the door of my office. She takes the few steps towards me to grab familiarly at my arm and press her excitingly rounded hips against mine. I was in heaven.

Selection of restaurant and choice of menu and wine again only show off my indecisiveness. But now I didn’t have this problem. She instructed the restaurant of her choice where she instantly makes the choice for both of us very assertively. I tried to act like a full blown during the meal as I merely answer her questions about me, trying my best not to feel the slightly sticky wet patch in my pants. When it came to paying the bill, I at least I try showing

some by offering to pay like the gentleman. She rejects that very sternly and she quickly produces her own credit card under the ironic smile of the waiter. I feel unduly ashamed, like some chastised misbehaving little boy. After leaving the restaurant, she orders me to drive back to my apartment for a little chat. She also announces very casually that she wants to see the way I live!

After my divorce, I left our nice suburban house to my former wife in the settlement and I moved to a small unexciting apartment downtown. It appears very cold and dull, with no interesting furniture or patterns, merely a bachelor pad. But I take Alexandra upstairs. As she already holds tight on my arm from our stepping in the lift, she leads me quickly through the hallways to end up in my apartment. I feel somewhat scared for any possible forthcoming sex. At the same time I feel growing excitement when we reached my apartment. As soon as we stepped through the door I felt her hands busily working up and down my body, lifting my clothes off over my head. When she comes to my cum stained underpants, she easily realizes that I did cum from her hand earlier. She remarks very casually that I am indeed a naughty little boy and she lowers my stained underpants over my growing cock.

I feel close to crying from the frustration when she abandons me to explore my closets in exploration of my clothes. She comments very disparagingly about my very bland and poor taste in clothing, especially in respect to my underwear. When she finishes her exploration of my belongings, she comes back to stand in front of me, while I stand embarrassingly naked with my sex at stiff attention.

My excitement continues to grow as Alexandra slowly slips down her short fitted skirt. She shows off the top of her sheer black stockings and the frilly black ribbons of her garters. Those vanish beneath her exciting French knickers in black silk satin. Alexandra inserted her fingers beneath the thin elastic waistband of her knickers to start slowly pulling them down. I almost come when she reveals her golden triangle of neatly trimmed pubic hair, excitingly framed by her black belt and suspenders. Once her knickers pass her rounded hips, she negligently let them slide down her black stockings until they gather in a soft heap around her ankles. She steps out of them and she bends to pick them up. Then, she presents them for me to step inside. She invites me to do so, addressing me as "Sweetie."

As the soft black silk brushes against my legs and my now fully erect cock, the feeling is too much. Naturally, the contact of her elegant cool hands against my intimate flesh only increases further my excitement. I ejaculate shamefully inside her delicate lingerie. Surprisingly, Alexandra doesn't appear upset or even annoyed with me. Instead she consoles the "poor baby!" She brushes her glossy red lips against mine while finishing spurting my seed inside the now sticky lingerie.

She decrees that her poor baby must be exhausted now and that we should forget about the rest of her evening, I was terrified she would leave. Instead, she whips off my bedsheets and she orders me to bed. I feel excited and ashamed at the same time. Of course, I don't

feel like objecting to her and I quietly get in bed. I still feel humiliated and dirty in my sticky cold panties. Alexandra tucks me in tightly before bending over to kiss me again. She straightens up and she turns off the lights before leaving my darkened bedroom. I hear her leaving the apartment almost immediately afterwards. And I drifted to sleep with a heavy heart of our parting. I woke up sometimes later in the night and I went to the toilet. Then, I get a crazy idea. I step out of the panties, which I had totally forgot that I was still wearing, and I washed them by hand before putting them to dry. I put on instead a pair old shorts before getting back in bed and drifting back to sleep.

The next morning, I had a crazy urge to feel the soft silk of those panties once more and I decided how naughty it would be to put on Alexandra's panties beneath my regular business suit. I enjoy the silky smooth contact rubbing against my skin. I felt somewhat disappointed when Alexandra appears to treat me rather coolly upon our meetings during the next couple of days. What did I do wrong? I thought she was interested in me?

