

Losing Control by Cowkites

REAL LIFE SISSIES. TURN YOUR BOYFRIEND INTO YOUR CUTE LITTLE PLAYTHING

The ad was noticeable as bold text on a page. Rachel couldn't help but see it. The same ad always appeared on that particular website. She had a thing for porn where the guy was sissified and the ad trackers knew just what she wanted to see. For a laugh she decided to click on the ad. She was surprised to find that the website was far more professional looking than she had imagined. Unlike most of the ads she had seen, this one offered something more tangible than hypnosis tracks. The site offered a drug. A drug that they claimed could completely sissify a man in one week. Enough doses to do exactly that for one low price. Rachel raised an eyebrow at this. It was too good to be true she knew, but the thought that it would have some affect enticed her. What if they actually worked.

Rachel had recently grown tired of the relationship she had with her partner Jamie. He was a fine enough guy but there was no spark. Rachel wanted that spark back. She bounced in her chair in excitement as she made the purchase. In just two days she'd get to have her fun.

Jamie came home from work at the same time nearly every day. Rachel could count on that. So she waited with a glass of ice water for him. The drug already mixed in. Completely unnoticeable. It was a hot day. He was sure to drink it. Excited beyond belief, Rachel didn't mind the wait at all

The front door opened and Jamie stepped inside. He greeted Rachel and gladly gulped down the water. "Whew. Thanks babe. It's so fucking hot today."

Rachel watched him leave to go take a shower. When he returned, she could tell that something had already occurred. Jamie rubbed his chin, a look of confusion on his face. "Does my chin look smoother? I didn't shave this morning but...it's like it all fell out in the shower. So weird."

"That is weird...maybe you're thinking of yesterday. Pretty sure I heard you shave earlier." She lied.

"Huh...yeah okay."

For the rest of the evening, Rachel found small hairs here and there. When they got in bed together she could see his legs were completely smooth.

"I'm so tired." Jamie mumbled. Hardly a minute in bed and he was out like a light. Rachel chalked it up to the drugs. His body would go through some extreme changes if the ad was to be believed. Surely he'd need his rest. Rachel was pleased.

"Nightie night, Jamie."

Jamie woke up the next morning feeling odd. More so than the day before. The bed felt the slightest bit bigger as did Rachel. He had somehow become the little spoon over the course of the night and he almost felt small in her arms. Concerned, Jamie gently moved Rachel's arm from off himself and went to their bedroom mirror. His reflection looked back at him. *Do I look like less of a man?* he wondered. In the sense that he meant it, Jamie did look less masculine. His muscle mass had been drastically reduced, his hair had grown even longer, and his strong features had softened. "What the hell...eep! W-Why is my voice so...squeaky?"

"You okay, babe?" Rachel called from their bed.

"Do I look different to you?" He asked. He turned to watch her reaction, unsure of whether she would tell the truth. Her expression surprised him. She bit her lip. A sly smile tugged at her lips as her eyes traced Jamie's form.

"You look better than ever, baby." Rachel then quickly hopped out of their bed. She wrapped Jamie in her arms and let her hands slide down to his crotch. He was even smaller today. It was roughly the size of her pinky. With Jamie being a shower and not a grower, she was eager to see it hard.

Jamie gasped at the touch. He watched Rachel's movements in their reflection. The way her fingers lightly wrapped around his small, soft shaft. He felt embarrassed. It was the first time he had paid attention to his cock that morning. Despite this, Jamie grew stiff in her hand. Precum dribbled from his tip. Jamie's dexterous fingers rubbed his juices across his member. Jamie moaned. Never had a hand job felt so good. "Mmmph..." Jamie let loose a girlish little whimper. He shivered in her arms. The pleasure was almost too much to bear. He could feel it come. A powerful orgasm that made his entire lower body quiver. Even the lightest touch was nearly enough to send him over the edge.

"Does my toy like having his little thingy played with?" Rachel teased. It was the most humiliating thing she had ever said to him. She had taken a risk but she wanted her fantasy.

