

MISTY
Sub Story Within Abby
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Chapter 26 - Misty

I was extremely hesitant as I opened the door into the outer entrance to the office. I just about froze in place in terror of what would everyone think of me completely dressed as a woman. Heaven forbid they ever found out I was in a thick diaper.

One of the women, Myrtle, came out front. "May I help you?" There was just the briefest pause. "Oh my Gawd. MIKE! Wow. You're so fabulous." She twisted herself towards the inner offices. "Hey. Everybody. You have to come out front RIGHT NOW. This is so incredible."

Four more women came with curiosity written on their faces. They all emoted surprise. Big surprises. They were overjoyed.

"We can't call you Mike anymore."

Kaylee arrived. "Wow. Even forewarned I wasn't expecting anything like this. You are so fabulous. Now girls. There is a little secret you have to know and you have to keep secret along us. Christina says the inner male may not go in the ladies room. The outer gal of the clothes may not go in the men's room. She has her little girl in diapers instead. No blushing now. We simply have to know. And there is one little more thing. If you become too soaked we have to call Christina. Or if there has to be a smelly mess. Hold still."

She pulled up my skirt. They all examined my layers of a locking spandex I couldn't remove, the pantihose, the hips, and the diaper underneath. I blushed profusely. She cupped her hand around my bottom from behind. "We have orders from Christina to check you, too."

"We can't call her Mike."

"Missy isn't a good office name."

"Milly. Naw."

"Does the new name have to start with an 'M'?"

"Mixie. Like Pixie."

"Molly."

“Margaret.”

“Maggie.”

“What a fabulous bust, too. B cup.”

They decided I was best in a B cup bra with breast inserts.

“Ew ew ew. I just can’t wait for your hair to be a little longer and see what a real beauty treatment does.”

“Me neither.”

Kaylee took charge. “OK. Enough. Pick a name and let’s get on with it.”

“Molly. That’s it!”

“Not so fast. What has Christina done?”

I summoned my courage. “Misty.”

“Oh, that’s good. We’d better use that.” They changed my phone mail and e-mail to my new name of Misty, and called Christina.

They passed the phone to me. “Well, Misty, you certainly are a big hit. Misty is now your office name, too. Now you behave. I told them to check your diapers and call me if there is any pressing necessities. You got that?”

“Yeth, Mommy.” I blushed thinking somebody in the office heard that.

“OK, Kiddo, you are launched. I have to go to work too.”

I didn’t notice the time as I worked so furiously on a glitch in the software code.

Myrtle was standing at the entrance to my cubicle before I noticed her. “You need your diaper checked, Misty?”

I blushed.

“None of that. It’s just part of the game. The girls want to take you to lunch as one of the girls, and don’t go embarrassing us leaving a wet place at the restaurant. Up, or else the team will descend on you.”

I stood up reluctantly, and bent over the work top.

She had her hand up my skirt from behind as if she had done this all her life. “OK. Let’s go.”

Lunch was at the nearby expensive place. They ordered letting me conceal my voice. The head waiter didn’t recognize me as something of an acid test, and to my relief he did not. They ordered for themselves and for me. Kaylee leaned towards me. “Be good, Misty. We know this is girl food, and girls can eat like birds. Go ahead and eat more than us, but watch us and our mannerisms.”

She was right. Their faces were in near constant motion empathetically signaling their emotions of surprise and joy to each other.

Back at the office Myrtle checked my diaper again. She reported to Christina that all was well so far, and that thick diaper seemed to be holding up well.

As the afternoon wore on each of them came by and brushed my hair. They told me they enjoyed being my faux Mom that way.

Christina came by to pick me up. Instead that became an hour and a half big circle as they talked about me, and about themselves. They said once they had bought into the new me how much they enjoyed it all. They wanted to brush my hair, be part of deciding my makeup, and they giggled with the idea of changing my diapers.