About three days later after our original late night, I go back home as usual after work. As I am ready to undress and hit the shower, the doorbell from the front door rings. My heart jumps in my chest when I recognize Alexandra's voice shouting at me to let her in. I instantly throw a towel around myself and rush to open the door. She surprises me further by stepping inside the apartment in the company of another young woman. Someone I had never seen before in my entire life! Alexandra embraces me and she kisses me. Then, still addressing me as "Sweetie," she introduces me to the other woman. Obviously someone with taste as she started commenting on how bland my apartment was and what could be done to improve. As we move around, Alexandra doesn't consult me at all. Instead I hear as she discusses and decides things completely. I feel excitingly ashamed at the style of décor they want to create for me. It sounds so terribly sweet and feminine! But I wasn't interrupting them, I meekly follow them around in silence.

When the "decorator" completes the tour of my tiny apartment, she thanks Alexandra, while barely wishing me a goodbye. Alexandra then turns to me, ordering me to follow her back to my bedroom. There, she starts instantly undressing me. She smiles brightly and lets out a loud laugh, covering her mouth with her hand, when she discovers that I am still wearing her panties, which naturally I washed to completely remove the sticky little stain. She caresses my flaccid cock through the silky garment, until once more she felt it growing in her hand.

Then, she lowers the panties and individually lifts each leg out of them. Abandoning me embarrassingly naked in my bedroom, she passes into my bathroom. I almost never use the bath, preferring the shower. But on that day, she started filling the tub. She returns and exits my bedroom before coming back a moment later with the large bag that she was carrying upon her arrival. Opening the bag to reveal a smaller bag before returning to the bathroom. A moment later she calls me inside. The tub is now filled with frothy bubbles. Alexandra orders me inside the hot bubble bath and I shiver with pleasurable anticipation at the sweetly scented contact of the hot soapy water against my skin. Alexandra wets my hair

before applying shampoo. After rinsing my hair, she starts scrubbing my whole body with her hands. Taking carefully attention to my cock, and playfully brushing her fingers against my balls. Next, she orders me to stand up inside the tub. She applies a general coating of women's shaving foam all over my softened body. Using a new lady's razor, she meticulously shaves off all my body hair. I tried objecting at that point by she simply placed a finger over my lips telling me to "shush and be a good boy! Then, she rinses me before ordering me out of the tub. She starts towelling me dry and then leads me back into my bedroom, feeling even more naked than I was before. She soothes my slightly burning body with a generous massage of sweet smelling body lotion. She takes out a hairdryer and brush before sitting me down in her lap (where I could feel the body of her breasts against my back) and working at my hair.

I received another incredible shock when the first item she gets out of her large bag is a large package of adult diapers! She sees my obvious shock and starts fussing over me. She kisses me tenderly before explaining that her poor baby seemed unable to contain himself. "I'm not going to pretend that I haven't seen those sticky little stains" She told me that I would be much cosier and secure wearing diapers, at least for his nights. Though I found the idea somewhat offensive, I still make no protest. I'd do anything for her. So I let her decide what may be best. Alexandra helps me lie down on top of my bed. She raises my legs up in the air, without any resistance on my part, although I feel excitingly humiliated exposing so apparently my stiff sex and totally hairless hanging balls, as well as the full cleavage between my buttocks. Alexandra starts pouring a fog of baby powder over my naked lower body. I was totally enraptured by her gentle massage of my balls and newly bald privates. Then, I watch her in amazement as she very proficiently spread out one of the diapers before placing it beneath my raised bottom. Continuing to fold the diaper between my parted thighs and over my throbbing cock. Finally, she releases her hold on my legs to fasten securely the diapers over my flat tummy. My excitement grows ever further from the exciting feeling of the soft padding and once more I let a stream of cum spurt prematurely in my diaper as her hands rub against the crinkly outside. She sounds so wise and matronly concluding that her sweet baby certainly needs his diapers! I certainly feel too far humiliated but still enraptured by the whole experience to argue this statement! I just lay back to enjoy my current shameful state.

Next Alexandra pulls down a bright yellow dress of embroidered cotton. The skirt of the dress barely covers the seat of my new diapers. She kisses me again, complimenting her cute baby girl, (something I barely registered her say at the time) Then, she takes my hand to lead me into my kitchen. There, she fastens a cute little bib around my waist before instructing me to prepare our dinner. I have never ever been very adept at cooking. Since my divorce I mostly eat from take-aways or microwaved frozen but that evening Alexandra guided me along, while opening a bottle of wine and sipping a glass she poured herself as I blindly follow her instructions. Later it our time together she would drive me twice a week to cooking and embroidery classes. "Those are much more suitable hobbies for her Sweetie than sitting on the couch to watch silly television programs." She'd say, again it was something I just willingly accepted.