Jamie froze. Lost in ecstasy, Jamie had simply stared off in the mirror's direction. Rachel's words had shocked him enough to free him from his pleasure. He looked at their reflection and could only grimace at how submissive he looked in Rachel's arms. His face grew a bright red as he processed how he had acted. How girly his moans and whimpers were.

Rachel noticed his sudden change in demeanor. She let Jamie's cock loose and gently turned him so that their eyes met. "Everything alright, baby?"

Jamie shook his head. "I-I think I might be a little sick...I'm gonna take a shower. Maybe call out of work." And with that he left her arms and awkwardly made his way to the bathroom.

Rachel watched him go. His butt has grown plump thanks to the drugs. She felt a little bad for him, but how his butt jiggled when he walked was enough to put her back in the mood. She slipped her hand down her panties and lightly played with herself. She hadn't felt this aroused around Jamie in a long time. She couldn't wait to see how cute he'd become.

Once Jamie had finished his shower and called his boss, he went to the living room to find Rachel on the couch. The T.V. was off. She stared at Jamie, a lustful expression plain on her face. She appeared to be there for no other reason but to wait for Jamie. He had never seen her like this. Still dressed in her pajamas, Rachel just wore a loose tank top and a pair of panties. Her nipples were erect. They showed plainly through her top. Her panties had been pulled to the side so that her pussy peaked out. A damp patch on the crotch of her underwear let Jamie know just how horny she was.

"Have a good shower?" She asked. Her eyes were fixated on him. She liked what she saw. He wore one of his button-up shirts, though it was too big for him. It caused him to look like a girl who wore her boyfriend's work shirt. He also wore a pair of briefs. Unusual for Jamie. Rachel guessed this was due to his slimmer form. His boxers probably didn't fit anymore. She was thrilled. His erect cock was obvious in the tighter briefs. All she had to do was ease him and he'd be putty in her hands.

"Yeah...um...can I talk to you about it actually?"

Rachel sat up. She spread her legs further then patted the space on the couch between her thighs. "Of course, sweetheart."

Jamie was hesitant at first. "Okay..." He walked over and plopped down a bit further away. Rachel wouldn't have it. She grabbed him around the waist and pulled him in. He was stuck there whether he wanted it or not. "...well. I've felt off all morning. Like...I feel embarrassed about how I look. I feel so different. B-But..."

"...but?" Rachel gently kissed the back of his head. Her hands moved slowly across his thighs. She was eager.

"It also feels kinda good. When I was in the shower I um...was washing myself and it felt really good when I washed my chest. I don't know why but I got really horny and started rubbing my dick between my thighs. I came so hard. I felt so embarrassed. I don't like it. I feel so...small next to you."

Rachel kissed his neck. "Aww. Is that so bad? Sounds like a good time to me...right?" She pulled him even closer. Her legs wrapped around his. Her breasts pressed into his back. His plump butt was pressed firmly against her. Rachel lightly traced the skin just above his waistband.

Jamie stifled a moan. "It's just...I use to never masturbate. I wanna have sex with you...but I get so horny so quick...I worry I'm gonna cum...early."

"Like you did last night?" Rachel, tired of her own teasing, gripped Jamie's cock through his underwear.

"Y-Yes!" The touch surprised him. He gasped. The mere touch caused his body to tingle from head to toe.

"It happens to everyone, baby. It was just a fluke. You're my big man, aren't you? Turn around and fuck me. Show me how long you can last."

Jamie's confidence was bolstered by her words. He rotated himself so that he faced her and started to tug his underwear down.

"Ah ah! You forget foreplay?" Rachel asked. She had no intention of letting Jamie fuck her. She would tease him she decided.

Jamie whimpered. He already felt close. His underwear rubbed against the tip of his cock and that was enough to cause him to pause and collect himself lest he ejaculate in his underwear.

"What's the matter, Jamie? Pull out your big dick, pin me down, and fuck me like you used to. Are you even hard right now?" She asked. Knowing full well he was incredibly aroused, Rachel squeezed Jamie's cock through his underwear. She couldn't help but laugh when Jamie grabbed her hand and held it against his cock.

