

Miss Agatha's School for Lost Sissies: Chapter 8

By: CrissieBaby

"Goddess, me! Aren't you just the sweetest thing!"

"I've seen some sissy babies in my time but wow! She's just so prissy!"

"I swear if you were my baby, I would do nothing but fuss over you all day!"

Sat in his stroller at the center of a Miss Agatha graduation ceremony, Matt felt he needed to rectify a previous thought. Not even in the deepest layers of hell would their torture methods be this evil. All around him, no matter where he looked, he was surrounded by hyper-feminized sissies, each of whom looked at Matt like a shiny new dolly. He didn't even have the satin blanket anymore to hide behind with one of the sissy girls snatching it away from him when he initially tried to hide from the other partygoers.

Unsurprisingly, Marsha was no help, too entrenched in socializing with the other sissy delinquents to protect him from the boops, pinches, and diaper pats being heaped onto him. The latter of which was stirring him up more than he wanted to admit. "M-Marsha!" he shouted over the top of the doting girls, hoping to grab her attention before a group of adoring ladies dragged him away for a private play session. His voice failed to reach her though, prompting him to try again. This time, much louder, "MARSHA!"

Mercifully, Matt's volume was high enough to catch Marsha's ear. This didn't mean he was out of the woods yet, as the mere act of crying for her perceived "Mommy" only endeared him to the encroaching sissies. "Excuse me for a sec," said Marsha, pulling herself away from Shaylene and the rest of her friend group to rescue her overwhelmed Little, "Sorry girls, I think this little one needs a break." A round of aw's floated around the stroller as the various teasing women stepped away, leaving Marsha and Matt alone at the stroller.

"Oh, how nice of you to remember I'm here," scoffed Matt sarcastically, unaware of how badly he was pouting, "Look, I let you have your fun but I've got serious business to attend to here. Now, are you gonna help me out or-MMMF!"

Matt's mouth was suddenly filled with the rubber bulb of a pacifier as Marsha promptly filled his gob before pressing her index finger to her lips, "Shhhhhh! Yelling my name was already bad enough. Babies aren't supposed to talk in this place," she said, her warning calming Matt down but only slightly. He still wasn't happy to have a binky shoved in his mouth out of the blue.

Spitting out the paci, Matt responded, this time much more quietly, "Sorry. It's just...look you seem like a good kid-"

"I'm 20," interrupted Marsha, not appreciating being called a kid, especially by someone in a diaper.

Paying little mind to Marsha's correction, Matt continued, "...but this isn't just about me. The entire corrupt organization needs to be taken down. So...are you with me?"

Nodding affirmingly to Matt, Marsha felt her excitement reinvigorated by Matt's unshakeable ambition. "Finally, it's about time someone saw this place for what it was," she said, her desire for justice almost equal to Matt's, "Sorry, I didn't have my head in the game before. I promise it won't happen ag-"

"Hey hey! It's almost time for the graduation ceremony. Everyone, please gather around the pavilion," announced one of the teachers who was chaperoning the event, cutting off Marsha's promise at the worst time.

Looking back and forth between Matt and everyone else, it was clear that Marsha's determination had been shaken. She mashed her pointer fingers together as she looked at her shoes, "Hey, so, uh-"

"You wanna go?" said Matt, snickering at his new assistant's short attention span. It was like everyone in this place had their heads in a thick fog, "Well if you can get me out of this stroller, I'd say it might not be a bad idea. Jesse could be around anywhere in this place and two pairs of eyes are better than one." He held up the attendance sheet with Jessy's tiny picture on it, making sure she got a good look.

"Okay, the second part should be no problem. As for getting you out of the stroller..." Marsha looked around the party area before spotting exactly what she was looking for, "Ah, there it is." Without mentioning what she found, she rushed behind the stroller and began pushing it to a secluded section of the park.

Leaning up in the basket, Matt finally got a better look at the park in general, as well as where they were headed. It was a gorgeously designed area with a plethora of walking paths, tree shade, and colorful flowers. If he hadn't been on a mission and behind enemy lines, this would've been the kind of place he'd love to take casual walks in. That was less important than their destination, which made Matt's heart instantly sink.

"Hi there! Checking in your Little," asked the elderly female attending standing guard in front of a fenced-in area filled with diaper-wearing sissies.

Parking the stroller alongside a dozen others, Marsah feigned a polite smile for the older woman. "Yes, she's getting a bit antsy and needs her playtime," she said, walking to the front of the stroller and placing her arms under Matt's armpits as she whispered, "Sorry, this is the only way you can walk around freely dressed like that." She pulled Matt's torso forward, helping him step out of the stroller himself as she was nowhere near strong enough to lift him on her own.