After I manage to somehow put together a dish of pasta and a weak looking side salad, I had to set the table and serve us both. Alexandra so kindly removed my apron before letting me sit down with her at the table. Over dinner, the conversation turns to what she has in plan for her *Sweetie*.

I can remember the entire speech off by heart still, I sometimes repeat it like a mantra. Just to hear her talking about her plans for our life together.

After finishing dinner, Alexandra put the apron back on to let me clear the table and to wash the dishes in the sink. I have also to prepare and start the laundry before she removes my apron and she leads me to the sitting room. Rather than letting me watch television, as I usually do, she cradles my head in her lap to show me some women magazines about housekeeping and enhancing my lifestyle. I'd never felt more at home in my entire life. Later that evening she clearly decided that it was time for bed. She took me back to my bedroom and she watches me cleaning my face and brushing my teeth. Then, she applies a sweet night cream on my face before checking on my diapers. Those were still dry, but probably not for long as I feel a pressing urge in my bladder from our drinks at dinner. Once more, Alexandra tucks me snugly in bed but this time lingering momentarily before leaning over to kiss me very tenderly. Finally, she gets up, turns off the lights and leaves my bedroom. I feel contented when I hear her settling down in the guest's bedroom, previously unused. This time, she was staying.

I find sleep difficult in coming because of the mounting pressure in my bladder. I know and can feel how desperately I need to go to the toilet, yet I know very well that she would want me to use those diapers she had so tenderly placed me in. I felt afraid of leaking and wetting my bed and I was also feeling very ashamed of peeing on myself this way. Yet, once I had forced a tiny little stream to leak out, the floodgate opened, the stream gushed out. Afterwards, I felt a rather mixed sentiment as I bask in the heavy wet squish surrounding my bottom. I am still rather ashamed when I think about wetting or using my diapers but at the same time, I still find this warm wetness rather exciting. At that time, I drift into peaceful sleep while still unable to decide which is the most important between shame and pleasurable excitement.

I wake up in the morning with another urge. I needed again to forcibly release a new tide into my now cold and clammy diapers. This time, I really don't care for potential leaks. Anyway Alexandra comes in as I just finished trickling the few last drops into the soaked diapers. She is amazingly already fully dressed despite it being quite early in the morning. She bends again over my bed to kiss me tenderly before asking me how is her Sweetie this morning? I simply smile, as I felt embarrassed with my soaked diapers. Half hoping desperately that she would never find out. Alexandra pulled away the covers. She naturally immediately discovered instantly the heavy sagging diapers. She massaged gently the heavy wet padding over my morning wood until again a wriggle slightly with a moan as I so pathetically for the countless time, cum. I felt almost slightly faint from the incredible

pleasure! I don't remember ever feeling so strongly! She kissed me again before pulling off the adhesive tabs of my heavy diapers and opening them. Sudden cool air hit my hairless crotch makes me shiver. She uses a wet wipe to clean my crotch. Then she pulled away and folds meticulously the wet diaper before resuming the cleaning of the rest of my bare bottom. After another tender kiss, she gives a slight tap on my bottom to press me to go, shave and shower quickly. I knew instinctively that she wanted me to do that without her having to say anything. When I return to the bedroom, with the usual wet towel warped around my waist, she instantly pulls it away. She gets busy applying creams and lotions before dry blowing again my hair, still working on giving it some unusual volume, as she already did last evening. Then she started putting on the cute set of lingerie that she bought for me. It was very innocent and virginal white, made of delicately embroidered cotton, with neat thin laces and small satin bows. It comprised of a belt, camisole and bikini. She completes that with a pair of black stockings. The feeling against my flesh seemed exaggerated from the absence of hair. The small bikini bulges obviously over my crotch. Alexandra then leads me, only dressed in my new lingerie, back to the kitchen to prepare our breakfast. She simply ties again my apron around my waist. After we finish breakfast and I complete the cleaning and washing, she takes me back to the bedroom to put on my regular strict shirts, business suit and tie and drive to the office together.

My new life under the caring supervision of my Goddess Alexandra falls quickly into a peaceful routine. I feel amazed at the almost instant sense of familiarity and comfort of my new life.