"Guh--" Was all Jamie could manage to say. The pleasure was too much. His cock twitched and an orgasm was inevitable. His mind went blank as he managed to hump her hand just twice before his cock spasmed again. Rachel laughed aloud as Jamie ejaculated in his briefs. Each spasm pumped cum into the fabric. Thin as it was it did little to keep Jamie's gratuitous spurts from coating his girlfriend's hand and dripping down onto the couch.

"Wow, baby. Guess you were hard. Poor thing...couldn't even get it out of your undies this time."

Jamie whimpered pathetically as he continued to cum during his girlfriend's teasing. The humiliating words only seemed to prolong his pleasure.

"Hate to say it but that wasn't very manly of you. And you ruined your briefs. Not to mention the couch...and my hand."

"S-Sorry..." Jamie mumbled, his mind still foggy. The last bit of cum finally dribbled from his cock. His underwear had been left completely soaked.

Rachel watched as Jamie's emotions revealed themselves plainly on his face. She could see his embarrassment rise as his arousal lowered. She wanted to tease him relentlessly but couldn't find the heart to do it. His new physique looked so pathetic to her. She decided to take a softer approach. "That's alright, sweetie." She lightly stroked his cheek. "You just couldn't control yourself, could you?"

"N-No..." Was all Jamie could muster in response. He would never admit it, but just a glance at Rachel's breasts threatened to push him to the edge again.

"Poor *little* thing." Rachel leaned in close. Her loose, low-cut top hung freely from her frame. Her breasts were on full display and Jamie was completely aware. He swallowed audibly. "Do you need me to get you all cleaned up?" Rachel squeezed his crotch again and Jamie let out an effeminate moan. He gasped and spasmed as he orgasmed again. His load just as gratuitous as the first time. Rachel laughed aloud. Jamie was mortified.

"I-I'm gonna go get cleaned up." He mumbled.

"Alright but hands off your little friend. Don't want you getting excited and ruining more of your clothes."

Jamie's face was hot from the embarrassment. Without hesitation, he nodded and ran from the room. He was so confused. All he was certain of was that Rachel was right. Even the slightest bit of contact was all he needed to cum. Just a single inappropriate thought and he was left eager and ready to orgasm. "I just need to control myself." He whispered. "I'm still a man."

Rachel awoke the next morning thrilled to find that Jamie had changed even further. His hair had grown several more inches in the night and had grown softer and lighter in color. It came down to his softer jawline. A few strands of hair rested on his lips. They were slightly bigger than Rachel remembered. His nipples had changed similarly. His areola had grown bigger and the skin around the nipples had gotten puffy. Wouldn't be long before he'd need a bra.

"Morning love..." Rachel whispered into his ear. When he didn't respond immediately Rachel pulled him in closer and let her hands slip down below his waist. It took her a moment to find his dick. It had grown even smaller and felt to her to be less than two inches. It was sticky to the touch. Rachel quickly found that his underwear was in a similar state. "Someone must've had some fun dreams. Making a mess in your undies like that."

Jamie stirred in her arms. She felt the slightest twitch from his cock and a sleepy grin was plain on his face. "Really good." Jamie mumbled, his voice soft and flirty. He reached down and pressed Rachel's hand up against his crotch. A faint gasp escaped his lips at the touch.

"Does someone wanna continue having fun, hmm?" Rachel teased his head with the tip of her thumb. His precum quickly coated her hand and made the feeling all the more intense for Jamie.

"Unnnf! G-guh..." Jamie couldn't form a single word in his stupor. Instead, he whimpered and moaned into the pillow. He didn't bother to last long. To hope for sex. He couldn't seem to think straight. All he wanted was release. And he got it. His entire body spasmed as he orgasmed. His cock twitched with each massive warm load he pumped into Rachel's hand. "I-I love you..." He finally managed to get out once his pleasure became bearable. He didn't know he had felt it necessary to say it, but he knew it was true.