"It's fine," Matt muttered under his breath, unable to argue with Marsha's reasoning even if he harshly disapproved of her methods. At least this way, he'd be able to interview a few babs to see if anyone was familiar with Jesse. Letting the younger girl take his hand and guide him to the playpen's only entrance, his face flushed as he looked up at the older woman, who was eying him up and down with a devious smirk.

With a clipboard in hand, the older woman ripped off a section of paper with a number on it and passed it off to Marsha before attaching a badge with the same number to the breast of Matt's dress. "We shut down for the day in a couple of hours so make sure you're back in time,

or else you'll have to wait to see your Little until tomorrow," she said, causing Matt to wonder what she meant by such a vague and ominous statement.

Marsha, on the other hand, needed no further explanation. "Understood. Okay, have fun in there...uh...Maddie," she said, catching herself before she used Matt's male name.

Matt, of course, was not a fan of his new sissy name with the blush on his face increasing tenfold. "Tha-uh...fankoos," he said, playing up a lisp so as to keep up the act. It was degrading but he was already in for a penny at this point. He waved goodbye to Marsha before being ushered into the playpen with a dainty pat on his butt.

"Hehehe! Come find Mommy Elana if you have any questions, cutie," said Elana, shooting a wink in Matt's direction. She leaned back against the gate of the playpen as she watched Matt quickly toddle away, "I swear, these new femboys get shy every year. So adorable."

Waddling into the center of the playpen, Matt couldn't have felt more like a fish out of water if he tried. He glanced around at the various sissy babies enjoying their solo or group playtime, earning a few odd looks and defensive glares. He'd have some work to do if he was going to get any info out of these diaper-brained losers. Approaching a short girl with a diaper that was double the size of her head who was playing with a set of letter blocks, he decided to start small and work his way up. "Hewwo thewe," he said, hoping his Littlespeak came off as genuine.

"H-Hi," replied the girl, shrinking down and focusing in on her blocks as the bashful thing evidently wasn't used to being very social, "I Auwowa. Y-You uh...wansa pway?" Her words were shaky and timid, barely reaching Matt's ear at an audible enough volume.

Obviously, Matt wasn't likely going to get anywhere with this Aurora girl. Still, he figured it wouldn't be a complete waste as he'd get to practice his baby talk before approaching others. "Sure," he said, grabbing a couple of blocks and placing one on top of the other, completely confused by what all of these people were supposedly getting out of this. Pushing his judgemental thoughts aside, he led in with some small talk, "Um, you like to pway wif blocks lots Auwowa?"

Aurora nodded rapidly, her mood turning up as she responded, "Yuh! Is wots of fun!" she said excitedly, forgetting that only seconds ago, she'd been an anxious wreck. Sadly, her upbeat mood didn't last long before she receded back into her sheepish tendencies.

"Y-yeah...I bet," said Matt, unsure of how to continue the dead-end conversation from there. Was talking to any Little as bad as pulling teeth or was it just this girl? He needed to find a new communication tactic and fast.

Lightbulb!

Snatching a few more blocks off the ground, Matt began piecing something together. His behavior quickly attracted Aurora's attention, who leaned forward to see what he was spelling. "J-E-S-S-Y?" she said, watching as Matt finished by pushing the five blocks together, "Wuhs dat speww?"

“Jessy. That’s my best friend’s name, or at least it is now,” said Matt, forgetting to keep up his infantile lisp as his tone turned downward. He looked Aurora directly in the eyes, sincerity dripping off of his expression, “He’s missing. And I need to find him. Do you know anyone named Jessy?”

Shaking her head no, Aurora curled her legs into her arms and scooted back from Matt. “Why chus tawkin so funny,” she said, forcing Matt to recognize his fatal error as the poor girl began hyperventilating.

Hoping to avoid attracting an “adult” over to them, Matt shushed Aurora much like one would do when corralling a wild animal. “Sowwy, I didn mean to...” he said, his sentence trailing off as Aurora started sniffing. There was no reasoning with someone this deep in Little Space. He quickly picked himself off the ground and beelined away from Aurora, leaving her with a final parting, “Sorry.” He hurried over to a nearby tree and crouched down behind it with the plan of waiting until the crybaby calmed down, placing his head in his hands in frustration. He never should’ve let Marsha put him in here. This place was going to be a total bust.

“Hey, I nuh seen chus awoun befo.”

Whipping his head up, Matt gazed around the area, searching for the source of the masculine-leaning voice. As far as he could tell, no one was close enough to his spot by the tree to say something to him without shouting.

“Up here, silly.”

That was until the voice spoke a second time, causing Matt to look up. Hanging from one of the tree’s lower branches was another sissy boi, only this one had been allowed to wear a pastel shirt and coveralls in comparison to the frilly dresses worn by 99% of the school’s population. The sissy smiled and waved to Matt, prompting him to return the kind gesture. Perhaps his visit to the park’s playpen wouldn’t be a total bust after all.

TO BE CONTINUED...