On our first weekend together, she made it clear the things that she wanted me to do. Afterward that conversation I felt very excited again when she proceeded to diaper me again instead of putting on my now regular lingerie. Nonetheless, she still pulls on one of my sweet camisoles. She also unusually covers my diapers with very nice frilly panties. Then, she takes me to the kitchen for my now regular preparation of our breakfast. This one is naturally less hurried than it is normally with the looming workday ahead of us both. After cleaning the table and dishes, I keep my apron to vacuum and dust the entire apartment. The redecoration has not yet started. Hence, my rather simple furniture makes the cleaning job easier that it would become in the near future.

I still develop a sweat at such unusual tasks. Afterwards, Alexandra removes my camisole and she wipes my body with sweetly scented baby wipes. I felt very shamefully excited when she decides that this day being so fine, I should put on some of my summer attire. It consists in a cute shirt, almost a blouse, in fine cotton, with neat ruffles in the front and a round collar. The shirt buttons in the back. However, it has straight short sleeves. Next, she pulls on a pair of denim overalls, with straps crossed in the back and attached with metal clasps to the bib in front. The shorts are wide enough to accommodate my frilly panties and diapers underneath. They are also mercifully long enough to hide the padded bulge around my crotch. Alexandra obviously likes her baby to be cute and sweet, yet she doesn't wish to turn him into complete shameful ridicule. Nonetheless, the bulge of my bottom is still very obvious to those of us who knew. I put on also a pair of knee-length white cotton socks and



a pair of navy blue sneakers. All the things that she *suggested* I wear. Once I am ready, she takes me to her own bedroom. I sit down on a chair to watch her as she dresses up. Of course, my cock turns almost instantly very stiff as I witness the exciting display of her beautiful naked body for the first time. She puts on exciting lingerie before putting on a simple tee shirt and a pair of casual fitted slacks. To me, she still looks stunningly beautiful in such casual clothes. When we are both ready, we drive to one of the smaller groups of luxurious shops, somewhere quite a way away from where I lived. Alexandra obviously made an appointment as the very nice young woman greets us at the exclusive hairdresser salon. She is also obviously known here as they exchange a familiar friendly kisses. The hostess then kisses me also lightly on the cheek upon the invitation of Alexandra. She makes me blush as she compliments warmly Alexandra how cute I am! Then, they introduce me to Robert, one of the staff. He is very obviously going to be working on me, a realisation that makes me slightly unnerved. Robert gives me a perm. He highlights some strands of my hair with colouring. While the masterpiece sets, he does my fingernails. They are reasonably short at the end, nothing very out of the ordinary. Nonetheless, I feel that my hands look so much nicer now. My hair is still looking manly enough, albeit very stylish with more volume. I felt like an entirely new person.

Alexandra thanked Robert for his work. We all have another little kiss around and we leave the salon. Our next stop is at a shoe shop. We looked for suitable shoes for me, then more clothes and little nice things for around the house. Loaded with bags, we stop at a nice restaurant for a quick lunch. Alexandra orders obviously for me. Restricting me to some salad and fruits, as *she wanted a nice and healthy baby*. The restaurant is busy enough that my attire merely draws some initial amazement and obvious giggles and chatter from other eaters.

Nevertheless, relatively quickly in our meal, I start fidgeting on my chair as my bladder is pressing. Alexandra whispers that Sweetie should simply relax and let it go. Indeed, I need little effort to open the floodgate and wet my diapers after having done it so many times before. I feel strange sitting in these relatively posh surroundings, eating as if I had no trouble, dressed in very conspicuous manner and sat in warm wet diapers. After finishing our meal, Alexandra naturally settles the bill and leads me to the nearest pharmacy to buy another pack of adult diapers. Loaded with this additional bulky package, she takes me to the nearest "mothers' changing room." She enters alone first to ascertain that the place is empty from prying eyes. Then, she calls me inside and she locks the door on us. She unbuttons my clothes and she lowers them. She lowers my frilly panties before removing my soaked diapers using the available wipes to clean my bottom. As she has no cream or potion available, she merely secures one of the newly bough diapers before adjusting back my clothes. When we come out of the changing room, we meet the annoyed stares of a waiting Mom carrying a toddler. She certainly threw me disgusted looks! I blush in shame but Alexandra takes the situation with obvious confidence. Nevertheless, Alexandra decrees that her Sweetie must feel very tired for his first outing and we will now go back home. I feel pretty glad for the whole thing to be over! This shameful ordeal has really drained my energy and I would have certainly cracked under the unrelenting pressure of humiliation if I