"You certainly do! That was hardly even ten seconds. I'm glad I could excite you so much, baby. But you made such a mess in your underwear...on my hand...even the sheets!" Rachel tugged the blankets off them and uncovered the rest of Jamie's girlish form. He laid there in an oversized shirt, his briefs ill-fitting and soaked in cum. A puddle of sweat and his own juices soaked the sheets. He looked ashamed of himself as the fog in his mind cleared.

Why the fuck am I getting off on this? Like this? He wondered.

"I'm sorry! Here I'll help clean." Jamie stood and nearly tripped as his dirty underwear fell to his ankles. His favorite work shirt that he had worn to bed looked more like pajamas on his thin frame.

"No you won't. You're making an absolute mess. Go into the bathroom and wait. I'll be in to help you in a second."

"B-But..."

"Now, Jamie." Rachel replied in a serious tone.

Jamie did as she commanded. He sat silently on the closed lid of their toilet as he waited for Rachel to appear. Eventually, after what seemed like an eternity, Rachel opened the bathroom door. In her hands was a pile of clothing.

"Seeing as how you can't *not* make a mess, I'm dressing you in these." She set the clothing down and lifted a pair of plain white cotton panties off the stack.

"No way. I'm not wearing those." Jamie said. His voice wavered with each word. There was no confidence there.

"Strip." Was Rachel's reply.

Jamie whimpered but did as Rachel said. "Can't I wear something else?"

Rachel ignored him. She knelt down and stretched the panties out in front of him. With a nod she motioned for him to step forward into them. Jamie hesitated but a glare from Rachel set him in motion. He watched her slide the panties up his legs. She left them stretched around his thighs while she reached for Jamie's crotch.

"W-What are you doing?" He asked. His eyes were fixated on Rachel's breasts again. Her hands were a couple inches from his dick. He could feel the desire build.

"Tucking your little dick between your legs."

"It's not little!"

Rachel stifled a laugh. She grabbed his cock without warning and pressed it down. With her free hand she tugged the panties up to his waist. "Of course, sweetheart."

Jamie backed up. He wanted to be as far away from Rachel as he could be before she revealed the next embarrassing garment. Unfortunately for him, his inner thighs rubbed against the head of his cock. A burst of pleasure seemed to explode from his lower half and Jamie lost himself in his pleasure. He gasped with each spurt of cum that soaked the front of his panties. More and more soaked the underwear until his warm load dribbled down from between his thighs.

"You couldn't even keep those dry for a minute?" Rachel acted annoyed but felt quite the opposite. Jamie did exactly as she had anticipated. With a flourish she pulled a pair of bright pink satin panties free of the pile. "Guess this is all we have. No tucking this time and you can kiss anything but a skirt or dress goodbye. Even the slightest bit of friction and you start cumming all over yourself."

"I-I'm not wearing a dress..." Jamie replied breathlessly. His expression was still distant.

"Oh? Would you rather wear a pair of cum soaked jeans over your cum soaked panties?" She asked.

Jamie didn't answer. He tried to look composed. His sweat covered brow and meek demeanor easily gave him away.

"Enough playing around Jamie. We need to go out and buy you some new clothes. So you can strip out of your sticky panties and let me dress you or we can spend all day cleaning up your accidents."

"Can't you go without me?"

Rachel sighed. She leaned in and yanked Jamie's panties down. "Do you know any of your clothing sizes right now?"

Jamie could only stammer out a sound or two in response.

"No. You don't. So, you're coming with me. You're going to wear these panties and a dress and we're going shopping." Rachel stripped him of the sticky panties and slipped the satin ones up his legs.

"People are gonna see me..."

"We'll just tell them you're a girl. You kinda look like one anyway." Rachel picked up a pastel pink sundress from the pile and held it in front of Jamie. "Now raise your arms."

"I don't wanna..."

Rachel rolled her eyes. She lifted Jamie's arms for him and pulled the dress down over his head. Despite the lack of friction on his crotch Jamie was very much aroused. Something about the situation felt good to him. Rachel noticed. "See? Wearing a dress isn't so bad. And look how cute you are!"

Jamie cringed as Rachel pushed him in front of the mirror. He realized then that Rachel was right. He looked like a girl. The dress fit him all too well. His panties suddenly felt tight. He was thankful for the less restrictive fabric and the lack of pants. Even a dress was almost too much to bear. "I'm not cute." He replied. "I'm only doing this so i can get clothes that fit. I'm not a girl either."

Rachel laughed. "Fine. I'll just tell them you're my little sissy boyfriend."

"Not funny!"

"Spoil sport." Rachel replied. She then grabbed her keys from the counter and motioned to Jamie. "Let's go before you ruin another pair of panties."

"I'm not going to ruin any more." Jamie said. "I can control myself."

The ride was a quiet one in the beginning. Jamie was too embarrassed with himself to say anything. His high-pitched voice had been bad enough. Thoughts of rubbing self off in his panties clouded his mind. He couldn't believe how horny and depraved had become in the past few days. Even with his less than restrictive attire Jamie struggled to maintain his composure. Every bump on the road would cause his dick to shift in his panties. His thighs and the soft silky fabric threatened to push him over the edge. Jamie tried to distract himself. He lifted himself off the seat in the hopes that the pleasure would dissipate. His weak, effeminate arms couldn't handle his petite frame. They eventually gave out from the strain. Jamie gasped. The pleasure was too much.

"Oh?" She glanced at Jamie for a short moment. His face was a dead giveaway. She had gotten used to that blissful expression. "Don't tell me you're going to squirt in those too?"

Jamie's brain seemed to turn off in that moment. "I'm cumming in my panties," he managed to whimper out. His words broken up with breathless moans.

Rachel smirked. She turned into a parking lot and parked the car. "Did you cum in your panties again?"

"Y-Yeah..." He was embarrassed. Couldn't believe he had done it again.

Rachel reached over and lifted up his dress. She could plainly see he had come in his panties. His semen soaked the crotch and dripped down his thighs onto the seat. "Poor thing...couldn't go a short car ride without making cummies in your undies." Rachel unbuckled Jamie and motioned for him to get out of the car.

"People will s-"

"People won't see under your dress. Just hold the skirt at your sides and pretend to be a good girl."

Jamie whined but did as asked. He stood by the car, incredibly nervous. "Wait a minute..." Jamie looked around in confusion. "...this isn't the clothing store."

"Changed my mind after your last little accident. No point in buying any new guy clothes if you can't keep them dry. I've got plenty of old dresses and skirts we can keep you in."

Jamie opened his mouth in shock. "No way! The dress didn't help at all. I think the panties made it worse."

"You seem to really enjoy your panties." Rachel teased him. "And that's why I drove to a pharmacy. They should have some diapers I can keep you in until we buy some thicker ones online. "

"Nuh uh! Not gonna happen."

Rachel rolled her eyes. She reached down and lightly fondled Jamie's dick through the dress. Jamie's eyes widened. A soft moan escaped his lips. "You're gonna be a good boy and come along with me or I can make you cum on yourself again in this parking lot."

"Okay! I'll go. Just puh-please don't make me cum like this."

Rachel giggled. "That wasn't so hard was it?"

"Hold my hand Jamie. Can't let you out of my sight until we get you in some diapers." Rachel grabbed Jamie's hand and pulled him close. "Who knows how quickly you'll start playing with yourself again."

"I'm not a baby. I can walk around by myself. I'm not gonna jerk off if you leave. Let's just buy the stupid things and leave."

"Things? Your diapers?" Rachel replied.

Jamie grimaced and looked away. Rachel enjoyed the expression very much. It looked so cute and pouty since his facial features softened.

"Here we are!" Rachel proclaimed. "The baby aisle. Guess we'll need to find some extra big pampers to put you in."

"Why not the adult diapers?"

"Those are so thin and plain...oh! Here we go." Rachel giggled. She held the large package in front of Jamie. "Look Jamie, teddy bear print. Should fit your thin little frame."

"You're kidding me! Those are humiliating."

"You need the extra thickness, Jamie. After all..." Rachel pressed Jamie against the shelves. Her hand slid down to his crotch and lightly stroked his bulge through the dress. "...you clearly need them."