were not so much smitten with my beautiful Goddess. I guess that till our encounter, I was a self-ignorant submissive, always longing for domination. While utterly shameful, I feel also almost constantly excited. Thus we drove straight back home. There, Alexandra removes my clothes and replaced them with a very sweet and very short frock of crisp embroidered cotton revealing my padded frilly panties. We spend the rest of the afternoon and evening quietly at home.

After this initial outing, my new life fell into a comfortable routine. Naturally, we encountered some temporary inconvenience while my apartment gets redecorated. But after the work was completed, I fell in love my new environment. It feels so much prettier and cosier. My bedroom is now a little girl's dream, with pink walls, cushions and the fluffiest of blankets. The rest of my apartment had been transformed into a woman's heaven with silks, satins and light pastel colours. I handed over my keys to this new woman of my life and let myself drift along in this dream life.

I barely went to work anymore, opting instead to "work from home". Alexandra arranged for me to sell her my company, simply by pushing the papers under my nose and I willingly signed. She is certainly even more capable than I ever was to run it successfully. From that day, I stay home as the perfect housewife. I continued taking my regular cooking and embroidery classes. I'm always getting better and better at them! But Alexandra doesn't fully trust her Sweetie home alone. Thus she imposes the presence of a sitter. Sylvia is a young girl in professional training for infant and childcare. She readily accepted Alexandra's generous offers to look after me. She is even very grateful to be offered free accommodation and board in our apartment. She is very cute looking, very sweet and very tender towards me. Anyway, Alexandra didn't grant her any of her decision-making privileges. Sylvia is merely here for company during daytime and to take care of my diaper changes in Alexandra's absence.

In the morning, Alexandra still oversees my first diaper change of the day. I naturally still prepare breakfast for the three of us, still dressed in my fresh diapers, frilly panties and sweet camisole, while wearing one of my nice aprons. Alexandra kisses me a very tenderly before driving herself to (now) her office. I do the housecleaning under Sylvia's supervision. Then, I prepare some nice tea for us. Sylvia insists now that I only eat food that completely mushed up, or baby food jars as it's more appropriate. Alexandra gave her blessing to this, even though she never makes any attempt at bottle feeding me herself.

Sometimes, we drive to the shopping centre for fresh food and other necessities. We discovered a very pleasant pharmacy and we always shop for my diapers there. The attendant is very understanding and she always greets us very friendly. We return home for lunch, which I always prepare. After lunch, Sylvia often insists that I should take a nap. After another baby bottle, I usually do the ironing or my homework from the embroidery class. I am now doing my own camisoles and frilly panties. I start preparing dinner before Alexandra's return from the office. On my classes' days, Sylvia drops me there on her way to her own classes and she picks me back afterwards. We then return home for our dinner

with Alexandra. On those days, Alexandra puts me straight to bed. Otherwise, we spend the evening quietly together until Sylvia's return. The days are filled seemingly with almost endless diaper changes, I wet and mess without warning and barely seem to feel it at all now.

After we settle very nicely in our new arrangement, Alexandra grants Sylvia the privilege to masturbate me as well. So my changing are often mixed with moments of overbearing pleasure. They've clearly decided between them that this sexual activity is enough for my happiness, and I've accepted that, I don't feel any attraction towards conventional sex anymore. I live for those moment I get to shoot cum into my thick diapers. I am very satisfied otherwise watching the two beautiful women dressing and undressing. I know that, after I am tucked in my bed, Sylvia generally spends her night in Alexandra's bed. But I am not jealous. I understand that Alexandra needs slightly more than her pleasure in governing my life. This is a very nice and comfortable arrangement. And I seldom feel ashamed nowadays. I guess that I am starting getting used to my obvious condition. I clearly longed to become a sweet sissy deep down inside me and now I guess that I am fully one. I am still glad that Alexandra treats me with love and never pushes the limits of shame on me. I am merely her Sweetie, not her slave or object of domineering contempt.

I needed to be a sissy, and I got all I deserved.