"Stop..." Jamie begged. His voice sounded strained with a hint of lust. He knew he'd cum all over himself again if her hand lingered. Against his better judgment he pressed himself into Rachel's palm. The sensation he had felt in the car ride had been intoxicating. He wanted more.

"You say 'stop' but you clearly want me to continue. If you cum in your panties again you can kiss your big girl underwear goodbye forever. I'm going to take you into the restroom and change you into a diaper. You'll have to hold my hand while I explain to the clerk how I opened the package to diaper you. Do you want that?"

Jamie bit his lip in frustration. He wanted to pull back; to push Rachel off of himself and prove he could do it. But he couldn't. He said nothing and let Rachel massage his dick.

"Such a helpless little sissy." Rachel squeezed Jamie's cock. He almost immediately lost control and squirted a massive load into his panties. Semen quickly spread onto his dress and dribbled down his thighs. A small puddle formed beneath him. "Poor thing. Well...no more panties for you. You're just not ready for them." She escorted the dazed Jamie to the restroom. There she stripped him of his panties. He was lifted up onto the changing table, wiped clean, and taped into the embarrassing garment.

By the time Jamie regained his senses Rachel was just a few yards away from the register. He thought to struggle but Rachel's grip was firm. She planned to do exactly what she had said earlier. Jamie looked down at his outfit. He could feel the bulk of the diaper between his legs. It's crinkling seemed impossibly loud to him. His dress had a clear stain in the front at crotch level. He felt ever more like the diaper dependent sissy his girlfriend said he already was.

"Oh," the clerk said, "looks like this package was opened. Would you like to get a different one?"

Rachel glanced at Jamie. "No that's not necessary. I had to change my little sister's diapers so I used one."

The clerk smiled. Her eyes dipped down ever so slightly. Jamie knew she had looked at his dress. He hung his head in shame for the rest of the transaction. It wasn't until they exited the store that Jamie thought to speak up. "I'm getting out of these diapers when I get home..."

Rachel just laughed. "You should lift up your skirt and look at your diapers."

Confused, Jamie lifted his skirt without a second thought. The diapers were thicker than he remembered. It took him a second to notice the sag and discoloration on the crotch. "Wha-What happened?" He asked.

"Well...after your little accident, I put you in diapers and you almost immediately started to wet yourself. I guess you were so out of it from all your orgasms that you just couldn't hold it."

Jamie couldn't believe it. "I-I did that?"

"Mhm. Even said it felt nice. You came in them too. You made such adorable little noises." Rachel opened the car door for Jamie and did the same for herself. "So you're staying in diapers. If you start wetting after your cum you're going to leave puddles everywhere. We're going straight home to order you some thicker diapers. You're gonna need them."

"B-But I'm a grown man...I shouldn't wear dresses...or diapers."

"Oh but you are. And now that you're going to be wearing diapers for the foreseeable future, some things are going to need to change...and I don't just mean your sticky padding."

Jamie grimaced. He sat in the car; his soaked diapers pressed up against his crotch, the cum stain on his dress plainly visible. How many more things could change?

"Did the little sissy have an accident in his diapers again?" Rachel teased. She was knelt down beside Jamie. He laid on his back, his petite feminine hands held his dress up while Rachel gently massaged the front of his thick diapers. "Good boy. Get it all out so mommy can change you."

"Mmmph..." Jamie babbled around his pacifier. Just one of the many changes Rachel had forced upon him. He had resisted at first. Weakly. Even begged to be taken to the doctor to see what was wrong with him. Rachel would just lightly drag her fingers across the front of his diapers and call him a sissy. He'd lose control almost immediately. Turn into a quivering mess as he fell to his knees and ejaculated again and again into his already soaked diapers. Eventually, he started to like it. He craved the attention. How incredibly good the feeling of cumming in his diapers felt. How Rachel would take care of him like the helpless diapered sissy he had become. Jamie had even lost some of his potty training. Stuck cumming in diapers 24/7 as he was the thought of wetting himself wasn't that repulsive. He learned to love the feeling just as he loved his sticky 'accidents.' He was his girlfriend's sissy baby now. He knew it was wrong to love what had happened to him but felt there was no use. Every second was pure bliss.

Rachel removed the tapes and gently pulled the front of the diaper back. Jamie's tiny cock still dribbled cum from his last orgasm. It was so small and pathetic, Rachel couldn't help but smirk at the sight. He hardly even came to the first knuckle on her pinkie. It was more a glorified clit than a penis anymore. She was certain that she would feel nothing if Jamie could actually manage to last long enough for sex. "You made such a mess, didn't you? This is why we keep you in diapers." Rachel gently grabbed Jamie's cock. "Little thing couldn't keep his undies dry for a second could he?"

Jamie's response was a quiet whimper followed by another powerful orgasm. He felt no shame as he ejaculated all over his girlfriend's hand. He had gotten so used to calling her mommy that it just felt normal to be so helpless.

"You wet so much too! Looks like we're going to have to put you in two diapers from now on. You almost soaked right through these." Rachel replaced the sticky, heavily soaked diaper with a clean one. She secured the tapes then slipped the second one underneath his rear. Rachel had bought some extra thick ones with an infantile pattern printed on the front. She had originally bought them to further humiliate Jamie but continued to use them as they were the only ones thick enough to contain Jamie's accidents. Now that he wore two, his legs were spread so far apart that he couldn't even walk without a wide and noticeable waddle.

Jamie grunted and kicked his legs. The pressure from the thick padding was more than enough to cause him to orgasm again. It had gotten so bad that Jamie would lose his balance from the intensity of the pleasure. He had been reduced to crawling around on the floor the past couple days.

"You can't go a second without soaking your diapers can you?" Rachel gave his diapers a gentle squeeze. She could feel the added wetness of his ejaculate already. Diapers were completely necessary at that point. The messes he made were tremendous. "And you've used up all of your sick days at work..." Rachel grabbed Jamie's hands and pulled him to his feet. "Time to give your boss a call and let him know that you can't work anymore." She sat down on the couch then pulled the pacifier from his mouth and sat him down in her lap.

"N-No...mommy my peepee..." Jamie whimpered. Rachel's hand gripped his cock through the diaper. He couldn't think straight. His cock just continued to coat the inside of his diapers. His words devolved into infantile babble.

Rachel shivered from the excitement. She had waited so long for it to get to this point. With her free hand she grabbed Jamie's phone. She had made him give over all his passcodes once he had become the dumb little diaper humper that he was. With a few presses she called Jamie's boss and pressed the phone to his face. "Go on, baby. Tell him you can't work anymore."

"Hi..." he managed to blurt out. His words were elongated and drool coated his chin. "I can't work anym-more...I-I..." Jamie paused. His eyes rolled back in his head and he stuffed his thumb in his mouth. "...I'm...make c-cummies mommy. My diapie...feels so good..."

Rachel could hear the other line hang up. She beamed down at her sissy boyfriend. "No more work for you, baby. No more big boy thoughts. Just silly little sissy thoughts."

Jamie giggled. He knew his mommy was right. She always was. His brain was full of nothing but silly little sissy thoughts. Thinking was hard. He decided to let his mommy do the thinking from

then on. She had put him in diapers. She bottle fed him everyday. She even dressed him in pretty dresses and bows. "I wuv you mommy..."

Rachel kissed Jamie on the cheek. "Mommy loves you, Jamie." She gently bounced him on her knee and took delight in the adorable sounds he would make. "It's almost naptime. Why don't we get you your bottle and put you in your crib. Maybe even use your favorite toy until you get all tuckered out?"

Jamie giggled. He couldn't even focus enough to hear his mommy. Just a few words and only the important ones: 'bottle,' 'crib,' and 'toy.' If he had any sense left he might have realized that he always felt incredibly dumb and horny during his bottle feedings; that his girlfriend drugged him and he'd only get worse with each dose. Instead, Jamie came in his diapers again. He had never felt happier.